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THE GOBLIN LADY.

A COMEDY.

BY DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

THE play from which our extracts are taken, is one of that class of Calderon's dramas which, on the Spanish stage, have received the title of *Comedies of the Cloak and Sword*, from the important part which disguises and duels occupy in the complication and evolution of the plot. They are dramas turning on the Spanish national character and manners, and the scene is generally laid on Spanish ground; or, if occasionally the locality be transplanted to Germany, Italy, or France, all the peculiarities of Spanish feeling, with its code of love, honour, and pride, and all the refinements and Orientalisms of its language of gallantry, are transferred to the foreign personages of the scene. THE GOBLIN LADY appears, from an allusion in the first scene to the festivities in honour of the baptism of the Prince of Asturias, to have been produced about the year 1623, at the time when Calderon's dramatic power and invention were most vigorous, and his style had in a great measure emerged from the taint of that Euphuism by which it had been at first deformed, and into which, in the decline of his career, it relapsed. The play, from the numerous allusions to it in Calderon's own works, as well as those of his dramatic rivals and contemporaries, appears to have obtained immediate and extraordinary popularity in Spain. An imitation of it by

Hauteroche, under the title of *L'Esprit Follet*, exists upon the French stage.

Of our translations, we shall only remark that our chief object has been scrupulous fidelity; every line being rendered as nearly as possible by its equivalent in English. The occasional extravagances of metaphor, and the exaggerations or over-refinements of sentiment, as well as the very indifferent jests, which are unquestionably of frequent occurrence in the original, we give as we find them; for, so far as our slender powers permit, we wish to exhibit Calderon to the English reader *as he is*. The Spanish drama is a national and peculiar, but self-consistent creation, which deserves to be studied in its beauties and its defects; and for that purpose a literal translation, not a dexterous adaptation to English tastes, is required.

For the same reason we have adhered, in our translation, to the same measures as those which have been made use of in the original. So much of the impression produced by the Spanish drama depends on the musical effect of its versification, that to attempt to render the Spanish redondillas by English blank verse, would be to alter entirely their character. The ordinary dramatic verse of the Spanish stage is trochaic, and consists either in assonances—or imperfect rhymes, (where the vowels rhyme

but not the consonants,)—or in consonantes or complete rhymes, (the first line rhyming with the fourth, and the second with the third.) These are occasionally varied by the introduction of other forms of versification, many of a very intricate and complex nature. Even the sonnet is frequently employed in soliloquies, or in those effusions of gallantry which are so frequent in the Spanish drama. After many experiments, we feel satisfied that the *assonance*, as used on the Spanish stage, is *undistinguishable* in English, while the principle which requires that the same *assonance*, if once begun, shall be continued throughout the scene,

though consisting of *several hundred lines*, would render its adoption too irksome to be practicable in English poetry. We have therefore substituted, for the assonances of the original, *unrhymed trochaics* as the nearest approach to the effect of the Spanish;—the other forms of versification which occur in the original, we have endeavoured to transfer to our translation.

A few words of explanation, added to the names of the characters, will be sufficient to give an idea of their position at the commencement of the play: after which the development of the action proceeds simply and rapidly. The personages of the play are,

DON MANUEL,	(<i>in love, without knowing her, with</i>)
DONA ANGELA,	(<i>a young widow, the sister, and living in the house of</i>)
DON JUAN,	(<i>the friend and former companion in arms of DON MANUEL, and the brother of</i>)
DON LUIS,	(<i>in love, but without success, with</i>)—
DONA BEATRICE,	(<i>the cousin and friend of ANGELA—in love with DON JUAN, and beloved by him in turn.</i>)
ISABEL,	(<i>the servant of DONA ANGELA.</i>)
CLARA,	(<i>the servant of DONA BEATRICE.</i>)
COSME,	(<i>the servant of DON MANUEL.</i>)
RODRIGO,	(<i>the servant of DON LUIS.</i>)

The opening of the play affords a good instance of the skill with which Calderon at once introduces the reader into the action of the play, and excites, from the first moment, an interest in the fortunes of his personages, which goes on increasing to the last. The scene is a Street in Madrid; the time November 1623, being the baptismal day of the Infante Balthazar, the son of Philip IV.

DON MANUEL and his servant COSME appear in travelling dresses.

Cosm. Well, since we have miss'd the revels

By an hour, let us endeavour

Not to miss our quarters next

By an hour; for says the proverb,

Even the Moor Abindarraez,

Knocking late without must bait.

And I'm dying till I see

This same friend, that thus receives you

Loverlike, at bed and board,

Without knowing how or wherefore

Such good fortune should be ours;

Since of both he's not enamour'd,

Why should he provide for both?

D. Man. 'Tis Don Juan de Toledo,

Cosme, who thus courts my friendship

With a love which wakes the envy,

Shames the boasts, of other ages.

Jointly we pursued our studies,

Jointly from the peaceful college

To the field of warfare passing,

Were companions, next in arms.

In the war of Piedmont,

When the noble Duke of Fera

To a captain's staff advanced me,

I to him resign'd my banner;

He became my ensign; then
 In a skirmish sorely wounded,
 In my tent I laid and nursed him.
 Under God, his life was owing
 To my care; of lesser favours
 Here I speak not. Noble natures
 Dwell not on such obligations.
 Thus it is, by learned art,
 That beneficence is painted
 As a stately lady, turning
 From our gaze away;—implying
 That the man who does a favour,
 Straight should labour to forget it—
 He who blazons it does none.
 Briefly then, Don Juan, grateful
 For this friendship, these attentions,
 Seeing that my gracious sovereign
 With this post repays my service,
 And that I, in passing, must
 To the court repair, proposes
 In his house to entertain me,
 In like coin old debts repaying.
 And although he wrote to Burgos,
 House and street at length describing,
 Yet I did not choose to ride
 Through the town, my path enquiring.
 So, at the Posada leaving
 Mules and baggage, forth I fared
 On my search; and seeing round me
 Festive liveries, gala dresses,
 Stopp'd a while to learn the reason,
 And to catch a glimpse in passing.
 Late enough, in truth, we come;—
 For——

Enter hastily DONA ANGELA and her servant ISABEL veiled.

D. Ang. If, as your look announces,
 Cavalier, you bear within you
 Knightly gifts, and noble bearing,
 Show them now, and shield a lady
 Who appeals to your protection.
 Life and honour are concern'd,
 That yon cavalier that follows
 Should not know, nor overtake me.
 Save me for your life! I pray you
 Save a lady, nobly born,
 From misusage, from exposure;
 And the day perchance may come——
 Adieu! adieu!—I die with terror. [*The women hurry out.*]

Cosm. Was't a lady or a whirlwind?

D. Man. Strange event, indeed!

Cosm. What mean you,
 Sir, to do?

D. Man. And need you ask me?
 Can a noble spirit linger
 Call'd on to protect a woman
 From misusage, from exposure?—
 For her husband doubtless is
 Her pursuer.

Cosm. Well—your purpose?

D. Man. First, by some device to stay him:—
 But, if that be unavailing,

Then by force to stop pursuit,
Still from him the cause concealing.

Cosm. Some device! Then I'm your man.
One suggests itself already.
See, this note of introduction
From a friend, shall serve our purpose.

[DON MANUEL retires to the background.]

DON LUIS and his servant RODRIGO enter.

D. Luis. This veil'd fair I must discover,
Were it only that she strives
With such effort to escape me.

Rod. Follow, and you'll soon detect her.

Cosm. (coming forward and addressing DON LUIS.)
Señor, though of this intrusion
I'm ashamed, perhaps your highness
Would be kind enough to read me
How this letter is directed.

D. Luis. Hence:—I have not leisure now.

Cosm. Leisure! If that's all that's wanting,
I have leisure in abundance,
Quite enough to spare for both.

D. Luis. Hence, my patience is exhausted.
Stand aside, I say!

[Drives him to one side.]

D. Man. (Aside.) No longer
Can I wait, let courage finish
That which caution had begun.
Cavalier, the man you outrage
Is my servant, and I know not
How he should have so offended
As to merit this misuseage
At your hand.

D. Luis. I answer neither
Accusations nor enquiries.
Explanation is a lesson
I have yet to learn. Farewell.

D. Man. Señor, if my honour needed
Explanation for an insult,
Even your arrogance may trust me
I should not depart without it.
When I ask'd how he had injured,
Wrong'd, or troubled you, the question
Merited more courteous answer.
Courtesy in courts should harbour—
Give not yours so poor a name,
That a stranger's tongue must teach you
Lessons ye yourselves should know.

D. Luis. Who shall say I could not better
Teach that lesson?

D. Man. Let the tongue be
Silent, that the sword may speak.

D. Luis. You say well. [They draw and fight.]

Cosm. That men should ever
Long for fighting!

Rod. (To *Cosm.*) Draw your sword too!

Cos. Mine's a maiden blade, and may not
Venture from its virgin scabbard!
Till drawn forth by marriage license.

[DON JUAN appears at the door of one of the houses in the street. DONA BEATRICE endeavouring to detain him.]

D. Juan. Beatrice, unhand me!

Beat.

Go not.

D. Juan. With my brother's life in peril ! [He breaks loose.

Beat. Woe is me—alas ! [She retires into the house.

D. Juan. (advancing to DON LUIS.) Behold me
By your side.

D. Luis. Stop, Juan. Come not
Nearer, for your coming makes me
Coward rather than courageous.
Stranger ! he who single-handed
Shrank not from your sword's encounter,
If he now decline the combat
With another's arm to aid him,
Shuns it not through fear. Adieu !
For my nobleness permits not
Fight unequal, least of all
With a foe so brave and gallant.
And so, fare you well !

D. Man. I honour
This high spirit, this refinement ;
But should any doubt remaining
Prompt you once again to seek me,
You will find me where you will.

D. Luis. Be it so, then.

D. Man. Be it so, then !

D. Juan. What is this I see and hear,
Don Manuel ?

D. Man. Don Juan ?

D. Juan. Doubtful
Sways my soul, and undecided
What to do ; at once beholding
Here a friend, and there a brother
(Both, indeed, are one) in quarrel ;
And, until I know the cause,
Thus must waver.

D. Luis. Thus it is, then :
This brave knight *would* interfere
To protect his foolish servant,
Whose presumption had provoked me
To chastise him. Now 'tis over
And forgotten.

D. Juan. If it be so,
Let your courtesy excuse me
If I hurry to embrace him.
'Tis our house's long expected,
Noble guest, Don Manuel. Brother,
Come—for two who once have measured
Swords together, rest thereafter
Better friends, since by the trial
Each has learn'd the other's valour—
Come, embrace me.

D. Man. Ere I do so,
Admiration of his courage
Prompts me first to pay my duty
To Don Luis.

D. Luis. I am wholly
Yours : and only must regret
That I did not sooner know you,
Since your valour should have been
Your announcement.

D. Man. Yours has left me
Here behind a parting token.
See ! this hand is hurt.

D. Luis. A thousand
Times I wish the hurt were mine!

Cos. Bless us, what a courteous quarrel!

D. Juan. Come, and let your wound be look'd to.
You, Don Luis, must remain.

And to Dona Beatrice,
Ere she mount her coach, excuse me
For this seeming show of rudeness.

Come then, señor, to my mansion—

Rather I should say your own—

Where your wound—

D. Man. My wound is nothing.

D. Juan. Nay, come quickly.

D. Man. (aside.) How ill-omen'd

That Madrid with bloody welcome

Thus receives me!

[Exit with DON JUAN into the house.]

D. Luis. (aside.) How provoking

That my efforts to discover

This veiled fair are all in vain!

Cos. (aside.) Oh! how richly does my master

Merit what he got, to teach him

Not to play Don Quixote here.

[Exit, following his Master.]

DONA BEATRICE and CLARA re-enter from the house.

D. Luis. Lady, now the storm is over,

Let the roses of your beauty

Bloom again, which lay so lately

Chill'd and wither'd by the blighting

Of a swoon.

Beat. But—Don Juan—

Where is he?

D. Luis. He prays you, lady,

To excuse him. Pressing duties

Call him hence to tend the safety

Of a wounded friend.

Beat. Ah, me!

'Tis himself—Don Juan?

D. Luis. Lady,

It is not Don Juan: were it

He that had been hurt, I should not

Stand so patiently beside you.

Calm these terrors: 'twere unjust,

Since my brother is uninjured,

That your breast with anxious fears—

Mine with grief—should thus be haunted:

Grief, for such it is, to see you

So distress'd, so overmaster'd,

By the imaginary fears

Which so idly cloud your mind.

Beat. Well you know, Señor Don Luis,

That I value your attentions

Justly, both as proofs of love,

And because they come from you;

But I never can requite them,

For the stars control affection;

And for what the stars deny us,

Who shall call them to account?

If in courts we prize the dearest

What in courts is found the rarest,

Then be grateful for this candid

Undeception; were it only

That the simple truth's a treasure

Rarely to be met with there.

[Exit.]

Don Luis, after Beatrice retires, expresses to his confidant Rodrigo, his surprise at his brother's thoughtlessness in introducing Don Manuel to his house.

Having
Here a sister, youthful, handsome,
Lately widow'd : as you know,
Living there in such retirement,
Scarce the sun beholds her presence ;
And but Beatrice alone,
As her near relation, enters.

Rod. Yes, I recollect ; her husband,
In some port administrator
Of the crown revenues, dying
Deeply to the king indebted ;
While his widow, to the court
Secretly repair'd, awaiting
Till in silence and retirement
She might gain his debt's acquittance.
And this justifies your brother ;
Since, if you reflect maturely
That her widowhood affords her
Neither license nor occasion
For receiving guests or visits,
And that, though Don Manuel dwell
Here, he never need discover
That the house contains a woman :
Where's the harm though here he be ?
All the more so, that your brother,
With such prudence and precaution,
Has assign'd her an apartment
Opening on the street behind us ;
And the passage to the house
(Either to avert suspicion
That it had been closed on purpose,
Or that at a future time
It might be with ease re-open'd)
With a cabinet of glass
Has conceal'd, so neatly fitted,
That no mortal could discover
There a door had ever been.

D. Luis. This, then, is my sole assurance!
And precisely this it is
Which undoes me; since he places,
As you say, to guard his honour,
Nothing but a screen of glass,
Which the slightest touch may shiver.

[*Exeunt.*

The reader, who has the least acquaintance with the machinery of the Spanish stage, will readily anticipate that this cabinet, concealing a door of communication between the apartments of Don Manuel and those assigned to Angela, is destined to make a prominent figure in the intrigue of the play.

The next scene takes place in the apartments of Dona Angela, who enters hurriedly along with Isabel, throwing off the dress she had worn in the street, and resuming her mourning attire. She inveighs against the

seclusion to which she is confined ; the tedium of which had led her on this occasion to venture out in disguise, and to mingle in the crowd which was witnessing the festivities in the Palace Square, when she had been suddenly alarmed by the appearance of her brother, Don Luis ; had fled from him, and had only been enabled to reach her home through the gallant interference of Don Manuel. Scarcely has she completed her change of dress, when her brother Don Luis himself enters, and, unconscious that Angela had been the object of his pursuit, re-

lates to her his adventure, and communicates the unexpected intelligence that the cavalier whose interference had arrested his pursuit, is her brother's expected guest, Don Manuel, and that he is now an inmate in their mansion. Aware, through the information of Isabel, of the existence of the door entering into his apartment, and concealed by the cabinet, and half-

conscious of a growing attachment towards her defender, she resolves to pay a visit to his apartment during his absence, and to leave behind some token of her gratitude, without revealing how or from what quarter it comes.

We are next introduced to the chamber of Don Manuel.

The principal door is in the background. On the right the secret door, concealed by a large press with glass doors, in which various pieces of glassware are placed on shelves. The cabinet is so contrived as to revolve on its hinges when the door is opened. On the left of the room a recess with curtains.

DON MANUEL and DON JUAN enter. A Servant follows with a light.

D. Juan. Beseech you, sir! lie down.

D. Man. So slight my hurt, I own
I do already fear,

Don Juan, that I play the weakling here,
Suffering your care to go so far.

D. Juan. Thanks to the lucky fortune of my star!
Wretched I should remain
Were this, my pleasure, purchased with the pain
To see my friend confined
Within my house by sickness, and to find
A brother's hand (although
Unwitting whom it wounded) dealt the blow.

D. Man. He is a noble knight—
I envy him his prowess in the fight,
Admire his courtesy,
And ever shall his friend and servant be.

[DON LUIS enters, followed by a servant with a covered basket, containing a sword.

D. Luis. That I am yours no less,
Let the remorse which I endure express—
I offer you my life;
And that the hapless instrument of strife
No more with me remain,
Which cannot please me more, nor serve again,
(Even as the servant's driven
Forth, who offence has to his master given,)
I rid me of it so.

[Presenting the sword to DON MANUEL.

This, señor, is the blade that dealt the blow,
Here at your feet extended,
Imploring pardon where it hath offended;
Let your just wrath with it,
On me and on itself, take vengeance fit.

D. Man. In all you conquer me!
Brave and discreet: mine let the weapon be,
Which, ever by my side,
Shall teach me to be brave. I feel with pride
My life now bears a charm;
For thought of danger never need alarm
His breast, who feels thine honour'd weapon near,
Before which only he had cause to fear.

This scene of mutual compliments is interrupted by the entrance of Cosme, bearing his master's trunks and

portmanteaus, and grumbling at the disasters he had encountered in bringing them from the Posada, where

they had been deposited. Don Manuel directs him to unpack their contents ; and announces his resolution of still going out to pay a visit of business, and returning to meet Don Juan at supper. Don Manuel goes out—Cosme remains ; but thinking it more advisable to employ the interval in a wine-house than in obeying his master's orders, he, after some deliberation, leaves the portmanteaus on the floor, and makes his exit after his master. The cabinet is then pushed aside, and through the secret door enter Dona Angela and Isabel. An inspection of the portmanteaus by the two females takes place ; and Angela discovers, to her mortification, among Don Manuel's effects, a miniature and a bundle of letters in a woman's handwriting. Impelled partly by gratitude, and partly by an incipient feeling of jealousy, she determines to leave a billet for Don Manuel, and sits down to write ; while Isabel, in the mean time, amuses herself with emptying Cosme's purse of the few copper coins it contained, and filling their place with cinders. Don Angela leaves her note under the coverlid of

Don Manuel's bed, and they retire. The confusion which follows when Cosme on returning to the room, which he had left locked, finds the contents of the portmanteaus littered about the floor, and Don Manuel, on retiring to his couch, finds the billet addressed to himself, is given with great liveliness and effect. The valet is persuaded that the whole is the work of the devil. Don Manuel, though at first confounded by this unexpected discovery, more justly concludes that some one, whom he conjectures to be the lady whom he had assisted, and suspects to be the mistress of Don Luis, was enabled by some secret passage to enter to his chamber. Of the cabinet he has no suspicion : being open in front and apparently quite filled with glass, it never occurs to him that it is moveable ; neither can he explain how this lady, who appeared so anxious to escape from Don Luis, should be an inmate in his house. But while he resolves to answer the billet, and to leave the answer, as directed, in his room, he is determined, one way or other, to find a key to the mystery. Cosme asks,

What, then, is your resolution ?

D. Man. Simply this : by day and night
Careful watch to keep, till I
Find the key to this imposture,
Satisfied this world contains
Neither goblin nor familiar.

Act II. opens in Dona Angela's apartment. Angela is relating to Beatrice her admiration, and the answer returned to her billet by Don Manuel. She confesses her intention of having an interview with him, and is about to mention the nature of her plan, when the female consultation is interrupted by the appearance of Don Luis. On seeing him, Beatrice attempts to retire.

D. Luis. Wherefore should you fly, fair lady ?

D. Beat. Only to avoid your coming.

D. Luis: What ! the fairest, purest light,
Whence the sun derives his beam,
Flies at my approach ! 'Twould seem
That she takes me for the night.
If I seek to stay your flight
With too bold and rude a touch,
Pardon that I dared so much ;
For if I have fail'd to crave
Your permission, 'twas to save
You the pain of granting such.
Even your cold reserve esteeming,
My sad fate no more requires,
That what courtesy inspires
Should be clothed with favour's seeming.
Well I know my idle, dreaming

Passion, from your slights, in vain
 Seeks a gleam of hope to gain;
 But, if scorn be so unchanging,
 Love can be so too, avenging
 By its service your disdain.
 For the more you make my pain,
 But the more I feel elated;
 Since the more that I am hated
 I but love the more again.
 If of this you should complain,
 That, through one affection, Fate
 Should within two hearts create
 Such extremes of pain and pleasure—
 Learn to love in equal measure,
 Or instruct me how to hate.
 Teach to me your cold disdain,
 I will teach you sweet complying;
 Teach to me your harsh replying,
 I will teach soft turns again:
 I devotion, you disdain;
 You caprice, I constancy;
 Still will I with fealty
 Cling to love, for love's divine:
 If to hate for both be thine,
 Mine to love for both shall be.

D. Beat. While you chide in such sweet strain,
 Though my heart were on your side,
 Still the boon would be denied,
 But to hear you still complain.

D. Luis. Since beneath your scorn I've lain,
 I the slighted lover's tone
 Well have studied.

D. Beat. Wisely done,
 Since for him on all occasions
 Grief must have its consolations,
 Who can so his grief bemoan!

D. Luis. Nay, since chance has will'd it so,
 Stay—let both one pain partake.

D. Beat. I'll not hear: for mercy's sake,
 Friend, detain him. Let me go!

[Exit.

D. Ang. How unmanly does it show,
 Slights like these to hear and see!

D. Luis. Sister! what remains for me?

D. Ang. Cast aside this ill-requited
 Love; for love thus scorn'd and slighted
 Is not love, but death for thee.

D. Luis. What! forget her? 'midst regret
 For her harshness? Vain endeavour!

Ask of her to show me favour;
 Favour'd lovers may forget;
 Slighted lovers never yet.
 While we suffer, to remain
 Heedless of the smart, were vain:
 Happy love forgetful proves,
 Through its happiness; for love's
 Best remembrancer is pain.

Don Luis's complaints are interrupted by the entrance of Don Manuel, who announces, that in consequence of the King's absence at the Escorial, he is under the necessity of

setting out that night for the royal residence.

Cosme is directed to make the necessary preparations, and in doing so happens to enter Don Manuel's

chamber with a light just as Isabel had entered on the opposite side to deposit the basket and letter which Dona Angela had directed her to leave for Don Manuel. Isabel dexterously gets behind Cosme, dashes the light out of his hand, extinguishes it, and is about to make her escape, when she stumbles on Don Manuel himself, who unexpectedly enters and lays hold of the basket which she is carrying. She contrives, however, to quit her hold of the basket, which she leaves in Don Manuel's hands, and in the darkness escapes through the cabinet while Don Manuel is waiting for a light.

On examining the basket, a letter is found, the important part of which is the following sentence:—"As to what you say of your friend, under the persuasion that I am the mistress of Don Luis, I give you the assurance that I neither am, nor can be, such. This much until we meet, which will be *shortly*." Don Manuel, after giving special directions to Cosme to pack up certain letters which he intended to take with him, departs for the Escorial—but with his curiosity and impatience wound up to the highest point—to solve the riddle of this mysterious visitant to his chamber.

Dona Angela, resuming the conversation which had been interrupted, imparts to Dona Beatrice her scheme for introducing Don Manuel into her chamber, without his being aware that he is in reality within a few feet of his own room. A servant is to watch for him in the dusk, and to convey him blindfold in a chair to Dona Angela's apartment, by the door leading from the back

street. Mean time, in order to get quit of the constant presence of her brothers, both attracted by their passion for Beatrice, Angela is to give out that a reconciliation had been effected between Beatrice and her father, and that the former had consequently returned to her own house: while in reality she is to remain concealed in Angela's apartments, and to assist in the scheme for further mystifying Don Manuel. This latter part of the conversation is overheard by Don Luis, who, conceiving that this pretended removal of Beatrice is a scheme to deceive him, and to favour his brother Don Juan, determines to surprise the parties in his sister's apartment when the intended interview takes place. Thus the train is naturally laid for a series of very interesting scenes in the third act.

Don Juan, who now enters, communicates the intelligence that Don Manuel has departed for the Escorial, but is to return the next day. Angela, affecting great annoyance at the idea of his return, secretly determines to avail herself of his absence this evening, to carry into effect her resolution of visiting his apartment, and getting possession of the letters and the obnoxious miniature. She retires with Isabel, while a scene of compliment, in the highest style of Spanish gallantry, takes place between Beatrice and Don Juan. The following sonnets, which conclude the scene, are characteristic specimens of that *carte* and *tierce* of love-logic in which Calderon deals so largely, and which was afterwards copied in the heroic plays of Dryden:—

DON JUAN.

Fair Beatrice, so true my constancy,
 So firm my love, so heartfelt my affection,
 That, could I wish to sever our connexion,
 Against my wish love would triumphant be.
 If to forget were possible for me,
 I *would* forget thee: that with free election
 My heart might court again its old subjection,
 And that be *choice* which is *necessity*.
 Who loves, because he cannot cease to love,
 Can never by his forced devotion move,
 Since with his love his wishes are at war.
 Not to love thee, fair Beatrice, were vain.
 And yet, though dragg'd a captive in thy train,
 Proud of its very bondage moves my star.

DONA BEATRICE.

If choice upon the changeful will depend,
 Necessity upon the stars' decree,

That passion must the surer seem to me
 That does not to such fluctuations bend.
 Mistrust on your refinements must attend :
 My faith—(let me suppose what cannot be,)
 If that my will could seek to turn from thee,
 That such was not *my will* would still contend.
 For even the few brief moments that I strove
 First to forget before I loved again,
 Were hateful to me if they banish'd love.
 I joy to think that task is vain for me,
 Since, *while forgetting*, I must still remain
 Deprived of the delight of loving thee.

Dona Angela's visit to the chamber of Don Manuel leads to an unexpected consequence. In the course of his route to the Escorial, Don Manuel discovers that Cosme had, in his very anxiety carefully to lay the letters aside which were to be packed up for the journey, left them lying on the table in his apartment. This obliges him to return. He enters the house softly, in order to create no disturbance, opens the door of his chamber in the dark, and just as Cosme is beginning to express the wish that the goblin visitant who had made so free with their apartment before, would have the civility on this occasion to provide them with light, Dona Angela, who had entered the apartment from the other side along with Isabel, in the firm belief that, for that night at least, Don Manuel was safe at the Escorial, opens the dark-lantern which she carried, and begins to examine the letters which are lying on the table, while Don Manuel looks on with a mixture of terror, amazement, and admiration.

D. Ang. Here I place the light. And now
 To peruse these dreaded letters.

D. Man. Oh! how clear, by the reflection
 Of the light, is all illumined!
 Never in my life have I

Seen so sovereign a lady.
 Aid me, Heaven! What is this?
 Wonders surely must be hydras,
 Since from each a thousand others
 Spring. O, Heaven! what shall I do?

Cosm. Well, the goblin takes her leisure;
 See! she draws a chair!

D. Man. Bright image
 Of the most resplendent beauty
 Which the mighty Master's pencil
 Ever painted!

Cosm. Ay, such beauty
 Is the pencil's work alone.

D. Man. Brighter than the light the sparkle
 Of her eyes.

Cosm. Those eyes are doubtless
 Stars that in their day have twinkled
 In the devil's own firmament.

D. Man. Every hair is like a sunbeam.

Cosm. Ay, 'twas thence these locks were stolen.

D. Man. Every ringlet seems a star.

Cosm. That may be—for when the angels
 Fell from heaven, they drew behind them
 Of the starry host the third.

D. Man. Rarer charms I ne'er beheld.

Cosm. Nay, in faith you would not say so
 If you saw her feet—these gentry
 Always in the foot are cursed.

D. Man. Beauty's best epitome,
 Nay, a very angel she!

Cosm. Yes! a cloven-footed angel!

D. Man. What is this? What is she doing
With my papers?

Cosm. I imagine
She is looking out the letters
For us, just to save us trouble,
Like a serviceable goblin.

D. Man. Guide me, Heaven! What shall I do?
Never till this hour before,
Have I felt myself a coward!

Cosm. I have—often.

D. Man. Icy fetters
Seem to hold my feet imprison'd;
Every hair erected rises,
Every breath that heaves my bosom
Seems within my breast a dagger,
Seems around my neck a cord.
But does fear like this beseem me?
Now, by Heaven, it shall be seen
Whether I can break the spell!

[Approaching, and seizing her by the arm.

Angel, devil, woman—be thou
What thou mayst—this once at least
From my grasp there's no escaping!

D. Ang. Ah! unhappy! woe is me!
His departure was pretended,
And he knew too well that I——

[Hesitating.

Cosm. In the name of God—for this
Is the devil's own province—tell us——

D. Ang. (*aside.*) Yet I will dissemble still.

Cosm. Who you are—and what your object——

D. Ang. Generous Don Manuel
Hénriquez, for whom by fortune
Is reserved a precious treasure—
Do not touch me—come not nearer—
For your coming would endanger
That auspicious boon which Heaven
Destines for you, through the favour
Of the fate that guides your fortunes,
In obedience to its law.

When I wrote to you this evening
That last billet, I predicted
That our meeting would be shortly;
And, as I foretold, we meet.
Then since I have kept my promise,
And to-night you now behold me
In the form the nearest human
Which 'tis given me to assume,
Hence depart in peace and leave me;
For the time is not fulfill'd
When the secret of my being
You can comprehend or know.
All shall be disclosed to-morrow.
Then beware;—to none revealing
Aught of this, unless you would
Lose a glorious lot for ever.
Go in peace.

Cosm. Now, since she tells us
Go in peace—why do we tarry
Longer here?

D. Man. I vow by Heaven
I am angry that I ever

Trembled at such idle terrors
 And since courage cannot think them
 Real, let me, once for all,
 Sift the mystery to the bottom.
 Woman, be you what you may—
 (For you never shall persuade me
 You are aught but woman)—listen!—
 I'm resolved, by Heaven, to know
 Who you are—and how you enter'd
 Here—with what design and wherefore;
 I will *not* wait till to-morrow.
 Let this boon to-night be granted.
 Are you demon, speak as demon!
 Are you woman, speak as woman!
 Think not threats would ever make me
 Shrink or tremble, though you really
 Were a demon; but I know
 That, since you too wear a body
 Like myself, you are no demon,
 But a woman.

Cosm. (aside.) Much the same!

D. Ang. Do not touch me, lest you mar
 Your good fortune.

Cosm. Now methinks
 Even the devil speaks discreetly.
 Do not *touch* her, since she is
 Neither harp, nor lute, nor rebeck.

D. Man. If you be a spirit, now
 With my sword I'll make the trial;
 Since, although the steel should pierce you,
 Spirits feel no injury.

D. Ang. Woe is me! Arrest your weapon,
 O! arrest your bloody arm;
 Pity 'twere with death to visit
 An unhappy woman's error:—
 For I own that such am I.
 Love may be a crime, but surely
 Scarce so deadly as to merit
 Evil death for loving well.
 Stain not señor, then, nor darken
 With my blood the silver shining
 Of your sword.

D. Man. Speak, then, who art thou?

D. Ang. Ah! perforce it must be spoken,
 Since I cannot hope to bring,
 As I thought, to its conclusion
 This attachment, this devotion,
 This fidelity and truth.
 But we stand even now in danger
 (Should they hear us, should they see us)
 Of our lives: for I am more
 Than you see or can conjecture.
 Then 'tis needful to secure us
 'Gainst the risk of interruption.
 Señor, you must close that entrance,
 And the outer door beside,
 That no light may be detected
 Should intruders come to pry
 Who is here.

D. Man. The light here, Cosme,
 Till we close the door. You see
 'Tis a woman, and no goblin!—

Cosm. Oh, no doubt—I always said so!

[DON MANUEL and COSME go out to close the door.]

D. Ang. (*alone.*) From that side, then, I'm imprison'd
Now, the truth, O Heavens! must out,
Since by Isabel I'm left
In the lurch here, and the stranger
Has me fast.

Isab. (*appearing at the secret door.*) Hist, hist, señora!
Haste, your brother asks for you.

D. Ang. Happy chance! the cabinet
Moves again. O love! I thank thee,
Still unsolved I leave the riddle.

[*Exeunt through the secret door—the cabinet is again pushed back into its place.*]

Re-enter DON MANUEL and COSME with a light.

D. Man. All the doors are closed, señora,
Now you may proceed in safety
With your tale.—But what is this?
Where is she?

Cosm. Why, how should I know?

D. Man. Hid, perhaps, in yon recess?
Go before me.

Cosm. 'Twere discourteous,
While you are on foot, that I
Should precede you.

D. Man. I will search
All the apartment. Hand the light. [*Goes into the recess.*]

Cosm. There—and welcome!

D. Man. (*re-entering.*) Cruelly
Fortune sports with me.

Cosm. This time
By the door she could not vanish.

D. Man. How then did she vanish?—Answer?

Cosm. That I can't. But this is plain,
Just as I have always said,
'Tis the devil, and no woman!

D. Man. (*examining the room.*) Now, by Heaven! I will
examine

All the chamber, to discover
If, perchance, behind these pictures
Any where the wall is hollow'd;
If these tapestries conceal
Any lurking-place :—I'll rifle
Every cranny in the cieling.

Cosm. There is nothing here to rummage
But this press.

D. Man. O! that contains
Nothing we need dread or doubt of,
Form'd of glass—and all transparent ;—
Let us see what more remains.

Cosm. I'm but little of a seer.

D. Man. Never shall I be persuaded
That her form was but fantastic,
Since she trembled at the prospect
Of her death.

Cosm. Yet true it is,
That she knew and guess'd beforehand
That we would return to-night,
And for nothing but to see her.

D. Man. Like a shade she came before me,

And her light was magic fire,
 Yet she seem'd a human being,
 Palpable to touch and sight.
 Like a mortal did she fear me—
 Like a woman she recoil'd—
 Like a vision did she vanish—
 Like a phantom did she fade.
 Let me give a loose to thinking
 As I may—by Heaven, I know not
 What to doubt or what believe!

Cosm. I do.

D. Man. Speak.

Cosm. A devil-woman

Is she;—nor need that surprise us;
 For if woman plays the devil
 All the year through, 'tis but fair
 That the devil should once for all
 In requital play the woman.

The third act opens in the chamber of Dona Angela. It is night. Isabel enters, leading in Don Manuel in the dark, directing him to await there the arrival of his mistress: and retires, locking the door behind her. Don Manuel, in a short soliloquy, retraces the way in which he had been brought thither. On his return from the Escorial he had found a letter from his secret visiter, directing him to repair at night to St Sebastian's church-yard, and to follow where two men, whom he would find on the spot, should conduct him in a litter. He had obeyed the summons, and, under their escort, had been introduced into the apartment where he now stands, awaiting with intense curiosity, and something of alarm, the issue of the adventure. Of course he has not the

most distant idea that he is in the mansion of Don Juan, and within a few feet of his own apartment—a circumstance which tends most ingeniously to increase the confusion, when, in the course of the next scene, he is introduced in the dark into another room, and finds himself in his own chamber, which he had believed to be far off. After some delay, the door on the right of the room opens. Servants bring in lights. Several women enter, bearing napkins and refreshments, and courtesying to Don Manuel as they pass. After them appears Dona Angela, splendidly dressed; and lastly, Beatrice and Isabel. The others retire toward the background. Angela, advancing towards Don Manuel, accosts him—

Doubtless you are weary, señor,
 Waiting for me?

D. Man. No, señora;
 He that watches for Aurora,
 Knows that his anxiety
 Must in shadows buried lie
 Till the cold dark night give way;
 So the torment of delay,
 Turn'd to pleasure, from th' assurance
 That, the longer night's endurance,
 Still the nearer drew the day.
 Yet 'twas needless that the night
 In its prison first should bind me
 That your beauty's sun might blind me,
 As with morn it rose more bright;—
 For to make your sovereign light
 Its resplendent beams display,
 Needed not the cheerless night,
 Pall'd in shadows cold and dun,
 For thou art thyself the day,
 Day that dawns without a sun.

Lady, when the night's withdrawn,
 First on high a glimmer brightens,
 'Tis the gentle smile of dawn,
 Gilding not, though it enlightens.
 On the dawn next creeps the morn,
 And its clear cold ray illumines,
 Gilds, but warms not. Morn, in turn,
 Fades, and from his crimson throne
 Flames the sun, and he alone
 Gilds, illumines, and consumes.
 Dawn derives its feeble beam
 From the darkness it succeeded,
 And, to make the morning seem
 Bright, the doubtful dawn was needed ;—
 As the peerless sun exceeded
 Dawning's glimmer, morning's ray,
 You eclipse the sun : I say
 Needless, therefore, was the night,
 Since your sun succeeds the light
 Of the sun that pales the day.

D. Ang. Grateful though I may remain
 For this stretch of courtesy,
 Yet with cause I must complain
 Of such flattering injury.
 This, in sooth, is not the sphere
 Where the pomp of words refined
 Should be wasted on the wind ;
 'Tis a homely dwelling here,
 Where the finer turned the phrase
 More suspicious sounds the praise.
 I am not the dawn. It wears
 Smiles, which *my* sad aspect knows not—
 Not the morning, since my tears
 To your eye my grief disclose not—
 Not the sun, that dares display
 Perfect truth unto the day.
 What I am, conceal'd must sleep ;
 But of these, at least, I'm none,
 Dawning, morning, nor the sun,
 Since I shine not, smile, nor weep.
 Then I pray Don Manuel will
 Say and think but this of me,
 Woman am I, woman still
 Have I been ;—whom love of thee
 Leads to this extremity.

D. Man. Slight must such extreme appear,
 Since although admitted here,
 I, methinks, have reason good
 For complaint, not gratitude ;
 And I do complain, I own—

D. Ang. You complain of *me* !

D. Man. Even so,
 Since you trust me not to know
 Who you are.

D. Ang. Nay, that alone
 Do not ask me. For to none
 May my lips my name repeat.
 If you wish to visit me,
 This must the condition be ;—
 That you know not whom you meet,
 That you ask not who is she !
 I must ever be for thee

As a riddle, as a dream ;
 What I am I may not seem,
 What I seem I may not be.
 While involved in mystery
You may see me : *I* may see
You again : should you discover
 Who I am, perchance the lover
 Might too soon forget his flame,
 While my love remain'd the same.
 As the pencil can invent
 Forms that vary with the light,
 And on different sides present
 Different portraits to the sight,
 So the painter Love unites
 In my form two different lights ;
 Seen beneath the one, I seem
 Fair and worthy your esteem ;
 Seen beneath another clothing,
 Liking might be turn'd to lothing ;
 One mistake I must discover—
 That Don Luis was my lover ;
 And to that I answer no—
 I will swear it was not so.

This promising conversation is interrupted by a loud knocking at the middle door of the room, and by the voice of Don Juan, who comes to enquire whether Beatrice has yet returned to her own house. Beatrice hastily makes her escape through the door on the right : Isabel hurries Don Manuel out by the door on the right leading to the cabinet, while Don Juan enters by the middle door. He is at first surprised to find Angela in full dress ; but his suspicions are allayed by her apology, that, with a woman's love for dress, she had put on her festive apparel as an amusement to divert her solitude. And after being told that Beatrice had already left the house for her own mansion, he retires, announcing his intention of paying her a visit there before she retired to rest. The scene then changes to the apartments of Don Manuel. Isabel and Don Manuel enter in the dark, through the secret door.

Isab. Here you must remain, and make
 No disturbance—that they may not
 Hear you.

Don Man. I shall be a statue.

Isab. Now, Heaven grant I may be able
 In my fright to find the door !

D. Man. Heaven ! how perilous his daring
 Who thus enters to a mansion,
 Knowing nothing, learning nothing !
 What mischances hover near him !
 What mysterious risks surround him !
 Here am I within the house
 Of some noble-titled lady,
 At the least “ Her Excellency,”
 Wrapt in gloom and nightly terrors,
 And so far from my abode.
 Ha ! What noise was that ? Some door
 Leading to the room, methinks,
 Must be opening :—Some one enters.

[*COSME enters in the dark.*]

Cosm. Well, thank Heaven ! to-night for once
 I can enter this apartment
 Freely, and without alarm,
 Though without a light I enter ;
 Since our Lady Goblin has

Laid her claws upon my master,
She will leave the man alone.

[*He stumbles against DON MANUEL.*

Nay, in faith, she wants us both!
Who goes there? who is it?

D. Man. Peace,

Peace, I say, whoe'er you are,
Or my dagger shall enforce it!

Cosm. Mute as any poor relation
In a rich man's house, I'll be.

D. Man. Doubtless this must be some servant
Who has enter'd here by chance.
Well, from him I may discover
Where I am:—What house is this?
Speak;—and tell me who's its owner?

Cosm. Señor, both the house and owner
Are the devil's, or let him take me;—
For a lady here resides
Who is call'd the Lady Goblin:
'Tis the devil in the likeness
Of a woman.

D. Man. Who are you?

Cosm. Who am I? a drudge, a servant,
A poor knave—a luckless devil—
Who, without or rhyme or reason,
Is the victim of enchantment.

D. Man. And your master—Who is he?

Cosm. Why he is a fool, a madman,
Idiot, simpleton, and ninny,
Since he dotes upon the devil.

D. Man. And his name?—

Cosm. His name's Don Manuel
Hénriquez.

D. Man. Now, Heaven be with me!

Cosm. And Cosme Catiboratos
Mine.

D. Man. You Cosme! You too here!
But how found you entrance? I
Am your master. Tell me, did you
Follow close upon the litter?
Did you enter to this chamber,
Seeking too, like me, concealment?

Cosm. Pleasant jesting, on my honour;
Rather say, How came you here?
Did you not, alone and boldly,
Follow where they waited for you?
How have you return'd so quickly?
Last of all, how have you enter'd
Here, since I have never parted
With the key of this apartment?

D. Man. Whose apartment then is this?

Cosm. Why, your own, or else the devil's.

D. Man. Now, by Heaven! a shameless falsehood.
Far removed from my apartment
And within another mansion
Was I but a moment past.

Cosm. Sleights like these are of the devil's
Own devising: I have told you
But the simple truth.

D. Man. You'd have me
Lose my senses.

Cosm. What is wanting
To convince you? There, step out

Through the door, into the passage,
Look around you, and let that
Undeceive you.

D. Man. It is well,
I will search and see in person.

[*Exit.*

Cosm. When, my master, shall we 'scape
From this region of delusion?

[*ISABEL enters gently through the secret door in the dark.*

Isab. Now, Don Juan has departed—
That our captive guest Don Manuel
Mayn't discover where he is,
I must let him out. Hist, señor,
Hist!—

Cosm. (aside.) Why, this is worse and worse.
For my master is already
Gone.

Isab. (aside.) Your master—who is he?

D. Man. (re-entering) 'Tis indeed my own apartment.

Isab. (to Cosme.) Is it you?

Cosm.

'Tis I.

Isab. Then quick.

Come with me.

Don Man. Come, you were right.

Isab. Stay not—there is nought to fear.

[*She takes hold of COSME by the hand, and draws him out by the secret door.*

Cosm. Master! help! the Goblin takes me! [*Exit with ISABEL.*

D. Man. Shall we not at length discover

How this mummery takes its rises?

What, no answer? Cease this fooling.

Cosme! Cosme! Nay, by Heaven!

I encounter but the walls—

Did I not converse with Cosme?

How could he so suddenly

Vanish? Was he not beside me?

I, in sober sadness, shall

Lose my senses. Yet since some one,

By some strange conveyance, enters,

How they come I must discover;

So in the alcove I'll hide me.

[*Goes into the recess.*

Mean time Isabel, under the impression that Don Manuel is her companion, introduces Cosme into the apartment of Dona Angela. Though confused at the mistake, the ladies are resolved to keep up the mystification of the servant; who is directed to refresh himself with a glass of wine, as he has a journey of more than two hundred miles to perform through the air the same night. In the midst of their merriment, however, Don Luis knocks, demanding admittance. Isabel precipitately retreats with Cosme through the door on the left. Beatrice conceals herself behind the curtain. Don Luis who, in consequence of overhearing the conversation between Angela and Beatrice in the Second Act, expects to surprise Beatrice and her brother together, enters, sees the traces of the entertainment, and, observing the

apparent confusion of Angela, insists on searching her apartments. A noise is at the same time heard in the apartment to the left, and Don Luis hurries out in pursuit, leaving Angela, who in terror and anxiety resolves to seek protection with the father of Beatrice, till an opportunity for explanation with her brothers arrive.

The scene again changes to the apartment of Don Manuel. It is dark; Isabel and Cosme enter hastily through the secret door: almost at the same moment, Don Manuel, hearing the sound of persons in the apartment, enters from the recess. Isabel, after depositing Cosme in the room, hurries out by the centre door, forgetting, in her agitation, to wheel the cabinet back into its place. A light is seen behind, and Don Luis enters by the secret door.

D. Luis. Now, by Heaven, I saw a man!

Cosm. This goes ill.

D. Luis. How have they managed
To displace this cabinet?

Cosm. (aside.) Ha! the light comes: let the table
I've encounter'd here conceal me.

[*Creeps under the table.*]

D. Man. (advancing.) Let this mummary have an end.

D. Luis. Don Manuel!

D. Man. Don Luis!—who
Ever witness'd such confusion?

Cosm. So, 'twas thus the Goblin enter'd—
Thousand times I've wish'd to say so.

D. Luis. Craven heart, dishonour'd knight,
Traitor comrade, perjured guest,
Who against a brother's honour,
That esteems, receives, and trusts thee,
Thus without remorse conspirest,
Thus without respect adventarest—
Draw at once thy shameless sword.

D. Man. Yes! but only to defend me
Will I draw it: so confused
Thus to hear thee—thus to see thee—
Thus to hear and see myself,
That although you strive to slay me,
'Twere in vain; a life like mine,
Put so oft by cruel fortune
To the proof, must be immortal.
Though you strive, you cannot give me
Death—since sorrow gives it not;
I will own your arm is strong,
But my grief is stronger still.

D. Luis. Not with reasons, but with deeds,
You must conquer.

D. Man. Yet a moment
Pause, Don Luis, and reflect
If I cannot satisfy you.

D. Luis. Satisfy, how satisfy me?
When you outrage thus mine honour?
When you steal into the chamber
Of a lady through this private
Entrance: Is there satisfaction
For a wrong like this?

D. Man. Don Luis,
May this blade a thousand times
Pierce my bosom, if I ever
Knew of such a door, or knew
That it led to other chambers.

D. Luis. What then do you here, enclosed
Without light?

D. Man. (aside.) What shall I answer?
(*Aloud.*) I am waiting for my servant.

D. Luis. When I saw you *hide here*, must I
Disbelieve my eyes?

D. Man. Even so;
For they oftener err than any
Other sense.

D. Luis. And if my eyes
Play me false, would you persuade me
That my ears deceive me too?

D. Man. Yes.

D. Luis. All else, in short, are liars.

You alone, it seems, speak truth.

Yet, 'tis you alone that—

D. Man. Stay :

For before the word were utter'd,

Or imagined, or conceived,

Would your lifeblood stain my sword !

Nay, since destiny decrees it,

Self-protection must come first :

Let the laws of friendship pardon.

If 'tis fix'd that fight we must,

Let us combat as becomes us.

Part between us both the light,

That its beams may equal be ;

Close that secret door behind you,

That we may the more securely

Combat : I shall close the other ;

Cast the key upon the ground,

Let him lift it that survives.

Don Luis raises the table in order to barricade the secret passage, in doing which he discovers Cosme. " This, then, is the servant for whom you were waiting ! " he exclaims, with a sneer, to Don Manuel. " Believe what you please," answers Don Manuel, " the time is past for explanations." The question now is—how Cosme is

to be disposed of during the combat, so as to prevent his interfering on the side of his master ; a precaution which the valet assures both parties is a very needless one. Don Manuel, however, locks him up in a kind of press within the alcove, and returns to meet his opponent.

D. Man. Now we are alone together.

D. Luis. Let our combat then commence.

[*They fight.*—DON LUIS loses the guard of his sword.

D. Man. Never saw I cooler fencing !

D. Luis. Never saw I stronger force !

I am left unarm'd. My weapon

Useless is without a guard.

D. Man. 'Tis not from defect of valour ;

'Tis the accident of fortune.

Go, and seek another sword.

D. Luis. You are courteous, you are valiant.

(*Aside.*) O my fate ! What course is left me,

In a moment so perplexing ;

Since he takes my honour from me,

Gives me life, and conquers me ?

I must seek for some occasion,

Either real or apparent,

To retire till I decide

What amidst these doubts to do.

D. Man. Go you for a weapon ?

D. Luis. Yes, if you will wait my coming,

I shall soon return with one.

D. Man. Soon or late, I wait you here.

D. Luis. Fare you well, then ; God protect you.

[*Exit by the principal door.*

D. Man. Fare you well, too ; God be with you, (*locks the door.*)

Thus I lock the door, withdrawing

Thence the key, that none discover

Any one remains within.

What confused imaginations

Combat in my thoughts, perplexing

With their changing shapes my reason !

Ah ! how truly I predicted

That there was some secret entrance,
That she was Don Luis's mistress !
Every thing in fact has happen'd
Even as I at first foresaw,
Evil guesses seldom fail us.

Cosme. (from the recess.) Gentle master, I entreat you
If you are alone, for God's sake
Let me out again ; I tremble
Lest the Goblin come to seek me,
With his questions and his answers,
In a doghole such as this,
Where the walls are scarce divided.

D. Man. I will open, for I feel
So bewilder'd with the conflict
Of opposing thoughts, that now
Nothing can torment me farther.

*[He goes into the Alcove to let him out.—The centre door opens.—
DON JUAN brings in ANGELA veiled.—Both remain in the back-
ground.]*

Don Juan. Here you shall remain till I
Can investigate the reason,
Which, at such an hour, had drawn you
From your house. You shall not enter,
Thankless girl, your own apartment,
That I may without your presence
Sift the truth of this adventure.
(Aside.) I shall leave her in the apartment
Of Don Manuel. Lest he come
At the door, I'll place a servant
To instruct him not to enter.

D. Ang. (alone.) Ah ! unhappy ! woe is me !
One upon another follow
My misfortunes. I am dying.

DON MANUEL and COSME enter from the recess without seeing ANGELA.

Cos. Let's go quickly.

D. Man. Why, what fear you ?

Cos. That this woman is the devil,
And that even here she'll plague me.

D. Man. Since we know now who she is,
And one door is by the table
Barr'd, the other by the key,
How, pray, would you have her enter ?

Cos. Any way that suits her pleasure.

D. Man. You are crazy.

Cos. (turning round and seeing D. ANGELA.) Lord have mercy !

D. Man. Art thou shadow or illusion,
Woman, that dost haunt me so ?—
Say, how have you enter'd here ?

D. Ang. Don Manuel !

D. Man. Speak.

D. Ang. Attend and listen.

Don Luis knock'd ;—in haste
My chamber enter'd ; then his steps retraced ;
With foresight he reflected,
Discreetly thought, and oft the thought rejected ;
The house in darkness viewing,
And then with light, he saw thee, and pursuing,—
The sound of blows, not words,
Was heard, for in the place of tongues were swords.

I, who too well divined
 That when two cavaliers were thus confined,
 When wrath and valour prompted the dispute,
 And swords were eloquent, though lips were mute;
 Nothing would end their strife
 Less than the death of one, the other's life,—
 Without life, soul, or sense,
 Amidst night's dusky stillness, fled from hence;
 (Whose cold and darksome shade,
 Fit image of my own dark fortunes made,)
 I strove to make my way,
 Here stumbling, falling there, and here astray,
 While my numb'd senses found
 A prison in the silk that wrapt me round.
 Alone, disturb'd, dejected,
 I reach'd (by my distraction ill-directed)
 The sphere which proved the scene
 Of my confinement, when it should have been
 My refuge and my port.
 But ah! what refuge need misfortune court!—
 Beneath its very shade
 (How fast the heavens rain ills upon our head)
 Don Juan stood! *my brother!*
 For oh! no longer need I strive to smother
 That secret from your ear;
 This very silence 'twas that leaves me here
 In danger and dismay!
 Strange that a woman e'er should have to say
 Silence was her undoing;
 Yet such I am, and silence proves my ruin.
 Beside this door he stood
 Waiting, O heaven! while I, by fear pursued,
 Beneath its shadow came,
 (A snow volcano or an Alp of flame;)
 He by the scanty light,
 With which a gentle moonbeam cheer'd the night,
 Saw the faint gleam my bosom's jewels made,
 (Not I the first whom jewels have betray'd,)
 Or the slight rustle of my garments caught,
 (Not I the first whose ruin dress has wrought;)
 He thought his mistress came,
 And like a moth he flutter'd to his flame,
 There to consume. But he
 Found the poor shadow of his star in me.
 Who of a jealous lover could believe
 That, seeking cause for such, he should perceive
 Some ill so infinitely worse,
 As to deem jealousy the lighter curse!
 He tried to speak, the words refused to come,
 For deep anxiety is ever dumb.
 At last, in words of woe,
 That faint and faltering from his lips did flow,
 Borne swiftly from the tongue,
 He did demand the reason of his wrong.
 I strove to answer still,
 (I've said that feeling finds not words at will,)
 And still in vain. Unfit
 Was terror such as mine to sharpen wit.
 Of all excuses for my fault I thought;
 But when the exculpation must be sought,

It comes not, or it never comes in time,
 And the denial but confirms the crime.
 "Come, sister," did he cry,
 "First blot upon our honour'd ancestry,
 "Thou shalt be left immured
 "In this safe spot secluded and secured ;
 "I shall detect, ere long,
 "The author and occasion of my wrong."
 He left me here, where Heaven
 The sight of thee to cheer my grief has given.
 It was the love I bore thee
 That made me as a phantom flit before thee :
 'Twas my esteem for thee
 That made my breast my passion's prison be ;
She could not truly love
 Whose bosom-worth, like yours, could fail to move,
 Nor *she* respect that worth,
 Who, face to face, could speak her passion forth.
 It was my fate to choose thee,
 My aim to win thy love, my fear to lose thee,
 My effort to preserve thee,
 My life to pleasure thee, my soul to serve thee ;
 My heart's desire to love thee,
 And these the tears which now I shed, to move thee
 Aid to my griefs to lend,
 To shelter me, to shield me, and befriend.

D. Man. My ills are hydras, since they still contrive
 Even from their lifeless ashes to revive.
 What in this darkness shall I do ?
 My thoughts a labyrinth without a clue !
 She is Don Luis's sister, whom I deem'd
 His mistress. If when love in peril seem'd
 His rage was thus awake,
 What will it be when honour is at stake ?
 She is his sister. If I then endeavour
 To set her free, and with my blood to save her,—
 Committing to my sword her exculpation,
 That were an aggravation—
 For that were to proclaim
 That I had stain'd his honour'd house with shame,
 Since he must find me here :—and yet t' accuse
 A loving lady in mine own excuse,
 And lay the blame upon her
 Of such a step, revolts against my honour.
 What course then can I see ?
 Defending her I should a traitor be :
 Heartless if I forsake her,
 A faithless guest if from her home I take her ;
 Inhuman if I to her brother yield her,
 A thankless friend if I protect and shield her ;
 To friendship faithless if I interfere,
 To love ungrateful if I leave her here !
 Then since in either way
 Hard fate besets me, dying let me say,
 Señora, fearless be,
 I am a nobleman—rely on me.

He places Dona Angela behind him, and awaits the return of Don Luis, who enters with another weapon. He comes, however, only with the intention of depositing his sword at Don Manuel's feet, and owning himself vanquished by his courtesy. But the sight of Angela in the apartment

revives his rage: he rejoices at having found a justification for renewing the combat, and lifting his sword from the ground again challenges Don Manuel.

An explanation now ensues; Don Manuel relates in what way Angela had entered his apartment, and arms his resolution at all hazards to protect her. "That right belongs to none," replies Don Luis, "but her brother

or her husband." Don Manuel presenting his hand to Angela, expresses his readiness to acquire a husband's right to protect her: Don Luis acquiesces: while Don Juan and Beatrice enter just in time to witness this happy solution of events which were assuming so tragical a complexion, and to congratulate Don Manuel on his union with THE GOBLIN LADY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT THE TOMB OF THE STUARTS IN ST PETER'S.*

Eve's tinted shadows slowly fill the fane
Where Art has taken almost Nature's room,
While still two objects clear in light remain,
An alien pilgrim at an alien tomb.

A sculptured tomb of regal heads discrown'd,
Of one heart-worshipp'd, fancy-haunted name,
Once loud on earth, but now scarce else renown'd
Than as the offspring of that stranger's fame.

There lie the Stuarts!—There is Walter Scott!
Strange congress of illustrious thoughts and things!
A plain old moral, still too oft forgot—
The power of genius and the fall of kings.

The curse on lawless Will high planted there,
A beacon to the world, shines not for him;
He is with those who felt their life was sere,
When the large love of loyalty grew dim.

He rests his chin upon a sturdy staff,
Historic as that sceptre, theirs no more;
His gaze is fix'd; his thirsty heart can quaff
For a short hour, the spirit-draughts of yore.

Each figure in its pictured place is seen,
Each fancied shape his actual vision fills,
From the long-pining, death-deliver'd Queen,
To the worn outlaw of the heathery hills.

O grace of life, which shame could never mar!
O dignity, that circumstance defied!
Pure is the neck that wears the deathly scar,
And sorrow has baptised the front of pride.

But purpled mantle, and blood-crimson'd shroud,
Exiles to suffer and returns to woo,
Are gone, like dreams by daylight disallow'd;
And their historian—he is sinking too!

A few more moments, and that labouring brow
Cold as those royal busts and calm will lie;
And, as on them his thoughts are resting now,
His marbled form shall meet the attentive eye.

* When Sir Walter Scott was at Rome, the year of his death, the history and localities of the Stuarts seemed to absorb all other objects of his interest. The circumstance of this poem fell within the observation of the writer.

Thus face to face the dying and the dead,
Bound in their solemn ever-living bond,
Communed; and I was sad that ancient head
Ever should pass those holy walls beyond.

R. M. MILNES.

ELYSIAN FIELDS AT LOWTHER IN WESTMORELAND.

A YOUTH caress'd and nurtured long,
Beneath the sky, beside the sea,
Where rules a vivid world of song
The clear-eyed Queen Parthenope,—
And wont to blend with outward grace,
The soul Virgilian memory yields,
Might seek with dull, uneager pace,
The cloudy north's Elysian Fields.

“Lowther,” he cried, “of ancient strength,
Thy lofty towers the harness wear;—
Thy terraces their mossy length
Extend through centuries of care.
In thine old oaks may Fancy read
A green traditionary chain
Of Worth and Power;—Thou dost not need
To take the classic name in vain.”

Up Lowther's banks, that very eve,
This scornful youth was seen to wind
Still tardier steps, that seem'd to grieve
For joy or beauty left behind:
But ere he reach'd the lordly roof,
High portal and cathedral stair,
His thoughts in other, fairer, woof,
Were offer'd to the attentive air.

“Not once to Baiæ's column'd bay,
Or Cumæ's glade my spirit fled,
While on that storm-cast trunk I lay,
Above yon torrent's stormy bed:
Crystal and green sufficed so well
To solace and delight mine eyes;
They yearn'd for no remember'd spell
Fashion'd beneath serener skies.

“If golden light, or azure void
The Poet's radiant dream fulfills,
Are clouds and shadows unenjoy'd,
The ghostly guardians of the hills?
Nature an open Faith demands:
And we have little else to do,
But take the blessing from her hands,
Feeling—*Here* is Elysium too.”

R. M. MILNES.

BRETON FAITH.

A SUMMER nightfall on a summer sea!
 From sandy ridges wildering o'er the deep,
 The wind's familiar under-song recalls
 The fishermen to duty, though that eve
 To unversed eyes their embarkation seem'd
 Rather a work of festival than toil.
 Women were there in gay precise attire,
 Girls at their skirts, and boys before at play,
 And many an infant sweet asleep on arm.

Emulous which the first shall set his boat
 Free-floating from the clutches of deep sand,
 Men lean and strive; till one, and two, and all,
 Poised in descent, receive the leaping crews:
 And following close, where leads the ripply way,
 One craft of heavier freight and larger sail.
 Serene and silent as th' horizon moon,
 That fair flotilla seeks the open main.

Some little room of waters sever'd now
 Those seeming sons of peaceful industry
 From their diseased and desperate fatherland,
 That France, where reign'd and raged for many a year
 Madness, (the fearful reservoir of strength
 Which God will open, at his own high will,
 In men and nations,) so that very babes
 Would tear the mother-breast of ancient Faith
 To suck the bloody milk of Liberty.
 The Christian name was outcast there and then;
 For Power and Passion were the people's gods,
 And every one that worshipp'd not must die.

The shore extended one thin glittering line,
 When, at the watch'd-for tinkling of a bell,
 Fast fall the sails, and round their captain-boat,
 Which rested steady as the waters would,
 Each other bent its own obedient prow,
 Making imperfect rays about a sun:
 Nor paused they long before great change of form
 Came o'er that centre. From the uncouth deck
 Rose a tall altar, 'broider'd curiously,
 With clear outcarven crucifix i' th' midst
 Of tapers, lambent in the gentle gale:
 Before it stood the reverend-robed Priest,
 Late a rude fisherman—an awful head,
 Veteran in griefs and dangers more than years;
 Perchance not finely moulded, but as-seen
 There upright to the illuminating moon,
 With silver halo rather than white hair,
 Beauteous exceedingly!

So seem'd to feel
 The tender eyes then fix'd on him, while slow
 And quiet, as when he perform'd the rites
 Of his old village church on Sabbath morn,
 He set all things in order and began
 That Litany, which, gathering voice on voice,
 Made vocal with the names of God and Christ,
 And the communion of the blest in heaven,
 Space that had lain long silent of all sound

Save the chance greetings of some parting ships,
And elemental utterances confused.

Oh! never in high Roman basilic,
Prime dome of Art, or elder Lateran,
Mother of churches! never at the shrine
That sprang the freshest from pure martyr-blood,
Or held within its clasp a nation's heart
By San Iago or Saint Denys blest,—
Never in that least earthly place of earth,
The Tomb where Death himself lay down and died,
The Temple of Man's new Jerusalem—
Descended effluence more indeed divine,
More total energy of Faith and Hope,
And Charity for wrongs unspeakable,
Than on that humble scantling of the flock,
That midnight congregation of the Sea.

Rise not, good Sun! hold back unwelcome Light
That shall but veil the nations in new crime!
Or hide thy coming; yet some little while
Prolong the stupor of exhausted sin,
Nor with thy tainted rays disturb this peace,
These hard-won fragmentary hours of peace,
That soon must sink before the warring world!

He hears them not; beneath his splendour fades
That darkness luminous of Love and Joy;
Quickly its aspect of base daily life
The little fleet recovering, plied in haste
Its usual labour, lest suspicious foes
Might catch suspicion in those empty nets;
But every one there toiling, in his heart
Was liken'd to those other Fishermen,
Who on their inland waters saw the form
Of Jesus, toward them walking firm and free.

One moment yet, ere the religious Muse
Fold up these earnest memories in her breast,
Nor leave unutter'd that one Breton name
Which is itself a History—Quiberon!
Was it not heinous? was it not a shame
Which goes beyond its actors, that those men,
Simply adventuring to redeem their own—
Their ravish'd homes, and shrines, and fathers' graves
Meeting that rampant and adulterous power
On its own level of brute force, that they,
Crush'd by sheer numbers, should be made exempt
From each humane and generous privilege,
With which the civil use of later times
Has smooth'd the bristling fierceness of old war,
And perish armless—one by one laid low
By the cold sanction'd executioner!

Nor this alone; for fervid love may say,
That death to them, beneath the foulest hood,
Would wear an aureole crown; and martyr palms
Have grown as freely from dry felon dust,
As e'er from field enrich'd with fame and song.
But when they ask'd the only boon brave men
Could from inclement conquerors humbly pray—
To die as men, and not fall blankly down
Into steep death like butcher'd animals,
But to receive from consecrated hands,

Those seals and sureties which the Christian soul
 Demands as covenants of eternal bliss—
 They were encounter'd by contemptuous hate,
 And mockery, bitter as the crown of thorns.
 Thus pass'd that night, their farewell night to earth,
 Grave, even sad,—that should have been so full
 Of faith nigh realized, of young and old,
 Met hand in hand, indifferent of all time,
 On the bright shores of immortality!
 Till 'mid the throng about their prison-door,
 In the grey dawn, a rustic voice convey'd
 Some broken message to a captive's ear,
 Low, and by cruel gaolers unperceived;
 Which whisper, flitting fast from man to man,
 Was like a current of electric joy,
 Awakening smiles, and radiant upward looks,
 And interchange of symbols spiritual,
 Leaving unearthly peace.

So when soon came
 The hour of doom, and through the palsied crowd
 Pass'd the long file without a word or sound,
 The image, gait, and bearing of each man,
 In those his bonds, in that his sorry dress,
 Defiled with dust and blood, perchance his own,
 A squalid shape of famine and unrest,
 Was that of some full-sail'd, magnificent ship,
 That takes the whole expanse of sea and air
 For its own service, dignifying both
 As accessories of its single pride.

To read the sense and secret of this change,
 Look where beside the winding path that leads
 These noble warriors to ignoble death,
 Rises a knoll of white, grass-tufted sand,
 Upon whose top, against the brightening sky,
 Stands a mean peasant, tending with one hand
 A heifer browsing on that scanty food.
 To the slow-moving line below he turns
 An indistinct, almost incurious gaze,
 While with a long right arm upraised in air
 He makes strange gestures, source of ribald mirth
 To some, but unregarded by the most.
 Yet could a mortal vision penetrate
 Each motion of that scene, it might perceive
 How every prisoner, filing by that spot,
 Bows his bold head, and walks with lighter steps
 Onward to rest but once and move no more:
 For in that peasant stands the yearned-for Priest,
 Periling life by this last act of love,
 And in those gestures are the absolving signs
 Which send the heroes to their morning graves
 Happy as parents' kisses duly speed
 Day-weary children to their careless beds.

Such are memorials, and a hundred more,
 Which by the pious traveller haply caught,
 Falling from lowly lips and lofty hearts,
 Regenerate outward nature, and adorn
 With blossoms brighter than the Orient rose,
 And verdure fresher than an English spring,
 The dull sand-hillocks of the Morbihan.

R. M. MILNES.

GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

No. III.

FROM MY LIFE.—POETRY AND TRUTH.

Book III.

At that time, New-Year's-Day greatly enlivened the city by the general interchange of personal felicitations. He who otherwise hardly left the house, now hurried on his best clothes, that for a moment he might be friendly and courteous to his well-wishers and friends. For us children, the solemnity in our grandfather's house, on this day, was a much-desired pleasure. At early dawn the grandchildren were already collected there, to hear the drums, eboes, and clarionets, the trumpets and cornets, played by the soldiers, the city musicians, and others. The new-year's gifts, sealed and superscribed, were divided by us children among the inferior congratulants; and as the day advanced, the numbers of the more distinguished increased. First appeared the intimates and the relatives, then the lower officials; the gentlemen of the Council themselves did not fail to wait on their chief magistrate; and a select party were entertained in the evening in rooms which, except now, were hardly opened through the whole year. The tarts, biscuits, march pane, and sweet wine, had the greatest charm for the children. And besides this, the chief magistrate and the two burgomasters received annually, from certain foundations, some articles of silver ware, which were then bestowed in due gradation among the grand and godchildren. This festival, in fine, had in small what ever usually dignifies the greatest.

The New-Year's-Day of 1759 approached—desired and delightful for us children, like those before it; but full for older persons of anxiety and foreboding. The passage of French troops had indeed become a matter of custom, and happened often, but yet oftenest in the last days of the bygone year. According to the ancient usage of the imperial city, the watchman on the chief tower blew his trumpet whenever troops approached; and on this New-Year's-

Day he blew incessantly, which was a sign that large bodies were in movement on different sides; and in fact, they passed on this day in greater masses through the city. The crowd ran to look on. In general, people had been used to see them enter only in small parties. These, however, gradually swelled, and there was neither power nor inclination to stop the increase. In fine, on the 2d January, after a column had come through Sachsenhausen, over the Bridge, through the Fahrgasse as far as the gunner's guard, they halted, overpowered the small party which accompanied them, took possession of that guard, and then marched down the Zeile, till after a slight resistance the main guard was also obliged to yield. Instantly the peaceful streets were changed into a place of arms, where the troops established themselves, and bivouacked until their quarters were provided by regular billeting.

This unexpected, for many years unheard-of, burden pressed severely on the comfortable citizens. It could be more annoying to no one than to my father, who had to receive strange military inhabitants into his hardly finished house, to open for them his well adorned and neatly-closed reception-rooms, and to abandon to the wantonness of others all that he had been used to arrange and preserve so accurately. He, moreover, who took the Prussian side, had now to see himself besieged by the French even in his own chambers. It was the greatest grief which, with his mode of thinking, could possibly have befallen him. Yet had it been possible for him to take the thing more easily, as he spoke French well, and could in the intercourse of life comport himself with dignity and grace, he might have saved us and himself from many unpleasant hours. For it was the King's lieutenant who was quartered on us, and he, although a military person, yet had only to arrange the civil occur-

rences, the disputes between soldiers and citizens, and questions of debts and of quarrels. He was the Count Thorane, a native of Grasse in Provence, not far from Antibes, a long, thin, grave figure, with a face much disfigured by small pox, black fiery eyes, and a dignified, composed demeanour. His very first entrance was favourable for the family. There was some talk of the different rooms, which were, some of them to be given up to him, some to remain for our use; and, as the Count heard a picture-room spoken of, he immediately proposed, that although it was already night, he should at least hastily look at the pictures by candlelight. He took extreme pleasure in these things, behaved most obligingly to my father, who accompanied him; and when he heard that most of the artists were still living, and in Frankfort or its neighbourhood, he said that he wished for nothing more eagerly than to see them as soon as possible, and give them employment.

But even this sympathy as to art could not change my father's feelings, nor bend his character. He let happen what he could not prevent, but kept himself in inactivity at a distance; and the extraordinary state of things about him was, even in the smallest trifle, intolerable to him.

Meanwhile the conduct of Count Thorane was exemplary. He would not even have his maps nailed on the walls, for fear of spoiling the new room-papers. His people were dexterous, quiet, and orderly; but, in truth, as all day long, and part of the night, there was no quiet near him—one complainant following another, accused persons brought in and led out, and all officers and adjutants admitted; and as, moreover, the Count had every day an open dinner-table—thus in the moderate-sized house, planned only for a family, and having but one open staircase running from top to bottom—there was a perpetual movement and buzz as if in a beehive, though all was temperately, gravely, and severely managed.

As mediator between a master of the house, daily more and more a prey to melancholy self-torment, and a friendly but very grave and precise military guest, there was happily a smooth interpreter, a handsome, corpulent, cheerful man, who was

a citizen of Frankfort, and spoke good French, could adapt himself to every thing, and only made a jest of many small annoyances. Through him my mother had sent a representation to the Count, of the situation she was placed in owing to her husband's temper. He had so judiciously explained the matter, laying before him the new house, not even completely arranged, the natural reserve of the owner, his employment in the education of his children, and whatever else could be thought of to the same purport, that the Count, who in his official post took the highest pride in the utmost justice, disinterestedness, and honourable conduct, resolved also to play an exemplary part with reference to those on whom he was quartered; and in fact did so without failure, during the varying circumstances of the years in which he remained with us.

My mother had some knowledge of Italian, a language not altogether strange to any of the family. She therefore determined to learn French also, as soon as possible, for which purpose she employed the interpreter. She had lately, in the midst of these stormy events, stood godmother for a child of his, and this connexion doubled his regard for us; so that he willingly devoted to his child's godmother every leisure moment—for he lived just opposite—and, above all, he taught her those phrases which she would herself have to use to the Count. This answered perfectly. The Count was flattered by the pains which, at her years, the mistress of the house took; and as he had a vein of cheerful pleasantry in his character, and even liked to display a certain dry gallantry, there arose the most friendly relation between the two; and the godmother and father who had contrived it, could gain whatever they wanted from our guest.

Had it been possible, as I said before, to conciliate my father, this altered state of things would have had little inconvenience. The Count practised these severest disinterestedness. He even refused presents which belonged properly to his situation. Any thing, however trifling, that could have borne the appearance of a bribe was rejected with anger, even with punishment. His people were most severely forbidden

to put the landlord of the house to the smallest expense. On the other hand, we children were sumptuously supplied from the dessert. On this opportunity, I may give a notion of the simplicity of those times, by mentioning that my mother one day distressed us extremely, by throwing away the ices which had been sent us from the table, because she fancied it impossible that the stomach should bear a real ice however sweetened.

Besides these dainties, which we gradually learned to enjoy and digest extremely well, it also seemed to us children a great pleasure to be in a measure released from fixed hours of lessons, and from severe discipline. My father's ill-humour increased; he could not resign himself to the inevitable. How did he torment himself, my mother, and her friend the interpreter, the counsellors, and all his friends, only to get rid of the Count! In vain was it represented to him that the presence of such a man in the house, under the actual circumstances, was a real benefit; that a perpetual succession either of officers or privates would follow on the removal of the Count. None of these arguments would hit him. The present seemed to him so intolerable, that his vexation prevented him conceiving any thing worse which might follow.

In this way was his activity restrained which he had been used to employ on us. The tasks which he set us he now no longer required with his former exactness, and we tried in all possible ways to gratify our curiosity for military and other public proceedings, not only at home but also in the streets, which was easily accomplished, as the house-door, open day and night, was guarded by sentries who did not trouble themselves about the running in and out of restless children.

The many affairs which were settled before the tribunal of the King's lieutenant, gained a special charm from his peculiar care to accompany his decisions with some witty, sharp, and pleasant turn. What he decreed was severely just; his mode of expressing it was whimsical and poignant. He seemed to have taken the Duke of Ossuna* as his model. There passed

hardly a day in which the interpreter did not relate some anecdote, or other of the kind to entertain us and my mother. This lively man had made for himself a little collection of such Solomonian decisions. But I remember only the general impression, and cannot recall any one case in particular.

Time made the strange character of the Count more and more intelligible. This man had the clearest consciousness of himself and his own peculiarities; and as there were certain times when a kind of ill-humour, hypochondria, or whatever may be the name of the evil demon, seized him, therefore at such hours, which often prolonged themselves to days, he retired into his chamber, saw no one but his servant, and even in urgent cases could not be prevailed on to receive any one. But as soon as the evil spirit had left him, he appeared, as before, mild, cheerful, and active. From the talk of his servant, Saint Jean, a small, lean man, of lively good-nature, it might be inferred that, in earlier years, when overpowered by this temper, he had caused some great misfortune; and that, therefore, in so important a post as his, and exposed to the eyes of all the world, he was rigidly determined in avoiding the like errors.

In the very first days of the Count's residence, all the Frankfort artists, as Hirt, Schütz, Trautmann, Nothnagel, Junker, were sent for to him. They showed him the pictures they had ready, and the Count purchased what was for sale.

My pretty light end-room in the attic was given up to him, and was immediately turned into a cabinet and painting-room; for he designed to employ, for a considerable time, all the artists, but especially Seekaz of Darmstadt, whose pencil highly delighted him by its natural and simple representations. He therefore had an account sent from Grasse, where his elder brother had a handsome house, of the dimensions of all the rooms and cabinets, considered with the artists the proper divisions of the walls, and determined accordingly the sizes of the large oil-pictures, which were not to be placed in frames, but to be fixed on the walls, like the pieces of room-

* See St Réal—*Conspiration de Venise*.—*Tr.*

papers. And now the work proceeded zealously. Seekaz undertook country scenes, in which the old people and children, copied directly from nature, succeeded admirably. The young men did not answer so well, being generally too thin; and the women failed from the opposite fault. For as he had a little, fat, good, but disagreeable-looking wife, who would let him have no model but herself, he could produce nothing attractive in this way. Moreover, he had been compelled to exceed the usual size of his figures. His trees had truth, but an over-minute kind of foliage. He was a pupil of Brintmann, whose pencil in easel-pictures is not contemptible.

Schütz, the landscape painter, was perhaps most at home in the undertaking. He was thoroughly master of the Rhine country, and of the sunny tone which animates it in the fine season of the year. He was not altogether unpractised in working on a larger scale, in which he showed no defect of execution or harmony. He produced very pleasing pictures.

Trautmann *Rembrandtized* some resuscitation miracles of the New Testament, and, along with them, set fire to villages and mills on canvass. He, as I found from the sketches of the rooms, had a cabinet entirely allotted to him. Hirt painted some good oak and beech forests. His cattle were praiseworthy. Junker, being accustomed to imitate the most laboured of the Dutch, could least of all manage this furniture style. Yet he prevailed on himself to ornament many compartments with flowers and fruits, in return for ample payment.

As I had known all these men from my earliest youth up, and had often visited them in their painting-rooms—and as the Count also willingly had me with him—I was present at the suggestions, consultations, orderings, as well as at the deliveries of the pictures, and safely ventured, especially when sketches and designs were presented, to offer my opinion. I had already obtained among amateurs—but particularly at auctions, which I diligently attended—the renown of knowing immediately what any historical picture represented, whether taken from Biblical or profane history, or from mythology; and even if I did not always hit the meaning of allegorical pictures, yet there was sel-

dom any one present who understood it better than I. Thus I had often persuaded the artists to represent this or that object, and I now most gladly made use of my actual opportunities. I still remember that I composed a detailed essay, in which I described twelve pictures, which were to exhibit the story of Joseph. Some of them were executed.

After these proceedings, that for a boy were certainly praiseworthy, I shall also mention a little disgrace which happened to me within this circle of artists. I was familiar with all the pictures which had been gradually brought into that room. My youthful curiosity left nothing unseen or unexamined. Once I found, behind the stove, a black little box. I did not fail to pry into its contents, and, without much deliberation, I drew back the bolt. The picture within was indeed of a kind not commonly displayed to the eyes, and, although I began to bolt it up again immediately, I could not do this fast enough. The Count entered and caught me. "Who gave you leave to open this box?" said he, with his air of King's lieutenant. I had no very ready answer, and he instantly decreed my punishment with much severity: "For eight days you shall not enter this room." I made a bow, and went out: and most accurately did I obey the command, so as much to vex the good Seekaz, who used to work in the very room—for he liked me to be with him; and, out of a little spite, I carried my obedience so far, that I left on the threshold Seekaz's coffee, which I usually took to him. Thus he was obliged to leave his work and fetch it, which he took so ill that he grew almost to dislike me.

It must now seem necessary to state more clearly, and make intelligible, how in such cases I made my way through, more or less easily, with French, which, however, I had not learned. In this, also, I found the use of my natural gift, by which I could readily catch the sound of a language, the rhythm, the accent, the tone, and all its outward peculiarities. I knew many Latin words; Italian suggested still more, and so in a short time I picked up so much by listening to servants and soldiers, sentries and visitors, that, if unable to mix in conversation, I could yet manage some questions and answers. All this,

however, was little compared with the profit which I derived from the theatre. I had received from my grandfather a free ticket, which, in spite of my father's reluctance, and by dint of my mother's support, I made use of daily. Thus I sat now in the pit, before a foreign stage, and kept the sharper watch on the movement, and the expressiveness of gesture and speech, because I understood little or nothing of what was said, and could derive my entertainment only from the action and tone of voice. I understood least of the comedy, because it was spoken quickly, and related to matters of common life, of the phrases of which I knew nothing. Tragedy was not so often played, and the measured step, the mechanical rhythm of the Alexandrines, the generality of the expression, made it every way more intelligible to me. So it was not long before I took up Racine, which I found in my father's library, and declaimed the pieces to myself in the stage manner, as the organ of my ear, and my organ of speech, so closely allied to that, had caught it; and this I did with great animation, before I could understand any one speech from beginning to end. Nay, I learned whole passages by rote, and recited them like a trained speaking-bird; which was the easier to me, because I had previously learned by rote passages of the Bible, which are mostly unintelligible to a child, and had accustomed myself to recite them in the tone of the Protestant preachers. The versified French comedy was, therefore, a great favourite. The pieces of Destouches, Marivaux, La Chapée, were often produced, and I still remember distinctly many characteristic figures. Of those of Molière I recollect less. That which made the greatest impression on me was the *Hypermenstra* of Lemièrre, which, as a new piece, was performed with care, and often repeated. The impression which the *Devin du Village*, *Rose and Colas*, *Annette and Lubin* made on me, was very agreeable. I can even now recall the youths and girls, the ribands they were covered with, and the gestures they used. Before long, the wish arose in me to examine the theatre itself, for doing which abundant occasion offered; for, as I had not always patience to hear out the whole piece, and often amused myself among children of my

own age, with many pranks in the corridors, and even, in the mild season, before the door, a handsome lively boy joined us, who belonged to the theatre, and whom I had seen in many little parts, though only casually. He could come best to an understanding with me, as I could use with him what I knew of French; and he sought me the more, because there was no boy of his age and nation in the theatre, or any where in the neighbourhood. We kept each other company at other times as well as during the play; and even while the representation went on, he seldom left me alone. He was a most delightful young braggart, prated charmingly and without ceasing, and had so much to tell of his adventures, quarrels, and other wonders, that he gave me extraordinary amusement. In four weeks I gained from him more of the language, and the art of communicating in it, than could have been imagined; so that no one knew how at once, and as if by inspiration, I had learned the foreign tongue.

In the very earliest days of our acquaintance he drew me with him to the theatre, and took me specially to the green-room, where the actors and actresses remained in the intervals of their performance, and dressed and undressed themselves. The place was neither pleasant nor convenient; for the theatre had been crammed into a concert-room, so that there were no separate rooms behind the stage for the actors. A moderately-sized side-room, which had formerly served for card parties, was now mostly occupied in common by both sexes, who appeared as little bashful before each other as before us children, when in putting on, or changing any part of the dress, there was some little infringement of decency. I had never seen any thing of the kind; yet from habit, on repeated visits, I soon learned to regard it as quite natural.

Before long, however, a private and peculiar interest of my own sprang up. The young Derones—for so I will name the boy with whom I continued to keep up my connexion—was, except as to his boasting, a boy of good morals and very agreeable demeanour. He introduced me to his sister, who was a couple of years older than me, and a most pleasing girl, well grown, of regular shape, brown complexion, and

black hair and eyes. Her whole demeanour had something quiet, even sad. I tried in every way to please her; but I could not win her notice. Young girls think themselves very far advanced beyond younger boys; and, fixing their attention on grown-up young men, behave like aunts towards a boy whose first inclination is directed to them. There was a younger brother with whom I had no intercourse.

Often, when the mother was at rehearsals, or in society, we came together in her house, in order to play or amuse ourselves. I never went there without giving the fair one a flower, a fruit, or something else, which, indeed, she always received with much courtesy, and thanked me most graciously. But I never saw her melancholy look brighten, and found no sign that she ever gave me any further thought. At last I fancied that I had discovered her secret. The boy showed me behind his mother's bed, which was ornamented with elegant silk curtains, a crayon drawing, the portrait of a handsome man; and he remarked at the same time, with a sly look, he is not exactly papa, but all the same thing. While he praised this man, and related many things in his circumstantial and boastful manner, I thought I made out that the daughter probably belonged to the father, and the two other children to the friend. Thus I now explained to myself her melancholy look, and only loved her for it the more.

My liking for this girl helped me to put up with the extravagances of her brother, who did not always keep within bounds. I had often to endure the prolix narration of his exploits, the many duels he had fought, yet without choosing to hurt the other—all for the mere sake of honour. He had always been able to disarm his antagonist, and had then forgiven him. Nay, he was such a master of fencing, that he had been once himself in great difficulty from striking the sword of his opponent up into a high tree, so that it was hard to fetch it down again.

It much facilitated my visits to the theatre, that my free ticket, being from the hands of the chief magistrate, gave me admission to any of the seats, and therefore, also, to those in the proscenium. This, in the French fashion, was very deep, and enclosed on each side

with seats, which, being surrounded by a low rail, ascended in several rows behind each other, so that the lowest were raised but a little above the stage. The whole was regarded as a place of special honour, and in general only officers made use of it; although the nearness of the actors destroyed, I will not say all illusion, but even in a measure all enjoyment. Thus I had myself experienced, and seen with my own eyes, that usage or abuse which Voltaire so much complains of. When in a very full house, for instance if troops were passing through, distinguished officers strove for those privileged seats, which were nevertheless generally occupied before; then some rows of benches and chairs were added in the proscenium on the stage itself, and nothing remained for the heroes and heroines but to disclose their secrets in the very limited space which was left between the uniforms and orders. I have seen even the *Hypermnestra* itself played in this way.

The curtain did not fall between the acts; and I still remember an odd custom, which I could not but think very extraordinary, as its inconsistency with art seemed to an honest German boy like me altogether insupportable. For the theatre was considered as a high sanctuary, and any disturbance occurring there, would have required to be immediately punished as the worst of offences against the majesty of the public. Two grenadiers, with their muskets grounded, stood therefore, in all comedies, quite in view at each side of the flat scene, and were witnesses of all that went on in the bosom of the family. Because, as I said before, the curtain was not dropped between the acts, therefore, when the music struck up, two others relieved guard by coming from the side-scenes right before those others, who then in the same orderly way retired. Now, if such a practice was exactly fitted to destroy whatever in a theatre is called illusion—this is the more striking, because it was done at a time when, according to Diderot's principles and example, the most natural of naturalness was required on the stage, and a perfect deception was proposed as the proper aim of scenic art. Tragedy, however, was freed from this regulation of military police, and the heroes of antiquity had the right of guarding themselves. The same grenadiers,

however, stood near enough behind the side-scenes.

Thus I may also mention, that I saw Diderot's *Père de Famille*, and the *Philosophers* of Palipot, and still perfectly remember the figure of the philosopher, in the latter play, going on all-fours and eating a raw lettuce; yet all this dramatic variety could not always keep us children in the theatre. We played in fine weather in front of it, and in the neighbourhood, and practised all manner of absurdities, which, especially on Sundays and festivals, by no means agreed with our exterior. For I and my equals then appeared dressed, as was described in that tale, with the hat under the arm, and a little sword, of which the hilt was adorned with a large silken knot. Once when we had long proceeded in this way, and Derones had mixed among us, he took it into his head to assert to me that I had offended him, and must give him satisfaction. I had in truth no notion of the cause for this, but accepted his challenge, and was going to draw. But he assured me that it was usual in such cases to go to a solitary place, in order to settle the matter conveniently. We repaired, therefore, behind some barns, and placed ourselves in the proper attitude. The combat took place in a somewhat theatric style; the blades clinked, and the thrusts followed close upon each other. But in the heat of the contest, the point of his sword remained fixed in the knot of my hilt. This appendage was pierced through, and he assured me that he had now received the most perfect satisfaction; then embraced me, also very theatrically, and we went to the next coffee-house to refresh ourselves after our excitement with a glass of almond-milk, and to knit our old friendship all the closer.

I will relate on this occasion another adventure, which also befell me in the theatre, though at a later time. I sat with one of my companions very quietly in the pit, and we looked with pleasure at a *pas-seul*, executed with much skill and grace by a handsome boy, about our age, the son of a French dancing-master who was passing through the town. He was dressed, in dancer fashion, in a close waistcoat of red silk ending in a short frock, like

a runner's apron, which floated above the knees. Together with the whole public we had given our applause to this young artist, when it occurred to me, I know not how, to make a moral reflection. I said to my companion—handsomely as this boy is adorned, and fine as is his appearance, who knows in how tattered a jerkin he may sleep to-night? All had risen to go, only the crowd prevented us moving. A woman who sat near me, and now stood close to me, happened to be the mother of the young performer, and felt herself much injured by my reflection. For my misfortune, she knew enough of German to understand me, and spoke it just well enough to scold. She abused me violently: Who, then, was I, she should like to know, who presumed to suspect the family and condition of this young man? At all events, she would warrant him as good as me, and his talents might very likely procure him advantages of which I should not dare to dream for myself. She inflicted this rebuke on me in the midst of the crush, and made those about me wonder what possible excess of rudeness I could have committed. As I could neither excuse myself, nor escape from her, I was really perplexed; and when she paused for a moment I said, without any special meaning, "Why so much noise about it? To-day he's red—tomorrow dead!"* These words seemed to strike the woman dumb. She looked at me, and moved away as soon as it was at all possible. I thought no more of my expressions: only some time after they occurred to me, when the boy, instead of continuing to perform, became ill, and that very dangerously. I cannot say whether he died. Such intimations, conveyed in a word unseasonably, or even improperly spoken, were held of weight among the ancients; and it is highly remarkable that the forms of belief and superstition among all peoples, and in all times, have always remained the same.

From the first day of the occupation of our town there was no want of perpetual diversion, especially for children and young people. Plays and balls, parades and marches, drew our attention this way and that. The last

* Doubtless a German proverb.—Tr.

particularly, were always on the increase, and the soldier's life seemed to us most joyous and delightful.

The residence of the King's lieutenant in our house procured us the advantage of seeing, one after another, all the important persons of the French army, and especially of beholding, close at hand, the leaders whose names had already been brought to us by report. Thus, from stairs and landing-places, as if from galleries, we looked on very conveniently while the generals went by. Above all of them, I remember the Prince of Soubise as a handsome and affable man; but recall most distinctly the *Maréchal de Broglie*, as younger, not tall, but well-made, lively, and looking about him with keen-witted glances, and active in his movements.

He came often to the King's lieutenant, and it was easy to observe that the conversation was on important matters. The first quarter of a year had hardly accustomed us to the intrusion of our guest, when the rumour began to spread obscurely that the Allies were marching forward, and Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was coming to drive the French from the Maine. Of these, who could boast no great success in the war, there was no high opinion; and, since the battle of Rossbach, they were thought contemptible. There was the utmost reliance on Duke Ferdinand, and those inclined towards Prussia expected eagerly their deliverance from their actual burden. My father was somewhat more cheerful—my mother in anxiety. She had sense enough to see that a present small evil might easily be exchanged for a great vexation; for it was only too plain that they would not retire before the Duke, but give battle in the neighbourhood of the city. A defeat of the French, a flight, a defence of the city—were it but in order to cover the rear and hold the bridge—a bombardment, a sack—all rose before the excited imagination, and gave anxiety to both parties. My mother, who could bear every thing but anxiety, made the interpreter inform the Count of her apprehensions. She received the answer usual in such cases—She might be quite at ease, as there was no danger; and also must keep herself quiet, and speak to no one of the matter.

Many troops passed through the

city, and it was known that they halted at Berg. The coming and going, the riding and running, increased constantly, and our house was in uproar day and night. At this time I often saw Marshal Broglie, always cheerful, just the same in look and demeanour one time as another; and I was afterwards glad to find a man celebrated in history, whose appearance had made so good and lasting an impression on me.

Thus at last, after a restless Easter-Week, came on the Good-Friday of 1759. A great stillness announced the approaching storm. We children were forbidden to leave the house; but my father could not be quiet, and went out. The battle began; I went to the highest loft, whence, indeed, I was prevented seeing the country round, but could hear perfectly the thunder of the cannons, and the continuous fire of the small arms. After some hours we saw the first tokens of the battle in a line of waggons, on which the wounded, with their various woeful mutilations and aspects, were slowly drawn past us, and taken to the monastery of St Mary, which had been turned into an hospital. The compassion of the citizens was immediately excited. Beer, wine, bread, money were handed to those who could still receive any thing. But when, some time after, wounded and captured Germans were seen in the procession, the pity passed all bounds, and it seemed that every one would strip himself of all his moveable property in order to assist his afflicted countrymen.

The prisoners, however, were signs of a battle unfavourable to the Allies. My father being quite certain, from his party feeling, that they would conquer, had the passionate daring to go to meet the hoped-for victors, without considering that the beaten forces would necessarily beforehand pass over him in their flight. He went first to his garden in front of the Friedberg gate, where he found every thing in loneliness and quiet. Then he ventured to the Bornheim heath, where, however, he descried several scattered camp-followers, who amused themselves with shooting at the boundary stones, so that the rebounding balls whizzed about the head of the inquisitive wanderer. He therefore thought it more prudent to retire, and learned

on enquiry, what the noise of the firing might have before made plain to him, that all went well for the French, and there was no chance of their retreat. Having reached his house, full of ill-humour, the sight of his wounded and captured countrymen drove him altogether from his usual self-command. He, too, had various benefactions bestowed upon those passing by; but only the Germans were to have them, which was not always possible, because destiny had heaped together friends and foes.

My mother and we children, who had previously reckoned on the Count's word, and had therefore passed a tolerably quiet day, were highly pleased, and my mother doubly comforted, when she enquired the next day at the oracle of her little treasure-box by means of the point of a needle, and received a very cheering answer for the present as well as the future. We wished our father the same faith and the same feelings; we flattered him all we could; we entreated him to take some food, which he had abstained from all day. But he rejected our caresses and every kind of enjoyment, and betook himself to his room. Our joy, nevertheless, was not disturbed; the business was decided; the King's lieutenant, who, contrary to his custom, had to-day been on horseback, returned at last, and his presence at home was more necessary than ever. We sprang to meet him, kissed his hands, and expressed our joy to him. This seemed to give him much pleasure. "Well," he said, more mildly than usual, "I am glad also on your account, my dear children!" He immediately ordered us sweetmeats, sweet wine, and the best of every thing, and went to his apartment, surrounded already by a throng of the urgent, the clamant, and the suppliant.

We had now a rich collation—pitied our good father who could not share in it, and pressed my mother to call him. But she had more prudence, and knew well how unpleasant such gifts would be to him. Meanwhile she had prepared some supper, and would fain have sent it to his room, but he never permitted such an irregularity, not even in the extremest cases; and after the sweet presents had been put aside, we tried to persuade him to come down into the usual eating-room. At last he let himself be prevailed on unwill-

ingly, and we had no foreboding of the mischief which we were preparing for him and for ourselves. The staircase ran freely through the whole house, past all the sitting-rooms. My father, in going down, could not pass by the Count's apartment. His ante-room was so full of people, that, in order to get through more at once, he would come out, and this unhappily took place in the moment when my father was passing. The Count went up to him cheerfully, and said, "You must congratulate me and yourself that this dangerous business is so well ended." "Not at all!" answered my father, with rage, "I wish it had sent you to the devil, even if I had been forced to keep you company." The Count paused a moment, but then burst out furiously, "You shall suffer for this. You shall find that it is not for nothing you offered this insult to the good cause and to me!"

In the mean while my father came quietly down, seated himself near us, seemed more cheerful than usual, and began to eat. We rejoiced at this, and did not know in how perilous a way he had rolled the stone off his heart. Soon after my mother was called out, and we had great delight in chattering to my father of all the sweet things that the Count had given us. My mother did not come back. At last the interpreter came in. On a hint from him we were sent to bed, and as it was already late, we obeyed willingly. After a night of quiet sleep, we heard of the violent movement which had shaken the house on the previous evening. The King's lieutenant had immediately commanded my father to be taken to the guard-house. The subalterns were perfectly aware that he was never to be contradicted; but they had often earned thanks by delaying their obedience. The interpreter, so closely connected with my mother, and whose presence of mind never abandoned him, was able to excite this disposition very strongly in them. The confusion besides was so great, that a delay naturally concealed and excused itself. He had called out my mother, and put her, as it were, into the hands of the aides-de camp, that by entreaties and representations she might gain at least a little time. He himself hastened quietly up to the Count, who, from his great self-command, had immediately retired into his inner room and

rather let the most urgent business stop for a while, than wreak on an innocent person the bad feeling which had been excited in him, and give a decision unworthy of his dignity.

The address of the interpreter to the Count, and the course of the whole conversation, were often enough repeated to us by the fat mediator, who exulted not a little in his success. Thus I am still able to repeat what passed.

The interpreter had intended to open the cabinet and enter, an act which was held highly penal.

"What do you want?" exclaimed the Count angrily to him. "Begone! No one but Saint Jean has a right to enter here."

"Take me, then, a moment for Saint Jean," answered the interpreter.

"A strong imagination would be needed for that. Two of him would not make one like you. Leave me!"

"Count, you have received a great gift from heaven, and to it I appeal."

"You try to flatter me! But do not think you will succeed."

"Count, you have the great gift of listening to the opinions of others even in moments of passion—of anger."

"Well, well; it is now just a case of having listened too long to opinions. I know but too well that here we are not loved; that these citizens look askance at us."

"Not all."

"Very many. What! do these towns pretend to be imperial towns? They saw their Emperor elected and crowned, and when, from an unjust attack, he is in danger of losing his dominions and yielding to an usurper, when he fortunately finds faithful allies who spend their gold, their blood for his advantage—they will not endure the slight burden which they must bear as their share towards humbling the enemy."

"In truth, you have long known these opinions, and have put up with them like a wise man. Besides, the culpable are but the smaller number. A few, dazzled by the brilliant qualities of the enemy, whom you yourself value as an extraordinary man—only a few—you know it well?"

"Yes, indeed! I have known it too long, and endured it. Otherwise this man would not have dared, at a most important time, to utter such injuries

to my face. Be they as many as they may, they shall be punished in the person of this audacious representative, and so learn what they have to expect."

"Count, only some delay!"

"In certain matters one cannot proceed too quickly."

"Only a short delay."

"Neighbour, you think you can mislead me to a false step, but you shall not succeed."

"I neither wish to mislead you to a false step, nor to restrain you from a false one. Your resolution is just; it becomes the Frenchman, the King's lieutenant; but consider that you are also Count Thorane."

"He has nothing to say to us here."

"Yet the worthy man has also a claim to be heard."

"What then is it that he would say?"

"Sir King's Lieutenant!" would he say, "you have had patience so long with so many gloomy, unwilling, blundering men, while they did not go altogether too far. This one, in truth, has gone very far; but prevail on yourself, Sir King's Lieutenant! and every one will praise and extol you for it."

"You know that I often put up with your jokes; but do not abuse my indulgence. Are these men, then, entirely blinded? Had we lost the battle, what, at this moment, would be their fate? We fight up to the gates; we close them behind us; we halt; we defend ourselves in order to cover our retreat over the bridge. Do you suppose the enemy would have put his hands in his pockets? He throws grenades and every thing within his reach, and the fire catches where it can. What, then, does this precious householder want? He would have, perhaps, a shell bursting in these rooms, and another following it; in these rooms where I spared his cursed Chinese paper, and put myself to inconvenience by not nailing up my maps! They ought to have spent the whole day upon their knees."

"How many have done so?"

"They should have been praying for a blessing on us, and have gone to meet the generals and officers with emblems of honour and of joy, and the wearied soldiers with refreshments. Instead of which, the poison of this

party spirit destroys those fairest, happiest hours of my life, even with so many anxieties and efforts."

"It is party spirit. But you will only increase it by punishing this man. Those of his opinion will cry out on you as a tyrant and barbarian. They will regard him as a martyr who has suffered for the good cause. Even those on the other side, now his opponents, will then see in him only their fellow-citizen, will compassionate him; and while they allow that you are just, will yet think that you have proceeded too harshly."

"I have listened to you too long. Now be good enough to go!"

"Hear only this! Consider that it is the most unheard-of thing that could possibly happen to this man, to this family. You have had no reason to be pleased with the good-will of the master. But the mistress of the house has anticipated all your wishes, and the children have regarded you as their uncle. With this one blow you will destroy for ever the peace and happiness of this dwelling. Nay, I may well say that a bomb-shell falling in the house would not have caused greater havoc in it. Count! I have often admired your self-command. You may give me reason to adore you. It is noble of a warrior to regard himself in an enemy's house as only a guest; here there is no enmity, only error. Prevail so far upon yourself, and you will gain eternal renown!"

"That would be a marvellous consequence," answered the Count, with a smile.

"Only the natural one," replied the interpreter. "I have not sent the wife, the children to your feet; for I know that such scenes are a vexation to you. But I would paint the wife and children to you, and all their thanks. I would paint them to you conversing all their lives about the day of the battle at Berg, and about your magnanimity, relating it to their children and children's children, and inspiring even strangers with their own feelings towards you. An act of this kind cannot perish."

"You do not touch my weak side, Mr Interpreter; I do not concern myself about posthumous repute; it is for others, not for me. But, to do right at the moment, not to postpone my

duties, to yield no jot of my honour—this is my anxiety. We have already talked too much. Now go—and get the thanks of the thankless, whom I spare!"

The interpreter, surprised and affected by this unlooked-for happiness, could not refrain from tears, and tried to kiss the Count's hands. The Count, however, repelled him, and said, gravely and severely, "You know that I cannot endure these things!"—And, with these words, he went into the anteroom to attend to urgent affairs which awaited him, and to listen to the multitude of applicants. Thus the business was laid aside, and the next day we celebrated, over the remains of the sweet things of the day before, the disappearance of an evil, through the threatenings of which we had happily slept.

Whether the interpreter had, in fact, spoken so wisely, or only so painted the scene to himself, as, after a good and successful action, one is apt to do, I will not decide. At least he never varied in the repetition of his statement. In fine, this day seemed to him at once the most anxious and the most glorious of his life.

How absolutely the Count in general rejected all false ceremonial, abstained at all times from any title which did not belong to him, and how sprightly he always was in his more cheerful hours, one little anecdote will testify.

A man of the higher class, but who was also one of those abstruse solitary Frankforters, thought he had some reason to complain as to the quartering the French in his house. He came in person, and the interpreter offered him his services, which the other believed he had no need of. He made his appearance before the Count with a suitable bow, and said:—"Your Excellency!" The Count returned his bow, as well as the word Excellency. Struck by this honour, and fancying that the title must have been too humble, he bent lower and said—"My Lord!"

"Sir," said the Count very gravely, "we will go no farther, for otherwise we might easily get on as far as Majesty."

The other was extremely confused, and had not a word to say. The interpreter, standing at some distance, and acquainted with the whole matter,

was malicious enough not to stir; but the Count went on with much cheerfulness:—

"For example, sir, what is your name?"

"Spangenberg," replied the other.

"And mine," said the Count, "is Thorane. Spangenberg, what do you want of Thorane? So let us sit down, and the matter will soon be settled."

And thus the matter was, in truth, soon settled, to the great contentment of him whom I have here called Spangenberg; and the story was not only told the same evening in our family circle by the mischief-loving interpreter, but reproduced with all its circumstances and attitudes.

After such confusions, disturbances, and distresses, we very soon recovered the former security and gaiety with which the young especially live from day to day, if the state of things at all permits it. My passion for the French theatre increased with every performance. I did not miss an evening, although always on my return, when I sat down with the family to supper, I often had only the remains of their dishes, and was compelled to bear the reproaches of my father—that the theatre was of no use, and could lead to no end. In these cases I commonly called up all the arguments of every kind which help out the defenders of the stage, when they get into difficulties like mine. Vice in prosperity, virtue in distress, are at last set to rights by poetical justice. Those fine examples of offences punished, *Miss Sarah Sampson*, and the *London Merchant*,* were eagerly urged on my part. But I often, on the contrary, had the worst of it, when the *Fourberie de Scapin* and the like were in the playbill, and when I had to bear the blame of the pleasure felt by the public in the tricks of fraudulent servants and the successful follies of dissipated youths. Neither party convinced the other. But my father was very soon reconciled with the stage, when he saw that I advanced with incredible rapidity in the French language.

Men are, once for all, so minded, that every one willingly himself at-

tempts what he sees done by others, whether he has any fitness for it or no. Now I had soon gone through the whole course of the French stage. Many pieces I saw already for the second and third time. All had passed before my eyes and mind, from the loftiest tragedy to the slightest after-piece; and as, when a child, I had tried to imitate Terence, so now, as a boy, with much more exciting occasion, I did not fail to reproduce the French forms as my capacity and incapacity permitted. Some half-mythological, half-allegorical pieces in the taste of Piron, were then performed, which had a tone of parody, and were very much liked. These representations particularly attracted me; the golden little wings of a lively Mercury, the thunderbolt of a disguised Jupiter, an amorous Danae, or whatever else might be the name of a fair one visited by the gods, if it were not even a Shepherdess, or Huntress, to whom they descended. As from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and Porney's *Pantheon Mythicum*, such elements very frequently buzzed about in my head, I had soon put together a little piece of the kind in my imagination, of which I only remember that the scene was in the country, and that yet there was no want in it either of kings' daughters, or princes, or gods. The Mercury particularly was then so vividly before my mind, that I could still swear I had seen him with my eyes.

I laid before my friend Derones a very neat copy which I had made myself, and which he received with particular politeness and the genuine air of a protector. He hastily glanced through the manuscript, pointed out some errors of language, thought some speeches too long, and at last promised that, at the requisite leisure, he would consider the work more closely, and decide upon it. To my timid question whether the piece could by any chance be acted? he answered that it was certainly not impossible. In the theatre a great deal depended on favour, and he would support me with all his heart; only the affair must be kept secret, for he had himself once surprised the managers with a piece of his own; and it would certainly have been performed

* *Miss Sarah Sampson* is a play of Lessing's. The *London Merchant* is, perhaps, a translation of George Barnwell.—Tr.

if they had not discovered too soon that he was the author. I promised him all possible silence; and soon, in spirit, I saw the title of my work displayed in large letters on the corners of the streets and squares.

Frivolous as my friend usually was, the opportunity of playing the master was too much for him to resist. He read through the piece with attention, and then sitting down with me to make some slight alterations, he turned, in the course of our conversation, the whole piece upside down, so that not a single stone remained upon another. He struck out, added, took away one character, substituted another; in fine, proceeded with the maddest wantonness in the world, so that my hair stood on end. My prejudice that he must understand the matter was his security; for he had often so inculcated on me the Three Unities of Aristotle, the regularity of the French stage, the probability, harmony of verse, and every thing that depends on these, that I could not help regarding him not merely as instructed, but as profound. He abused the English and despised the Germans, and, in fine, laid before me that whole dramaturgic litany which I have so often in my life been compelled to hear repeated.

Like the boy in the fable, I took home my mangled production, and endeavoured to restore it again, but in vain. As, however, I would not altogether abandon it, I had a clean copy of my first manuscript, with a few alterations, made by our clerk, which I then presented to my father, and so gained from him at least this advantage, that for a long time he let me eat my supper in quiet after the play.

This unsuccessful attempt had made me pensive, and I determined now to study, in the first sources, these theories and laws which every one appealed to, and which had become suspicious to me, chiefly through the frowardness of my arrogant instructor. The undertaking was not indeed difficult for me, but laborious. I read first Corneille's Essay on the Three Unities, and saw clearly from it what people required. But why they required this was no way plain to me; and, what

was worst, I fell immediately into still greater confusion, by making acquaintance with the disputes on the *Cid*, and reading the prefaces in which Corneille and Racine are compelled to defend themselves against the critics and the public. Here at least I saw most evidently that no man knew what he wanted; that a piece like the *Cid*, which had produced the greatest effect, was to be pronounced bad on the command of an all-powerful cardinal; that Racine, the idol of the French in my day, and who had now become my idol—for I had learned to know him well when Counsellor Olenschlager made us children act *Britannicus*, in which the part of Nero fell to my share—that Racine, I say, even in his time could come to no understanding either with amateurs or professed critics. By all this I was more perplexed than ever, and after I had long tormented myself with this talking backwards and forwards, with this theoretical quackery of the previous century, I threw out the child with the teeth,* and flung away from me the whole trumpery, the more decidedly, because I thought I saw that even the authors themselves, who produced excellent things, when they began to speak about them, and to allege the grounds of their conduct, when they sought to defend, justify, and excuse themselves, were not always able to hit the right mark. I hastened therefore to the living Actual, visited the theatre much more zealously, and read more earnestly and continuously, so that I had at this time the perseverance to work through Racine and Molière entirely, and a great part of Corneille.

The King's lieutenant still lived on in our house. His demeanour had undergone no change, particularly towards us; but it was perceivable, and our friend the interpreter made it still plainer to us, that he no longer executed his office with the same cheerfulness, nor with the same zeal as before, although always with the same justice and fidelity. His habits and manners, which rather belonged to a Spaniard than a Frenchman; his whims, which at the same time had an influence on his business; his unyielding-

* A proverbial phrase.—*Tr.*

ness to circumstances; his sensitiveness as to every thing which affected his person or reputation, all this together might perhaps sometimes bring him into conflict with his superiors. To this was added the circumstance that he was wounded in a duel which had arisen in the theatre, and it was thought wrong that the King's lieutenant, as head of the police, had himself committed a penal offence. All this may, as has been said, have contributed to make him live more retired, and perhaps to weaken his energy in some particulars.

In the mean while a considerable portion of the pictures ordered by him had been delivered. Count Thorane spent his leisure in examining them, having them in the before-mentioned gable-room, where all the canvasses, large and small, were placed side by side, and, from want of space, even one above another, and were nailed up, taken down again, and rolled together. These works were perpetually scrutinized anew. The parts that appeared the most successful were enjoyed with repeated pleasure. But there were also wishes that this or that had been differently managed.

Hence there arose a new and very extraordinary operation. For as one painter executed figures best, another the middle grounds and distances, a third trees, a fourth flowers, the thought occurred to the Count that these talents might perhaps be combined in the paintings, and in this way perfect works be produced. A beginning of this experiment was immediately made, by having, for instance, fine cattle painted into a finished landscape. But as there was not always room enough for them, and the animal painter did not stop at a couple of sheep more or fewer, the largest landscape proved at last too small. Now, moreover, the figure painter had to add the shepherds and a few wanderers. These, in turn as it were, deprived each other of air, and were packed so close, it seemed surprising that even in the most open country they were not all stifled. It could

never be foreseen what would come of the thing, and when it was done it gave no satisfaction. The painters were vexed. They had gained by the first commissions; by these after-labours they lost, although the Count paid for these, too, very liberally. And as the parts, confused together in one picture by several artists, with all their labour produced no good effect, each at last believed that his own work was spoiled and destroyed by that of the others. Hence it was near coming to a quarrel, and so to irreconcilable hostility between the artists. These changes, or rather additions, were executed in the above-mentioned painting-room, where I staid quite alone with the painters. It amused me to look out among the studies, especially those of animals, this or that one, this or that group, and to propose it for the foreground or the distance; in which, from conviction or good-nature, they often complied with me.

The sharers in this business were therefore extremely dejected, especially Seekaz, a very melancholy reserved man; who, indeed, among his friends was the best of companions by his incomparably pleasant whim, but who, when at work, chose to labour alone, abstracted and entirely free. Now this man, after performing difficult undertakings, and completing them with the utmost industry and the warmest love, both of which qualities always belonged to him, had to travel repeatedly from Darmstadt to Frankfort, either to change something in his own pictures, or to dress up those of others, or to let his pictures be turned by some one else, with his help, into partly-coloured confusion; the dejection increased, his opposition became decided, and there was need of much pains on our side in order to guide this godfather*—for he too had become one—according to the Count's wishes. I still remember, that when the cases were standing ready to have all the pictures packed, in the order in which the upholsterer at the place of their destination should fix them up, only a little, but indispen-

* There is here a difficulty, which we have met before frequently in passages about the *Interpreter*. *Gevatter* is not only a godfather; but a person whose child has another person for sponsor, is the *gevatter* of the sponsor. The interpreter and Seekaz both stood in this relation to the young Goethes. But we have no English word for it except the obsolete one in this sense, *gossip*.—*Tr.*

sable final work was required, and yet Seekaz could not be persuaded to come over. He had indeed once for all done the best he could, having represented the four elements as children and boys, painted from the life in the midst of pictures of animals, and having employed the greatest labour not only on the figures but on the accessories. These paintings were delivered, paid for, and he thought that he had done with the business for ever. But now he was to return, in order to enlarge with a few strokes of his brush, some figures of which the size was rather too small. He thought that some one else might do it, had already set himself to new work; in short, he would not come. The removal of the pictures was close at hand, they must also have time to dry, and every delay was dangerous; so the Count, in despair, was going to have him brought by military force. We all desired to see the pictures finally gone, and found at last no resource but that of the godfather Interpreter seating himself in a carriage and bringing over the rebel with his wife and child. He was kindly received by the Count, well treated, and, lastly, let go with ample payment.

After the removal of the pictures there was a great quiet in the house. The gable-room in the garret was cleaned and given up to me; and my father, when he saw the cases go, could not refrain from the wish of sending the Count after them. For much as the taste of the Frenchman agreed with his own; much as it must rejoice my father to see his principle of favouring living artists pursued so liberally by a richer than himself; much as it may have flattered him that his collection had given occasion for so profitably employing a number of worthy artists in a time of difficulty, yet he felt such a dislike to the foreigner who had invaded his house, that he could think well of none of his proceedings. One ought to employ painters, but not lower them to paper-stainers; one ought to be satisfied with what they have done according to their conviction and capacity, even if it does not entirely please, and not perpetually to harp and carp. In

fine, in spite of the Count's own liberal efforts, there could once for all be no kindness between them. My father never visited that room, except when the Count was at table; and I remember only once, when Seekaz had excelled himself, and the wish to see his pictures had hurried the whole house together, that my father and the Count meeting, expressed a common pleasure in these works of art which they could not take in each other.

Scarcely, therefore, had the chests and cases left the house when the plan for getting rid of the Count, which had been before begun, but afterwards interrupted, was renewed. It was attempted to gain justice by reasons, equity by supplications, favour by influence; and at last there was such success that the Quartermaster's department decided. The Count was to change his lodgings, and our house, in consideration of the burden which had been borne continually day and night for several years, should for the future be exempted from any billeting. But that there might be a plausible pretext for this we were to let out to lodgers the first floor, which the King's lieutenant had hitherto occupied, and so make, as it were, impossible the quartering any one else upon us. The Count, who, after the separation from his beloved pictures, had no particular interest in the house, and moreover expected, at all events, to be soon called away and replaced, agreed, without any opposition, to remove to another good residence, and parted from us in peace and kindness. He also soon afterwards left the city, and received progressively different employments, but, as was said, not to his satisfaction. In the mean while, he had the pleasure to see the pictures which he had watched over so diligently, securely displayed in his brother's chateau. He wrote sometimes, and sent dimensions, and had different works executed accordingly by the artists so often mentioned. At last we heard nothing more of him, except that, after several years, we were assured he had gone to the West Indies as governor of one of the French colonies, and there died.

A PASSAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN A LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

I suppose the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the sound mind in a sound constitution, would be proof at least against weather, and elastic through all the wear and tear of life. The spirits of some are ever alert, and guard every avenue through which care may enter. With others the five senses are all traitors, and ready to let the enemy into the citadel of the heart at the shortest notice. Some grow demented under the charm of music—a gentle touch will thrill over the whole frame of youth. My danger and my delight are both in the sense of seeing. The eye is the most sensitive organ. There are certain moments every day that a feeling of uncomfortableness comes over me—frequently positive melancholy; and it is from that which many people love, so that I am left to wonder at our different natures. The effect of twilight distresses me—the light of departing day. It is not because the light is small in quantity; it is in its quality. Not the quantity; for exclude, in ever so great a degree, the light of day, reduce it by shutters and blinds as much as may be, I am rather pleased, certainly unaffected by any touch of melancholy. But in a moment, when I may be engaged busily, and my understanding unconscious of the hour, as the declining sun has reached a certain point, a sense of misery comes over me. I frequently shut my eyes at the instant of the sensation, but that is not enough; there is an impression through the eyelids—and, what is strange, it is not dissipated by candles, until the light of day, if it may so be called, is completely excluded. I know not but that the artificial and natural lights combating each other, provoke a greater pain. Memnon's head roared at the rising, my groans are at the setting sun. I am, too, more affected within doors than in the fields. I am persuaded there must be something in the quality of light at this time of day, that has escaped the notice of philosophers. Nor is the effect the same at all times of the year—the most distressing feeling is towards the end of autumn—then, indeed, in a certain measure it affects all, and

has become notorious. But there is not a day in the year in which I do not feel it in some degree. There is a quarter of an hour worse than that which took its name from Rabelais. I am not suffering from it now; but a little more than half an hour ago, this fourth day of December, the evil influence was strong upon me. I was in a lane, returning home from visiting a cheerful friend. I had walked a mile or two only, when the cold moment broke upon the sight: cold and comfortless did all appear to me; the rutty, damp, yet half frozen lane; the melancholy leafless boughs shooting up into the dull grey sky; the lower branches and leafage of hedges huddled together, without order, without beauty, as if hurrying from, if they could do so, and cowering under the melancholy light; the broad grey band of cloud, not unaccompanied by lighter vapour coming in, and gradually overspreading and making less the warmer light, every instant becoming more lurid—this cloud, or this night rather, coming in upon nature, like an evil genius, to drive her from her patrimony, and to hold a wide and surly dominion in her stead. All was of the foul fiend. The fiend of fen and quagmire, and the fiend of the heart-care—first cousins, showing their affinity by sympathies of howl and groan, from the utmost verge of the horizon to the innermost core of human life, and even sometimes by a stillness of electric horror.

And yet was there a blithe country girl that drove her melancholy cows to or from milking, and heeded not the evil hour, or the foul fiend, though his leaden finger had passed over her perhaps fair, or nut-brown forehead, and given it a hue that utterly belied the song she was singing, if song it could be; for to my sense the damp earth and air were dividing it between them, and flinging it back upon the ear mutteringly and in mutilation. And now night is over all—ruts, leafage, cattle, earth, and sky, are obliterated like a feeble outline under a deep wash of Indian ink. I feel not the miseries without; I am beyond their power. I am within—in the shelter of home. I am lighted by the

real magician's lamp. No magic circle ever bid defiance to demon more effectually than this blessed inclosure of four bright walls, rich in simple patterns, from which shine out partially, and with enticing looks of delight, well-varnished pictures in their gilt frames. Their very surfaces look sleek, and happy, sensitive, companionable, as they are, and communicative of ideas; and here I sit among them,

"Monarch of all I survey."

And oh! how unlike the miserable Selkirk, when the cold hour came upon his brow in his lonely island, and his heart was filled with despair. A cheerful warm fire, a few gentle home-sunny faces that bring spring in contact with winter; objects of taste fascinating, yet unobtruding; voices that are always music, and music proper when you will; and sometimes silence, contemplative or excursive in fancy, the quiet thankfulness for blessings felt and twice enjoyed in that thankfulness; the consciousness of freedom from tyrant self or tyrant custom; no storm beating at your windows or at your heart—what a contrast are they all to that "darkness visible," that evil hour of external day that makes up the *αβυσσος βίου*, the life that cannot be lived, and that they must feel the misery of, who rush for shelter from this present misery to the melancholy pond, or the garrot gallows!

How striking are the contrasts of life!—And as I thought thus, I retraced my life step by step; and as the cheerfulness of all around me would not let the mind dwell upon the gloomy, I determined to steal a passage from my Autobiography, which rather whimsically shows some of the contrasts of things, of life, and manners. And you perceive, my dear Eusebius, what nonsense I have daringly spurted from my goose-quill by way of preface, and from its gravity you will think it no preface at all to so simple a matter as I have to narrate. But a kind friend will clearly see intelligence through obscurities of diction and difficulties of grammar; it will beam from his own eye on the paper, if there be little there before; and in your sight, and through your own brightness, my dear Eusebius, the letter of your friend becomes an illuminated missal.

Yet have missals of this kind been

somewhat reduced in value; the golden age of letters has long departed—then came the silver—but now literary love and friendship are mere dross; the tenderest as well as most hostile communications to be had for fourpence, so the copperage of letters hath come upon us. "*Ætas mox data progeniem vitiosiore*"—that is, the post-office will be nothing more than a *Penny Magazine*. This is a sort of "*post obit*" given by the Ministry for their continuance in office. A truce with foolery, either theirs or my own, Eusebius, and let me come to the incident I have engaged to tell you; and if you publish my letter in *Maga*, as you have before done, I give you timely notice that we shall both be considered indecent characters, for I must use discarded words to speak about discarded things—things cast off—and that, but for a few remnants among the poor, would have been altogether brushed away from our vocabulary. For I must tell you of my being properly "*breeched*," and sent out into the world, that is, to a public school. Let others boast that they have lived in the age of Wellingtons and Greys; let us, Eusebius, rejoice that we were born in the age of breeches. And why should we be ashamed of that *toga virilis*, the first day of first assuming the which was in our time a day of honour, a white day, and marked with "money in both pockets?"

You have always considered it a disgrace to the present generation that they should ever have discarded either the name or thing—and the substitution of "*inexpressibles*," as an immodest lie, unworthy the simplicity of manhood. We were the "*Braccatorum pueri*," as Juvenal has it, sons of the breeched. Our fathers were breeched before us. Now old and young are fallen into the "lean and slippered pantaloon." *Braccæ—Anglicæ*, breeches. There is something sterling in the name, that comes not mincingly upon the tongue, but boldly, as it should, out of the mouth. *Braccæ* are of ancient origin—*vide* Ainsworth—"Vox Gallica,"—meaning that many have been *galled* who have worn them—and so let the *galled* jade wince. The *laxæ braccæ* were said to be "shipmen's hose," so saith the same authority. Many have I seen unshipped, and for that purpose should rather be called "*demissæ braccæ*." For the *laxæ*—*vide* Sir Charles We-

therell; for the *demissæ*—consult the Education Board, or rather Board of Education, not the modern, but a “chip of the old block,” if there be such, as I have seen at the college of St Mary’s Winton, yet in these degenerate days existing. But of that ancient, sweet, and wholesome custom anon. At present I must maintain the respectability of breeches—they are Greek, as the very name implies, *βραχυς* short—*βραχυσαι* “shorts”—hence the Roman’s *Braccæ*—hence breeches.

How then, Mr Ainsworth, can you have the face to say they are Gallic, *vox Gallica*,—for we all know the Gaels boast of philibegs? and wear no breeches; and if by Gallic you mean the French, they were, for a long period, *Sansculottes*, and are very little better now. There are, however, who deny the etymology, and assert the word is from *πανος*, not *βραχυς*. “*πανος*,” saith the lexicon, “a piece let in”—“a rag.” Now, though the piece let in may answer to very many *braccæ*, the word *braccæ* would here lose the *b*, a very material part in formation; and it would be not a part, but a mere patch put for the whole. Certainly I have both seen and worn many that have been really rags; but, as I said before, there is a *b* in breeches, there was ever a *b* in *braccæ*, and there ever will be a *β* in *βραχυς*; for though *βραχυς* expresses “shorts,” they have never been shortened yet to that pass, and it is to be hoped never will be; they might as well be taken away altogether.

I do not consider that I was properly breeched until I was between twelve and thirteen years of age; what I wore before that time I make no account of, the materials were as often feminine as masculine, things really inexpressibles, made out of my father’s, my mother’s, and even sisters’ garments. I took no note of them; I was not proud of them. The first virile pair I ever put on, were upon the occasion of my going to St Mary’s college at Winchester, and it happened thus that they came to be what they were. My father, who was a literary character, and entirely given up to books, happened to have in his hand one of those old books one sees in old respectable libraries, of most sombre appearance, when my mother abruptly asked him what colour John’s new breeches should be. My

father, who had forgotten all about me, my breeches, my schooling, and every thing else, held his book somewhat loosely a foot or two nearer my mother, whilst he looked in her face as only conscious of the interruption, not having an idea of the subject of it. My mother looked at the book. She had been accustomed to signs and dumb-show, and concluded my father to mean of this colour.

“That,” quoth she, “is a mouse-colour.”

“Yes,” says he, “mouse-colour.”

“And what material?” said my mother.

My father looked at the book and said “leather.”

Nothing more was said, and so it turned out that the first breeches, and with which I made my public appearance in the world, for such may be called the first going to a public school, were mouse-coloured leather; or, I think, according to the vocabulary of those days, I should say “leathers.”

The present generation little know, that when their fathers were born the art of breeches-making was not confounded with the general cutting-out and trimming business of the tailor. It was a separate business, and the leather-breeches maker, in particular, was a man of considerable skill and importance.

I have heard dandies say that no man could make a *pair* of boots. The right foot must go to Hoby, the left to some one else. Luckily for the breeches-maker, his right and left made an indivisible pair. They were lovely and undivided.

This being the case, the morning after this scene in the domestic pantomime, Mr Flight, leather-breeches maker, was sent for to measure Master John Cracklatin for a pair of mouse-colour leather breeches. I do not think I had ever before been measured—it was, therefore, an epoch in my life, and well do I remember it—and Mr Flight, too—a tall, robust man, marked with the small-pox, with a face like tripe; and I suppose it was the resemblance of his tripe-like skin to leather that made me ask him, as I looked into his face, if *my* leathers would be smooth. I never could help thinking that he punished me for this afterwards—but I must not anticipate the trying-on—and it may well be called a trial.

And here, my dear Eusebius, I can-

not resist the temptation of making a digression to the times when we, as children, had no trials at all ; and I do not believe there can be a greater contrast in life than was in those days felt and experienced by children male, in passing from the age of infancy to that of boyhood. You must have observed that mothers are much prouder of male than female infants. They stick a sort of rose in the cap, as a badge of dignity, that all the world may know what they are. And, I am sure, when they first begin to teach them to walk, and that is often much earlier than they should, they take great pains to *show* what they are. They shame us men out of all our proprieties, and make us turn away our modest faces. An infant male, then, is the greatest treasure and darling—is really a little idol—a “dumb idol” at first—but he is soon taught to lord it with a loud voice, a practice which some never are able to get rid of, and which, with a just retribution, they often pay back upon that sex from whom they have acquired it in indulgence. And it is curious that when the child female is taken to as the better pet, the indulged pampered boy is at once rudely cast off, and told abruptly that—

“ Girls must have white bread, and nice sugar sops ;
Boys must have brown bread, and good hard knocks.”

Neither you nor I, Eusebius, would venture to object to the doctrine, for rough discipline of some sort is necessary to those who have to go through a crooked perverse world ; but the time of the announcement, and the previous idolatry, make the lesson a somewhat cruel one. Now, nothing could be greater than the contrast I suffered. I have a perfect recollection of myself in this idol state. I dare say I was a pretty, for all said I was a beautiful child. I remember my dress ; and where will you find a finer idol, ready to step down from his pagoda-pedestal to walk the ground?—to walk it?—to dignify it with the pressure of his foot-step. I well remember strutting in the finest nankeen dress, with a long and broad blue sash, a beautifully crimped frill, and a white hat and feathers—was taken up and kissed wherever I was met, and fondled, and talked to in a language that must have much retarded my learning real English. How do children acquire their language when

they are invariably addressed in a jargon ? But they do—and I learned the vulgar tongue, and used it too ; and then, when the pampered, idolized child grows towards boyhood, he is told to know himself—and how should he ?—finery and flattery are no longer for him. The next stage of life is one of real hardship, for he has not only to learn but to unlearn. He is, or rather was, in our time, turned out of all favour. For kisses he had kicks ; and, according to a vulgar saying, “ more kicks than halfpence.” The contrast was horrible—from a pet to an outcast. I am told all is altered now, and that the fine gentleman commences with the baby. As to myself, I was a little good-for-nothing ; half my time in tatters, which nobody noticed ; and even at the more advanced period, when my mother asked the question of my father, it was unquestionably time I should have new breeches of some sort or other. There never passed a fifth of November, from the age of seven, that a hole was not regularly squibbed through whatever I had—a hole, do I say?—I should say many, if it was not that in a short time they all ran into one. I was, from that age, as unlike the sweet child in the nankeen dress, blue sash, and hat and feathers, as a dove is like a badger—not that I was as well clad as the latter. The first feeling of the young cast-off was desolate enough. Oh, unfortunate age ! when the little urchin can receive impressions, and make none. I do not mean to say the impressions I received were of a tender kind. I only wonder that I did not turn savage, and that I did not through life bear a dislike to women ; for from them came my chief pain.

There was a little incident at this age of early abandonment and desertion of favour, that might have ruined in the bud the tenderness which, nevertheless, in after life came to mature blossom. Discarded by mother, sisters, cousins, and pushed from home by maid-servants, I one day sought solitary solace in a quarry, not far from a temporary residence my father had taken in the country. There I sat, as meditative as such an incipient boy could be, when a little girl, (a village tailor's daughter,) about my own age, came into the quarry, and sat by me for companionship. The spot was certainly retired ; and, at another age, my situation might have been critical,

and liable to scandal—but scandal I knew not then. How soon was I to know it! Could the babes in the wood be more innocent! And whence did the blow come?—from my father. It happened that, in one of his walks, with his book as usual in his hand, that he might, without interruption, give vent to his feelings, and repeat aloud a pathetic passage, into the quarry he walked. He was the most untheatrical man living in all his actions, a man of singular modesty, which, alas, I inherit! To spout a speech, or lift his arm in action to the words, knowingly, before man, woman, or child, would have been impossible;—but here he did it unwittingly. There was something to me so ludicrous in it, so unexpected, that, in the midst of his *viva voce* exclamations I could not suppress a titter. He heard it—and saw his unfortunate son, and one Sukey Bowers, the tailor's daughter, sitting hand in hand, like Cupid and Psyche, his only admiring audience. I believe he was more shocked than I was. He had presence of mind to recover his propriety, and with a good-natured smile asked the little girl her name, and walked away; and when I returned home he had so completely passed his jokes over the whole house, that there was not one in it that did not banter me—and miserable I was for many a month on account of it. Day after day was I asked if I had seen "my Sukey Bowers." Heaven forgive me! I verily believe I hated her; and if I had heard her knell I might have been the happier. I cannot philosophize upon this antipathy of very young persons to the tender passion; it is, nevertheless, very curious. I was certainly as miserable because I did not love when I could not love, as ever I was when under the "amiable insanity."

But this is all a digression from my new breeches, and never will lead to them, and all this while the tall and robust Mr Flight is standing to take measure of me, young Master Crack-latin, for a pair of new mouse-colour leathers, wherein I am to make my public entry upon life in the best manner I can. Naturally I put my best leg foremost, then the worst; out went one hip, then the other, and soon all my dimensions were noted upon parchment. The mysterious notches struck me with wonder, and when he put the important document

in his pocket, I thought he carried that with him which should one day "give the world assurance of a man." Not that I then made the quotation from Shakspeare—I was not so learned—but, as Mr Puff said, we both hit upon the same thought.

Of my acquirements and fitness for the college of St Mary Winton at that time, you shall determine, Eusebius, by the following translation which I made to my father, who took me in hand some time before, and from a private school. A private school! Oh! the indignity of going to a private school, as I afterwards proudly thought; but I have passed over preparatory schools, at many of which I served, I cannot say *merui*—detestable all. What with tossings in the blanket, putting forth my feet for peg-tops to aim at, and wiring the toe, according to the recipe of the then and ever-odious Latin grammar, fists, cane, and privations; and, I am sorry to add, meannesses of big and little—all I can say is, that it is a wonder a boy ever comes out of the ordeal with health, temper, learning, or morals.

But this is another digression, so now to the translation, by which you will discover that I did not add a knowledge of prosody to my acquirements and deficiencies in grammar.

My father gave me the following line out of Ovid; I do not know that I have read it since, but I well remember it, and where I hammered at it, with a little dictionary in two volumes, Entick's, on the ground; a little green patch, near a stile, with my back to the cow-house. The *locus quo* has, however, little to do with it. We are all garrulous, Eusebius—now for the line:—

"*Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas.*"

My father had laid down his book, seemingly not liking the interruption.

The word was given, "construe," which I did thus. *Jam*, now; *deterior canis*, a mongrel dog; *aspergitur*, besprinkled; *ætas*, age. "The deuce he did!" said my father, gravely, put his hand to his mouth, and walked out of the room. He seldom laughed, that is, rightly laughed; but I heard, as he ascended the stairs, tit, tit, tit, and a peculiar note he had, whether from his nose or the roof of his mouth, I cannot tell, when any thing moved him either to pleasure or displeasure.

I stood like a *deterior canis*, a mongrel; but where my error was, for the life of me I could not then tell.

It was whimsical enough that age turning a man's hair grey should be metamorphosed into a mongrel, and so ill-bred a one; and such another metamorphosis, I will venture to assert, is not to be found in Ovid's famous books of that name.

While on this subject, my dear Eusebius, do let me boast of a little improvement within the year. It is not a proof of great scholarship, but there was an improvement in taking an ingenious shot at a passage. This was at Winchester. In the morning we had been reading Virgil, and when a boy was thrown out at *prensos boves*, and it came to my turn, I was prompted by another boy, and cried out boldly, *cot oxen*.

"What do you mean?" said the master.

"Oxen of the Cottage, sir," said I.

"Oh, you sound-catcher!" said he; and all laughed.

To remedy this defeat, I took particular pains with my Livy—the evening lesson, in which was included the passage respecting the prodigies in the Roman camp. Now had it not been that a notable prodigy was to be described, I should not have blundered. The passage is—"*Nam et lupus intraverat castra, laniatisque obviis, ipse intactus evaserat, et examen apum in arbore prætorio imminente considerat.*" Thus I translated it. *Nam*, for; *et*, and; *lupus*, a wolf; *intraverat*, entered; *castra*, the camps; *laniatis obviis*, to look for the sheep; *que*, and; *ipse*, he himself; *evaserat*, escaped; *intactus*, unhurt; *et*, and; *considerat*, sat down upon; *examen*, a swarm; *apum*, of bees; *in arbore*—here I was not allowed to go further—a general roar quite discomfited me. The master twisted his mouth, and curled his nose; but it would not do, and so he fairly laughed with the rest.

"A very uncomfortable seat, Mr Wolf," said he, "and perhaps a tickler would make you construe better."

For myself, I was in despair, and thought the field of literature was no field for my father's son, and in truth I thought he had enough for both. I soon found, however, that others were not much wiser; took courage, and have successfully encountered the

great and little Goes. But to the breeches, Eusebius; methinks I hear you say, will the boy never put them on?—the new mouse-colour leathers. Have patience—they shall be on directly—no, that is impossible with leather breeches in those days. The evening before my departure, being booked to Winchester, behold the arrival of Mr Flight with his foreman and a bag—and in that bag, or rather out of that bag, were turned my new mouse-colour leather breeches. I longed to try them on, and would have retired for that purpose, but was stopped by Mr Flight, with "No, young gentleman, I must get them on." "You get them on?" said I, wishing to have the first wear myself. "Yes," said he, with a grin, "on *you*, I mean; they would hardly fit *me*." He was right; it was impossible: in my ideas of my own magnitude I had forgotten that; and to me even they were a tight fit, as you shall hear. First, Mr Flight's foreman took off his coat, and tucked up his shirt sleeves. Then Mr Flight took the breeches, and gave his shoulders a slight shake as if to try their strength—then told me to strip. It was evident they could not be put on over any thing else, so behold me *in nubibus*. Had I been to be initiated in "the great mysteries," Mr Flight could not have held forth the articles of initiation with more solemnity. For a moment I poised my right leg over them, supported bodily by the foreman. I thrust my leg down; alas! it would not go far; then, by a lift of the foreman, I contrived to get in my other leg; then I felt myself suspended, and then came "the tug of war." Mr Flight took the waistband, and while he was shaking me into the new mouse-colours, the foreman was forcing my unwilling limbs into them by rubbing and smoothing, and tugging and pulling, and by more actions than there are words to express them; by jerking me, lifting me, dragging me, and tossing me all round the room, at least half an hour before I could make any substantial way whatever into my first real virile apparel. We were all forced to take a rest; and I could not help seeing, that whatever profit he got by them was got "with the sweat of his brow." After a little rest, at it we went again; "the Seconde Fitte," as it might be fairly called. But here I was helpless; I

could not move a knee; not a joint would bend. And there was I suspended by the waistband, the first edition of my father's learning bound in leather-calf, but—not lettered. That last finish came a long while afterwards. It certainly took a good hour and a half to get me in. The descent was not *facilis*; but to get out of them was worse. This was indeed a toil and labour. “*Sed revocare gradum.*” “*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*” It is painful to think of it even now; so before the final tug, we must have rest, and I will take advantage of it to make what apology I can for my mistranslation.

I had taken *obviis* for *ovibus*, and *ovibus* I knew were sheep, and *laniatis* I considered to be the adjective of *lana*, wool, and woolly sheep is mere tautology, and the dative case is, for; and really so many verbs are omitted in Latin, why might they not be here, and so I only supplied “to look,” and I now gravely declare that many a learned commentator and expositor has supplied a great deal more out of his own head, and with as little probability of being right. And what is more natural than that a wolf should go out to look for the sheep; and where should he find them but out of the camp? And now, Eusebius, I have but to call all who think differently blockheads, dolts, idiots, and so forth; and you will find the above defence not a very unfair specimen of learned annotations, if you will only put it into tolerable Latin.

Now, then, it is time to extricate myself, if not out of this passage in Livy, at least to make a passage out of my new mouse-colour leather breeches. Mr Flight caught hold of me round the body, his foreman had hold of the breeches at the knees—I kicked, I plunged; they pulled: luckily my joints held my limbs together as well as the breeches—it was a frightful endeavour—but “*nil arduum est mortalibus*”—nothing is too hard for man, and that, by-the-by, was said of a *Flight*. Mr Flight was a man of courage, and his foreman scorned to be outdone—so at it again they went, “like master, like man;” “nothing is denied to well directed labour.” I was at length free of my breeches, and they were free of me. And from that day there is nothing I more admire than the political axiom, that “free bottoms shall carry free goods.” Mr Flight making his

exit, assured me all the difficulty was over, that a second trial was quite unnecessary, and that henceforth they would fit like a glove. A second trial I was not then equal to, and readily believed him.

I know, Eusebius, you delight to be a boy again; will you therefore go with me through the scene of my first entrance, not at a private school, indeed, but at that noble school—Winchester, whose walls are and ever will be dear to me, for to that excellent school do I owe all that I know worth knowing, and all I feel worth feeling? The generous high-minded character of our public schools, I need not descant upon to you. I had known private, some ill conditioned from the masters, others from the boys; and with the latter generally is the error. I know not why it is, but there is a meanness among them totally unknown at public schools—perhaps I should say *was*. In my days, a petted, home-fed, pampered, indulged boy, first sent, at an early age, to a rough private school, like Lucian's private tutor, with a pot-belly that he could neither fill nor get rid of, was the most miserable of creatures on earth. The fact is, our public schools are the growth of ages, and *laws* have grown up with them that must not be infringed; and hence there is a government of law, not of caprice, and the boy feels himself, to a great degree, independent. The school does not take its character from a boy or two, but it is a character by time acquired, handed down, and must be maintained—and is maintained. And now, Eusebius, do you not think it is quite time for me to make my second appearance in my mouse-colour leathers? Not yet. Is it not the best time, before I put them on, to discuss a little scholastic discipline? Do not think I mean to insinuate a disciplinal attitude. Only, that when once on, as I do not mean to take them off again in a hurry, I might as well not be too proud, and strut about gabbling my say, like the turkey, expanding my tail. Of discipline—why mince the word flogging?—according to old dictionaries, you will find it a good and wholesome exercise for man and boy, (by man, meaning master.) It circulates the blood, and that not too violently; it sets the spirits free and the brain alert. We have scarcely had a poet since Milton, and he was the last that

was flogged at the university. What a disgrace, says the prater of modern times and modern nonsense? Tell the boy at Eton, at Winchester, at Westminster, after he has suffered it, that he is disgraced, and your next prating, Mr Prater, will be in a half whistle without your teeth, and you will not see very clearly through your eyes. Disgraced, indeed! and by enduring just discipline—by daring to obey! Do you think the noble captains that fought at Waterloo had never been flogged? ay, to their honour, they had—and who will say our soldiers want bottom? “*Nunquam ingenium idem ad res diversissimas, parendum atque imperandum, habilis fuit.*” That was the character of Hannibal—and it is a true description of that acquired by the discipline of our public schools. When you are in danger, I only wish you may show half as fair a face to the enemy as they have. It is said that a man who marries has given bond to society for his good behaviour. A fine-spirited youth who submits to discipline for conscience-sake, who has been legitimately flogged, has given his bottomry bond, (as merchants call it,) both for his good behaviour and learning—I say who has been legitimately flogged—for here is a great distinction, very observable between the custom at private and public schools. At the latter there are no little, galling, tyrannical oppressions—nothing takes place as punishment but what is well understood upon entering, and by the custom; no greater disgrace than is deserved, if disgrace it can generally be called, is conveyed or implied by submission. And all is open and above-board—for the first thing you see on entering the noble building, the school-room, is a large painting at one end, a portrait of the rod, and this pithy admonition—“*Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cæde.*” Even the rod is of a prescribed form and dimensions, and supplied by one of the officers of the schools—one of the boys. It is a turned handle, with four long twigs—apple. And there is likewise a prescribed manner of inflicting punishment. The delinquent, without hesitation, kneels down to a block, and two boys, any that like the sport as it is termed, take him up; that is, standing in front of him on the other side of the block, which is, in fact, an immovable bench, the last of many in the row, on which

the boys sit while learning their lessons. The “taking up,” is nothing more than the removal of the shirt between the waistband and the waistcoat, so that the space of back left open for punishment is very small, and the twigs of the rod so far apart, that often not one hits, and seldom, indeed, all; and then the master makes but three blows—and these, generally, very lightly, and the matter is over, and little harm done. It is only in case of very great offences another punishment is inflicted, and that is by six blows instead of three; and the boy is then taken up by two officers of the school—boys on duty; and then, indeed, the space for punishment is somewhat larger. All this is, however, according to rule, by which the master is restricted; so that both are under it. For a master to punish in any other way is an unheard-of thing; nor would it be submitted to. A cane, or a ferule, or any of the little uncertain tyranny of a private school, would not be borne a moment; a rebellion would break out. The boy that will be flogged will not be cuffed. His dignity would, indeed, be offended; for I will venture to say there cannot be collected a number of higher-spirited, manly-minded youths, than are to be met with at our public schools; and there is nothing they show their superior manliness in so much as in their obedience to discipline. Custom gives rights, and rights reconcile to punishment. The master, even by adhering to custom, in some respects shows, by example, the beauty of obedience. They have themselves been educated at the school over which they preside; they know the youths under their care are to be passed to the universities, and thence into the world, to adorn it in every rank; and they take pains to inculcate generous sentiments. I was once discovered by the head-master out of bounds—a serious offence. A friend was with me, but I alone was known. We joined the rest just as the master, Dr Goddard, rode up. He called me out, and asked me who was with me. I was silent. The youth who *was* with me did not give time for the question to be asked again, but boldly stepped forward and said, “I was.” The Doctor turned his horse’s head and rode away, and, I need not say, never punished either. Thanks, good Doctor, for all your kindness;

never may I be ungrateful, and here have a pride, a pleasure, in acknowledging, that many a day in after life have I remembered you with affection; and when I have felt that my taste has been improved, I have ever been thankful to you, to whom I owe that source of enjoyment. "Manners makyth man," was the college motto. There was the precept, in you we found the example. But at this rate I never shall get on my new mouse-colour leather breeches, and it is time, for they will certainly shrink in my box.

"*My box!*"—that of itself would make an episode; but I forbear. A boy's box on first going to school! Yet I will tell an anecdote of the return of a boy's box after his first term at the university. I knew him well, poor fellow! He had an odd stammer, that began with great irresolution of voice, and terminated most decisively with a bounce; and such was the youth, and such was his career. He came to the university quite raw from the country, where he had previously practised to be a clergyman, by standing upon stools with the tablecloth round him, marrying, burying, and christening his elderly maiden aunts. Poor boy! he was quite unfit to be trusted as yet from home. He came a clown, and in two or three months returned. What did he not return? But, to his box. He was rusticated for a term or two, and choosing rather to be absent from home for a time, visited a friend. Meanwhile his box, and another box arrived; and, as they were wont, his maiden aunts thought it best to see that all was safe, and unpacked them. Never were elderly maiden eyes so bewildered—so astonished—coats, waistcoats without number—but the breeches, as they lifted them out one after the other, holding them up higher each time in increased astonishment, audibly counting—

"Only think the twentieth pair of pale yellow kerseymere breeches—what could Tom, sister Sue, want of so many? Why, his poor father will be ruined—we shall all be ruined."

Then Sue took up the outcry, lifting her voice at each pair, and with emphasis—"Look here, sister Kate, Twenty-one, Twenty-two, Twenty-three, *crescendo*, Twenty-four!!!"

Here the hands and breeches drop-

ped together, and they were watered by a flood of tears.

"The ungrateful boy! didn't we have made for him," cried sister Sue, "three excellent pairs out of his father's greatcoat; he could not have wanted any more."

Now sister Kate could again go on, but in a low voice of despair—"Twenty-five, Twenty-six, Twenty-seven, oh! oh! oh! Twenty-eight—then the last, Twenty-nine pair of breeches—the good-for-nothing boy!"

And so it was; in one box he had brought home with him twenty-nine pair of pale lemon-colour kerseymere breeches. Oh ye parents! who send raw youths to the university! it is quite hopeless if you think you can confine their ideas, after the first term, to corduroys, or even mouse-coloured leathers; and you may be quite sure that the turning old greatcoats, by the hands of a village tailor, into habiliments for the seat of learning, is money thrown away.

Now it was not so with me on my first going to college—though that college was but a school, a public one, be it remembered with pride—as I told you, Eusebius, I had a pair of *new* mouse-coloured leather breeches, and I had put them on once. Would you could have seen me in them then!—but had you seen me in them the second time of putting them on, it would have been a treat, and you would have remembered it, as I do, and therefore write this account of it. But you must be aware my place is taken per coach—Mr John Cracklatin booked for Winchester college, with one box, containing—for the present we will say no more than one mouse-coloured pair of leather breeches. Accompany me, Eusebius, my first real exit from home; that is, from within ten minutes' reach of home, with such a stock of Latin as I have certified you in this. Be so kind as to go with me, and see me safe lodged.

"*Comes jucundus pro vehiculo est.*" My father had gone the same road before me—uncles and cousins without number—all to Winchester. I was therefore taking the family recipe for learning. I had at least a great veneration for my father and his learning, and therefore, though going to school, went at least *half-willingly*, as much as could then be expected of any well-disposed youth—as Homer says, *ἡκον*

αἰσχροῦ γὰρ θυμῷ. I said my father had gone there before me. I remember his account of his first appearance. His mother took him, for he went first to a preparatory school at Winchester. She told the master, who was not the most gentle-looking of pedagogues, that she wished her son to be particularly looked to, for he was a very delicate boy.

"Ma'am," said the man, "I have no others; they are all delicate boys." And so my father found it, for the second day he was flogged, and the third burnt out of his bed, and that was the last he *enjoyed* in a preparatory school.

Do not imagine I was allowed to travel in my new clothes; not a bit of it. Any one might have been ashamed of those I wore. To make my first appearance in them on any stage, much less at Winchester, was impossible. I will not digress to describe my reception, and how very strange all things appeared to me. Every one knows all this; but it is not every one that knows what followed—"*Non cuivis homini contingit*." You can easily imagine me in my room in my little bed, by the side of which was my box, and in which room were eight or ten other boys, to me unknown. There I lay, with my treasure by my side; and that being the case, though a boy and after a journey, I did not sleep too soundly until towards morning. I was awakened early enough, but late for all I had to do. There is no greater offence than the missing chapel in the morning—punishment a flogging. This was announced to me before I went to bed, and as a flogging was to me an unknown thing, it went in my mind according to the Latin, "*omne ignotum pro mirifico*." I was therefore determined to be up betimes, and up betimes I was; but dressed betimes, that was to be quite another matter. The chapel bell goes a quarter of an hour, and it was going as I opened my box, and there was some distance to the chapel, for I was not then in college, but in the head-master's house; as it is termed, I was a commoner, not on the foundation. Now, imagine that all this while the fatal bell is going, and in such a manner as if it threatened to stop, and I am not dressed yet, nor like to be. Of all things in the world I have ever been averse to early rising; it was the chief cause of all the punishments

I ever received at school. I once wrote a paper against it, and sent it to *Blackwood's Magazine*, where I have a suspicion you, Eusebius, will send this. The early morning light ever creates in me a nausea. I once had a bilious fever from early rising and a pair of yellow plush-breeches, and this was on leaving Winchester once on the first morning of holidays;—but here I find myself in another digression. It cannot be helped; so here goes my bilious fever.

I had been some years at Winchester then, and had become a pretty considerable puppy; so what must I do on going home for the holidays, but have a new pair of top-boots, which, when on, I could not get off, so I slept in them all night. Besides my new top-boots, I had a green coat, yellow kerseymere waistcoat, and a pair of splendid yellow plush breeches. It was the height of summer, very hot weather, and, boots and all as I stood, it was very hot work before I started. There were three of us, and so we took a chaise. We had proceeded about a mile, when I found that I had left my purse, or something as important, behind me; I ran back to college, and thence to the chaise waiting for me. I never shall forget that return—for by this time the sun was very hot—and as I generally look down when I run, the hot sun, reflected from my yellow plush breeches, and the heat and pressure of my new tight top-boots, so stirred the bile, that by the time I returned home I was actually in a fever. It gave me a disgust to foppery, and I really believe I must date my slovenliness as to dress from that day. This came of deserting the old original mouse-colours, which, with the exception of the first day of actual wearing, served me in good stead.

But, dear me! Eusebius, imagine that all this while the bell has been going "*tempus fugit*"—every toll threatens a flogging, and I cannot for the life of me get on my breeches.

"Why, they don't fit," said one boy.

"Pull at 'em," said another.

"Let us all take a pull at 'em," said a third, who was dressed.

"I shall be flogged, if I do, said a fourth.

"What the d—l do you call 'em?" said a fifth.

"Leathers," said I.

"A pretty leathering you'll have," said he.

"Tuck your shirt above them under the waistcoat," said a sixth, "and they may slip on easier."

This was a good thought, and I did so—still it was very hard work to get them on at all.

"Bell will be down in a minute," said a seventh.

"Do be so kind as to wait for me," said I, beseechingly; "for I do not know the way."

"Wait and be flogged!" said they.

Here was a state of trepidation for a poor boy just from his father's house, within three tolls of a bell of a flogging—dire and unknown thing!—and he standing with his breeches, new mouse-colour leathers, not quite one quarter part on. The thoughts of a flogging at such a time, and in such a situation, may be a very jocose thing to witness, but to have them rushing into the mind, in a torrent of cold-sweat, at the early age of some twelve or thirteen years, is not very jocose to the sufferer. I never knew of but one boy that actually was, as it were, case-hardened, and took a flogging himself for diversion, and as a joke. It is a singular thing, and therefore, though another digression, I must tell it. The boy's name was Smith, a good family name for case-hardening. Somehow or other, he was insensible in the flogging parts. There was no communication between them and the brain; and here let me observe, *obiter*, that it is a very absurd practice at private schools to punish one part for another; at public schools they scarcely ever flog for learning, or the lack of it. But why, if the head fails of doing its work, the tail should suffer, I never could hear any good reason given. And why should a dunce be called a blockhead, when it is quite the contrary part goes to the block? But this belongs to the philosophy of schools, and has nothing to do with my breeches, which will never be on—and I had nigh forgotten the flogging story. This Smith did not care a pin for a flogging, and used to put himself in the way of them, for mere amusement to himself and others.

"Smith, again!" the master usually called out at flogging-time, and with a groan. Smith was always ready, affected to kneel down, then rose up again, and said facetiously—

"Allow me, sir, to put my handkerchief under my knees—these breeches cost my father five-and-twenty shillings, and he gave me particular charge not to soil them."

Then would he begin only to kneel down, the master all the while vociferating—"Take him up, take him up!"

"Sir," Smith would say, "be so kind as to hit high and gentle." Then, when fairly down, he would look round, and at every stroke make most horrible faces, as if in dreadful agony, and, when the matter was over, jump up with alacrity, make his bow, and say, "I thank you, sir."

It is evident such a boy must have been incorrigible—and he went away as such—he did not remain more than, if so much as, a half-year.

The bell is 'most down, and in what state am I now with regard to breeches? By dint of great exertion and help I have them just up to my hips—a little more exertion may get them an inch higher—more than that is hopeless. The boys are quitting me fast. One kind soul remains to show me the way. Hurrah! I have contrived to get them over, and to button one button; but then how am I to get my shirt in again? That must be inevitably tucked under my waistcoat.

"Here," said the boy, "pull it down a little, just to meet, and button your waistcoat over, and nobody will see it—so let's be off." And off we were, as well at least as I could move my knees. I think those who fought in ancient armour must have run, if it is not a bull to say those who fought ran, pretty much as I did. When we arrived at the chapel-door I was done—quite out of breath—and all the boys were just kneeling down. In I shuffled, and down I attempted to kneel directly in front of the master. I had not calculated upon this difficulty. I made a desperate effort, and so far succeeded as to my knees—but in that effort the button burst, and the upper part of my mouse-colour leather breeches, which had been continually stretched, dropped—and discovered to the gaze of eyes sacred and profane, of masters, chaplains, and some hundred or so of boys, my poor unshirted, unshrouded personification of innocence. Could the service go on?—Did it go on? I know not. The following half-hour was so like a dream that I have forgotten it; but I believe

it was considered that I had *intended* to insult masters and the whole school by my barefaced—no, not bare-faced—impudence. I believe serious thoughts were entertained of expelling me ere I had well entered on my schoolship; and if I had then taken a flight back, there should have been two lamentable flights, mine and the breeches-maker—for I was hot enough for revenge, and none so small but that they may find means of annoying.

As it was, I was so badgered about my exposition, that I had to fight no less than three battles the very first day to defend the honours of my mouse-coloured leathers. But time is a great stretch, and so he stretched my breeches. The flight of time did that which the sedentary Flight never did. Time, as my early copy-book, set by that greatest of calligraphers, the German, Jansen Von Splutterineck, saith, maketh all things easy, and so he made my breeches. Henceforth I shall be of the opinion of the currier in the fable, "*There's nothing like leather.*" Kings that have

been made kings from low degree, have kept their poor breeches in remembrance of their humble state. I might have kept mine in remembrance of my *humbled* state, and as monuments of my after knowledge. A heathen would have made them the subject of an apotheosis. If some have been celebrated as having seen the "Siege of Bulleyn," mine had witnessed the siege of Troy. They had sat down many a day with "the seven against Thebes." Taking into account, my dear Eusebius, the seas of ink that have been spilt upon them—the Greek with which they have been bespattered—the versification that has been made *upon* them, and those engraftings of buds from the tree of knowledge, of which I have spoken—I may, without fear of contradiction, say of them, that, wherever they may be, there *must* be the *seat* of learning. So that, "take them for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon their like again."

My dear Eusebius, yours as ever.

THOUGHTS UPON ASSES.

"TWO PENCE more, and up goes the donkey!" The words shot through us like a spell! fast and far flocked the excited multitude—man, boy, woman, girl, and hobble-de-hoy of either sex;—the cabman from his stand, the sweeper from his crossing, the dog's-meat man from his truck, and the apple-wife from her stall;—the exquisite and the shirtless, the delicately tripping miss and the sturdy tramper of St Giles's;—the new policeman, forgetful for once of the duties of office, the very pickpocket for a moment neglectful of his opportunity. It seemed as though that mysterious voice had summoned together by some magic a representative of every caste and calling beneath the sun, to form at last a true national convention. "What a thing," soliloquized we inwardly, as we elbowed our way into the thickest of the throng, "What a thing is a crowd! What a lesson for the great and the haughty! What a spectacle to moralize! What a picture of the troubled course of human existence! A cease-

less struggle for self, careless of the comforts and the happiness of others, feeling nought for their miseries, their pangs, their"—

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a jolly seventeen-stone butcher on our right, "but I'm afeard I trod rayther heavyish on your toes just now."

Our theory was done for—squashed in a moment;—selfishness was not omnipotent, and the milk of human kindness had not all turned sour. We turned round to the apoloquizing vender of meats, and looked him full in the face; we would have said "Don't mention it!" but the remark struck us as being behind time.—"Curiosity," said we mildly, "has been the bane of the race, from the days of grandmother Eve upwards." The man of the skyblue jerkin starred with grease-spots looked as if the heaven of his intellect was somewhat clouded.

"Sir?" said he enquiringly.

"What we mean to say," said we, "is"—

"One penny more, and up goes the

donkey!" broke in the same stentorian voice that had originally electrified us.

We could have patience no longer: "Here!" shouted we, stretching forth the required coin over three of the greasiest heads in Christendom, "for Heaven's sake satisfy these good people, and let us go about our business!"

A hand, clothed in a rich coating of dirt, rose rapidly from the centre to clutch the proffered desideratum,—and a sort of applauding murmur passed among the nearest witnesses of our generosity—

"Three cheers for the patriotic cove in the brass barnacles!" shouted an embryo Barrington from the extreme *gauche*. We had given five guineas and a half for them at Dollond's that very morning!

"After all," said we, applying ourselves once more to the destroyer of bees—who was, as we have above noticed, as fat as any mortal "who slays fat oxen" ought to be—"What is it we are to see after all this noise? *quid tanto dignum feret*." Half a second more, and we should have thrown away the whole line, but our friend saved us the waste.

"Ferret, sir! Lord love you! do you take him for a rat-catcher? it's only a donkey as that chap's a-going to balance on the top of his ladder!"

"Then for once in our lives," said we, "we shall see a dead donkey!"

"Not this time, sir," said the butcher, with a smile which bespoke the deepest commiseration for our simplicity; "unless the hanimal should be suddenly taken hapoplectic. That ere's a pretty tolerable strong pair of lungs for a beast as is departed."

And truly, as he spoke, there arose the most hearty, health-betokening, unequivocal heech-haw which ever greeted our ears in the not-over-much-frequented-by-donkeys metropolis. Gracious heaven! and we had been contributing, unwittingly, to the torture of an unhappy animal that is itself the meekest, mildest, most unoffending of brutes!—that never so much as with malice-prepense and aforethought set foot upon a worm; and we must needs add our mite to the huge sum of suffering which its patient merit of the unworthy

takes, in this its much enduring existence!

If, now, it had been a *dead* donkey, said we, inwardly, as we made our escape from the still-thickening crowd—for, as to stopping to see the show, we would almost as soon have stopped to look at our maternal parent dangling by the neck in the Old Bailey, after having been convicted upon our own evidence—if, now, it had been a *dead* donkey; but, pshaw! we might have known it wasn't a dead donkey! How *could* it have been a dead donkey? We might just as reasonably have expected to see a mermaid, or a dodo, or a hippogriff, or the great sea-serpent himself. We do not believe that Methuselah, nay, we do not believe that the Wandering Jew himself, (and he will soon be twice as old as the antediluvian,) ever set eyes upon such a thing in the whole course of his peregrinations;—there *is* no such thing! That rigmarole of Sterne's about the dead ass is concocted only, like an impostor's begging-letter, to draw tears from the eyes of the over-credulous and tender-hearted. The libellous scoundrels who charged Mike Scales with vending a defunct jackass for veal, stand, by their very accusation, convicted of falsehood. What *really* becomes of superannuated donkeys we do not profess to know, though we have our private opinion on the subject, as indeed there are few matters on which we have not. *We* believe, then, that donkeys are deathless,—not, by any means, that they live for ever, but that they do not die,—or, to use the expressive phraseology of a gentleman who has been of late much before the public, that they do not become "dead, cold, moist, unpleasant bodies;"—that, like the husband of Aurora, that ill-starred victim of an oversight, they fade away gradually and slowly, and almost imperceptibly, till, at their appointed moment, they cease to exist, blending with unsubstantial air, hastening to be resolved into the elements, vanishing like a morning-dream, leaving not a wreck behind! It is our confident creed that those venerable grandsires of the race, whom we sometimes light upon standing fixed and motionless in by-lanes, by the side of an overgrown thistle, and reduced to the extreme degree of asinine emaciation, are don-

keys on the eve of exhalation ; but whether the end of an ass, like the end of *Œdipus*, is a thing forbidden to our actual knowledge ; or whether, for some other reason which we confess ourselves unable to discover, we are, we must allow, unable to substantiate our impression by proof positive, though we have not unfrequently watched, from morn to dewy eve, in fond anticipations of success. Nevertheless, till we have satisfactory demonstration of their mortality, we shall hold to our exhalation theory, empty as it may appear. At any rate it is, as Shelley says,

“ A modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it ; ”

inasmuch as its tendency is to throw around the long-eared tribe a sort of charm—to invest them with somewhat of a poetical interest, of which, Heaven knows, they stand in sufficient need ; but which, we believe in our conscience, and which we hope, before we have done, to prove, they deserve in a far greater degree than the world allows them to enjoy.

The deeming a donkey an object to be contemned, we take to be as decided a vulgar error as any which Sir Thomas Brown, long ago, so laboriously combated. We have not the slightest sympathy with that ridiculous old Dogberry in his indignation at the epithet bestowed upon him ;—we do not see any disgrace, even in “ as pretty a piece of man’s flesh as any in Messina,” being “ written down an ass ; ”—though, of course, we cannot be surprised that his vulgar soul should have adopted a vulgar prejudice. The marvel to us is rather how the prejudice ever entered into any soul at all ;—its existence is a psychological curiosity ;—and like us, when west and astonished at that mystery of mysteries—a reel within a bottle—“ we wonder how the devil it got there.” We should like to know by what right *Æsop*, and Gay, and all the fablemongers, from Jotham upwards, have pitched upon one unhappy animal, and made him a mock, and a byword, and a laughing-stock for all succeeding generations to crack their “ fool-born jests ” upon. Now, in a goose there really is something ridiculous ;—his very waddle is vain-glorious ; he stretches out his head,

and elevates its antipodes with all the pride of a peacock ; his hiss is most superlatively self-complacent and contemptuous—it is eloquent of irrepressible misanthropy ; a child can see through his pretensions to dignity ; his folly breaks out in the very means which he takes to hide it. But an ass ; pshaw ! there is no deceit about an ass ;—he stands before us even as nature made him, rough, homely, and honest ; he pretends not to beauty which he does not possess ; he makes no ostentatious display of his sagacity ; he is content to slip through existence as peaceably and silently as we will let him ; he wants but little, and he gets it ; he can teach as many lessons as the ant, and he finds, if possible, fewer disciples. Yes ! the world may sneer as it likes, but an ass is no fool ; we rather take him for a philosopher. How many requisites for greatness does he not possess ? Urge him, scold him, beat him, kick him—the Man of Uz himself was not more enduring ! He looks at you all the while, as much as to say, “ I can’t help it, so you must go on as long as you please, though you must be aware this sort of treatment isn’t, by any means, gentlemanlike.” Does he feel it repugnant to the dictates of his conscience to take some particular course ? only observe his unswerving strength of purpose ! He cares not for the “ *vultus instantis tyranni* ; ” he blenches not from his fixed resolve for threats or thumps ; he yields not to the more insidious attacks of persuasion and blandishment ; and, by a miserable perversion of epithets, his resolution is stigmatized as stubbornness, his conscientious scruples degraded into obstinate perversity. He is abstemious, partly it must be owned, by obligation ; but he suffers compulsion with such an unaffected good grace, that nature must have as much to do with the matter as necessity. He will eat any thing and every thing, a thistle or a macaroon ; and, if we mistake not, there is somewhere or other on record a certain noodle, who departed this life in a guffaw, occasioned by seeing his ass composedly appropriate some figs laid by for his own private consumption. Is there any pride about a donkey ? Not a scruple, not the infinitesimal particle of a grain ; only satisfy him that the path you wish him to take is the path

of duty, and what burden will he refuse to bear? Carrots or children, soot-bags or spinster,—'tis all one to Jack. He trudges on in the same unmurmuring fashion, with an occasional swish of the tail, and a constant drooping of the head, poring upon the ground on which he treads, as intensely as the most zealous stone-smiter that ever wandered over the country, hammer in hand, in the wake of Dr Buckland. No waster of time is he (we mean the ass, not the professor) in gaping and staring about him. Leave him to himself for hours if you will, and at your return fear not to miss him. There he stands, motionless as a statue; he has been in a brown study the whole time, revolving in his meditative soul things human and asinine; chewing the cud of fancy, which for him, we fear, possesses nought but bitterness.

We pity an ass so deeply that we almost suspect we love him. But then his bray! No, we cannot for the life of us get over that. The squeaking of an ungreased waggon-wheel—the shovelling up of cinders under the grate—an amateur fiddler—a professional bagpiper—a cat in a gutter—the roaring of a spoiled child in a passion—the voice of a bumbailiff—sounds all, and especially the last, to agonize man's tortured ear and shuddering frame—are “musical as is Apollo's lute,” in comparison with the uplifted voice of a jackass. Were we ever so partial, we could here nothing extenuate; were we ever so spiteful, we could hardly be suspected of setting down aught in malice. We never could discover that it has even the single argument of utility to allege in its defence—it is the most unmeaning gratuitous piece of discord in nature! There the rascal stands—not another ass within a mile of him—with his head for once stuck up in the air, bellowing away for no earthly object that we can perceive, save his own will, and, we were going to add, pleasure, but we doubt if even the strongest self-admiration could go so far as that. Nature, when she moulded his ears, must have counterbalanced the excess of length by the deficiency of delicacy, or he could never fail of being scared, like Fear, “at the sound himself had made.” We do not feel quite sure that a spirit of revenge, however congenial to his nature generally, is not at the bottom of the matter; and

that, painful as it must be to his own feelings, he cannot resist availing himself of this his only means of wreaking upon mankind his multifarious wrongs and persecutions.

We were saying, or going to say, how much we commiserated a donkey, when the bare mention of his voice sent us flying off at a tangent, much as the reality is wont to do when it strikes upon our unlucky tympanum. And, truly, if he be not a pity-deserving object, we know of nothing which is so. It seems to us to be a notion inherent in the mind of the many, that it is not only allowable, but an absolute matter of obligation and duty, to abuse, cuff, kick, lash, spur, and otherwise maltreat a jackass *ad libitum*, which said *ad libitum*, in the case of the unhappy sufferer under consideration, means always *ad infinitum*. One can't turn him out for an hour on a common, be it ever so wide, or up a lane, be it ever so retired, but two or three imps of boys, who can see opportunities for mischief even through a millstone, are sure to spy him out, and then his torments begin. Three or four of the villains at least on his back at once, shouting at him like young Stentors, whacking him with sticks purloined from the nearest hedge, drumming upon his helpless ribs with their hobnailed heels, till perchance, at last, some one more exquisitely mischievous than his fellows, seizes an opportunity of inserting beneath his unguarded tail a furze bush plentiful in prickles, whereby stung at once to frenzy, with one irresistible plunge he lays his tormentors sprawling on their mother earth, and rushes off, alas! hugging closely, in his ignorance, the invisible cause of his anguish.

Look at him in the hands of the chimney-sweeper in the country—look at him in the cart of the costermonger in the town—look at him in the donkey race at a country fair, and observe the intense zeal with which he is belaboured on such interesting occasions, when no jockey is permitted to ride his own “hanimal!” Look at him, above all, on Blackheath, or Hampstead Heath, or any other heath in the environs of the metropolis!—look at him at Margate, Ramsgate, or any other marine emporium of shrimps and yellow slippers, to which, thick-crammed in emulous steamboats, the sons

and daughters of Cockaigne make their hebdomadal resort from the clamour of Cheapside, and the suffocation of St Mary-Axe! Count, if you can, the unceasing detachments of enterprising Amazons whom he is destined daily to initiate into the delights and dangers of donkey-womanship! Admire their innocent wonder at his unwillingness to go; and how calmly and placidly they listen to the thick-descending strokes of the driver's cudgel, never dreaming, merciful souls! that the said strokes can be in the slightest degree unpleasant! How they squeak, and giggle, and scream, with interestingly-assumed terror, when at last the ill-fated wretch is goaded into a pace bearing a distant resemblance to a trot; and how they not unfrequently contrive to lose their balance, and tumble off, to the now real dismay of themselves, the infinite delight of the attendant, and the sole and serious inconvenience of the donkey, whose misfortune it is to expiate, by a world of hard names, and still harder belabouring, the awkwardness of his fair and floundering burden.

Most sincerely, we repeat, do we compassionate him; and, thank goodness, we do not stand alone in our pity, ay, and—for why should we not speak it boldly?—in our love for donkeys! No, we have many an honoured name to enrol in our “band of brothers,” even without being obliged to have recourse to the lists of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty; though we fear there may be here and there among us an enemy in the camp under the guise of a friend—a wolf or two in sheep's clothing. For instance, there is a minstrel, and a minstrel, too, of no mean popularity, who sings in one of those simple and touching ballad strains to which the people most love to hearken—

“Oh! if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh! no!
no!”

I'd give him some hay, and I'd cry, ‘gee!
woh!’

With a ‘kim aup, Neddy!’”

Could any thing be imagined more energetic? He is too well aware that almost every man's hand is against a jackass, and he is in an agony of fear lest the world should set him down, as a matter of course, among the persecuting majority:—a plain prosaic de-

nial of the anticipated imputation would have been weak and powerless, contrasted with the indignant interrogation,

“Oh! if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him?”

The poet has not stopped to pick his words—he has scorned to sacrifice feeling at the shrine of elegance—he speaks in the unmeasured, off-hand, heart-gushing language of honest sincerity. Mark, too, how he answers his own question,—

“Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh! no!
no!”

Was there ever any thing more enthusiastic?—No circumlocution—no beating about the bush: in one moment, with a single syllable, he sets us at ease as to his sentiments on the subject, and then, and not till then, he shows, us in bold, broad, and beautiful outline, the kindly course of treatment *he* would adopt, if he were blest enough to possess a donkey, and that not only a simple donkey, but—(a temptation by which the patience even of Job was unassailed)—a donkey, “wot wouldn't go.”

“I'd give him some hay, and I'd cry, ‘gee
woh!’”

Good food and kind words! Donkey-lovers as we are, we could not find in our heart to utter so much as one syllable in defence of the ill-conditioned ass that could remain insensible to the blandishments of such a master! “Well now,” we think we hear some good, kind, simple, unsuspecting soul exclaim, “Surely you don't mean to tell us there is any wolf in sheep's clothing here!” We would gladly think so—we would give any thing to be able to think so—we have set out every argument we could muster in favour of the sincerity of the poet; and we, who have convinced others, are ourselves, after all, unconvinced. We *may* be uncharitable—we would fain hope we *are* so—but, in spite of our teeth, we are still unsatisfied. In the gorgeous dreams of Fairyland, which we would give worlds to believe true, there is ever an intrusive, half-waking sort of consciousness, that the flowers on which we tread, the palaces in which we revel, the delights in which we are lapped, are but an unreal and fleeting mockery. And somewhat thus is it here. We are delight-

ed with the kind-heartedness of the minstrel—we surrender ourselves, as we read, to the delight of sympathizing with him; and yet all the while, we hardly know why, we are unable to persuade ourselves that he is really and actually in earnest. We almost hate ourselves for our own suspicions, but we cannot succeed in banishing them. We could not be induced to trust that man on a donkey of ours, with a crab-tree cudgel in his fist, by the richest bribe that could be laid before us. We could almost swear, that as soon as ever he got out of our sight, he would be found, in zealous imitation of the wretch whom, in a following verse of his lay, he stigmatizes with so much apparent earnestness, and giving the lie to his professions, by “walloping his hanimal with all his means.” We may be thought to strain a point or two in defence of our own prejudices, but we can not help fancying that the active verb “wallop” (which, it will be observed, is twice employed in the course of the lyric) comes rolling off the tongue with such *gout*, and seems so habitual to the mouth of the minstrel, as to give some ground (though it must, in common fairness, be confessed but a slight one) for supposing him not entirely inexperienced in the practice which it represents.

But the unmasking a hypocrite, beneficial as it doubtless is to the public at large, is but an uncongenial field for the labours of the philanthropist, and we turn gladly to the “good men and true.” There is a calmness and an innocent simplicity about Coleridge’s “Lines to a young Ass,” which convince us at once that they have their source in the heart. We see him, in

fancy, patting the head, and clapping the “ragged coat” of the unlearned juvenile, and tenderly enquiring the reason of a despondency so unnatural and unwonted in the lightsome season of youth; and we think his attributing it to filial pain at seeing his maternal parent

“Chain’d to a log within a narrow spot.”

one of the most exquisite touches we ever met with. The boldness, too, and the magnanimity which he displays in venturing, “spite of the world’s scorn,” to acknowledge his fraternal relationship to the sufferer, are beyond all praise. Indeed, throughout the address, we do nothing but envy the man who could write and feel it; and by no means the least when he affirms that, could he place the subject of his song in that station in society of which he conceives him to be worthy, his very bray would sound in his, the poet’s, ears most “musically sweet.” Certes the much enduring Ithacan, who heard unmoved the song of the Sirens, (we say it advisedly, for the strapping to the mast was of his own free-will,) was a fool to him who could listen with positive pleasure to the braying of a jackass!

Talking of Ulysses very naturally puts us in mind of “the blind old man” whom the muse inspired to sing his wanderings; and, for the confusion of those who laugh at asses, we cannot resist quoting a passage, and that, too, thanks to the untranslatableability of Homer, in the original. The son of Telamon, he of the sevenfold shield, is, by his unassisted prowess, keeping at bay whole hosts of Trojans, vainly furious at the impotence of their attacks. “Even as when,” says the bard—but we said it should be in Greek—

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' αἰρουραν ἰαν ἐβήσατο παῖδας
 νωθῆς, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἔαγε,
 κίρρει τ' εἰσιλθὼν βαθὺ λήιον· οἱ δὲ τε παῖδες
 τύπτουσι ῥοπάλοισι· βῆν δὲ τε νηπὶν αὐτῶν
 σπουδῇ τ' ἐξήλασσαν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο Φορβῆ.
 ὡς τότε ἔπειτ' Ἀλάντα.—κ. τ. λ.

All we want to know is, did Homer intend to make Ajax ridiculous—yet Ajax is compared to an ass!

There are some misguided people who fancy that, in his love and unshakeable fidelity to man the dog stands alone, and they quote in triumph the affecting incident commemorated in Scott’s beautiful little poem called

“Helvellyn,” and bid us match it elsewhere among the inferior creation if we can! We accept the challenge, and claim the right to appear by our champion. Stand forth, William Wordsworth, and tell us how an ass could be as fond and as faithful—how he could stand over the drowned corpse of his late-lord, sorrowing, solitary, starving,

and motionless, save that, at the rude assault of the wandering Potter, he once or twice

"Upon the pivot of his skull
Turn'd round his long left ear,"

and voiceless, till, driven to speech by reiterated thumps,

"He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third."

Grunt the brother of groan! The world has not been favoured with such a genealogical *morceau* since the Greek of old proclaimed dust to be "the thirsty sister of mud!" We mean to say that no man ever had a more beautiful and adequate conception of the moral dignity of an ass, than Wordsworth. That particular specimen of the breed who figures at this moment before us, deserves to be commented upon in nothing less than "whole volumes in folio," had we but leisure to fill them. Truly he is a most Christianlike ass! He is beaten (or, as our former friend would phrase it, "walloped") very heartily—and does he kick? Not he! His "shining hazel-eye" turns upon his persecutor only

"One mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe."

Does he bear malice? Not a whit:—Peter sets to work to haul out the dead body, and all his wrongs are forgiven in a moment!

"The little ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands!"

He "looks on," and his very silence is eloquent:—he wants only the faculty of speech, which was given to his ancestor of old, to cry "Pull away, Peter!" The camel, it is said, is taught to go down on his knees to enable his rider to mount with greater ease. This is certainly sensible enough; but our friend the ass beats him hollow, for he does it of his own accord. A common-minded looker-on—a man who calls "a yellow primrose" a yellow primrose and nothing more, might have thought he merely meditated a roll, just to stretch his limbs after standing for four consecutive days in the same unaltered position—

"But no! that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows, well as he can."

His every gesture says imploringly, "Jump up Peter, my boy!" as plainly as the pigs, which run about ready roasted in Connecticut with knives and forks stuck between their ribs to prevent their tumbling out, ejaculate to the chaps-watering multitude, "Come eat me! come eat me!" Two things more about this ass we cannot resist noticing, before we tear ourselves from so fascinating a theme. Firstly, our long-eared friend is indebted to Wordsworth for the most sublime comparison ever bestowed upon one of his fraternity. He has been by Peter (who was, as Shelley tells us in a graphic sketch of his character,

—"an evil cotter,
And a polygamic potter")

villainously abused, maltreated, beaten, and knocked down—a more aggravated case of assault and battery was never laid before a jury—and he rises at length from the ground, with manifold bumps and bruises—bones shaking and aching, and, as we afterwards learn, a considerable contusion on the occiput. He rises like—we would give you till the Greek Kalends to guess what—he rises

—"like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelm'd and prostrate lies,
And, in a moment, to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge!"

Glorious indeed! We never to this day see a jackass under process of belabouring, without being reminded of our fifteenth cousin the Middy, and the Thunder-and-Lightning man-of-war in a white squall in the Bay of Biscay! Lastly, what a picture is the meeting of the ass and his young master! The love of man to beast was surely never painted in such glowing colours. The youth has been wandering over the country for three days, at the very least, to find his father, and his search has been in vain:—he is approaching his home, sad, sorrowful, and ignorant of his sire's fate as when he left it, and suddenly his eye lights upon the returned ass. Of course his father has returned also—there can be no doubt about the matter—it would only be losing time to enquire—he can see *him* at any time in the course of the evening—and, even supposing he had not by any

chance returned, at any rate there is the favourite, safe and sound, and, in a moment,

“Forth to the gentle ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,
He kisses him a thousand times?”

There!—We used to think Titania was reasonably enamoured of Bottom, when she “kissed his fair large ears,” and called him “her gentle joy,” and rounded his hairy temples “with coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.”—We once were wont to look upon Sancho’s recovery of his purloined Dapple—his affectionate greeting of, “How hast thou done, my dearest donkey! delight of my eyes! my sweet companion!” and the ass, “holding his peace, and suffering himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering one word,” as something inimitably tender.—We *did* think that the love of donkeys could no farther go, but we were wrong, and we are not ashamed to own it; it is but confessing, as somebody says, that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

Language asinine appears to be as familiar to Wordsworth as it was to Sterne before him—the mantle of Tristram Shandy has fallen upon Peter Bell; but the elder wearer was, to our thinking, the better interpreter. Somebody has said, severely enough, of Sterne, alluding to a passage in the Sentimental Journey, that he preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving the wants of a living mother. We will not believe it. If ever a kind heart shone out in a man’s writings, it does in those of Sterne. We never read that two hundred and thirty-third

chapter without feeling that he who wrote it must have felt it also. Much as he may have elsewhere said in jest, he is here, at any rate, in earnest;—we feel that he could never have written it, had he not either witnessed, or been himself an actor in, some such incident as that which he describes; and when we come to the oath at the end, sorry as we may be to find it there, we can hardly help thinking that, as he himself beautifully expresses it in another place, “the accusing spirit, as he flew up to Heaven’s Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!”

How much longer could we gossip on upon asses? A great deal longer than we intend to do; for, so inveterate is prejudice, that we doubt if we should ever convince the multitude of their merits, or save them so much as a single “walloping” by our intercession. No, they are a doomed and devoted race: a mark “for scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at.” “The ass,” said the prophet of old, “knoweth his master’s crib,”—but the donkey of our own times is not so fortunate; he is utterly unacquainted with the nature of a rack, and knoweth not even of the existence of a manger. He is a houseless vagrant, over commons and along lane sides; he is a beast among gypsies, and a gypsy among beasts; ἀφρόνως, ἀβέμιστος, ἀνέσστιος. He is unfed, untended, unpitied;—he is rated, kicked, spurred, thumped, lashed, tormented, troubled, and thrashed in every possible and devisable fashion—and for why?—Your “most exquisite reason,” good public?—Alas! he is—an ass!

HINTS ON HISTORY; OR, A GLANCE AT THE DARK AGES.

PART I.

PROEM.

WE would here premise a few general observations upon history—1st, as to the claim it puts forth of teaching the future by the past, whether for the guidance of the practical statesman, or for the enlightenment of those speculations upon human society that regard distant generations, for which we can only speculate; and 2d, as to the proper method and spirit of studying its annals, considered merely as a record of the past, and with the desire only of obtaining an intelligible retrospect. The subject is surely not uninviting. It is allied on every side to great topics of reflection; and though it will not engage us in any keen controversy, for there is no grave difference of opinion to combat, yet there is sufficient shade of obscurity hanging over it, we suspect, in the minds of most men, to rouse attention, and to justify this recurrence to the theme.

I. It is a notorious evil attendant upon mistaken and extravagant encomium, that it calls forth, as if by a law of reaction, a depreciation equally unjust; and if the subservience of history to political wisdom, its ability to guide and direct us in measures of government, has ever been seriously disputed, the scepticism, we apprehend, has arisen from a reaction of this kind. A misplaced reverence, a hasty, injudicious application of the authority of history, seem to have tempted some minds to a rejection altogether of that authority, or at least to a great disparagement of it. To prove the political value of history, it is only necessary to place its claims in this respect on their right grounds.

We not unfrequently hear the attempt made, and with the utmost confidence, to solve the political problem of the passing day by a simple appeal to a supposed analogous case in the history of past times. With some politicians, the French Revolution is ever at hand to explain all, and determine the character of every event. Now, nothing can be more weak than this method of applying history.

History never exhibited any two cases exactly alike—never any two that had not in fact material differences. It is, therefore, at the utmost hazard that we make this use of its examples. But what at once decides against this manner of judging by a historical precedent is, that the precedent itself, if really applicable to the problem to be resolved—to the dispute in hand—is invariably found to lie open to a diversity of interpretation exactly corresponding to that diversity of opinion it was introduced to overrule—to lie open, in fact, to the very same conflict of argument it was brought forward to determine. To understand the precedent becomes just as difficult a task as to pronounce judgment at once upon those circumstances it was applied to decipher. The discussion is only transferred from the present to the past. Both parties in the dispute invariably read the historical precedent after their own interpretation, and find in the same example a confirmation of the most opposite views.

Does history, then, afford no help to the statesman—none in framing measures, or pronouncing on forms of government? Most assuredly it does: but not by furnishing individual precedents, to be applied as occasion requires—a perilous mode of decision, if indeed it can do no more than add fuel to the controversy. History is subservient—is indispensable to political knowledge; inasmuch as it affords the very field of observation where human nature is to be studied as it unfolds itself, not in the solitary bosom, but in the actions of congregated numbers—of citizens and of nations. Here alone can the social body be watched, and scanned, and criticised; here alone can the wants, and passions, and fevers of great societies be known and contemplated. The metaphysic philosopher who would investigate the individual mind, turns his scrutiny upon himself; he bears within the subject of his fine analysis; and the observer and his object of observation are one and the same. But if he

would further learn how a multitude of such individual beings as he has been scrutinizing, deport themselves when united together as a common-wealth or nation—how they act in war, or co-operate in commerce, or demean themselves in the civil strife of faction and of party—how they may be driven like sheep, terror-stricken, by no very gentle shepherds; or how, in their love of independence, they may refuse all law and subordination—how they may be banded into sects or propelled against each other, nation against nation, by hostile religions;—if he would learn these things, he has no longer the subject-matter of observation immediately within reach; he must look out for himself—must look abroad on his fellow-citizens—must watch the community, not the man. Nor would one example of a state suffice. The spectacle of one government, or one people, and that seen but for a single age, would not only be inadequate for his purpose, but would of a certainty betray him into erroneous conclusions. In the page of history alone can he find his materials, his facts, his scope of observation. It is here only that, by carrying forward his knowledge of individual man into the transactions of states and communities, he becomes acquainted with human nature in its social and political capacity. Here is the great repository of events, by the study of which he may arrive at certain general conclusions on the lives and fortunes of nations and communities. The knowledge of the past will teach him the future, because it will teach him the knowledge of mankind.

But general conclusions, it may be said, are uncertain and disputable. Be it so. We cannot mend the matter by seizing upon some one historical precedent, and so judging, as some might express it, by experience. If the principle, as extracted from, and modified by, a review of all the cases, still requires to be applied with much care and discrimination, shall we think to snatch at certainty by laying hold of any *one* of those cases, and making that the sole authority for our judgment?

Not only is the separate example of history employed and appealed to in this empirical manner, but a similar error is sometimes committed by those who take a survey of the whole tenor

of the past, in order to determine what will be the whole tenor of man's future existence. History is no science of itself, but is resolved into the science of man; yet its events are not unfrequently treated as if they were of an ultimate character; and therefore, because they *have been*, must necessarily be repeated. Thus we find some persons pronouncing an opinion that states, like individuals, have a period allotted to them in which to flourish and attain their highest prosperity, after which they are to sink into decrepitude, or to be cut off by sudden overthrow—we find such persons, and they used to be met with more frequently than now, who had manifestly been led to this opinion merely by the number of instances which history exhibits of the elevation and downfall of states. But it is not because nations *have* risen and fallen, that they therefore will continue invariably to rise and fall. If these prognosticators have discovered the causes of their progress and decay, and have satisfied themselves that these causes are permanent and universal, then, and then only are they justified in their conclusion. But if all communities of men had hitherto been known to suffer in their turn decline or overthrow, and there were yet one community in existence not exposed to the destructive influences hitherto in operation, or where these were counteracted by other and better tendencies, no conclusion derivable from the fate of all the rest could, of course, be applicable to this one.

Nor is the logical blunder confined to one only of those parties which divide this shadowy region of speculative politics. Those who reason from history in a more sanguine spirit, and dwell with ardour on the unlimited progress of human affairs, lapse frequently into an error of the same description. Because, according to their observation, society has hitherto, through all obstacles, and in spite of some retrograde movements, continued on the whole to advance, they conclude that it will therefore still persist in an onward career. Now, the mere fact that society *has* improved, is in itself no argument whatever that it will still further improve. These consolers of the race of man must show what have been the causes of this improvement, and then proceed

to point out the continued operation of these beneficent influences. When this is done, some foundation may be laid in history for their pleasant hope.

History may be regarded as the record of a series of experiments eliciting the social nature of man. Who can venture to say that these experiments have been so numerous and complete as to have exhausted their subject, and displayed the utmost capabilities of the human being? Who, on the other hand, can rely with confidence on the untried capacities of our nature? The light of history is as a lamp to our feet; but the light shines steadily only for a little way on the path before us. It is enough for conduct, not for speculation. Those who will discuss, not what is likely to happen in the next generation, or the next to that, but what are to be the ultimate destinies of man as an inhabitant of this globe, proceed beyond where the light of history can penetrate. They must build their hope on new inventions in the arts, or new discoveries in science; or, after having gathered all they can from the annals of states and empires, they may, if they will, revert to the study of the individual man, and, pondering on the human heart, may consider what revolution of circumstances, or remodeling of society, will bring to it a continuous happiness. The truth is, they agitate a topic beyond the rigid test of experience. We are apt to smile at men of Utopian complexion, who in that distant futurity, which is almost as much open to imagination as our mode of existence in another world, see before them a golden age, when wars shall cease, and the sufferings of poverty be heard no more, and the plague of ignorance be banished from the earth. We do not share their faith, or rather their hope; but the same caution that leads us to refuse the golden anticipation of these happier reasoners, should prevent us from dogmatically pronouncing with others, that human society has again and again attained substantially its perfect form, and that in no age, and under no circumstances whatever, could a happier, or altogether different scheme be possibly devised than such as the world has already exemplified. What man is capable of for evil—how low he may sink in ignorance and brute passion—has certainly been

tested; how high he is capable of rising—how truly social a being he may become—how far, under propitious circumstances, reason, and the good of all, may indeed give laws to society, may hitherto be unresolved.

History, then, reveals the future by the past, inasmuch; and to the same extent, as it reveals the knowledge of man. It supplies us with that repertory of facts, without which we should have very faint and most imperfect ideas of human beings as they exist in national and political combinations. But we must add, that if the ardour of our historical reading were to be regulated by this its practical utility, we should find it signally abate. An enlightened curiosity meets its liberal gratification in perusing the transactions of the past; it is the charm of the retrospect which gives this endless interest we feel in history. Were it read only for the sake of those general truths which are to be extracted from, or confirmed by it, we should not find it necessary to peruse so many volumes, and we should close our books when we had settled our principles. It happens, however, that our love of history increases the more we read, and that we often take especial interest in those very times, which, being most remote and dissimilar to our own, afford us the fewest lessons of political wisdom. Nor is this surprising; for, laying aside all thought of governing or divining the future by the past, what a thing it is merely to look back! The recorded transactions of the human race viewed simply for themselves—with a wish only to comprehend them—with a mere curiosity to know through what straits, and difficulties, and strange predicaments, humanity has proceeded—are equalled in interest by no department of science, by no province of nature. How curious and complicated has been the progress of human affairs! how tortuous, errant, and convulsive, have been the movements of so grave a thing as society! how grotesque has been the grandeur of our world! how wild and improbable its history, had it not been real! Who could have expected to find in war the principle of union *within* a society, and the means of extending its civilisation outwardly to others? Who would have dreamed that absurd, and fearful, and cruel superstitions would have acted as a

salutary discipline to enforce peaceful conduct, and induce amenity of manners? Yet so it is. At one time we see men so savage that their most intimate bond of union is that of war—war which combines them, indeed, for enterprises of violence, bloodshed, pillage, and conquest, but still *combines*, in greater number, and in firmer bond of union, than any other known cause could have associated them. At another time we may observe this throng of men, thus gathered together at the voice of battle, and disciplined for deeds of outrage and enmity, still further tamed and subjugated by the authority of superstition; and long before the gross and giddy multitude could love peace for its own sake, or value the benefits of civil government, an Indian or Egyptian priesthood has compelled them, by the terrors of ignorance and folly, to the restraint of wholesome laws and the preservation of civic tranquillity. And thus the nation has proceeded, tortured into activity by war, and religion, and foreign hostility, till it has stood before us in that singularly complex condition—a termination little less curious than any stage of the progress—which is expressed in the terms of a civilized state. We may figure to ourselves the spirit of humanity set down upon this earth, full of vital but undirected energies, to work out its way, as amidst the bewildering scene of external nature, into systematic knowledge, so amidst the urgent wants and passions of life, into some rational mode of existence. Good and evil, truth and falsehood, are thrown before the thinking faculty, mixed and involved in grotesque proportions, and in stubborn complication. What is thus, as if in chance-medley, thrown upon its path, it takes in the lump, and seeing truth or a good purpose somewhere in the mass, stops not to enquire or to sift. Stops not!—it cannot stop—life has no pause. Humanity must think as it works, must ponder as it suffers, must separate the mischief from the benefit, and disengage itself from the former, while it travels on beneath the combined influence of both. Thus ages may pass over a country before it is aware that the blessings of government are not necessarily connected with subjection to a despot. The general reason advances slowly, and takes long years to learn a lesson,

which, when learned, appears so simple. Centuries are the hours of a nation's life. Strange life! so busy and so slow!

It must be owned that the spectacle presented by our nature in this its public career, is not such as always to fill the mind with very exalted sentiments towards humanity. Far otherwise: so little dignity, so little reason, so little sense or justice does there oftentimes appear in the conduct of nations, and so fantastic, wild, or reckless is the deportment of those who have been most conspicuous on the scene, that it is curious to remark how each individual of us, however obscure he may be—who lifts his head above that stream which is carrying us all forward, to observe how winding and heady a current it has been—grows great in his own estimation, as he looks with pity and derision on the folly of the species. Yes, the humblest individual who makes but one of the common mass thus wildly conducted—who is devoid perhaps of the talents necessary to raise him to those giddy elevations which humanity supports so ill—even this man feels himself elated, and rises into a moral dignity, when he descants on the deeds of commonwealths, and the character of the great! But if the scene be not always of the most exalted description—if the drama perpetually violate the rules of decorum—if, unlike the spectacle presented by the physical world, disorder and confusion prevail, and scarce a clue can be found by which the maze may be unravelled; yet, nevertheless, it is *our* world—it is a creation we may in some measure call our own—it is the planet such as we have made it—the rude workmanship of human reason—of a reason, moreover, which is still, at this very day, at work, and cannot therefore fail, through all its faults, and blunders, and enormities, to be invested to us with a perpetual interest.

II. But we proposed, in the second place, to make some observations on the method of conducting this retrospect, and arranging the materials it presents to us. It is worthy of notice, that the successful prosecution throughout Europe of physical science—whose brilliant discoveries attract to them the gaze of all men—has produced an intellectual habit, a mental discipline, which is brought to all subjects of en-

quiry. It has induced a strong predisposition to find, amidst whatever complexity of circumstance, some settled rules to which all is conformable. It has prepared us to find order and law amidst apparent confusion. To the application of this strong scientific faith to the intricate affairs of trade and commerce, we owe our modern political economy; the merit of which lies in the recognition of certain general principles of human nature by which social industry is directed and propelled, and in the confidence it teaches us to repose in such principles rather than in the artificial regulations of a legislature prompted by views of casual advantage. In the great work of Adam Smith, we see the spirit of scientific arrangement moving over the multifarious pursuits of civilized life, and out of the common transactions of the market place and the exchange, become difficult to comprehend from their very familiarity, buying and selling, money and bills, and all the jargon of the merchant's ledger, creating for us an orderly plan and a comprehensible scheme of things. How much our science of psychology, (if we may yet venture to pronounce it a science,) is indebted to the example of successful enquiry in physics, it were long to tell, and out of place. Jurisprudence, also, the slowest to be set in motion, has received an influence from this quarter. Here, also, the scientific spirit is manifestly at work, scrutinizing, methodizing, discarding with utter contempt that mere *historical* reason for the existence of a law which has so often been made to pass as a reason for its continuance, and demanding for jurisprudence that it be released from its connexion with feudal times, and from traditionary maxims, and find the sole ground for its principles in the actual benefit of society. On the study of history the operation of the same spirit is noticeable, though its effects here are not so striking, and this general discipline of mind may be traced in our manner of reviewing the past.

It used to be a favourite style of lubrication, to account for great historical events by the mere accidents of biography; and writers delighted in raising our wonder at the tenuity of that thread on which the fate of empires was shown to be suspended. Thus, to refer to a familiar instance—

if Luther had been gratified by the Pope, no Reformation in Germany—if Anne Boleyn had been less or more virtuous, none in England. This method of viewing things must needs be displeasing and repulsive to minds at all trained in science, and accustomed to contemplate an adequacy and uniformity of causation. Reflective men have learned other habits, and shrink from that wonder which results only from some apparent enormity, some departure from all rational expectation. They desire to trace, as far as possible, an orderly progression of affairs, to find for great national events great national causes. They prefer to seek those causes in the wants, and passions, and notions of the people at large, rather than in the fortune or even the wisdom of individuals. They are led to see in political revolutions, not the success of a conspirator or a patriot, but a change produced, perhaps slowly and by many circumstances, in the popular opinion. They detect in the institutions of a country not merely the sagacity of the single legislator, the Lycurgus or the Solon, called in to promulgate laws, but the expression of public wants and public sentiments. To Luther and Henry VIII. they give their due share in the Reformation, and acknowledge that their character and conduct served to guide its course, and modify its nature, both in Germany and England; but the Reformation itself they have learned to trace to many and extensive influences acting on the general mind.

Instead of raising a foolish wonder at the *accidental* character of historical transactions, there appears more frequently an ambitious desire on the part of the writer to deduce, if possible, some law or order in that development of our nature, through great national events which history records. A difficult task it is to find a method in a scene which astonishes and perplexes by its extreme intricacy. Yet, doubtless, there is some true theory, could we attain to it. There is an order in the splendid confusion of the historic phenomena, could we unravel it. There is a divine plot, though we cannot follow it; for only half may be yet revealed. Of this at least we may be sure, that God's government, which acts in general by general laws, has never been dethroned a moment, whatever disaster, or confusion, or caprice,

or folly, has prevailed upon the earth—that it stands even when all other governments are fallen and despised, and is as punctually and steadfastly obeyed amidst the tempestuous uproar of the revolutionary city, as in the stillness of retired hamlets.

It is another symptom of an improved and scientific method of reviewing the annals of the past, that, instead of exaggerating the personal qualities of some great and distinguished individual, and separating his character as much as possible from that of the multitude that surrounded him, those who write or discourse on history rather strive to collect from the hero of remote times some knowledge of that neglected multitude. The temper and feelings of the people, in every age, are the first subjects of curiosity, and it is the habit of our times to read the minds of the multitude in the conduct of the few who towered above it. At our first approach to them, the records of remote periods seem, indeed, to give but little insight into the feelings and opinions of the forgotten crowd. Heroes and legislators, monarchs and their ministers, the great conqueror or the great conspirator—these stand out in bold and solitary relief from the disregarded level of humanity. These shine forth, the scattered luminaries, the bright wonders, of the historic firmament; and it seems as hopeless here as in the midnight depth of the natural firmament, to detect what lies between in the wide “interstellar spaces.” But, like as the astronomer learned all he has revealed to us of the nature and vastness of remote space by observation of the luminous bodies that revolve in it; even so, and to a still greater extent, the moral observer, by a patient study of these disconnected examples of character and events, learns to estimate those distant times in which they moved and had their being. And if we reflect on it, how could a nation reveal itself to posterity in more faithful colours, than in the simple narrative of its great men and great events, the first examples and the highest products of its own thoughts and feelings?

But still more important than the history of individuals, however conducted, is the history of institutions. These embody the public mind, and render it operative; they give consistency to numbers, and make of a mul-

titude a people; and their origin and decay are as distinct eras in the life of a nation. It is a frequent and obvious remark, that while they make effective the present convictions of men, they render change and a new conviction perilous and difficult. To oppose or to deny, becomes rebellion or heresy. Institutions are conservative by their very nature. But while this resistance to change, this tendency to fix and render stationary, is matter of common observation, it has not been as distinctly observed that institutions form the stepping-stones in a nation's intellectual progress. The new idea to which they offer resistance has often sprung from themselves; and the parent institution has only kept the junior from the seat of authority till it had grown strong enough to occupy it with effect. Sometimes the form of an institution has even suggested the principle which it was afterwards to embody. The institution has been found to involve ideas very imperfectly recognised, and not at all appreciated by those who, on some emergency, or for a very limited purpose, had constructed it; and an after age, contemplating the scheme that had been transmitted to it, has extracted from this a theory which it sets about forthwith more fully to exemplify. Such has been the origin of our theory of representative government, which grew out of institutions very faintly shadowing it forth, and which themselves were the offspring of feudalism, the plain and palpable antagonist to the principle of representation.

In illustration of some of these remarks, and because it will afford an opportunity for offering others on the same subject, we propose to take a *glance at the dark ages*—to make a rapid survey of the principal institutions which distinguish the middle ages. Of course, it is not presumed here to give a complete delineation of these times; but only to touch upon what is peculiar to them, and which may interest us their successors. In the middle ages, embracing as they do the history of Europe from the fifth to the fifteenth century, there is nothing one may not meet with—no form of government, and scarce any system of manners, of which some example might not be given; but there are also some institutions exclusively their own. The Italian cities conquered their rus-

tic nobility, and framed commonwealths in all their varieties;—there was life beating still, it seemed, at the heart of the old Roman republic; but such institutions may be studied also, and to more advantage, on the shores of Greece. The feudal monarch and the feudal noble, these were peculiar to the times. So too religion, or superstition, has every where prevailed, and every people has had its priesthood;

but here alone is the spectacle presented of many independent nations under one common hierarchy. Wars, and wholesale massacres, and malignant assassinations, abound in these as in all barbarous ages, but their *chivalry* is their own. Nor are there wanting other peculiarities, whether in their polity or jurisprudence, which will continue to furnish perpetual topics of curiosity and discussion.

FEUDALISM.

Let us attempt to characterise feudalism as a system of polity; though, as one striking peculiarity lies in the complication it presents of political and public functions with private and proprietary rights, it is almost impossible to view it steadily for any length of time as a system of polity, without regarding it also in its juridical aspect. To defend the country against its enemies, and bear arms in the common cause, is a public duty; it was here also the personal bond or obligation by which the individual held his land, and which marked out the nature of his property. To administer justice is a public function; it was here seized on as a private right, and handed down as such with the hereditary estate.

In describing the feudal system, a language is sometimes used which would imply, that at the conquest of Europe by the barbarians, the soil was divided amongst the several chiefs, with a stipulation that they should be prepared to join in a common defence of the common conquest; which gave origin to the *tenure*—the holding land on the bond of fealty and military service. But we need hardly say that the feudal system was no immediate result of the conquest. It grew up afterwards. It grew from the encroachment of the baron, or military landowner, under the monarchies established by the barbarians. His fealty was not a fresh bond of subordination entered into by the noble with the monarch, but rather the last thin thread to which his obedience was worn. Thus in France, it is not under Clovis, or Charlemagne, but under Hugh Capet, the head of its third dynasty of kings, that the feudal system is seen flourishing in all its rude and anomalous perfection. As a general statement, which will leave no false impression of the course of events,

(which varied in different parts of Europe,) we may describe the feudal system as a compromise between the love of independent power and the sense of common danger. The great proprietors of land, through the weakness of the monarch, elevated themselves into petty princes; but care for their own security deterred them from altogether breaking the link of connexion. They willingly professed an allegiance to a common sovereign, yielding, however, just so much obedience, as, under varying circumstances, could be enforced from them. While they preserved their fealty to a superior, they were still more solicitous to strengthen themselves by their own clients or retainers, who held land under them, and with similar obligations to those by which they were bound to their sovereign. Thus grew up feudalism, which is distinguished by its spirit of independence, combined with subordination—a subordination, however, which was never regulated by any views of public welfare, but by the necessity or power of the parties immediately concerned in the treaty.

How novel a spectacle did the feudal polity present! Europe had been the scene of the free municipal governments of Greece and Rome, and the great central empire of the Cæsars—what did it now exhibit? There was no municipality, no centralization; government was cast forth from towns; the seat of power was in the country, in the forest, in the solitary castle of the baron. The town, impoverished and half depopulated, sunk into a private property, and became part of the lord's domain. Speculative politicians have marked out the several stages in the progress to civilisation, and described the ascending scale from the huntsman to the shepherd, from the agriculturist to

the citizen. Here the first was ruling over the last—the huntsman over men congregated into cities. The country was dominant over the town. The tyrant—as in the language of Greece he might be called—was a rude warrior, who, even in his love of dominion, loved chiefly the independence it secured to him; whose passion, next to war, was the chase; who, when he took possession of his territory, looked first for his hunting field, and made a waste if he did not find one. The hall of his forest-castle was the seat of justice; his bailiff or his seneschal administered the law, and the law became such as his bailiff or seneschal could administer.

How different, in its very spirit, was this feudal polity from either the municipal government which Rome, in its freedom, had extended over the nations of Europe, or that centralized empire under which, in later times, it had collected them! In these, the good of the commonwealth or of the public was the reason—or at least the avowed reason—for placing political power in the hands that held it. The public good was professedly paramount. If an emperor ruled, and ruled despotically, and gave the law from his own lips, it was still contended, and perhaps believed, that this aggrandizement of one individual was for the benefit of all. But here, in feudal Europe, the individual was paramount in the state. His rights, which indeed were whatever his power had been able to make good, were unblushingly proclaimed as independent—as first to be considered and protected; while the public welfare, its peace and order, were to follow as they might, from the compromise of personal and rival claims. Every thing was property or privilege. Offices, whether judicial or administrative—which in every theory of government are held for the public, and supposed to devolve, through whatever channel, by a course prescribed by the public will—were here claimed as property, were converted into personal and hereditary rights. Property was more sacred than power, or rather power became itself a species of property.

In this curious system, made up of the sturdy advancement of individual

rights, the monarchy itself was compelled to find its first support, the basis of its power, on its own private possessions, in its territorial domain—its share in the proprietorship of the soil. The king stood upon his rights much in the same spirit that the barons did on theirs; and, if he exceeded his own, or infringed on theirs, it was a case, as is well known, for legitimate war; and the contest was decided by arms which placed both parties on a level. In the privileges, or, as they were called in his case,* the *prerogatives* which the sovereign claimed, he had frequently as little in view as his barons, the public good, or any pretence of the public good. In the general confusion that prevailed, he snatched at privileges quite personal, and some utterly at variance with the high duties of his station as preserver of the peace. While the feudatory was seen jealously shutting out the king's judges from his own little principality, the chief magistrate contrived a source of revenue in the sale of charters of pardon to criminals who did not surely purchase till they needed them.

The share of power which a feudal monarch possessed, depended greatly on his personal qualifications—his sagacity and courage. His throne was no couch for regal repose; it was not only the seat of the highest functionary in the land, but of the most laborious, and whose duties it required the greatest energy and ability to perform. He often needed that his sceptre should be an "iron rod," to bruise and break the disobedience of his turbulent subjects. Yet there were in the feudal system, and in feudal times, certain steady influences which greatly favoured the monarchy, and which rendered it ultimately triumphant. The sovereign had a claim on the fealty of his nobles which they could not be disposed to dispute, because it was founded on the same principles on which they in their turn claimed obedience from their retainers. They had no hostility to the institution of monarchy, but an interest in preserving it, though at as little expense to themselves as possible. When, therefore, they did confederate against the crown, the want of a decisive object,

* The legal definition of prerogative is that which is *right* in the case of the sovereign, but not in the subject.

and the speedy entrance of jealousy and division amongst a number of independent and self-willed nobles, gave the king a manifest advantage, who, by watching his time, could fall upon his enemies singly. Our Richard II., not the most formidable of princes, but by no means deficient in craft and simulation, and that species of courage necessary to practise them with effect, after having suffered all but deposition by a confederacy of nobles, obtained, in this way, over all of them a complete predominance and a sanguinary revenge. The monarch, too, was generally popular with the multitude and the inhabitants of towns, who looked on him as the preserver of the peace, and a refuge from the tyranny of the barons. The Church and the lawyers both exalted regal power, in the strength and stability of which they saw the only chance for the equal administration of the laws. The monarchy had made common cause with good government, and steadily advanced with the peace and quiet of the kingdom. That notion of a sacred right which the Church sanctioned, was even supported by a feudal analogy. It was said that, as the lesser baron held of the greater, and the greater of the king, so the king held of God. How far this fanciful analogy gave additional weight to the doctrine of a "divine right" of kings, we leave to conjecture. The regal function gained a more certain advantage from another quarter. The oath of fealty sworn by the feudal vassal, when it came

afterwards to be still more confirmed, and still more widely extended, by the institution of chivalry, gave rise to that spirit of *loyalty* so peculiar to the monarchies of Europe; so peculiar, that we feel the word *loyalty* to be altogether inapplicable to any relationship under an Eastern despotism. The feudal subject took his oath of allegiance, and when that feudal subject became a *knight*, it grew to be a point of sacred honour to be faithful to that allegiance. The bond of subjection being in a manner self-imposed, it was reconciled with the highest sense of personal dignity; and Europe has seen her proudest sons associate their honour with obedience to one who had no means of rewarding or compelling it. An Asiatic prince is surrounded by prostrate slaves—ejected from his throne, he is a slave himself: this country has witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of many noble families adhering, at all hazards, in their allegiance to a wandering outcast, of hostile religion, and endowed with talents neither for war nor peace.

We shall not stay at present to discuss how much of the spirit of feudalism has descended to our times, and whether, in its subdued and controlled condition, it continues to act for good or for evil; we are desirous of showing how it acted on other contemporary institutions. It may be described as standing in a *collateral* relationship to the Church, and in an *ancestral* one to the system of representation.

THE CHURCH.

Whilst Europe was being divided and subdivided into kingdoms and principalities by feudalism, it was still kept united by an antagonist force, and preserved, in one sense, entire under its common ecclesiastical government. Just in proportion as this division in the civil polity proceeded, did his unity of the ecclesiastical power become more manifest, for it became more valuable. That elevation which the Roman see obtained in the middle ages, so very different from what had been conceded to it in the Church of the empire, is not so much to be traced to the ambition of its Gregories, or to any concerted scheme, as to the political condition of those

governments through which the Church extended. The same clergy were spread over countries now torn asunder by the irruption of the barbarians. To preserve their power, their influence, and possessions, they must continue united; to continue united they must have some head, some common centre—the authority of the Roman pontiff was already the highest in the Church—they willingly exalt his supremacy for the protection and consistence of the whole order. The patriarchs of the Greek Church were not deficient in ambition, and could not possibly be wanting in theology to support it; yet they never attained a power resembling that of the Roman

pontiff, whose extraordinary elevation arose out of the very dismemberment of the empire. The scattered clergy felt the need of an ecclesiastical power which could be a terror to princes—which could protect them by its excommunications and its interdicts, the more terrific the more remote their source; and they therefore raised the Pope to a pre-eminence which they themselves often found extremely inconvenient and oppressive. One man at Rome could do nothing if he had not been supported by that sentiment of reverence amongst the faithful which the clergy had instilled.

Contemplating this vast hierarchy as an institution of the *middle ages*, no one can fail to be struck with its admirable adaptation to the times. It seems to take complete possession of all Europe; and, look when we will, it presents the most conspicuous figure in the retrospect. By the various ranks and orders of its sacred functionaries, it appears to fill every crevice of society. It towers above all princes, it creeps barefoot amidst the humblest peasantry. No part of the population but find themselves in contact with its sacred officers; and whether lord or serf, he encounters a bishop to control him, or a friar to confess and recomfort. We speak here of the old Church, not, of course, as it stands in relationship to the new—not as opposed to Protestantism—but in relationship solely to its own times, and in its conflict with heathen ignorance and barbarous violence.

Christianity had been called by Constantine to an alliance with the state at a time when civil government had been long established, when laws had been profoundly studied, and civilisation vividly appreciated; and it must be owned, that the alliance under the Greek empire added no peculiar strength to the laws or to the magistrate, but rendered more difficult than before the task of government. But in Western Europe, after the invasion of the barbarian, and the total disruption of the empire, the Christian hierarchy assumed a very different position with regard to the state. It now appeared as the elder and more vigorous institution, and stood forth as the protector of what remained of law and civilisation. There it stood, one vast religious corporation already established over the

land: and when the barbarians took possession of the conquered provinces, they found themselves conquered and subjugated by a power they had no weapons to contend against. To the Goth it had already extended its teaching, and before their inroads had prepared them to be the future conquerors of Rome. At a time when some desperate politicians of that city were debating whether the only means of securing the pre-eminence and safety of Rome was not to make her Pagan, and place her at the head of all Pagan nations, the Church had sent its missionaries into the forests of Germany to secure for it at least Christian conquerors. The Frank and the Norman found themselves taken in the spiritual toils. Here in Britain, the Saxons had come in so great numbers, that the Christian faith was swept from the land, or nearly so; but there came missionaries from Rome who brought us back into the Christian fold. The Church, firm, united, and preserving some portion of the intelligence of foregone times, now frequently supplied, amongst the irregular governments into which Europe was split, the defects of a rude, imperfect jurisprudence; it opened its sanctuary to men chased by their fell and unscrupulous adversaries, and mediated between them and their enraged pursuers; it gave a refuge to learning, and clothed the man of quiet and meditation in the only garb of peace which the fierce warriors of that age would not have despised; and, above all, it preserved a connexion between the disjointed parts of the old empire, kept them in one faith, which no other known means could have effected, and so united a number of nations, speaking many of them a different language, and engaged all of them in perpetual hostilities, that whatever intelligence sprung up in any one part of Europe was participated by the whole. They were made to be still of one family, though they continued, it must be admitted, a very quarrelsome one. The Papal Church was seen in its proper and most significant attitude when it placed the imperial crown on the brow of Charlemagne, with vain attempt on the part both of the monarch and the priest to revive the unity of the empire.

And for the religious instruction of

the people, note one thing—the munificence with which this vast corporation employed the funds at its disposal for this very purpose. Let us call to mind that in an era far from literary—when the multitude of books which now oppress us with knowledge, were represented by a few dark manuscripts perused by here and there a solitary student—when the ideas which oral discourse could appeal to were exceeding scanty, and the preacher could avail nothing except to move passions more violent than salutary—let us call to mind, that in such an era, religion can be steadily supported amongst a people only by the institution of forms and ceremonies, by the eye-teaching of an outward and visible church, and by the dogmatic authority of its sacred and respected functionaries. In our day, the means of instruction are as much more simple as they are effective. A few sheets of printed paper, carried whithersoever we please, are instrument enough for the communication of thought, or the excitement of the heart. But in those times, when no paper talisman filled the mind even of the peasant with ideas as foreign to the daily routine of his toils or his pleasures, as if a spirit from another world had descended to inspire them, and not only thus directly informed his mind, but prepared it also to receive salutary and correct impressions from the discourse of the preacher—for the orator of an uninstructed multitude is a perilous instrument of culture—in those times, other means of popular instruction were wanted, means as much more costly, as much more vast, complicated, and imposing, as they are in reality less ample and efficacious. Then, if the attention of men is to be called from earthly pursuits and passions, the lofty temple must rise before them, towering in their sight above all other structures; then must solemn ceremonies be instituted, occurring at stated intervals; then must a sacred class be ordained, who, at all events, by their outward habit and demeanour, symbolize a holy character, whether they attain to it or not. Then is a sacerdotal order not a dogma, but a necessity. The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may suffice for us; but those who have no alphabet to learn from, must be taught in such hieroglyphics as archi-

itecture, and music, and pageant. The Church was not wanting to its duty, and supplied with liberality this costly apparatus of instruction. The Cathedral arose, vying with the towers of Belus, or the vast monuments of India, works of despotic power; the prayer, the incessant chant, resounded in its walls; the gorgeous procession issued from its gates, and passed through the streets, and before the houses of the people; piety was as it were personified, and dwelt amongst them in the vested monk, or the slow friar, stealing from the throng to his cloistered seclusion, while the heart of the troubled worldling followed him to his pious repose;—and by these and other similar means were kept alive in the minds of all men, ideas, vague indeed to the intellect—they could not be otherwise—but elevating and salutary to the character.

But though this universal Church was friendly to the purposes of civil government, inasmuch as it was friendly to peace and equity, it could not fail from time to time to excite the jealousy of the several potentates of Europe. How far the clergy were to be under the government of the king or of the pope, was a question that gave rise to a succession of disputes that form a striking peculiarity in the history of the middle ages. The great dispute upon *investitures*, which, under a contest upon ceremonies, involved no less a matter than the patronage of the Church in the appointment of its bishops, agitated in turn every part of Europe. The Church was standing on an ancient right to choose its own bishops—a right it could not challenge in opposition to the king, but through its powerful chief at Rome; the king, as the feudal lord of the bishop, who held a barony as well as a religious office, rested on the feudal principle, that homage must be done to him before the ecclesiastic could enter on his temporal possessions. The contest was not unequal, and ended here in England in what might be called a drawn game. Henry I. agreed no longer to profane the *crozier* by placing it in the hands of the newly elected bishop, but still retained the privilege of investing him by the *ring* with his temporal possessions.

Thomas-à-Becket, (or Becket, as he is now more generally called,) in his

opposition to Henry II., presents a strong example of the haughty Churchman of the middle ages, as he is seen battling with his sovereign for the privileges of his order, and supported throughout the contest by the distant thunders of the Vatican. An immunity from lay jurisdiction in *criminal* charges, was a privilege that had long been claimed by, and yielded to the Church; and it was a privilege very naturally insisted on by a sacred order, whose reputation with the vulgar was deemed at that time of essential importance to religion, and would certainly have been endangered by the scandalous spectacle of one of its members in the position of a convicted criminal, or under the hands of the common executioner. But the Church, by distributing the tonsure too liberally, had abused this privilege, and many crimes were consequently unpunished, or punished very inadequately. This abuse, together with some others, Henry II. resolved to reform. He determined to take away the privilege. In fact, he had undertaken to reduce the clergy in his dominions to what he considered (and what would be considered by all parties at present) a due subjection to the civil power. In this design he was frustrated by a single opponent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, unsupported by his own bishops, and with no other aid than what he derived from the sanction of the Roman Pontiff, successfully vindicated the cause of the Church against the most powerful monarch of the age. The circumstances of this contest are many of them so characteristic of the times, that we will briefly recall them. Henry II. collected what were understood to have been the ancient customs of the kingdom with regard to the privileges of the clergy; and these were re-enacted by a statute which, being passed at Clarendon, received the title of *The Constitutions of Clarendon*. But, though enacted by Parliament, they were considered ineffectual unless the Archbishop of Canterbury personally acceded to them. This he at first promised to do, but afterwards retracted; and, on ultimately refusing to attach his seal to the Constitutions of Clarendon, the King ordered him to be impeached in Parliament, on some pretext connected with his late office of *Chancellor*. That the charges fabricated for the

occasion were of a trivial or groundless nature, was no reason that they should be less effective for his destruction. On the day when sentence was expected to be passed, he entered the Parliament attired in his archiepiscopal robes, and taking the long silver cross from the officer who usually bore it before him, he carried it himself as his safeguard. The King felt the power of his adversary, who had come, as he complained, "armed" against him. Becket took his seat calmly and in silence with his cross before him; he sat alone, forsaken even by his own bishops, who disclaimed his authority, and, renouncing allegiance to him as their ecclesiastical superior, appealed to the Pope. He quietly and willingly acquiesced in that appeal. On some of the lords then approaching to pronounce the judgment of the Parliament, (or Great Council, as it was then called,) he rose and interposed. "Earl of Leicester," he said, "I command you, as a son of the Church, not to presume to give judgment against your spiritual father!" And so saying, he walked slowly away, none preventing him.

But the danger of Becket was imminent, and he was compelled to escape by stealth from the country. The King, as a means of annoying and embarrassing his adversary, sent after him a number of his dependents, to be provided for by the now impoverished archbishop. Their feudal protector, their patron, was absent, and the King could act towards them, it seemed, in what arbitrary manner he pleased. Becket retired to a monastery of the Cistercian order, from which retreat he carried on an epistolary warfare. After six years of fruitless discussion, the King—at that time in Normandy, and partly induced by the mediation of his brother of France, who, being a pious prince, was scandalized at Henry's opposition to his Holiness—submitted to a reconciliation with his refractory prelate. If the reconciliation on the part of the King may be suspected of insincerity, the return of the Archbishop to his country was marked by a conduct which showed the haughty uncontrollable temper of the man, and boded ill for future tranquillity. During his absence, the Archbishop of York, assisted by other bishops, had crowned the young prince, Henry's

eldest son, thus encroaching on the privilege of the see of Canterbury. For this invasion of his rights a decree had been privately obtained from the Pope, suspending those dignitaries; and this decree Becket now fulminated on the heads of his opposing brotherhood. The suspended prelates hastened over to Normandy, and laid their complaint before the King. Henry was perplexed in the extreme, and his resentment was kindled. He saw he had to cope with an untired adversary, and an adversary of no mean power, being supported in his cause by the Pope, and having been welcomed to his own see with the loudest demonstrations of popular applause. In his anger, he uttered reproaches against his friends for allowing him so long a time to be vexed and harassed by such an enemy. On this, four knights took upon themselves the quarrel of their master, and travelled night and day till they reached England.

The story is familiar to every one. The four from Normandy rushed into the presence of the Archbishop. After some fruitless demands and threats, which failed to shake the constancy of Becket, they left him—but only to return armed, and accompanied with others, to accomplish his destruction. His retainers now gathered round him, and the battle-axes of the knights were heard thundering at the door for re-admission. Becket was advised to take refuge in the church. His bold spirit rejected what seemed a timid counsel, until one of his attendants reminded him that it was time for vespers. Then ordering his cross to be brought, he followed it slowly through the cloisters, and ascended the altar of the cathedral. The shades of evening were falling in the church; his enemies, who had followed, were heard to call aloud for the traitor; his friends called on him to fly. He remained stationary, nor did he condescend to supplicate, but extended his head to the inevitable blow. A first and second stroke threw him on his face before the altar; he collected his robes around him, that he might die with dignity, and joining his hands as if in prayer, he received in this posture a third blow, which fell with such violence, that after entering the skull the sword broke on the pavement.

The whole country seems to have

been struck with horror at this sacrilegious murder. The usual service was suspended in all the churches, the crosses were veiled, and the altars denuded of their sacred ornaments, as in the Passion; and the monks in low and monotonous tone, from which all music was purposely banished, deplored day and night the sins of the King and the people. The King was defeated by the dead saint, and, to appease the popular indignation, was compelled to show signs of the deepest contrition. The monarch was brought to kneel like a penitent before the tomb of his murdered adversary. Approaching to the town of Canterbury, he was no sooner in sight of the towers of the cathedral, than he divested himself of his regal garments, threw a coarse cloth around him, and barefooted, and submitting his shoulder to the scourge, proceeded to the shrine of Becket, where he extended himself in humiliating penance. The Constitutions of Clarendon, as might be expected, were not attempted to be enforced, neither, we may add, were they repealed—such were the lax notions of legislation in those days. Henry wrote to the Pope, and promised that the clergy should be exempted as heretofore from lay criminal jurisdiction, and made other concessions. Whether from the general compassion at his death, or from the gratitude of a clergy whose cause that death had rendered triumphant, the martyr of Canterbury became the most popular saint in the Calendar; more miracles were wrought at his tomb than elsewhere; and even succeeding kings were anointed at their coronation with oil that had been trusted to Becket by the Virgin Mary. He retained this pre-eminence till the Reformation, when Henry VIII., now head of the Church, resenting what appeared to him the treason and rebellion of the Archbishop, cited the dead saint to appear in his Court Ecclesiastical, and as Becket made no appearance, nor any answer to the summons, he pronounced his saintship forfeited, and scattered his dust from the tomb.

The character of Becket has been variously interpreted. As the Chancellor of Henry II., he is allowed to have exhibited great capacity and firmness, being accounted haughty to his superiors and equals, but conde-

ascending and affable to his inferiors. He was brave and accomplished, distinguished for his warlike propensities, his knightly bearing, his liberality and munificence; but not at all for the fervour of his devotions, or the multiplicity of his prayers. In the embassy he undertook to Paris, the display he made of wealth and pageantry was so dazzling, that those who make report of it, run riot in extravagance of description. His ordinary mode of living, when resident in England, was so sumptuous as to have been the astonishment of the times; and his residence being in the west, it earned for him the title of the *wonder and delight of the western world*. Such was the man advanced to be the head of the Church in England. But no sooner had he accepted the primacy than he became an altered being; and the sagacious chancellor, the witty companion of the monarch, the splendid ambassador, the munificent host, was converted into the ascetic religionist, a complete example of piety as it was practised in those days. Underneath the gorgeous robes of the archbishop he wore foul sackcloth overrun with vermin—his drink was water, in which nauseous herbs had been purposely boiled—the scourge was not idle—he walked apart amongst the cloisters, suffused in penitential tears—he wept, he fasted, he prayed, he humbled and tortured himself with all the zeal of the poorest friar who has nothing to commend him to earth or to heaven but his own miserable self-immolation. Was this change sincere, or was it but the cloak of ambition?

The charge of hypocrisy, which is frequently, perhaps generally, imputed to Becket, appears to be founded entirely on the suddenness of his conversion. But this suddenness is made so striking, let it be remembered, by the ostentatious mode of devotion prevalent in the middle ages, in the adoption of which, even with the most sincere intention, a change of manners so easily outruns the change of heart. As an artifice of ambition, it is not easy to understand why Becket should have practised these painful austerities. Men to raise themselves from obscurity to eminence have submitted to this species of self-infliction; but what had he to gain by such a device who was Archbishop of Canterbury, and who might have retained,

had he pleased, the chancellorship together with his new dignity? What had he to gain by a rupture with the King? Nothing. But he had, on the contrary, every thing to lose, and the prospect of that exile in which his predecessor Anselm had passed so great a portion of his life. We read the matter thus:—When Becket accepted the primacy, he appears, from some language he is reported to have used, to have foreseen that either he must betray the trust which the Church would repose in him, or offend his sovereign. Indeed, from the situation in which he was placed, it is plain that he could not at the same time have earned the character of fidelity to the Church, and retained his friendship with Henry. Even such an acquiescence in Henry's measures as might have been pardonable in another, would have been suspicious in one who would appear to have accepted his ecclesiastic preferment for the very sake of executing those measures. He was a man of high and noble spirit, proud and fearless. Would such a man have consented even to seem the traitor, or to act like a cowed and submissive churchman? Placed at the head of the English Church, he was resolved to uphold its privileges, and his own rights as Primate of England. If not sincere in his piety, he was at least sincere, we think, in his championship of the Church. To prepare himself for his novel and perilous position, what more natural than that he should adopt a total change of manners? And in this change how far he gave scope also to that religious feeling which lies buried and oppressed, we believe, in the hearts of most men, and requires only to be elicited by propitious circumstances, who can venture to divine?

That he was so far sincere in his piety as to escape the charge of hypocrisy, is the impression his history leaves upon our mind; that he had relinquished his pride and ambition, his violent conduct towards his brother bishops is sufficient utterly to contradict. We speak it with reverence, but there are few positions more favourable to the growth of pride and the love of power than the priestly function. If it makes not the heart exceeding humble, which we have reason to hope it frequently does, it

makes it exceeding proud. The appointed censor of all other men, finds himself at once in the possession of power, and how many reasons are there at hand why he should increase it! Must he not govern in order to guide and instruct? And mark how well he is provided for the strife of ambition! It is the rudest game of life, and no passion involves in such continuous struggle, or leads to such terrible reverses, as the love of power. But he whose ambition is intermingled with his religion, may at once be elated by the passion, and animated in the conflict, and yet be fortified against its perils and disasters. Is his course prosperous?—he has the natural animation of hope and enterprise, and the sense of triumph steals upon his heart. Is it clouded with adversity?—he has other consolations than the world—which to disappointed ambition is a dead thing—can possibly supply. While he succeeds, the victory is his—if he fails, the cause is God's. He was responsible, not for success, only for endeavour; and the very shame of his defeat is transferred to his triumphant but guilty opponent. He conquers, and his adversary lies at his feet; he is subdued, and he wraps himself in the consciousness of duty, or rises into the glory of martyrdom. There are few characters more captivating to the imagination than his who displays this combination of piety and ambition. Enough of human pride remains to rejoice in the victory, but nothing of human weakness to give terror to defeat. Such a man, even at the height of his power, seems superior to his own acquisition; he makes no boast—he abases himself in profound humility; he is nothing—knows of nothing but the great service he is set to perform—meanwhile he has usurped the thunders of Heaven, and is governing the world!

Of this mixed character we conceive Becket to have been. He entered on his high office resolved to be the stanch and faithful champion of the Church; he opposed his crosier at all hazards to the monarch's sceptre; and, overcome by violence, he sunk on the altar of his cathedral, greater and more triumphant in his death than the most complete success could have rendered him in life.

In England, the Church not only

stood in occasional opposition to the Crown, but there was a constant bickering between it and the courts of common-law. And here let one observation be made. It is a remark of Blackstone, and it is one of those remarks which, having been once made, are therefore frequently and without examination repeated—that the clergy, in the contempt they displayed for our common law, had acted contrary to their usual policy—had overreached themselves—and, by withdrawing from the national jurisprudence, had allowed a brotherhood of lawyers to rise up in the country as keen-witted as themselves, and who proved the most awkward enemies they had to deal with. This remark betrays an inattention both to the current views of the clergy, and to the nature of that jurisprudence which it is supposed they refuse to preside over. The early Christians held it a sacred duty to determine their differences amongst themselves; they could not enter courts of justice profaned by heathen superstitions. When this objection no longer prevailed, and judicial institutions were purged from Pagan idolatries, the clergy still retained this obligation of determining amongst themselves, for the sake of decency and propriety, their own disputes; and courts were granted them for this purpose by the first Christian emperor. They obtained their judicial privileges on the very ground that they would not appear and carry on a litigation before lay tribunals. It was only, therefore, by extending their own courts, and grafting the civil on the canon law, that they *could* possess themselves of any share of the jurisprudence of a country; and this course they never showed themselves slack or unskilful in pursuing. Not only was it adverse to the current of opinion, it was never within their power to take a prominent part in the administration of our common law. This, during feudal times, was necessarily placed in the hands of the military baron, who alone could enforce the execution of its decrees; not to mention that the law itself, as in the case of the judicial combat, was often such as a Christian clergy could not possibly have administered. And before the country and its jurisprudence were somewhat humanized, the law-

yers bred in the king's court, the *curia regis*, had grown up into a distinct and powerful profession.

In Saxon times, the bishop occasionally sat with the earl or sheriff in the county court; but this was considered as an indecorum which the Saxon church, by reason of its remoteness from the source of orthodoxy, had fallen into; and William, at the Conquest, separating the bishop, placed him in a court of his own. When the clergy had thus obtained their own courts, they cannot be accused of any remissness or reluctance in administering their canon or civil law, and in drawing to those courts cases which belonged to the decision of the king's judges, which was the only method they had of participating in the jurisprudence of the country. Every act which savoured of religion was made a subject for their spiritual jurisdiction. If it were a question of debt, and the obligation had been sanctioned by an oath, although in essence a mere civil contract, they laid claim to determine the controversy. If land were merely asserted to be held in *frankalmoigne*, (to have been a free gift to the Church, and exonerated from the usual

burdens of feudal tenure,) without allowing this fact to be first determined by a court of law, they proceeded immediately to adjudicate upon any question relating to it. These encroachments the common law, with its *prohibitions*, was perpetually resisting. Some departments of jurisprudence the Courts Christian contrived, however, to appropriate; and what perhaps is rather singular, considering the various revolutions that have passed over their heads, have contrived to retain to this day. It is still an ecclesiastical court which gives efficacy to the testament of the deceased, or authorizes the distribution of his goods, if he died intestate, to the next of kin. As it was the duty of all good Christians to leave something to the Church for prayers and masses, the clergy, anxious that such good intentions should not be frustrated, took charge themselves, in the first instance, of all the goods and chattels of the defunct. It is still an ecclesiastical court which enquires into the validity of the marriage contract, which listens to the matrimonial complaint, and grants a relaxation of those bonds which nothing, however, but an act of the legislature can dissolve.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN I.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1.
SWEET Morn! from countless cups of
gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.</p> | <p>4.
On lands and seas, on fields and
woods,
And cottage roofs and ancient spires,
O, Morn! thy gaze creative broods,
While night retires.</p> |
| <p>2.
One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odours moist ascend,
And, 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.</p> | <p>5.
Aloft the mountain ridges beam
Above their quiet steeps of grey;
The eastern clouds with glory stream,
And vital day.</p> |
| <p>3.
The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbours eager
springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.</p> | <p>6.
By valleys dank, and river's brim,
Through corn-clad fields and wizard
groves,
O'er dazling tracks and hollows dim,
One spirit roves.</p> |

7.

The broad-helm'd oak-tree's endless
growth,
The mossy stone that crowns the hill,
The violet's breast, to gazers loath,
In sunshine thrill.

8.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

9.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance
Existence swells with teeming power,
And all illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

10.

Not sands, and rocks, and seas im-
mense,
And vapours thin and halls of air ;
Not these alone, with kindled glance,
The splendour share.

11.

The fly his jocund round inweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute
The voiceful flocks, and nothing
grieves,
And nought is mute.

12.

In Man, O Morn ! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

13.

With healthful pulse, and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,
His thoughts uncheck'd to Heaven
aspire,
Reveal'd in him.

14.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

15.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

16.

Such grace from thee, O God ! be
ours,
Renew'd with every morning's ray,
And fresh'ning still with added flowers,
Each future day.

17.

To Man is given one primal star ;
One day-spring's beam has dawn'd
below ;
From thine our inmost glories are,
With thine we glow.

18.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns ;
So up to thee, O Fount of Light !
Our light returns.

HYMN II.

1.

By scale and method works the Will Supreme,
Nor clouds, nor waves, without a limit stream ;
And all the floods that daylight never saw,
The rayless tide of ruin owns a law.

2.

O'er all confusion's marring earth and air,
O'er all the shuddering hours of man's despair,
Still reigns one fix'd decree of peace and love,
And still, though dim below, 'tis bright above.

3.

Yet those clear eyes that seek and read the True,
Which disappoints not long the earnest view,
Though firm their faith, sometimes with doubt may mark
The fearful signs when Heaven, it seems, is dark.

4.

When hoary rule and custom's hallow'd sway
By selfish force are lavish'd all away,

Misused by pride and gain, while power impure
Reveres no right, so leans on none secure ;

5.

When through the ranks of grave ancestral state
Poor Baseness creeps, and saps whate'er was great,
Chokes with sweet baits a nation's vital breath,
And decks it out to be a prey for death ;

6.

When ancient glories blazon modern shame,
And Folly blows the moss-grown trump of Fame,
When waste profuse, and idlest joys alone,
Degrade the Council's halls and Monarch's throne ;

7.

Then Faith and Conscience note with sober ken
The brood of woes begot by sins of men,
And, standing fast, behold majestic Law
By those its chosen hands, despoil'd of awe.

8.

No self-submitting force of soul is theirs,
That public toil as noblest honour bears ;
And seeks to raise, from step to step of good,
The hearts that now but long for daily food.

9.

To build their tower they undermine the wall,
And let, to feed their fire, the roof-tree fall ;
To frame a wine-cup, they pluck off their crown,
And play in lordly sloth the drunken clown.

10.

So spreads from hearth to hearth o'er all the land
The rumour whispering late revenge at hand ;
And countless hosts unsheath at last and wield
The curses long within the heart conceal'd.

11.

Then eyes, made hard and dull by want and woe,
With bestial fierceness each select a foe ;
And souls, untrain'd to yearn for purer joy,
With Hate's dark instinct burst, pursue, destroy.

12.

Unrighteous deeds of long-departed time,
Forgotten follies, ghosts of buried crime,
Each inner chamber's thoughts of lust and gore
All start to view, and sweep with ocean's roar.

13.

The glittering legends fraught with smooth delight,
The names revered, and blazonries of right,
All ties of living love, pride, ease, and trust,
Laws, charters, customs, quiet, crash to dust ;

14.

While madd'ning stars in new-found courses wheel,
And earth's invaded bases quake and reel,
Each frantic wish, and strange deluding cry,
Like mountain flames and ashes, leap on high.

15.

So fire invades a regal palace old,
With all its carven ivory, bronze, and gold,
And sunk in uncouth wreck and shapeless gloom,
Gem, column, kingly bust, and marble tomb.

16.

Thus fade in havoc's wide and fierce embrace,
By mortals' will, their life's repose and grace,
And all that wore the look of weightiest power
But strikes with louder fall the fatal hour.

17.

'Tis hard, O God! for men unmoved to scan
The weary bounds of grief that compass man,
The dusk expanse of seething ills survey,
Nor wish the whole a dream's unsteadfast play.

18.

Thus fain the wise would bid depart afar
The sight of myriads lost in passion's war,
In blind and empty reasoning's vague debate,
Devouring appetite, and poisoning hate.

19.

Yet o'er the whirl of ruin, 'mid the shock
That smites all towers, makes all foundations rock,
It is thy arm, O God! which, wrapt in cloud,
Weighs down the strong, and thunderstrikes the proud.

20.

With blasting flames thy holiest judgments shine,
And lightnings flash around thy face benign,
While clad in wrath and night thy blessings dwell,
And seem the horrid shades of Death and Hell.

21.

And thus, through all Destruction's 'whelming course,
A hopeful promise works with secret force,
O'er those remains, immense and shatter'd soil,
Bids new-born powers with happier purpose toil,

22.

Now Law to peace and reverence moulds again
The sadden'd hearts and firmer thoughts of men;
And rights by bad occasion long subdued
To bolder growth arise, at heart renew'd.

23.

Uprear'd to loftier height on surer ground,
A nation lifts the head serene and crown'd,
And o'er the waste of battle-fields and graves,
With strong feet stands, and sun-bright pinions waves.

24.

Through fast-receding skirts of storm and dread,
With kindling eyes it sees thy glory spread;
With songs triumphant over vanquish'd ill,
Thy love proclaims and hymns thy peaceful will.

HYMN III.

1.

O Thou! whom earth and stars proclaim
The sire of this resplendent Whole,
But chief on Man hast set thy name
And shed thy glory round the soul,—

2.

Beneath thy Heaven, with spheres alive,
The heart expands as wide as they;
Devotion's failing wings revive,
And joyful soar their upward way.

3.

Soon breaks the dawn in golden glow,
The rays thou giv'st the breast inspire,
And human thoughts from thee that flow,
Are blent amid those beams of fire.

4.

This world of ours is opening round,
In lines obscure, reflecting Thee;
Where, kindling cloud, and wave, and ground,
Thy sovran glance in all we see.

5.

Thy pillar'd halls, the mountains, rise,
Of Thee thy living waters tell;
And fields, and woods, that drink the skies,
With thine abundance teem and swell.

6.

Impress'd by lines of mystic flame,
The wond'rous image lives in man,
And song spontaneous hymns the fame
Of thy creation's endless plan.

7.

Oh! Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of Being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

8.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood!
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good!

9.

And so 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh! grant us still in Thee to dwell.
And through thy ceaseless web to trace,
Thy presence working all things well.

10.

Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray,
From Thee our nature's only guide.

11.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

HYMN IV.

1.

O Thou! sole Sire! pervading Lord of all,
Who spread'st thy fulness round this earthly ball;
You teach me still in every face to see
An ampler mould than all the skies of Thee.

2.

By Passion wrench'd and darken'd, torn by Hate,
By Sin dethroned from all our heavenly state,
Thy spirit stain'd, defaced, and scarr'd with shame,
Still shows on each thy noblest creature's name.

3.

Though changed, how far! from all thy will commands,
And bruised and maim'd by Evil's rending hands;
While Life, and Thought, and Soul, and Sense are ours,
Still lasts the wreck of more than earthly powers.

4.

Renew—thou only canst, O God!—the plan
Of truth and love, so blurr'd and crush'd in man—

That good, design'd for all, to all unknown,
Till set before our eyes in One alone.

5.

From Him, so full of Thee, the Father's mind,
The Father's holy love to all our kind,
Oh, teach us Thou to draw whate'er of best
Restores to Thee the self-bewilder'd breast!

6.

Amid our waste be He a living spring,
Amid our lawless wars a peaceful king ;
In our dark night be He a dawning star,
In woe a friend, to aid us come from far.

7.

And thus, that we his help and hope may share,
Our hearts, o'erthrown by sin, do Thou repair,
And so in chambers purified by Thee,
His peace may dwell, and there his Spirit be.

8.

O Thou ! whose will has join'd us each to all,
And made the lonely heart itself appal ;
Who art the vital bond that knits in one
Thy countless myriads born beneath the sun ;

9.

Thou aid us, Heavenly Sire ! that each for each
May live, as He for all, in deed and speech ;
And so do Thou for us, paternal Lord,
Make bright, like His, the face, and pure the word.

10.

Like us, a man, He trod on earthly soil,
He bore each pang, and strove in weary toil ;
He spake with human words, with pity sigh'd ;
Like us He mourn'd, and fear'd, and wept, and died.

11.

Yet all thy fulness, Father, dwelt in Him,
In whom no shadow made thy glory dim ;
Such strength, O God ! from Him to us derive,
And make, by life from Him, our death alive.

HYMN V.

1.

Amid the gay and noisy throng
Around me fluttering, wheeling,
shining,
My ears are fill'd with shout and song,
But yet my soul is still repining.

2.

In every face around I see
Some heart-felt curse in silence work-
ing ;
Each eye reflects my sins on me,
And shows me all within me lurking.

3.

'Mid bounding joy and passion's glow,
'Mid sportive bursts of mutual glad-
ness,

Thin shades arise from far below,
Where boils a secret gulf of madness.

4.

A quivering cheek, a faltering glance,
One throb, one sigh, the whole re-
vealing ;
In all the flashing, whirling dance,
I see a world to shipwreck reeling.

5.

And while I fain would pause and
think,
Me too the tumult onward presses ;
In vain I strive, in vain I shrink ;
My breast the hour's vague fiend
possesses.

6.

'Mid wreaths and gems, 'mid masks
and crowns,
'Mid brows austere, or smooth from
sorrow,

On all alike one ruin frowns,
And bodes for all one fearful morrow.

7.

And 'tis the worst despair to know,
By pangs within my bosom aching,
How deep in each the root of woe,
How many a heart is slowly breaking.

8.

But while my sad bewilder'd view
The wide confusion vainly traces,
One look I see serenely true,
Among the false and loveless faces.

9.

Like yon blue sky, when first it shows
The storm-tost ship how Heaven hath
pity ;
Or some pure mountain breeze that
blows
Its healing o'er a plague-struck city.

10.

A voice not loud, like wind or wave,
A look made low by conscious great-
ness,

Where all is calm, and deep, and
grave,
With a full soul's mature sedateness.

11.

By Him subdued to thought and peace,
The crowd no more in tumult wander,
The sounds of surging riot cease,
And hearts high swollen devoutly
ponder.

12.

By his mild glance and sober power
Renew'd to tranquil aspiration,
My soul escapes the reckless hour,
And learns his spirit's pure elation.

13.

To thee, O God ! a man redeem'd,
With all a world to thee returning,
We own the light from Him that
beam'd,
In Him its source for ever burning.

14.

So 'mid our stormy griefs and joys
May He still teach unforced devo-
tion,
Recall our shaken being's poise,
And clear and deepen all emotion.

HYMN VI.

1.

O unseen Spirit ! now a calm divine
Comes forth from Thee rejoicing earth and air !
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,
And thy great ocean slumbers every where.

2.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong with darken'd rocks and dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide on high
A home ærial, where thy presence dwells.

3.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless gleë,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

4.

Amid the leaves' green mass, a sunny play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life ;
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

5.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,
The peasant stops where swift the waters gleam,
And broods as if his heart in silence drank
More freshening draughts than that untainted stream.

6.

The cottage roof, the burn, the spire, the graves,
All quaff the rest of seasons hush'd as this,
And earth enjoys, while scarce its foliage waves,
The deep repose and harmony of bliss.

7.

O Thou! the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.

8.

How longs each gulf within the weary soul
To taste the life of this benignant hour,
To be at one with thine untroubled Whole,
And in itself to know thy hushing power.

9.

Amid the joys of all my grief revives,
And shadows thrown from me thy sunshine mar;
With this serene to-day dark memory strives,
And draws its legions of dismay from far.

10.

Prepare, O Truth Supreme! through shame and pain
A heart attuned to thy celestial calm;
Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with searching balm.

11.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord to all thy world of joy,
May I be nerved to labours high and pure,
And Thou thy child to do thy work employ.

12.

So might in many hearts be kindled then
The lambent fire of faith not rashly strong—
So might be taught to souls of doubtful men
Thy tranquil bliss, thy love's divinest song.

13.

In One, who walk'd on earth a man of woe,
Was holier peace than e'en this hour inspires;
From Him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

14.

So this great All around, so He, and Thou,
The central source and awful bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land, and sea, and air, thy presence brings.

ON TITIAN AND VENETIAN PAINTING.

WHILE the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, in their peculiar or essential characteristics, announce the influence and operation of different constituents of the mind, a third, and very distinct portion of its perceptions, furnishes the foundation and reference of those of Titian, which occupy a station at once elevated and degraded—elevated by the extent of their relation or reference, and the exemplification of power or genius which they present—degraded (to use the general language in respect to the sphere of mind or being to which they will be found to belong) in their basis and final tendency.

But it is only by a discrimination of those ultimate qualities with which the greater names in art should be seen to be synonymous, that those distinctions which we have already made in regard to Michael Angelo and Raphael,* and in this instance shall endeavour to establish in respect to Titian, may be arrived at and apprehended. Surrounded, as all the masters of the great era of Italian painting were, by an almost common atmosphere, mental and physical; and each confessing the influence of those prevailing peculiarities, both of thought and style, which run throughout every department of art; with the same data or materials, and in a great measure with a like overt or professed purpose in their exercise, (setting aside all consideration of their general bond of unity—the nature of the art itself,) there is necessarily much which is common among them. But beyond this common surface, (dependent upon their being of one time, and the similarity of the subjects of their works,) lying beneath the immediate effect of those influences from the combination of which the peculiar *animus* of revived civilisation sprung, there are radical distinctions, which are not to be apprehended or characterised without a reference to the constitution of the mind; of which painting, in carrying forward its purpose—the explication or reproduction of the amassed tendencies of life

through the operation of emotion and passion, the legitimate and distinguishing end of all the arts—presents one diversified evolution. This is the view under which it should be regarded, in attempting to discriminate the character of different periods, schools, and masters. The primary distinctions in every art must be sought for, and found, in the relation which their separate productions hold with the different elements of the mind: not in reference to the necessary and obvious exercise of these—the condition of every intelligential act, from the simplest to the most complex—but by their being immediately manifested or expounded in different combinations, which should be recognised to constitute the ultimate distinctions of signification and style.

Of this manifestation, the works of Titian are among the most prominent examples. They originate from, and are addressed to, one great range of perception. The sphere to which he belongs, by its engrossing influence, “contends for mastery” with that of Michael Angelo and that of Raphael, to neither of which it is inferior in extent; but the nature of the tendency of his works separates him by a wide gulf from both.

Venetian painting, of which Titian must be considered to be the great representative, has been designated the school of colour. Thus, as in the instance of the Roman and other schools, the method of using or adopting a particular portion of the material, or means of signification, has been held to be ultimately distinctive of its character. The spirit—the *vivida vis animi*—which distinguishes different periods and different schools of art, one from the other, has been placed in lines and in tints; and its law, which led to the adoption or rejection—the selection and combination of these—has remained unnoticed. Its *vehicula*, like the cover of an Egyptian two thousand years dead, have been looked to for all that was to characterise it—the chrysalis shell mistaken for the living *psyche*, which floated unobserved

* No. CCLXXX. and No. CCLXXXIV.

over-head. That "men seek truth in their own little world, and not in the great and common world," has been amply exemplified in connexion with art. The microcosm of individual and partial notions has there, as in every other subject, too frequently been made to regulate the decisions of judgment.

The nature of the colour of Venetian painting is a condition merely of the essential character of the Venetian school, not that in itself. The colour, and also the form and light of Giorgione and Titian, and to a certain extent of their predecessors, but still more eminently of their successors, are dependent upon the ultimate relation of their works. The individually varied styles of the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Bonifazio, the elder Palma, and Schiavone,* with those others who may be considered to belong to this school, have one basement. While they differ in certain particulars, each exhibiting that variety which immediately distinguishes his works, they are bound together by one general intention or reference. From the time of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, (before which none of the schools of revived art had made any very distinct *endexis* of their particular character—all having, with considerable similarity, been step by step progressing in the use of the language of art, regulated in the mode of their productions by the type which had been founded upon those sentiments in connexion with which it had re-appeared)—from his time to that of the younger Palma, when deterioration had become apparent, Venetian painting is directed by one predominating object, by which it is separated from the other schools of the same period, and in obedience to the dictates of which, its style of form, colour, and light and shade, originated. These, however, as means or portions of the language of painting, are each differently adapted, from their specific nature, to con-

stitute an efficient medium in working out or substantiating this primary end; in connexion with which they are also employed with different degrees of success. In both respects—in efficiency, and in the degree of power with which it has been employed to enunciate the express use or end of the painting of Titian and his followers—colour becomes an obvious and striking feature of their art; and hence has been considered to be its ultimate distinction.

Another designation, still less adequate to express the character of Venetian painting, has been applied to it—that of the Ornamental School. But the sense attached to the term has not been defined. Whether, however, it is to be understood to apply to sentiment of an universal or of a factitious kind; or to the mere representation of actual variety or decorative multiplicity of parts, in form, colour, and light—allowing the most extended interpretation to be put upon the title—it is perfectly inapplicable to many of the most important productions of the school of Venice, which most strongly exemplify its particular character. Can the inspissated depth in colour and tone of the *Virgin and Saints*, by Giovanni Bellini;† the unengaging substantiality of the *Concert Champêtre* of Giorgione;‡ the ponderous solidity of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, by Titian;§ the strength and corrugated *impasto* of the *Virgin in Glory*, by Bonifazio;|| the sober monotonous uniformity of the *St Peter surrounded by Saints*,¶ by the elder Palma—can these works, which may be held to represent the greater number of the others of these masters—the roots and stem of Venetian painting—be called ornamental? The attempt, however, to embrace them inclusively under this appellation, speaks the unity which was felt to exist among them, although its nature was not perceived.**

But while colour and ornament are

* Sebastian Piombo is not mentioned here, merely to avoid confusion; his style, which is essentially Venetian, having been frequently grafted on the conceptions of Michael Angelo, as in the *Flagellation*, in *S. Pietro*, in *Montorio Rome*, and the *Lazarus* in the National Gallery.

† In *San Zaccherino* in Venice.

‡ In the Gallery of the Louvre.

§ In the Academy of the Fine Arts, Venice.

Also in the Academy at Venice.

¶ There also.

** Sir Joshua Reynolds has been necessitated, after using this term, to, in some mea-

neither finally constitutive of the distinct nature of this circle of painting—and with form, and light and shade, must be considered merely to be the means through which signification is intimated—it must, at the same time, be observed, that they bear a relation to the art of Titian and his school, which is peculiar, and distinct from that which they hold in respect to the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael—a relation upon which their prominence in many instances depends. This, however, will afterwards come to be adverted to.

By these attempts to discriminate the range within which the genius of Titian is most distinctly prominent, it has been abridged and curtailed. A false boundary has been assigned to the wide geometry of his tenure, while, by implication, the erroneous supposition that his style alone, among the painters of Italy, furnished the example of excellence in colour, has originated the misconception, that it should, in every instance, be made the standard of judgment in that respect. The super-materiality of sentiment, to which colour has been rendered subservient, in the tints of the prophets and sibyls of the *Capella Sistina*, and its purified strength in the *Madonna da Foligno*, and the *Marriage of the Virgin*, by Raphael, have been lamented and decried. Thus, as if one language were to be deemed the only tongue which should be employed to convey every diversity of perception and thought, colour, as subjected to the particular range of

Venetian art, has been held alone to present truth or excellence.* But this, by a similar misapprehension, has, on the other hand, been amply retaliated upon the Venetians, in connection with their style of design or form. In respect to this, the Florentine and Roman schools† have been made the rule of judgment; and however different, or even opposed, their objects are to that of the school of Venice, it has been made to bend to their standard. Weighed against the intellectual reference of the style of Michael Angelo, and the selection or moral preference of Raphael, it has been found wanting. It, however, is not amenable to such a criterion. Its domain is distinct; and the question in such instances should be, shall not each be judged by the particular purpose which constitutes the different law of each? The separate question, in respect to which is greatest or best in this their final relation—which dictates these and every other portion of their mode or style, and stamps the worth of each as a whole—is, in its turn, dependent upon a still more ultimate connexion, which has before been alluded to,‡—the portion of the mental constitution of which it expresses the operation, in carrying forward and sustaining the existence of humanity in man.

While one system of the mind demands the distinct and separate existence of material being from that which is mental or immaterial, as a basis for its construction, another founds upon the denial of this, and

sure, make an exception in respect to Titian, but without venturing to advert to those others, both predecessors and followers, who are most similar to him in style. Thus, after the distinction is made, its futility is confessed: there is no attempt made to place Titian under any other designation; and he is left to rank under this, which has originated in a portion of the works of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. If, however, such an appellation may be used in connexion even with their works, it can only be adopted to particularize them as a portion of Venetian art—as a subsequent classification, to signify that certain qualities (which are dependent upon its more general and distinctive purpose) have been pursued by them to a greater extent than by others of the same school.

* These irrelevant comparisons are the result of the opposite purposes which originated the different modes of form, colour, and light, not being perceived. In the instance of Reynolds, however, this was rightly but partially entered into. Opie decided that the styles of Michael Angelo and Titian might be united, and has thus thrown down one more impediment in an interrupted road—that to the just apprehension of the principles of painting.

† Not to take the remains of Grecian art into view, which again (with a like deficiency of apprehension) have been made a standard whereby these schools in their turn have been judged.

‡ See "On the Genius of Raphael," No. CCLXXXIV.

proceeds to erect its scheme in idealism or in sensation. But whether the distinction may be questionable or not, supposing it is even denied that the operations of perception should necessarily be brought about by a means which is separate from and not recognisable by the mind—like the gold and ivory of the Jove of Elis, covering a machinery which is unseen—the separation of the mental or relative, and the material or individual, as differing claims of apprehension, as distinct circles of the perceptions of our conscious being, may be entered into and adopted. Through both, humanity or rational life is constituted. The range of human faculty consists in mental existence on the one hand, and animal or material on the other. By the first, which embraces and involves intellection and morality, the distinction of man is asserted in his relation to the perfect or infinite, the *relatio inter divos*. By the last, his separation or outness from that is sustained. By the one, the spirit of man goeth upwards; by the other, that of the beast goeth downwards. The universal or abstract is the region of the one; nature or individuality, the immediately apprehensible that of the other—the celestial and the sensible of Plato, figured under the allegoric form of Venus ministered unto by the Graces, which signify intellect, choice, and physics, one of whom proceeds outwards, and the others recede into the divine intelligence—a symbol of the unity of existence and the combination of its separate elements, which, although couched in terms connected with a *mythos* which is imperfectly understood, finds a wretched substitute in the cramped and fragmentary concretions of some later philosophers,—encrustations upon the crucibles and retorts of inductive experiment, seen under the glare and dazzle of its lenses and prisms.

It is in connexion with this distinction, that the ultimate and final discrimination of the works of Titian must be made, in which must be found that difference which separates them from

those of Buonarrotti and Urbino, and led to the adoption of those qualities of form, colour, and effect, which they display, as the necessary means by which their intention might be fulfilled.

The reference of the painting of Titian is founded in the sense of the material. Its essential or distinctive nature consists in recognising and signifying the impressions of sensuous being. While Michael Angelo announces the impulsion of the will intellectually opposed to imperfection and suffering, and the works of Raphael intimate the repose of recognised difference in undoubting acceptance or rejection, the result of moral distinction; those of Titian are expressive of material or physical existence. Their object furnishes the antithesis to that of Michael Angelo. To signify the outward, to convey or reiterate the sensations of animal life, is the wide field of the intention of the art of Venice. This is the ground upon which its distinction rests. It is upon this that the strength or separate quality of its signification is built. It is from this that the extent to which this range of art is entered into originates; but at the same time the confined nature of its influence.

Titian in this, the peculiarity of his genius, eminently exemplifies that of the Venetian people. Altogether, Venice intimated, or was exponent of the dominance of the sensual or animal.* The breath of Venetian life was drawn under this influence. It may be said to have constituted the predominating and animating energy of its endeavour, prompting to luxurious enjoyment, and the diffusion of that throughout Europe. In Venice (then possibly the second city of importance in the Christian world) there was an escape from the severity of superior sanctity claimed at least by Rome; but at the same time dereliction from mental dignity—outward existence was all-engrossing. The Queen of the Sea, like the Aphrodisiac goddess born from its waves, acknowledged the ascendancy of the empire of sense. With the spoils of eastern war, she imported

* On the character of particular cities or nations, the moving forms of life and society are exemplified in the mass. Their manners and customs are not their distinction, but the result of that distinction or originating source of peculiarity. Venice has been usually referred to as exhibiting a particular form of political policy and of commercial enterprise; but may not the roots of these be traced to a connexion with the predominating activity of the influence here adverted to?

eastern sentiment. The mart of Oriental traffic—the means of transfusing throughout Europe the magnificence and refinement of India and the East, so far as they were then known—Venice existed by administering not more to the needs of physical life than to the desire of variety and the demands of luxury. From the marriage of its doge, wedded to the Adriatic by a ring—its lengthened carnival—its Duomo—the hoary St Mark's, dark, unequal in its parts, and time-marked, with dome after dome, and arch upon arch, in gold and mosaic, heaped up from time to time during five centuries, figured with the most infantine efforts of art to those of its decadence—the walls of marble of all colours—the pillars of all forms and materials, granite, porphyry, bronze, brass, and cedar—the pavement lined and circled over, swelling and falling, as if every part were to express fluctuation and change—from these traits of its state, its enjoyments, and its religion, to its licensed descendent followers of Aspasia and Lais, with their added numbers imported by order of the senate—all are indicative and impressive of this character, exemplified in connexion with a high state of civilisation.

But it may here be necessary to anticipate an objection which may be made—that the works of no individual school or master altogether conform to one intention. This, however, is by no means intended to be asserted; and it will be observed, that while the validity of the usual distinctions of the greater names in art are thus called in question, and the discriminations built upon them are held to be unsatisfactory and inconclusive, those distinctions which have been advanced are in conformity with the general sense of the relative station of each. This has necessarily taken place; the data which have been adverted to, being infallibly and universally recognised. The opinion, or in many instances more properly the predilection, is influenced by them, although they may not be apprehended by the understanding. But that the operation of this may have assumed a definite form, time must have sufficiently distanced things to admit of a distinct and separate view being taken of them.

On removing from the usually accepted grounds of discrimination, and the accredited boundaries of excellence, it has not been to invalidate rules of criticism, which are already sufficiently indefinite and unfixed, but to endeavour to establish a foundation for the decisions of the judgment, in essential and ultimate principles—to quit immediate and partial distinctions, in order to gain those by which the different purposes of the various works of painting may be seen in an uninterrupted and distinct view—to endeavour to lead to the possibility of at once perceiving the extent to which those final relations have been approached and sustained in each particular instance, and the various subdivided branches into which art separates under their general laws, with the comparative completeness of style manifested in obedience to them. With this object, those great divisions of the signification of painting intimated by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, have thus been entered into; but it must be distinctly observed, that, amidst their general exemplification of those characteristics which have been assigned to them, there are many exceptions. There is no sphere which is not, in particular instances, deviated from; and those which we have already assigned, (and, in connexion with the prosecution of the subject, which it may be necessary to assign to others,) are only asserted to be such as within which the proper or distinguishing nature of each is exemplified: not that there is no other in which they may appear and even take a place with success. The *ecphonesis* of the one is not unfrequently made by the other. Raphael visits the circle of Titian, and Titian enters into that of Raphael. Both have attempted that of Buonarrotti, who at times quits his own sphere.* Besides, it must be kept in view, that the substance, or body, of the works of all are the same; not the means or material alone—form, colour, and light—but the unchangeable emotions and passions, which constitute the subject-matter of art; and that it is through the intervention of these, which constitute a general source of sameness, that those distinctions which have been referred to are

* In the sculptures of *Christ with the Cross*, and the colossal *David*, his spirit is scarcely to be traced.

exemplified. It must also be recollected, that the modes of art (as has been already noticed) of every particular period, in many important respects, cause an uniformity, beyond which it is necessary to look, in order to arrive at the detection of the true grounds of difference or distinction.

In the nature of the painting of Titian, as now stated, according to what we consider that to be, in its essential distinction, the originating cause of those particular modes of form, colour, light, and composition, which it exemplifies, and the species of influence which it exerts, will be found.

It is in obedience to, and in giving expression to the outward or material, as a primary object, that colour becomes the very necessary and eminent portion, of the means of signification in this school. Expression by colour involves a diversity of direct impressions of sense, which are altogether coincident with those of the objects signified, which expression by form is not accompanied by. The distinctions of visual form are mediately produced, and constitute a mental act or perception—those of colour are immediate, and may terminate with a sensation.* It is essentially specific and individualizing; and its importance here arises from these qualities which do not include the wide field of comparison which dependence upon the distinctions of form demands; and also from its power of immediate reference, in connexion with a varied scale of sensation. This is its value in Venetian painting. While the colour of Michael Angelo, in connexion with sensation, approximates to a unity of degree, by an equivalence of tints, upon which a large quantity of light appears to operate; that of

Titian presents that wide variety of sensible impressions, both in kind and in degree, by which the specification of particular classes of things, as expressed by colour, is entered into with forcible discrimination.† Thus, in connexion with those peculiar methods adopted in its practice, which endows the colour of the Venetians with a capacity of imitation, which neither the intention nor mode of any other school, (if that of Coreggio is in certain respects excepted,) admitted, or carried into effect; and the science of its combinations; constitutes colour the principal means of their art, in the hands of the Venetians.

Of the instruments or means of expression, the next in importance in the practice of this school, is light and shade. It is made to reproduce individual impressions—to discriminate peculiarity. It exemplifies contrast and opposition; by which a vivid sensation is made. The forcible dismemberment or union of parts is adopted: a varied combination is presented, which at first, like the diversity of nature or individuality, appears to be under no law. Irregularity, and an apparent subjection to accident, seem to deny system or method, and to adopt those unpremeditated combinations which are the result of particular circumstances and occasions.

Form in Venetian painting is generally transcribed or literal, but rendered with a reference to the expression of bulk or of strength. In Titian and Giorgione this is most obvious: a preponderance towards solidity and heaviness, with interruption and discontinuity of parts is the manner, in connexion with which their significance is rendered.‡

In composition, the same princi-

* It may be argued, that animals perceive difference by visual form only in a very inferior degree.

† The separation which has been made of sensible qualities into primary and secondary, to the first of which form has been considered to belong, and colour to the last; if tenable at all, must be, not on the grounds of any knowledge that the senses can arrive at as to what is external to, and what is dependent upon, the mind; but in the difference of the mental process itself, which is elicited or brought forth in the apprehension of the different qualities.

‡ The criticism made by Michael Angelo on the *Danae* * of Titian, that “the Venetians should adopt a better method of study,” was judging them by himself; and from their design, the observation of necessity carries an objection to their art alto-

ples which are pursued in respect to light and shade obtain; individuality and accident are its primary laws.

In addition to their adoption of these portions of the means which, as here employed, are in distinct subserviency to the purpose of their art, the Venetians in their practice present a peculiarity intimately connected with that purpose, which was first and most distinctly exemplified by them. This is the signification of variety of surface and texture, which the processes adopted in the practice of Venetian painting afforded superior facilities towards carrying into effect, and which was eminently adapted to assist in the expression of its distinctive character.

But, as before adverted to, each of these elements, or means of the art, on particular occasions, hold a station in the productions of this school which is distinct, being altogether dependent upon its material character. In numerous instances colours, facts of light and shade, individualities of form, and detail of decoration or ornament, become the field of its expression. They are recognised to be identical with the most thorough signification of its intention—the final end to be gained—the *metæ* of its purpose. The peculiarity of a colour, a texture, or a kind or effect of light, in this instance, becomes an ultimate fact, beyond which there is no connected signification, it being directly and wholly re-impressive of the object or the idea intended to be referred to. Thus the expression of either of these frequently, but most often that of colour, which alone characterises many objects to vision, becomes ultimate, in connexion with that intimation of material and physical qualities which is here pursued. On occasions, they separately become one with the distinctive nature of this range of painting—the law of its law.

Such are the wider features of the

means as adopted in the material and sensuous art of the Venetians, which, in their varied combinations, are the instruments through which that character is kept up, in connexion with an extensive range of subjects; and (as frequently takes place in the instance of the other schools) it must be seen to result, that the idea or the sentiment of the subjects of their pictures was necessarily very often not at all sustained, or even attempted. Each looks from his own point of view towards the horizon which bounded his domain, beyond which he was apparently either indifferent in respect to what existed, or unapprehensive of it. Thus Titian, in carrying to its highest consummation that particular reference which constitutes the characteristic of the school to which he belongs, is frequently altogether at variance with the just expression demanded by the subjects of his pictures.* But the character of his time admitted, and even very much favoured the predominance of those qualities which he was most adapted to express, in addition to their generally insinuating nature. Indeed, after a certain period, throughout all Italian art, there is a decided preponderance towards rendering ideas, which have their existence only in the mind, by substantive realities of an ordinary and unelevated character. It is this, but in a refined application, which led to the deviation from an ideal representation, and dictated the substitution of moral beauty, signified in the Madonnas of Raphael, in which there is no attempt to quit the region of human feeling; their elevation consisting in the strength of their sentiment, not in its being of a superhuman nature, which may, in most respects, be considered to have been their proper sphere. In the same subject, which, in the hands of his predecessor and master, Giovanni Bellini, still retained a mythic character to a considerable degree, Titian be-

gether. As far as mere correctness is concerned, within a certain sphere which does not embrace science or selection, the design of Venetian painting has been more objected to than it merits. But this has arisen from its reference or purpose not having been recognised.

* Here has arisen another of those stumbling-blocks in the way of judgment on art, which have led to preposterous results. The expression of the figure of the *Christ crowned with Thorns*, in the gallery of the Louvre, one of the greatest of the works of Titian, has been commended as divine, because he was known to be one of the most eminent painters; while in reality it is the reverse of that, in every respect, in countenance and action.

comes altogether earthly. His Madonnas are certainly womanly, and full of animal vigour; but it was the worshipped head of canonized holiness, represented by the mistress of the painter. Without, however, in the present instance, entering into a reference to particular works, it may be observed, that it has been seen, that in the attempt to characterise the works of Titian, different qualities have been brought forward, and different appellations bestowed upon them, which, from their nature, may separately be resolved into the more extensive and ultimate grounds of distinction that have been recognised; in which the cause of that deficiency of mental signification and intercommunion, which has always been brought against this school, becomes fully apparent. It has been noticed, that colour and ornament have been singly considered to present the distinctive quality of Venetian painting; while, it must be observed, that the nature of its light and shade, design, composition, and varied surface, have been left without being referred to any cause. But it is impossible that different qualities can alike essentially distinguish one subject; and it is no less so, that those qualities which have remained without being taken into consideration, should be entirely without any connexion or originating source of those particular features which they present. This we have endeavoured to supply: but, in separately considering the individual works of this school, while the essential characteristic which most strikingly distinguishes them is recognised, it must be recollected that such is only a part, though the most distinct part, of their whole combination; and their greatness in other respects (but which come upon a ground common to different schools and masters) must be distinctly kept in view.

From the nature of the painting of Titian, and his immediate predecessors and followers, as it has now been stated, its particular tendency, and the

cause of its engrossing influence, become apparent. The elevated relation of the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael (for their distinction is such, that unless in particulars it cannot be expected to be common to any class or school) is of necessity generally admitted; but individually, in most instances, as the more permanent or operating law, it is only nominally. The sensible world surrounds the consciousness of every one. In it, it may be said almost entirely, the many move and have their being. But, amidst the less vital manifestation of *the beautiful* in intellect and in human relation—morals, still none can be without their moments, although the general rule of their action is not under such influence, when the soul or mind recognises its proper being in rejoicing energy, and in these—the confession and triumph of its final relation—the distinction of humanity is sustained, throughout all; but which, existent in an eminent degree, constitutes the source of human dignity, giving birth to the great and good in contemplation and in action, through intellectual and moral power. Truly to touch the heart-strings by either, is an inheritance of fame. It is this which has enkindled a pharos-light from humble deeds, and made the voice of the poet thunder.* But all effort is not alike borne upwards by this strength. The range of human consciousness may be figured as a segment of the circle of being, the angle of which meets the centre, or intelligence, whence existence proceeds; and its basement, the widest and most extended and outward portion of its quantity, reaches that distance from the centre, beyond which humanity is lost, and mere animal life commences. To this wider or more diffused range outward being belongs, while mental existence may be said to reach, by different gradations, to a nearer approximation to the centre.† But the angle narrows as it advances. While all are necessarily existent in the outward-proceeding, the participation in the inward-proceeding is limit-

* Some of those poems, usually denominated minor, in virtue derived from this source, become the Lares and Penates of the mind; and, were there one general language, would far outvie in effect or influence the destruction of a navy, or the burning of a capital, the means of the animal assertion of the right—war. Every word of Gray's *Elegy*, vainly criticised as it may be, is worth thousands of carronades and bayonets.

† The gods, demons, and heroes of the Greeks, might supply a filling up or completion of an analogy of this kind.

ed. Here, then, we are landed on the area of conflicting preferences—of fixed and of temporary reputation—of ultimate value, or that which is contingent—of permanency and fashion—of worth and worthlessness. But at the same time we recognise their division and separateness; and, in recognising this division, an immediate standard of judgment is supplied, by which the station and reference of the different objects of human exertion must be assigned.

Judged by this standard, the influence of the works of the head of the Venetian painters are found to take a station which is subordinate and unelevated. Still, keeping in view their necessity in painting, and importance as one of the greatest exemplifications of the re-production of the constituent, or condition of the operation of all knowledge and art, sensible images, (although that had even limited their intention, which, on many

occasions, it does not,) their separate or distinct reference holds its place in that portion of the human constitution, which is immediately constitutive of sensible existence, and which is without direct reflex operation. It proceeds upon the unvarying necessity of exterior life, and descends in its appeals to that circle of perception where the union of the human with the merely animal nature takes place. It has not a part in the distinction of humanity. This is the degradation of the genius of Titian. Its elevation consists in the width of the circle to which his works belong, and, in their being exemplifications of an intention or object, consummated to a degree which places them among the most eminent instances of human exertion:—not that it is meant to be implied that this intention was adopted and effected through a premeditated purpose, but that such is the result by different steps arrived at, in Venetian painting.

WALTER AND WILLIAM.

" 'Twill be a wild rough night upon the Moor:
And hark! though three miles off, the sullen roar
Of that deep-booming surge. God's mercy keep
The wayfarer, and wanderer on the deep.
The moon's but young—she'll give no help to-night:
Look out, my boys! if Beacon-head burns bright;
And, lads! take Carter Joe with ye, and see
All snug about the place; more 'specially
At the new Penfold—and dun Peggy, too,
Give her and her sick foal a passing view—
Old Mark away, I've lost my right-hand man;
You must replace him."—

Off the striplings ran,
Proud happy boys! forth rushing in their haste,
Ere well the words their father's lips had pass'd;
The elder's arm, with loving roughness, thrown
Round his young brother's neck—the fair-hair'd one.
"God bless the lads! and keep them ever so,
Hand in hand brothers, wheresoe'er they go,"
Eyeing them tenderly, the father said
As the door closed upon them: Then his head,
Sighing, let fall on his supporting palm,
And, like the pausing tempest, all was calm.

Facing her husband, sate a Matron fair,
Plying her sempstress task. A shade of care
Darken'd her soft blue eyes, as to his face
(Drawn by that sigh) they wander'd, quick to trace
The unseen, by sympathy's unerring sight—
Reading *his heart's* thoughts by her *own heart's* light.

Ten years twice told had pass'd, since Helen Græme
 For Walter Hay's exchanged her virgin name.
 Of life's vicissitudes they'd had their share,
 Sunshine and shade; yet in his eyes as fair,
 And dearer far than the young blooming Bride
 Was she, the long-tried partner; who espied
 No change in him, but such as gave a cast
 More tender to the love would time outlast.
 They had rejoiced together at the birth
 Of six fair infants: Sorrowing, to the earth
 (With mutual sorrow, but submissive heart)
 Committed three. Hard trial 'twas to part
 (Young parents!) with their first-born bud of bliss;
 And they who follow'd!—with the last cold kiss
 Their hearts seem'd breaking, that on each they press'd.
 But He so will'd it "who doth all things best,"
 Out of their sight they hid their early dead,
 And wept together—and were comforted.
 And of their loved ones, now a lovely three
 Were left, that well a parent's boast might be.
 Those two bold, blithesome boys, of stature near,
 (Their ages differing only by a year,)
 Walter and William named in reminiscence dear,
 And a small sister, like a green-hill Fay,
 Younger by eight—a *little Helen Hay*,
 The household darling. To her father's ear,
 'Twas ever music that sweet name to hear.
 And now she sate, as still as still could be,
 Her little stool drawn close beside his knee;
 Her paly ringlets so profusely shed,
 In the warm hearth-glow gleaming golden red,
 As o'er the book upon her lap she bent,
 On Jack the Giant-killer's feats intent.

Fit subject for some limner's skill had been
 That quiet, tender-toned, heart-soothing scene,
 All in fine keeping! The old spacious room,
 Half hall, half kitchen, dark'ning into gloom,
 As it receded from that cavern vast—
 The open hearth; whence blazing oak logs cast
 Rich, ruddy beams on rafter, beam, and wall,
 'Twixt monstrous shadows that fantastic fall.
 And all around, in picturesque array,
 Hung rustic implements for use and play,
 For manly sport and boyish holiday.
 Basket, and net, and rifle, rod, and spear,
 Coil'd lines, and weather-season'd fishing gear,
 And bills and hedging gloves; and, modell'd neat,
 A little schooner, (Willy's proudest feat,)
 Matching a mimic plough, with graver thought
 "*On improved principles*," by Walter wrought—
 Proud folk the parents of those works, I wot!
 And tatter'd straw hats, plaited once so white
 And neat, in leisurely long winter night,
 By the boy brothers; while their father read
 From one of those brown volumes overhead,
 (No mindless untaught churl was Walter Hay,)
 Some pleasant theme, instructive, grave, or gay:
 His list'ning household, men, and maids, and all,
 Assembled round him in his rustic hall;
 Together closing the laborious day,
 As in the good old time, the good old way.

There stood a spinning-wheel, whose humming sound
Accompanied the reader's voice, *not drown'd*.
 There hung a half-done cabbage-net ; and there,
 Nursing her kitten in the old stuff'd chair,
 Purr'd a grave Tabby ; while a faithful friend,
 A worn-out Sheep-Dog ; to his long life's end
 Fast hastening, slumber'd at his master's feet.
 It was a pleasant picture !—very sweet
 To look upon, its beautiful repose—
 One earthly scene, undimm'd by human woes.

Alas ! was ever spot on earth so bless'd,
 Where human hearts in perfect peace might rest ?
 One bosom sorrow, one corroding thought,
 (The dark thread with his woof of life enwrought,)
 Help'd on the work of time with Walter Hay,
 Stole half the brightness of his smile away,
 And streak'd in manhood's prime his dark curl'd locks with gray.
 A hasty quarrel—an intemperate cup,
 A hard word spoken when the blood was up,
 A blow as madly dealt, but not in hate,
 Repented soon and sorely, but too late—
 Too late !—Ah ! simple words of solemn sense,
 Avenging disregarded Providence !

Remembrance of these things, and what ensued,
 It was, that clouded oft his sunniest mood,
 Casting a dark cold shadow o'er the life
 Perhaps too prosperous else. His gentle wife
 Whose wife-like tenderness could-scarce descry
 A fault in him she honour'd, oft would try
 To pluck away the thorn he sternly press'd
 (Severe in self-infliction) to his breast.
 "Not yours alone," she soothingly would say,
 "The blame of what befell that luckless day ;
 You had borne much, my husband ! well I know,
Much before anger overcame you so :
 And both of you that night had made too free
 (Alas ! that youth should so unthinking be !)
 With the good ale in careless company.
 How could you bear such taunts before them all,
 As he—unjust and violent—let fall ?
He knew your heart, to him so warm and kind,
 That passion could but for a moment blind ;
 Passion, that love as suddenly would check,
 And cast you, all-repentant, on his neck :
 But he was gone before a word could pass—
 Gone in his furious mood, before the glass
 Ceased ringing, where he dash'd it on the floor
 With that rash oath—to see thy face no more !"

"But I—but I—that ever it should be
 Betwixt us so !—had told him bitterly
 I never more desired his face to see.
I prosperous—He, a disappointed man—
 Quick temper'd, spirit vex'd. Say what you can,
 Dear comforter ! you cannot take away
 The stinging mem'ry of that fatal day."
 Thus soothingly, a thousand times before
 The loving wife had utter'd o'er and o'er
 Mild consolation ; on his heart that fell
 Balmy, though there no settled peace might dwell :
 And thus again, that night whereof I tell,

They talk'd together ; on his long-drawn sigh
 Following their low-voiced, love-toned colloquy.
 And all the while, intent upon her book,
 The little maid sat still ; an upward look,
 (As play'd her father's hand with her soft hair,)
 Now and then glancing at the parent pair,
 Her heart's contentment full, assured they both were there.

Loud burst the storm, that, fitfully suppress'd,
 Had for a moment sobb'd itself to rest.
 Creak'd doors and casements, clattering came the rain,
 And the old wall's stout timbers groan'd again.
 " Would they were back—that I could hear their tread ! "
 List'ning anxiously, the mother said :
 " God help, this fearful night, the houseless poor !
 One would not turn a dog out from one's door."

" No—not a dog.—And yet I had the heart,
 To let *him* homeless from my home depart
 On such another night. Full well I mind,
 As the door open'd, how the rain and wind
 Flash'd in his face, and wellnigh beat him back.
 Then—had I stretched a hand out !——What lone track,
 Unfriended since, hath he been doom'd to tread ?
 Where hath he found a shelter for his head—
 In this hard world, or with the happy dead ? "

" Nay, doubt it not, my husband ! " said the wife,
 " He hath been long at rest, where care and strife,
 And pain and sorrow enter not. We know
 That when he left us, nineteen years ago,
 He went a-shipboard straight, and cross'd the seas
 To that far, fatal coast, where fell disease
 Strikes down its thousands,—that he went ashore,
 And up the country, and was seen no more.
 Had he not perish'd early, we had heard
 Tidings ere long by letter or by word ;
 For he too had a loving heart, that bore
 No malice when the angry fit was o'er.
 Be comforted, dear husband ! he's at rest,
 And let us humbly hope, for Christ's sake—bless'd."

" Hark, mother, hark ! I'm sure they're coming back ! "
 Cried little Helen—who with Valiant Jack
 Had parted for the night—" That's Willy's call
 To Hector, as they turn the garden wall.
 Lizzy ! come quick and help me let them in—
 They must be wet, poor brothers, to the skin."
 The rosy maid, already at the door,
 Lifted the latch ; and bounding on before,
 (His rough coat scattering wide a plenteous shower,)
 Hector sprang in, his master close behind,
 Half spent with buffeting the rain and wind ;
 Gasping for breath and words a moment's space,
 His eager soul all glowing in his face.

" Where's Walter ? " cried the mother, pale as death—
 " What's happen'd ? " ask'd both parents in a breath.
 " Safe, Mother dear ! and sound—I tell you true—
 But, Father ! we can't manage without you ;
 Walter and Joe are waiting there down-bye,
 At the old cart-house by the granary.

As we came back that way, a man we found
 (Some shipwreck'd seaman) stretch'd upon the ground
 In that cold shelter. Very worn and weak
 He seem'd, poor soul! at first could hardly speak;
 And, as we held the lantern where he lay,
 Moan'd heavily, and turn'd his face away.
 But we spoke kindly—bade him be of cheer,
 And rise and come with us—our home was near,
 Whence our dear father never from his door
 Sent weary traveller—worn, sick, or poor.
 He listen'd, turn'd, and lifting up his head,
 Look'd in our faces wistfully, and said—
 'Ye are but lads—(kind lads—God bless you both!)
 And I, a friendless stranger, should be loath,
 Unbidden by himself, to make so free
 As cross the rich man's threshold: this for me
 Is shelter good enough; for worse I've known—
 What fitter bed than earth to die upon?'
 He spoke so sad, we almost wept; and fain
 Would have persuaded him, but all in vain;—
 He will not move—I think he wants to die,
 And so he will, if there all night he lie."

"That shall he not," the hearty yeoman said,
 Donning his rough great-coat; "a warmer bed
 Shall pillow here to-night his weary head.
 Off with us, Willy! our joint luck we'll try,
 And bring him home, or know the reason why."

Warm hearts make willing hands; and Helen Hay
 Bestirr'd her, while those dear ones were away,
 Among her maidens, comforts to provide
 'Gainst their return: still bustling by her side
 Her little daughter, with officious care,
 (Sweet mimicry!) and many a matron air
 Of serious purpose, helping to spread forth
 Warm hose and vestments by the glowing hearth.
 From the old walnut press, with kindly thought,
 Stout home-spun linen, white and sweet, was brought
 In a small decent chamber overhead,
 To make what still was call'd "The Stranger's bed."
 For many a lone wayfarer, old and poor,
 Sick or sore wearied, on the dreary moor
 Belated, at the hospitable door
 Of the Old Farm ask'd shelter for the night,
 Attracted by the far-seen, ruddy light
 Of the piled hearth within.—"A bit of bread
 And a night's shelter," was the prayer oft said,
 Seldom in vain;—for Walter would repeat,
 With lowly reverence, that assurance sweet—
 "How he the stranger's heart with food and rest
 Who cheers, may entertain an angel guest;"
 Or, giving in Christ's name, for his dear sake be bless'd.

Oft they look'd out into the murky night
 Tempestuous, for the streaming lantern light;
 And hearken'd (facing bold the driving sleet)
 For sound of nearing voices—coming feet—
 And there it gleams—and there they come at last—
 Fitfully sinking, swelling on the blast;
 Till clustering forms from out the darkness grow,
 Supporting one, with dragging steps and slow,
 Feebly approaching.—

“ Hold the lantern low—
 Courage, my friend! we’ve but a step to go,”
 The yeoman’s cheerful voice was heard to say.
 “ Hillo! good folks there—here, my Helen Hay,
 Little and great—I’ve brought you home a guest
 Needs your good tending,—most of all needs rest;
 Which he shall find this blessed night, please God,
 On softer pallet than the cold bare sod.”

As they the threshold pass’d, the cheerful light
 Flash’d from within; and shading quick his sight,
 (Pain’d by the sudden glare,) upon his brow
 The wayworn man his ragged hat pull’d low;
 Bow’d down his head, and sigh’d in such a tone,
 Deep drawn and heavy, ’twas almost a groan.
 They help’d him on, (for he could hardly stand,)
 And little Helen drew him by the hand,
 Whispering—“ poor man!”—At that, a moment’s space
 Halting, he fix’d his eyes on the young face
 (Of her who spoke those pitying words so mild,
 And tremulously said—“ God bless thee, child!”

The strong supporting arm—’twas Walter Hay’s—
 Tighten’d its clasp, and with a searching gaze
 Quick turn’d, he peer’d in those strange features;—then
 (For they were strange) drew back his head again,
 Shaking it gently with a sorrowful smile.
 The matron and her maids came round the while,
 Toward the high-back’d Settle’s warmed nook
 To lead the weary man; but with a look
 Still downcast and aside, he shrunk away,
 Articulating faintly, “ Not to-day—
 Not *there* to-night. Rest only! only rest!”
 So to the allotted room they brought their guest,
 And laid him kindly down on the good bed,
 With a soft pillow for his old grey head.
 The long, thin, straggling locks, that hung adown
 His hollow cheeks, had scarce a tinge of brown
 Streaking their wintry white; and sorely marr’d
 Was all his face: thick seam’d, and deeply scarr’d,
 As if in many battles he had fought
 Among the foremost.—

“ From the first, I thought,”
 Said the young Walter, as he came below,
 “ The fine old fellow had dealt many a blow
 For England’s glory, on her wooden walls.”
 The father smiled. “ Not every one who falls
 In fight, my son! may fall in a good cause—
 As fiercely in resistance to the laws
 Men strive, as in upholding them”—

“ But here
 I’m sure we’ve a true sailor, father dear!
 No lawless, wicked man. When you were gone,
 Willy and I some little time stay’d on—
 (Mother had sent us up with some warm drink,
 Made comforting)—and then you cannot think
 How pleasantly, though sadly, he look’d up,
 And ask’d our names as he gave back the cup;
 And when we told them, took a hand of each,
 While his lips moved as if in prayer—not speech,

With eyes so fix'd on us, and full of tears."
 "Perhaps," said William, "lads about our years
 He might be thinking of—far, far away,
 Or dead;—his own dear children. Who can say?"

"Ay, who indeed can say, boys?—who can tell
 The deep, deep thoughts, in human hearts that dwell
 Long buried, that some word of little weight
 Will call up sudden from their slumbering state,
 So quicken'd into life, that past things seem
 Present again—the present but a dream.
 Boys! in a book was lent me long ago,
 I read what since I've often thought upon
 With deepest awe. At the great Judgment-Day
 Some learned scholars—wise and holy—say
 That in a moment all our whole life past
 Shall be spread out as in a picture vast—
Re-acted as it were, in open sight
 Of God, and men, and angels; the strong light,
 Indwelling conscience, serving to illume
 The changeful All complete—from birth to doom.
 Methinks—with humble reverence I speak—
 I've been led sometimes to conception weak
 Of that deep meaning, when a sudden ray
 Has call'd, as 'twere from darkness into day,
 Long past, forgotten things.—Oh! children dear!
 Lay it to heart, and keep the record clear
 That all unveil'd, *that day*, must certainly appear."

Thus, as was oft his wont, religious truth
 The pious father taught their tender youth,
 As apposite occasion led the way;
 No formal teacher stern. Nor only they,
 The filial listeners, fix'd attention gave
 To his wise talk—with earnest looks and grave
 His rustic household, at the supper board
 Assembled all, gave heed to every word
 Utter'd instructive; and when down he took
 And open'd reverently the blessed Book;
 With hearts prepared, on its great message dwelt:
 And when around, in after prayer they knelt,
 Forgot not, e'er they rose, for him to pray
 Master and Teacher,—*Father*, they might say,
 Who led them like his own, the happy, heavenward way.

"Did you take notice, wife"—the husband said,
 Their busy, well-spent day thus finished—
 When all except themselves were gone to rest—
 "Did you take notice, when our stranger guest
 Spoke those few words to Helen, of his tone?
 It thrill'd my very heart through: so like one
 These nineteen years unheard."

"I scarce gave heed
 To any thing," she said, "but his great need
 Of help, poor soul! so faint he seem'd and low."
 "Well, well," rejoin'd her husband, "even now
 I seem to hear it:—*Then*, into my brain,
 Wild thoughts came crowding; quickly gone again,
 When I look'd hard, but not a line could trace
 Familiar, in that weatherbeaten face.
That lost one, were he living now, would be
 Younger a year and many months than me—

Than this time-stricken man, by many a year.
But, oh! these thoughts will haunt me, Helen, dear!
These sudden fancies, though so oft before
I've proved them vain, and felt all hope was o'er."

"Only for *this* world, husband mine!" she said,
"They live in Heaven, whom *here* we count as dead,
And there we all shall meet, when all is finished."

"God grant it!" fervently he said; "and so
To bed, good wife! I must be up, you know,
And off by daybreak, on my townward way,
When, business done, be sure I shall not stay
A needless minute. Yet I guess 'twill be
Dark night before my own snug home I see.
Mind a low chair and cushion in the cart
Be set for Mark. God bless his poor old heart!
Though from the hospital they send him back
Blind and incurable, he shall not lack
Comfort or kindness here; his service done,
Of sixty years wellnigh, to sire and son.
I miss him every where; but most of all,
Methinks, at prayer-time, the deep solemn fall,
Tremblingly fervent, of his long 'Amen!'
'Twill glad my heart to hear that sound again."

The Supper-board was spread—the hearth piled high—
All at the Farm look'd bright expectancy
Of him who ever seem'd too long away,
If absent from his dear ones but a day:
Old Mark, too, coming home! what joy to all!—
Ye know not, worldlings, what glad festival
Pure hearts of simplest elements can make—
Ye, whose pall'd sense poor pleasure scarce can take
At feasts, where lips may smile, but hearts so often ache.

There was a sudden rush from the old hall,
Children, and men, and maids, and dogs, and all,
Save her, who, with a deeper gladness, stay'd
Quietly busied; and far back in shade
(Forgotten there awhile) the stranger guest.
But quiet though she seemeth, with the rest
Be sure her heart went forth those wheels to meet;
And now they stop: and loving voices greet,
Mingling confusedly; yet every one
She hears distinct: as harmonist each tone
Of his full chord,—distinct as if alone.

And there he comes, (sight gladdening every eye,)
The darling young one in his arms throned high,
Her warm cheek to his cold one closely press'd.
And there those two blithe boys, and all the rest,
So-crowd about old Mark with loving zeal.
The blind man weeps, and fondly tries to *feel*
Those fair young faces he no more must see.
"Give us warm welcome, Dame!" cried cheerily
Her husband, as their greeting glances met;
"We're cold enough, I warrant, and sharp set—
But here's a sight would warm the dead to life,
Clean hearth, bright blaze, heap'd board, and smiling wife!"

Lightly he spake,—but with a loving look
Went to her heart, who all its meaning took:

And briskly she bestirr'd herself about,
 And with her merry maids, heap'd smoking out
 The savoury messes. With unneeded care
 Set nearer still the goodman's ready chair :
 Then help'd uncase him from his rough great-coat,
 Then gave a glance that all was right to note :
 Welcomed old Mark to his accustom'd seat
 With that *heart-welcoming*, so silver sweet ;
 And, all at last completed to her mind,
 Call'd to the board with cheerful bidding kind ;
 Where all stood round in serious quietness,
 Till God's good gifts the master's voice should bless.
 But, with a sudden thought, as glancing round,
 " I thought," he said, " another to have found
 Among us here to-night." " And he *is* here,"
 Exclaim'd the wife—" forgotten though so near !"
 Then turning where the stranger sat far back,
 She said—" Forgive us friend ! our seeming lack
 Of Christian courtesy : Draw near, and share
 With hearty welcome, of our wholesome fare."
 Silent and slow, the bashful guest obey'd,
 Still shrinkingly, as to presume afraid ;
 And when his host with kindly greeting press'd,
 Bow'd down his head—deep down upon his breast,
 Answering in words so low you scarce could hear—
 But the quick sense of blindness caught them clear ;
 And in a tone which thrill'd through every heart,
 The sightless man, with a convulsive start,
 Call'd out—" As God's in heaven, (His will be done,)
 That was the voice of my dead master's son !"

" Mark ! Mark ! what say'st, old man ? " cried sharply out
 His Master, as he rose and turn'd about
 (Trembling exceedingly) his guest to face ;
 Who at that outcry, staggering back a pace,
 (He also trembled, and look'd like to fall,)
 Leant back—a heavy weight—against the wall.
 One might have heard a pin fall on the ground,
 There was such deep and sudden silence round :
 Except that two or three breathed audibly,
 (Those wondering boys, whose eager hearts beat high,)
 And little Helen sobb'd, she knew not why.

There fixed, foot to foot, and breast to breast,
 And face to face, stood Walter and his Guest—
 And neither stirr'd a limb, nor wink'd an eye,
 (The stranger's sought the ground still droopingly,)
 Nor spoke, till many minutes had gone by ;
 Then, as if life upon his utterance hung,
 In low, deep accents, loosen'd first *his* tongue,
 Upon the other's shoulder as he laid
 His right hand slowly, Walter softly said—
 " Dear brother William ! " An electric start
 Answer'd that touch, deep-thrilling to the heart,
 And that soft whisper'd word. Their meeting eyes,
 Full of fond yearnings, tender memories,
 All in a moment told—explain'd—confess'd—
 Absolved.—And Walter fell on William's breast.

ON THE ESSENES.

SOME months back, we published a little essay, that might easily be expanded into a very large volume; and ultimately into a perfectly new philosophy of Roman history, in proof that Rome was self-barbarized—barbarized *ab intra*, and not by foreign enemies. The evidences of this, (1.) in the death of her literature, and, (2.) in the instant oblivion which swallowed up all public transactions, are so obvious as to challenge notice from the most inattentive reader. For instance, as respects this latter tendency, what case can be more striking, than the fact that Trebellius Pollio, expressly dedicating himself to such researches, and having the state documents at his service, cannot trace, by so much as the merest outline, the biography of some great officers who had worn the purple as rebels, though actually personal friends of his own grandfather? So nearly connected as they were with his own age and his own family, yet had they utterly perished for want of literary memorials! A third indication of barbarism, in the growing brutality of the army and the Emperor, is of a nature to impress many readers even more powerfully, and especially by contrast with the spirit of Roman warfare in its republican period. Always it had been an insolent and haughty warfare; but, upon strong motives of policy, sparing in bloodshed. Whereas, latterly, the ideal of a Roman general was approaching continually nearer to the odious standard of a *caboccer* amongst the Ashantees. Listen to the father of his people (Gallienus) issuing his paternal commands for the massacre, in cold blood, of a whole district—not foreign but domestic—after the offence had become almost obsolete: “Non satisfacies mihi, si tantum *armatos* occideris—quos et fors belli interimere potuisset. Perimendus est omnis sexus virilis:” and, lest even this sweeping warrant should seem liable to any merciful distinctions, he adds circumstantially—“Si et senes atque impuberes sine meâ reprehensione occidi possent.” And thus the bloody mandate winds up: “Occidendus est quicumque malè voluit, occidendus est quicumque malè dixit contra me; La-

cera, occide, concide.” Was ever such a rabid tiger found, except amongst the Hyder Alis or Nadir Shahs of half-civilized or decivilized tribes? Yet another and a very favourite Emperor out-herods even this butcher, by boasting of the sabring which he had let loose amongst crowds of helpless women.

The fourth feature of the Roman barbarism upon which we insisted, viz. the growing passion for trivial anecdote in slight of all nobler delineations, may be traced, in common with all the other features, to the decay of a *public mind* and a common *connecting interest*, amongst the different members of that vast imperial body. This was a necessity, arising out of the merely *personal* tenure by which the throne was held. Competition for dignities, ambition under any form, could not exist with safety under circumstances which immediately attracted a blighting jealousy from the highest quarter. Where hereditary succession was no fixed principle of state—no principle which all men were leagued to maintain—every man, in his own defiance, might be made an object of anxiety in proportion to his public merit. Not conspiring, he might still be placed at the head of a conspiracy. There was no oath of allegiance taken to the emperor's family, but only to the emperor personally. But if it was thus dangerous for a man to offer himself as a participant in state honours; on the other hand, it was impossible for a people to feel any living sympathy with a public grandeur in which they could not safely attempt to participate. Simply to be a member of this vast body was no distinction at all; honour could not attach to what was universal. One path only lay open to personal distinction; and *that*, being haunted along its whole extent by increasing danger, naturally bred the murderous spirit of retaliation or pre-occupation. It is besides certain, that the very change wrought in the nature of warlike rewards and honours, contributed to cherish a spirit of atrocity amongst the officers. Triumphs had been granted of old for conquests; and these were generally obtained much more by intellectual qualities than by

any display of qualities merely or rudely martial. Triumphs were now a forbidden fruit to any officer less than Augustan. And this one change, had there been no other, sufficed to throw the efforts of military men into a direction more humble, more directly personal, and more brutal. It became dangerous to be too conspicuously victorious. There yet remains a letter, amongst the few surviving from that unlettered period, which whispers a thrilling caution to a great officer, not to be *too* meritorious: "*dignus eras triumpho*," says the letter, "*si antiqua tempora extarent*." But what of that? What signified merit that was to cost a man his head? And the letter goes on to add this gloomy warning—"Memor ejusdam ominis, *cautius velim vincas*." The warning was thrown away; the man (Regillianus) persisted in these imprudent victories: he was too meritorious; he grew dangerous; and he perished. Such examples forced upon the officers a less suspicious and a more brutal ambition: the laurels of a conqueror marked a man out for a possible competitor, no matter through whose ambition—his own in assuming the purple, or that of others in throwing it by force around him. The differences of guilt could not be allowed for where they made no difference in the result. But the laurels of a butcher created no jealousy, whilst they sufficed for establishing a camp reputation. And thus the danger of a higher ambition threw a weight of encouragement into the lower and more brutal.

So powerful, indeed, was this tendency—so headlong this gravitation to the brutal—that unless a new force, moving in an opposite direction, had begun to rise in the political heavens, the Roman empire would have become an organized engine of barbarism—barbarous and making barbarous. This fact gives one additional motive to the study of Christian antiquities, which on so many other motives interest and perplex our curiosity. About the time of Dioclesian, the weight of Christianity was making itself felt in high places. There is a memorable scene between that Emperor and a Pagan priest representing an oracle, (that is, speaking on behalf of the Pagan interests,) full forty years before the legal establishment of Christianity, which shows how insensibly the Christian faith had crept onwards

within the fifty or sixty years previous. Such hints, such "*momenta*," such stages in the subtle progress of Christianity, should be carefully noted, searched, probed, improved. And it is partly because too little anxiety of research has been applied in this direction, that every student of ecclesiastical history mourns over the dire sterility of its primitive fields. For the first three or four centuries we know next to nothing of the course by which Christianity moved, and the events through which its agency was developed. *That* it prospered, we know; but *how* it prospered, (meaning not through what transcendent cause, but by what circumstantial steps and gradations,) is painfully mysterious. And for much of this darkness, we must confess that it is now past all human power of illumination. Nay, perhaps it belongs to the very sanctity of a struggle, in which powers more than human were working concurrently with man, that it should be lost (like much of our earliest antediluvian history) in a mysterious gloom; and for the same reason—viz., that when man stands too near to the super-sensual world, and is too palpably co-agent with schemes of Providence, there would arise, upon the total review of the whole plan and execution, were it all circumstantially laid below our eyes, too compulsory an evidence of a supernatural agency. It is not meant that men should be *forced* into believing: free agencies must be left to the human belief, both in adopting and rejecting, else it would cease to be a *moral* thing, or to possess a moral value. Those who were contemporary to these great agencies, saw only in part; the fractionary mode of their perceptions intercepted this compulsion from *them*. But as to us, who look back upon the whole, it would perhaps have been impossible to secure the same immunity from compulsion, the same integrity of the free, unbiased choice, unless by darkening the miraculous agencies, obliterating many facts, and disturbing their relations. In such a way the equality is maintained between generation and generation; no age is unduly favoured, none penuriously depressed. Each has its separate advantages, each its peculiar difficulties. The worst has not so little light as to have a plea for infidelity. The best has not so much as to overpower the freedom of

election—a freedom which is indispensable to all moral value, whether in doing or in suffering, in believing or denying.

Meantime, though this obscurity of primitive Christianity is past denying, and possibly, for the reason just given, not without an *a priori* purpose and meaning, we nevertheless maintain that something may yet be done to relieve it. We need not fear to press into the farthest recesses of Christian antiquity, under any notion that we are prying into forbidden secrets, or carrying a torch into shades consecrated to mystery. For wherever it is not meant that we should raise the veil, there we shall carry our torch in vain. Precisely as our researches are fortunate, they authenticate themselves as privileged: and in such a chase all success justifies itself.

No scholar—not even the wariest—has ever read with adequate care those records which we still possess, Greek or Latin, of primitive Christianity. He should approach this subject with a vexatious scrutiny. He should lie in ambush for discoveries, as we did in reading *Josephus*.

Let us examine his chapter on the *Essenes*, and open the very logic of the case, its very outermost outline, in these two sentences:—A thing there *is* in *Josephus*, which ought not to be there; this thing we will call *Epsilon*, (E.) A thing there *is* which ought to be in *Josephus*, but which is not; this thing we call *Chi*, (X.)

The *Epsilon*, which ought not to be there, but *is*—what is that? It is the pretended philosophical sect amongst the Jews, to which *Josephus* gives the name of *Essenes*; this ought not to be in *Josephus*, nor any where else, for certain we are that no such sect ever existed.

The *Chi*, which ought by every obligation—obligations of reason, passion, interest, common sense—to have been more broadly and emphatically present in the Judæan history of *Josephus*' period than in any other period whatever, but unaccountably is omitted—what is that? It is, reader, neither more nor less than the new-born brotherhood of *Christians*. The whole monstrosity of this omission will not be apparent to the reader, until his attention be pointed closely to the chronological position of *Joseph*—his longitude as respects the great meridian of the Christian era.

The period of *Josephus*' connexion with Palestine, running abreast, (as it were,) with that very generation succeeding to Christ—with that very Epichristian age which dated from the crucifixion, and terminated in the destruction of Jerusalem—how, by what possibility, did he escape all knowledge of the Christians as a body of men that should naturally have challenged notice from the very stocks and stones of their birthplace; the very echo of whose footsteps ought to have sunk upon the ear with the awe that belongs to spiritual phenomena? There were circumstances of distinction in the very closeness of the confederation that connected the early Christians, which ought to have made them interesting. But, waiving all that, what a supernatural awe must naturally have attended the persons of those who laid the corner-stone of their faith in an event so affecting and so appalling as the Resurrection! The *Chi*, therefore, that should be in *Josephus*, but it is not, how can we suggest any approximation to a solution of this mystery—any clue towards it—any hint of a clue?

True it is, that an interpolated passage, found in all the printed editions of *Josephus*, makes him take a special and a respectful notice of our Saviour. But this passage has long been given up as a forgery by all scholars. And in another essay on the Epichristian era, which we shall have occasion to write, some facts will be laid before the reader exposing a deeper folly in this forgery than is apparent at first sight.

True it is, that Whiston makes the astounding discovery that *Josephus* was himself an Ebionite Christian. *Josephus* a Christian! In the instance before us, were it possible that he had been a Christian, in that case the wonder is many times greater, that he should have omitted all notice of the whole body as a fraternity acting together with a harmony unprecedented amongst their distracted countrymen of that age; and, secondly, as a fraternity to whom was assigned a certain political aspect by their enemies. The civil and external relations of this new party he could not but have noticed, had he even omitted the religious doctrines which bound them together internally, as doctrines too remote from Roman comprehension. In reality, so far from being a Chris-

tian, we shall show that Josephus was not even a Jew, in any conscientious or religious sense. He had never taken the first step in the direction of Christianity; but was, as many other Jews were in that age, essentially a Pagan; as little impressed with the true nature of the God whom his country worshipped, with his ineffable purity and holiness, as any idolatrous Athenian whatsoever.

The wonder therefore subsists, and revolves upon us with the more violence, after Whiston's efforts to distinguish it—how it could have happened that a writer, who passed his infancy, youth, manhood, in the midst of a growing sect so transcendently interesting to every philosophic mind, and pre-eminently so interesting to a Jew, should have left behind him, in a compass of eight hundred and fifty-four pages, double columns, each column having sixty-five lines, (or a double ordinary octavo page,) much of it relating to his own times, not one paragraph, line, or fragment of a line, by which it can be known that he ever heard of such a body as the Christians.

And to our mind, for reasons which we shall presently show, it is equally wonderful that he *should* talk of the *Essenes*, under the idea of a known, stationary, original sect amongst the Jews, as that he should *not* talk of the Christians; equally wonderful that he should remember the imaginary as that he should forget the real. There is not one difficulty, but two difficulties; and what we need is, not one solution but two solutions.

If, in an ancient palace, re-opened after it had been shut up for centuries, you were to find a hundred golden shafts or pillars, for which nobody could suggest a place or a use; and if, in some other quarter of the palace, far remote, you were afterwards to find a hundred golden sockets fixed in the floor—first of all, pillars which nobody could apply to any purpose, or refer to any place; secondly, sockets which nobody could fill;—probably even “wicked Will Whiston” might be capable of a glimmering suspicion that the hundred golden shafts belonged to the hundred golden sockets. And if, upon applying the shafts to the sockets, it should turn out that each several shaft screwed into its own peculiar socket, why, in such a case, not “Whiston, Ditton, and Co.” could resist the evidence, that each

enigma had brought a key to the other; and that by means of two mysteries there had ceased even to be one mystery.

Now, then, first of all, before stating our objections to the *Essenes* as any permanent or known sect amongst the Jews, let us review as rapidly as possible the main features by which Joseph characterises these supposed *Essenes*; and in a brief comment point out their conformity to what we know of the primitive Christians. That done, let us endeavour to explain all the remaining difficulties of the case. The words of *Josephus* we take from Whiston's translation; having in fact, at this moment, no other copy within reach. But we do this unwillingly: for Whiston was a poor Grecian; and, what is worse, he knew very little about English.

—“The *third* sect” (*i. e.* third in relation to the Pharisees, who are ranked as the *first*, and the Sadducees, who are ranked as the *second*) “are called *Essenes*. These last are Jews by birth, and seem to have a greater affection for one another than the other sects have.”

We need not point out the strong conformity in this point to the distinguishing features of the new-born Christians, as they would be likely to impress the eye of a stranger. There was obviously a double reason for a stricter cohesion amongst the Christians internally, than could by possibility belong to any other sect—1st, in the essential tendency of the whole Christian faith to a far more intense love than the world could comprehend, as well as in the express charge to love one another; 2dly, in the strong compressing power of external affliction, and of persecution too certainly anticipated. The little flock, turned out to face a wide world of storms, naturally drew close together. Over and above the indefeasible hostility of the world to a spiritual morality, there was the bigotry of Judaical superstition on the one hand, and the bigotry of Paganism on the other. All this would move in mass against nascent Christianity, so soon as that moved; and well, therefore, might the instincts of the early Christians instruct them to act in the very closest concert and communion.

“These men are despisers of riches, and so very communicative, as raises our admiration. Nor is there any

one to be found among them who hath more than another ; every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions, and so there is, as it were, one patrimony among all the brethren."

In this account of the "communicativeness," as to temporal wealth, of the third sect, it is hardly necessary that we should point out the mirror which it holds up to the habits of the very first Christians in Jerusalem, as we see them recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. This, the primary record of Christian history, (for even the disciples were not in any full sense Christians until after the resurrection and the Divine afflatus,) is echoed afterwards in various stages of primitive Christianity. But all these subsequent acts and monuments of early Christian faith were derived by imitation and by sympathy from the Apostolic precedent in Jerusalem ; as that again was derived from the "common purse" carried by the Twelve Disciples.

"They have no certain city, but many of them dwell in every city ; and if any of their sect come from other places, what they find lies open for them just as if it were their own : and they go in to such as they never knew before, as if they had been ever so long acquainted with them."

All Christian antiquity illustrates and bears witness to this, as a regular and avowed Christian habit. To this habit points St Paul's expression of "*given to hospitality*;" and many passages in all the Apostolical writings. Like other practices, however, that had been firmly established from the beginning, it is rather alluded to, and indirectly taken for granted and assumed, than prescribed ; expressly to teach or enjoin it was as little necessary, or indeed open to a teacher, as with us it would be open to recommend marriage. What Christian could be imagined capable of neglecting such an institution ?

"For which reason they carry nothing with them when they travel into remote parts."

This dates itself from Christ's own directions, (St Luke, x. 3, 4,) "Go your way. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." And, doubtless, many other of the primitive practices amongst the Christians were not adopted without a special command from Christ, traditionally retained by the Church whilst standing in the

same civil circumstances, though not committed to writing amongst the great press of matter circumscribing the choice of the Evangelists.

"As for their piety towards God, it is very extraordinary : for before sun-rising they speak not a word about profane matters, but put up certain prayers which they have received from their forefathers."

This practice of antelucan worship, possibly having reference to the ineffable mystery of the resurrection, (all the Evangelists agreeing in the awful circumstance that it was very early in the morning, and one even saying, "whilst it was yet dark,") a symbolic pathos which appeals to the very depths of human passion—as if the world of sleep and the anarchy of dreams figured to our apprehension the dark worlds of sin and death—it happens remarkably enough that we find confirmed and countersigned by the testimony of the first open antagonist to our Christian faith. Pliny, in that report to Trajan so universally known to every class of readers, and so rank with everlasting dishonour to his own sense and equity, notices this point in the ritual of primitive Christianity. "However," says he, "they assured me that the amount of their fault, or of their error, was this,—that they were wont, on a stated day, to meet together *before it was light*, and to sing a hymn to Christ," &c. The date of Pliny's letter is about forty years after the siege of Jerusalem ; about seventy-seven, therefore, after the crucifixion, when Joseph would be just seventy-two years old. But we may be sure, from collateral records, and from the entire uniformity of early Christianity, that a much longer lapse of time would have made no change in this respect.

"They neglect wedlock ; but they do not absolutely deny the fitness of marriage."

This is a very noticeable article in his account of the Essenes, and powerfully illustrates the sort of acquaintance which Josephus had gained with their faith and usages. In the first place, as to the doctrine itself, it tallies remarkably with the leanings of St Paul. He allows of marriage, overruled by his own moral prudence. But evidently his bias was the other way. And the allowance is notoriously a concession to the necessities which experience had taught him, and

by way of preventing greater evils : but an evil, on the whole, it is clear, that he regarded it. And naturally it was so in relation to that highest mode of spiritual life which the apostles contemplated as a fixed ideal. Moreover, we know that the apostles fell into some errors which must have affected their views in these respects. For a time at least they thought the end of the world close at hand : who could think otherwise that had witnessed the awful thing which they had witnessed, or had drunk out of the same spiritual cup ? Under such impressions, they reasonably pitched the key of Christian practice higher than else they would have done. So far as to the doctrine here ascribed to the Essenes. But it is observable, that in this place Josephus admits that these Essenes *did* tolerate marriage. Now, in his earlier notice of the same people, he had denied this. What do we infer from that ? Why, that he came to his knowledge of the Essenes by degrees ; and as would be likely to happen with regard to a sect sequestering themselves, and locking up their doctrines as secrets : which description exactly applies to the earliest Christians. The instinct of self-preservation obliged them to retreat from notoriety. Their tenets could not be learned easily ; they were gathered slowly, indirectly, by fragments. This accounts for the fact that people standing outside, like Josephus or Philo Judæus, got only casual glimpses of the truth, and such as were continually shifting. Hence at different periods Josephus contradicts himself. But if he had been speaking of a sect as notorious as the Pharisees or Sadducees, no such error, and no such alteration of views, could have happened.

“ They are eminent for fidelity, and are the ministers of peace.”

We suppose that it cannot be necessary to remind any reader of such characteristic Christian doctrines as—“ Blessed are the peace-makers,” &c. ; still less of the transcendent demand made by Christianity for singleness of heart, uprightness, and entire conscientiousness ; without which all pretences to Christian truth are regarded as mere hollow mockeries. Here, therefore, again we read the features, too plainly for any mistake, of pure Christianity. But let the reader observe keenly, had there been this pretended sect of Essenes teaching all this

lofty and spiritual morality, it would have been a fair inference to ask what more or better had been taught by Christ : in which case there might still have remained the great redemptional and mediatorial functions for Christ ; but, as to his divine morality, it would have been forestalled. Such would have been the inference ; and it is an inference which really *has been* drawn from this romance of the Essenes adopted as true history.

“ Whatsoever they say is firmer than an oath ; but swearing is avoided by them ; and they esteem it worse than perjury.”

We presume that nobody can fail to recognise in this great scrupulosity the memorable command of Christ, delivered in such unexampled majesty of language, “ Swear not at all : neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne ; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool,” &c. This was said in condemnation of a practice universal amongst the Jews ; and if any man can believe that a visionary sect, of whom no man ever heard except through two writers both lying under the same very natural mistake, could have come by blind accidents into such an inheritance of spiritual truth as is here described by Josephus, that man will find nothing beyond his credulity. For he presumes a revelation far beyond all the wisdom of the Pagan world to have been attained by some unknown Jewish philosopher, so little regarded by his followers that they have not even preserved his name from oblivion.

Amongst the initiatory and probationary vows which these sectarians are required to take is this—“ that he will ever show fidelity to all men, and especially to those in authority, because no one obtains the government without God’s assistance.” Here, again, we see a memorable precept of St Paul and the apostles generally—the same precept, and built on the very same reason, viz. that rulers are of God’s appointment.

“ They are long-lived also : inasmuch, that many of them live above a hundred years, by means of the simplicity of their diet.”

Here we are reminded of St John the Evangelist : whilst others, no doubt, would have attained the same age, had they not been cut off by martyrdom.

In many other points of their interior discipline, their white robes, their

meals, their silence and gravity, we see in this account of the *Essenes* a mere echo of the primitive economy established among the first Christians, as we find it noticed up and down the apostolical constitutions.

It is remarkable that Josephus notices, as belonging to the sect of the *Essenes*, the order of "angels" or messengers. Now, every body must remember this order of officers as a Christian institution noticed in the *Apocalypse*.

Finally, in all that is said of the contempt which the *Essenes* showed for pain and death; and that "although tortured and distorted, burnt and torn to pieces, yet could they not be made to flatter their tormentors, or to shed a tear, but that they smiled in their very torments," &c., we see the regular habit of Christian martyrs through the first three centuries. We see that principle established amongst them so early as that first examination of Pliny's; for he is so well aware how useless it would be to seek for any discoveries by torture applied to the Christian *men*, that he resorts instantly to the torture of female servants. The secrecy, again, as to their opinions, is another point common to the supposed *Essenes* and the Christians. Why the *Essenes*, as an orthodox Jewish sect, should have practised any secrecy, Josephus would have found it hard to say; but the Christian reasons will appear decisive to any man who reflects.

But first of all, let us recur to the argument we have just employed, and summon you to a review of the New Testament. Christ, during his ministry in Palestine, is brought as if by special arrangement into contact with all known orders of men,—Scribes, and Doctors, Pharisees and Sadducees, Herodians and followers of the Baptist, Roman officers, insolent with authority, tax-gatherers, the Pariahs of the land, Galileans, the most undervalued of the Jews, Samaritans, hostile to the very name of Jew, rich men clothed in purple, and poor men fishing for their daily bread, the happy and those that sate in darkness, wedding parties and funeral parties, solitudes amongst hills or seashores, and multitudes that could not be counted, mighty cities and hamlets the most obscure, golden sanhedrims, and the glorious temple, where he spoke to myriads of the worshippers,

and solitary corners, where he stood in conference with a single contrite heart. Were the subject or the person different, one might ascribe a dramatic purpose and a scenical art to the vast variety of the circumstances and situations in which Christ is introduced. And yet, whilst all other sorts and orders of men converse with him, never do we hear of any interview between him and the *Essenes*. Suppose one Evangelist to have overlooked such a scene, another would not. In part, the very source of the dramatic variety in the New Testament scenes, must be looked for in the total want of collusion amongst the Evangelists. Each throwing himself back upon overmastering remembrances, all-glorified to his heart, had no more need to consult a fellow-witness, than a man needs, in rehearsing the circumstances of a final parting with a wife or a child, to seek collateral vouchers for his facts. Thence it was in part left to themselves, unmodified by each other, that they attained so much variety in the midst of so much inevitable sameness. One man was impressed by one case, a second by another. And thus, it must have happened amongst four, that at least one would have noticed the *Essenes*. But no one of the four gospels alludes to them. The Acts of the Apostles, again, whether by a fifth author or not, is a fifth body of remembrances, a fifth act of the memory applied to the followers of Christ. Yet neither does this notice them. The *Apocalypse* of St John, reviewing the new church for a still longer period, and noticing all the great outstanding features of the state militant, then unrolling for Christianity, says not one word about them. St Peter—St James, utterly overlook them. Lastly, which weighs more than all the rest, St Paul, the learned and philosophic apostle, bred up in all the learning of the most orthodox amongst the Jews, gives no sign that he had ever heard of such people. In short, to sum up all in one sentence, the very word *Essene* and *Essenes* is not found in the New Testament.

Now, is it for one moment to be credited—that a body of men so truly spiritual in the eternal of their creed, whatever might be the temporals of their practice, should have won no word of praise from Christ for that by which they so far exceeded other

sects—no word of reproach for that by which they might happen to fall short of their own profession—no word of admonition, founded on the comparison between their good and their bad—their heavenly and earthly? Or, if that had been supposable, can we believe that Christ's enemies, so eager as they showed themselves to turn even the Baptist into a handle of reproach against the new teacher, would have lost the overwhelming argument derived from the *Essenes*? "A new command I give unto you." "Not at all," they would have retorted—"Not at all new. Every thing spiritual in your ethics has been anticipated by the *Essenes*." It would have been alleged, that the function of Redeemer for Israel was to be judged and tried by the event. The only *instant* touchstone for the pretensions of Christ lay in the divine character of his morality, and the spirituality of that worship which he taught. Miracles were or were not from God, according to purposes to which they ministered. That moral doctrine and that worship were those purposes. By these only they could try the soundness of all beside; and if these had been forestalled by the *Essenes*, what remained for any new teacher or new founder of a religion? In fact, were the palpable lies of this Jew-traitor built on any thing but delusions misinterpreted by his own ignorant heart, there would be more in that one tale of his about the *Essenes* to undermine Christianity, than in all the batteries of all the infidels to overthrow it. No infidel can argue away the spirituality of the Christian religion: attacks upon miracles leave that unaffected. But he, who (confessing the spirituality) derives it from some elder and unknown source, at one step evades what he could not master. He overthrows without opposition; and enters the citadel through ruins caused by internal explosion.

What then is to be thought? If this death-like silence of all the evangelists, and all the apostles, makes it a mere impossibility to suppose the existence of such a sect as the *Essenes* in the time of Christ, did such a sect arise afterwards, viz. in the Epichristian generation? Or, if not, how and by what steps came up the romance we have been considering? Was there any substance in the tale? Or, if

positively none, how came the fiction? Was it a conscious lie? Was it a mistake? Was it an exaggeration?

Now, our idea is as follows:—What do we suppose the early Christians to have been called? By what name were they known amongst themselves and amongst others? *Christians*? Not at all. When it is said—"the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch," we are satisfied that the meaning is not—this name, now general, was first used at Antioch; but that, whereas we followers of Christ generally call one another, and *are* called by a particular name X, in Antioch that name was not used; but from the very beginning they were called by another name, viz. *Christians*. At all events, since this name Christian was confessedly used at Antioch before it was used any where else, there must have been another name elsewhere for the same people. What *was* that name? It was "*The Brethren*," [οἱ ἀδελφοί;] and at times, by way of variety, to prevent the awkwardness of too monotonously repeating the same word, perhaps it was "*The Faithful*," [οἱ πιστοί.] The name *Christians* travelled, we are convinced, not immediately amongst themselves, but slowly amongst their enemies. It was a name of reproach; and the meaning was—"We Pagans are all worshippers of gods, such as they are; but this sect worships a man, and that man a malefactor." For, though Christ should properly have been known by his name, which was Jesus; yet, because his crime, in the opinion of the Jews, lay in the office he had assumed—in having made himself the *Christos*, the anointed of God, therefore it happened that he was published amongst the Roman world by that name: his offence, his "*titulus*" on the cross, (the king, or the anointed,) was made his Roman name. Accordingly Tacitus, speaking of some insurgents in Judea, says—"that they mutinied under the excitement of Christ, (not Jesus,) their original ringleader," (*impulsore Chresto*.) And no doubt it had become a scoffing name, until the Christians disarmed the scoff of its sting by assuming it themselves; as was done in the case of "the Beggars" in the Netherlands, and "the Methodists" in England.

Well: meantime, what name did the Christians bear in their very birth-place? Were they called "the brethren" there? No. And why not?

Simply because it had become too dangerous a name. To be bold, to affront all reasonable danger, was their instinct and their duty; but not to tempt utter extinction or utter reduction to imbecility. We read amiss, if we imagine that the fiery persecution, which raged against Christ, had burned itself out in the act of the crucifixion. It slept, indeed, for a brief interval: but that was from necessity; for the small flock of scattered sheep easily secreted themselves. No sooner did they multiply a little, no sooner did their meetings again proclaim their "whereabouts," than the snake found them out, again raised its spiry crest amongst them, and again crushed them for a time. The martyrdom of St Stephen showed that no jesting was intended. It was determined that examples should be made. It was resolved that this revolt against the Temple (the Law and the Prophets) must be put down. The next event quickened this agency sevenfold. A great servant of the persecution, in the very agony of the storm which he was himself guiding and pointing, working the very artillery of Jerusalem upon some scent which his bloodhounds had found in Syria, suddenly, in one hour passed over to the enemy. What of that? Did that startle the persecution? Probably it did: failure from within was what they had not looked for. But the fear which it bred was sister to the wrath of hell. The snake turned round; but not for flight. It turned to fasten upon the revolter. St Paul's authority as a leader in the Jewish councils availed him nothing after this. Orders were undoubtedly expedited from Jerusalem to Damascus, as soon as messengers could be interchanged, for his assassination. And assassinated he would have been, had he been twenty St Pauls, but for his secret evasion, and his flight to Arabia. Idumea, probably a sort of Ireland to Judea, was the country to which he fled; where again he might have been found out, but his capture would have cost a negotiation; and in all likelihood he lay unknown amongst crowds. Nor did he venture to show his face again in Jerusalem for some years; and then again not till a term of fourteen years, half a generation, during which many of the burning zealots, and of those who could have challenged him per-

sonally as the great apostate, must have gone to their last sleep.

During the whole of this noviciate for Christianity; and in fact throughout the whole Epichristian era, there was a brooding danger over the name and prospects of Christianity. To hold up a hand, to put forth a head, in the blinding storm, was to perish. It was to solicit and tempt destruction. That could not be right. Those who were answerable for the great interest confided to them, if in their own persons they might have braved the anger of the times, were not at liberty to do so on this account—that it would have stopped effectually the expansion of the Church. Martyrdom and persecution formed the atmosphere in which it throve; but not the frost of death. What, then, did the fathers of the Church do? You read that, during a part of this Epichristian age, "the churches had peace." True, they had so. But do you know how they had it? Do you guess what they did?

It was this: They said to each other—If we are to stand such consuming fires as we have seen, one year will finish us all. And then what will become of the succession that we are to leave behind us? We must hide ourselves effectually. And this can be done only by symbolizing. Any lesser disguise our persecutors will penetrate. But this, by its very nature, will baffle them, and yet provide fully for the nursing of an infant Church. They proceeded, therefore, thus:—"Let there be darkness"—was the first word of command: "let us muffle ourselves in thick clouds, which no human eye can penetrate. And towards this purpose let us immediately take a symbolic name. And, because any name that expresses or implies a secret fraternity—a fraternity bound together by any hidden tie or purpose—will instantly be challenged for the Christian brotherhood under a new masque, instantly the bloody Sanhedrim will get to their old practices—torturing our weaker members, (as afterwards the cruel Pliny selected for torture the poor frail women-servants of the brethren,) and the wolf will be raging amongst our folds in three months,—therefore two things are requisite; one, that this name which we assume should be such as to disarm suspicion, [in this they acted upon the instinct of those birds, which artfully construct

signs and appearances to draw away the fowler from their young ones ;] the other, that in case, after all, some suspicion should arise, and the enemy again break in, there must be three or four barriers to storm before he can get to the stronghold in the centre."

Upon this principle all was arranged. First, for the name that was to disarm suspicion—what name could do that?

Why, what *was* the suspicion? A suspicion that Christian embers were sleeping under the ashes. True: but why was that suspicious? Why had it ever been suspicious? For two reasons: because the Christian faith was supposed to carry a secret hostility to the Temple and its whole ritual economy; secondly, for an earnest political reason, because it was believed to tend, by mere necessity, to such tumults or revolutions as would furnish the Roman, on tiptoe for this excuse, with a plea for taking away the Jewish name and nation; that is, for taking away their Jewish *autonomy*, (or administration by their own Mosaic code,) which they still had, though otherwise in a state of dependency. Well now, for this sort of suspicion, no name could be so admirably fitted as one drawn from the very ritual service of that very Temple which was supposed to be in danger. That Temple *was* in danger: the rocks on which it stood were already quaking beneath it. All was accomplished. Its doom had gone forth. Shadows of the coming fate were spreading thick before it. Its defenders had a dim misgiving of the storm that was gathering. But they mistook utterly the quarter from which it was to come. And they closed the great gates against an enemy that entered by the postern. However, they could not apprehend a foe in a society that professed a special interest in Israel. The name chosen, therefore, was derived from the very costume of the Jewish High Priest, the pontifical ruler of the temple. This great officer wore upon his breast a splendid piece of jewellery; twelve precious stones were inserted in the breast-plate, representing the twelve sons of Jacob, or twelve tribes* of

Israel: and this was called the *Essen*. Consequently, to announce themselves as the *Society of the Essen*—was to express a peculiar solicitude for the children of Israel. Under this masque nobody could suspect any hostility to Jerusalem or its temple; nobody, therefore, under the existing misconception of Christian objects and the Christian character, could suspect a Christian society.

But was not this hypocritical disguise? Not at all. A profession was thus made of paramount regard to Judea and her children. Why not? Christians every where turned with love, and yearning, and thankfulness the profoundest, to that "Holy City," (so called by Christ himself,) which had kept alive for a thousand years the sole vestiges of pure faith, and which, for a far longer term, mystically represented that people which had known the true God, "when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones." Christians, or they would have been no Christians, every where prayed for her peace. And if the downfall of Jerusalem was connected with the rise of Christianity, that was not through any enmity borne to Jerusalem by Christians, (as the Jews falsely imagine;) but because it was not suitable for the majesty of God, as the father of truth, to keep up a separation amongst the nations when the fulness of time in his counsels required that all separation should be at an end. At his bidding the Temple had been raised. At his bidding the Temple must be destroyed. Nothing could have saved it but becoming Christian. The end was accomplished for which it had existed; a great river had been kept pure; that was now to expand into an ocean.

But, as to any hypocrisy in the fathers of this indispensable scheme for keeping alive the fire that burned on the altar of Christianity, that was impossible. So far from needing to assume more love for Judaism than they had, we know that their very infirmity was to have by much too sectarian and exclusive a regard for those who were

* "*The twelve tribes*." It is a beautiful circumstance in the symbology of the Jewish ritual, where all is symbolic and all significant, where all in Milton's language "was meant mysteriously," that the ten tribes were not blotted out from the breast-plate after their revolt; no, nor after their idolatrous lapse, nor after their captivity, nor after their supposed utter dispersion. Their names still burned in the breast-plate, though their earthly place knew them no more.

represented by the Temple. The Bible, which conceals nothing of any men's errors, does not conceal that. And we know that all the weight of the great intellectual apostle was necessary to overrule the errors, in this point, of St Peter. The fervid apostle erred; and St Paul "withstood him to his face." But his very error proves the more certainly his sincerity and singleness of heart in setting up a society that should profess in its name the service of Jerusalem and her children as its primary function. The name *Essen* and *Essenes* was sent before to disarm suspicion and as a pledge of loyal fidelity.

Next, however, this society was to be a secret society—an Eleusinian society—a Freemason society. For, if it were not, how was it to provide for the culture of Christianity? Now, if the reader pauses a moment to review the condition of Palestine and the neighbouring countries at that time, he will begin to see the opening there was for such a society. The condition of the times was agitated and tumultuous beyond any thing witnessed amongst men, except at the Reformation and the French Revolution. The flame on the Pagan altars was growing pale, the oracles over the earth were muttering their alarm, panic terrors were falling upon nations, murmurs were arising, whispers circulating from nobody knew whence—that out of the East about this time should arise some great and mysterious deliverer. This whisper had spread to Rome—was current every where. It was one of those awful whispers that have no author. Nobody could ever trace it. Nobody could ever guess by what path it had travelled. But observe, in that generation, at Rome and all parts of the Mediterranean to the west of Palestine, the word "*Oriens*" had a technical and limited meaning; it was restricted to Syria, of which Palestine formed a section. This use of the word will explain itself to any body who looks at a map of the Mediterranean as seen from Italy. But some years after the Epichristian generation, the word began to extend; and very naturally, as the Roman armies began to make permanent conquests nearer to the Euphrates. Under these remarkable circumstances, and agitated beyond measure between the oppression of the Roman armies on the one hand and

the consciousness of a peculiar dependence on God on the other, all thoughtful Jews were disturbed in mind. The more conscientious, the more they were agitated. Was it their duty to resist the Romans? God could deliver them doubtless; but God worked oftentimes by human means. Was it his pleasure that they should resist by arms? Others again replied—If you do, then you prepare an excuse for the Romans to extirpate your nation. Many, again, turned more to religious hopes: these were they who, in Scriptural language, "waited for the consolation of Israel:" that is, they trusted in that Messiah who had been promised, and they yearned for his manifestation. They mourned over Judea; they felt that she had rebelled; but she had been afflicted, and perhaps her transgressions might now be blotted out, and her glory might now be approaching. Of this class was he who took Christ in his arms when an infant in the temple. Of this class were the two rich men, Joseph and Nicodemus, who united to bury him. But even of this class many there were who took different views of the functions properly belonging to the Messiah; and many that either through this difference of original views, or from imperfect acquaintance with the life of Jesus, doubted whether he were indeed the promised Messiah. Even John the Baptist doubted that, and his question upon that point, addressed to Christ himself, "Art thou he who should come, or do we look for another?" has been generally fancied singularly at war with his own earlier testimony, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But it is not. The offices of mysterious change for Israel were prophetically announced as coming through a series and succession of characters—Elias, "that prophet," and the Messiah. The succession might even be more divided. And the Baptist, who did not know himself to be Elias, might reasonably be in doubt (and at a time when his career was only beginning) whether Jesus were the Messiah.

Now, out of these mixed elements—men in every stage and gradation of belief or spiritual knowledge, but all musing, pondering, fermenting in their minds—all tempest-shaken, sorrow-haunted, perplexed, hoping, seeking, doubting, trusting—the apostles would see abundant means for peopling the

lower or initiatory ranks of their new society. Such a craving for light from above probably never existed. The land was on the brink of convulsions, and all men felt it. Even amongst the rulers in Jerusalem had been some who saw the truth of Christ's mission, though selfish terrors had kept back their testimony. From every rank and order of men, would press in the meditative to a society where they would all receive sympathy whatever might be their views, and many would receive light.

This society—how was it constituted? In the innermost class were placed, no doubt, all those, and those only, who were thoroughly Christians. The danger was from Christianity. And this danger was made operative only by associating with the mature and perfect Christian any false brother, any half-Christian, any hypocritical Christian, any wavering Christian. To meet this danger there must be a winnowing and a sifting of all candidates. And because the danger was awful, involving not one but many, not a human interest but a heavenly interest; therefore these winnowings and siftings must be many, must be repeated, must be soul-searching. Nay, even that will not suffice. Oaths, pledges to God as well as to man, must be exacted. All this the apostles did: serpents by experience, in the midst of their dove-like faith, they acted as wise stewards for God. They surrounded their own central consistory with lines impassable to treachery. Josephus, the blind Jew, blind in heart, we mean, and understanding, reporting a matter of which he had no comprehension, nor could have—(for we could show to demonstration that, for a specific reason, he could not have belonged to the society,)—even this man, in his utter darkness, telegraphs to us by many signals, rockets thrown up by the apostles, which come round and are visible to us, but unseen by him, what it is that the apostles were about. He tells us expressly, that a preparatory or trial period of two years was exacted of every candidate before his admission to *any* order;

that, after this probationary attendance is finished, "they are parted into four classes;" and these classes, he tells us, are so severely separated from all intercommunion, that merely to have touched each other was a pollution that required a solemn purification. Finally, as if all this were nothing, though otherwise disallowing of oaths, yet in this as in a service of God, oaths, which Josephus styles "tremendous," are exacted of each member, that he will reveal nothing of what he learns.

Who can fail to see, in these multiplied precautions for guarding, what according to Josephus is no secret at all, nor any thing approaching to a secret, that here we have a central Christian society, secret from necessity, cautious to excess from the extremity of the danger, and surrounding themselves in their outer rings by merely Jewish disciples, but those whose state of mind promised a hopeful soil for the solemn and affecting discoveries which awaited them in the higher stages of their progress. Here is the true solution of this mysterious society, the *Essenes*, never mentioned in any one record of the Christian generation, and that because it first took its rise in the necessities of the Epichristian generation. There is more by a good deal to say of these *Essenes*; but this is enough for the present. And if any man asks how they came to be traced to so fabulous an antiquity, the account now given easily explains that. Three authors only mention them—Pliny, Philo-Judæus, and Josephus. Pliny builds upon these two last, and other Jewish romancers. The two last may be considered as contemporaries. And all that they allege as to the antiquity of the sect, flows naturally from the condition and circumstances of the outermost circle in the series of the classes. They were occupied exclusively with Judaism. And Judaism had in fact, as we all know, that real antiquity in its people, and its rites, and its symbols, which these then *uninitiated* authors understand and fancy to have been meant of the *Essenes* as a philosophical sect.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

PART IV.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quærô.

HOR. CARM. Lib. iii. 49.

WHEN, after his return from Mr Gammon's chambers, at Thavies' Inn, Titmouse woke at an early hour in the morning, he was labouring under the ordinary effects of unaccustomed inebriety. His mouth and lips were perfectly parched; there was a horrid weight pressing on his aching eyes, and upon his throbbing head. His pillow seemed undulating beneath him, and every thing swimming around him: but when, to crown the whole, he was roused from a momentary nap by the insupportable—the loathed importunities of Mrs Squallop, that he would just sit up and partake of three thick rounds of hot buttered toast, and a great basin of smoking tea, which would do him *so* much good, and settle his stomach—at all events, if he'd only have a thimbleful of gin in it—poor Titmouse was fairly overcome. He lay in bed all that day, during which he underwent very severe sufferings; and it was not till towards night that he began to have any thing like a distinct recollection of the evening he had spent with Mr Gammon; who, by the way, had sent one of the clerks, during the afternoon, to enquire after him. He did not get out of bed on the Tuesday till past twelve o'clock, when, in a very rickety condition, he made his appearance at the shop of Messrs Dowlas and Co.; on approaching which he felt a sudden faintness, arising from mingled apprehension and disgust.

"What are you doing here, sir?—You're no longer in my employment, sir," exclaimed Tag-rag, attempting to speak calmly, as he hurried down the shop to meet Titmouse, and planted himself right in the way of his languid and pallid shopman.

"Sir!"—faintly exclaimed Titmouse, with his hat in his hand.

"Very much obliged, sir—very! by the offer of your valuable services," said Tag-rag. "But—*that's* the way out again, sir—that!—there!—good morn-

ing, sir—good morning, sir!—that's the way out"—and he edged on Titmouse, till he had got him fairly into the street—with infinite difficulty restraining himself from giving him a parting kick. Titmouse stood for a moment before the door, trembling and aghast, looking in a bewildered manner at the shop: but Tag-rag again making his appearance, Titmouse slowly walked away and returned to his lodgings.—Oh that Mr Gammon had witnessed the scene—thought he—and so have been satisfied that it had been Tag-rag who had put an end to his service, not he himself who had quitted it!

The next day, about the same hour, Mr Gammon made his appearance at Messrs Dowlas and Company's, and enquired for Mr Tag-rag, who presently presented himself—and, recognising Mr Gammon, who naturally reminded him of Titmouse, changed colour a little.

"What did you please to want, sir?" enquired Mr Tag-rag, with a would-be resolute air, twirling round his watch-key with some energy.

"Only a few minutes' conversation, sir, if you please," said Mr Gammon, with such a significant manner as a little disturbed Mr Tag-rag; who, with an ill-supported sneer, bowed very low, and led the way to his own little room. Having closed the door, he, with an exceedingly civil air, begged Mr Gammon to be seated; and then occupied the chair opposite to him, and awaited the issue with ill-disguised anxiety.

"I am very sorry, Mr Tag-rag," commenced Gammon, with his usual elegant and feeling manner, "that any misunderstanding should have arisen between you and Mr Titmouse."

"You're a lawyer, sir, I suppose?" Mr Gammon bowed. "Then you must know, sir, that there are always two sides to a quarrel."

"Yes—you are right, Mr Tag-rag; and, having already heard Mr Titmouse's version, may I be favoured with your account of your reasons for dismissing him? For he tells us that yesterday you dismissed him suddenly from your employment, without giving him any warn"—

"So I did, sir; and what of that?" enquired Tag-rag, tossing his head with an air of defiance. "Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when a man can't dismiss a drunken, idle, impudent vagabond."

"Do you seriously charge him with being such a character, and can you *prove* your charges, Mr Tag-rag?" enquired Gammon, gravely.

"Prove 'em! yes, sir, a hundred times over; so will all my young men."

"And in a court of justice, Mr Tag-rag?"

"Oh! he's going to *law*, is he? That's why you're come here—ah, ha! when you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you may get your bill out of Mr Tittlebat Titmouse!—ha, ha, ha!" laughed Tag-rag, hoping thereby to conceal how much he was really startled.

"Well—that's our look-out, Mr Tag-rag: to Mr Titmouse, his character is as valuable as Mr Tag-rag's is to him. In short, he has placed himself in our hands, and we are resolved to go on with the case, if it costs us a hundred pounds—we are indeed, Mr Tag-rag."

"Why—he's not a penny in the world to go to law with!" exclaimed Tag-rag, with an air of mingled wonder and contempt.

"But you forget, Mr Tag-rag, that if Mr Titmouse's account should turn out to be correct, it will be *your* pocket that must pay all the expenses, amounting probably to twenty times the sum which a jury may award to Mr Titmouse."

"Law, sir!—It's not justice—I hate law—give me common sense and common honesty!"

"Both of them would condemn your conduct, Mr Tag-rag; for I have heard a full account of what Mr Titmouse has suffered at your hands—of the cause of your sudden warning to him, and your still more sudden dismissal of yesterday. Oh, Mr Tag-rag! upon my honour, it won't do—not for a moment—and should you go on, rely upon what I tell you, that it will cost you dear."

"And suppose, sir," said Tag-rag, in a would-be contemptuous tone—"I should have witnesses to prove all I've said—which of us will look funny then, sir?"

"Which, indeed! However, since that is your humour, I can only assure you that Mr Titmouse defies you to prove any misconduct on his part. We have taken up his cause, and, as you may perhaps find, we shall not easily let it drop."

"I mean no offence, sir," said Tag-rag, in a mitigated tone; "but I must say, that ever since you first came here, Titmouse has been quite another person. He seems not to know who I am, nor to care either—and he's perfectly unbearable."

"My dear sir, what has he *said* or *done*?—that, you know, is what you must be prepared to prove."

"Well, sir! and which of us is likely to be best off for witnesses?—Think of that, sir—I've eighteen young men"—

"We shall chance that, sir," replied Gammon, shrugging his shoulders; "but, again, I ask, what did you dismiss him for? and I request a plain, straight-forward answer."

"What did I dismiss him for?—Haven't I eyes and ears?—First and foremost, he's the most odious-mannered fellow I ever came near—and—he hadn't a shirt to his back, when I first took him—the ungrateful wretch! Sir, it's not against the law, I suppose, to *hate* a man;—and if it isn't, how I hate Titmouse!"

"Mr Tag-rag"—said Gammon, lowering his voice, and looking very earnestly at his companion—"can I say a word to you in confidence—the strictest confidence?"

"What's it about, sir?" enquired Tag-rag, with an apprehensive air.

"I dare say you may have felt, perhaps, rather surprised at the interest which I—in fact our office, the office of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, in Saffron Hill—appear to have taken in Mr Titmouse."

"Why, sir, it's *your* look-out to see how you're to be paid for what you're doing,—and I dare say lawyers generally keep a pretty sharp look-out in that direction."

Gammon smiled, and continued—"It may, perhaps, a little surprise you, Mr Tag-rag, to hear that your present (ought I to say, your *late*?) shopman, Mr Tittlebat Titmouse, is

at this moment probably the very luckiest man in this kingdom."

"Why—you don't mean to say he's drawn a prize in the lottery?"—exclaimed Tag-rag, pricking up his ears.

"Pho! my dear sir, *that* is a mere trifle compared with the good fortune that has befallen him. He turns out to be the undoubted owner of an estate worth at least ten thousand a-year, besides a great accumulation of ready money."

"Ten thousand a-year, sir!—My Titmouse!—Tittlebat Titmouse!—Ten thousand a-year!" faltered Tag-rag, after a pause.

"I have as little doubt of the fact, as I have that you yesterday turned him out of doors."

"But—who could have dreamt it? How was—how was I to know it?"

"That's the fact, however," said Gammon, shrugging his shoulders. Tag-rag wriggled about in his chair, put his hands in and out of his pockets, scratched his head, and continued staring open-mouthed at the bearer of such astounding intelligence. "Perhaps all this is meant as a joke, sir,"—said he—"if so—it's—it's—a very"—

"It's one of his solicitors, who were fortunate enough to make the discovery, that tells you. I solemnly assure you of the fact, Mr Tag-rag. Ten thousand a-year, at the least, is Mr Titmouse now the real owner of."

"Why, that's two hundred thousand pounds, sir!"—exclaimed Tag-rag, with an awe-struck air.

"At the very least"—

"Lord, Mr Gammon!—Excuse me, sir, but how *did* you find it out?"

"Mere accident—mere accident, sir."

"And does Mr Titmouse know it?"

"Ever since the day after that on which I called on him here."

"You don't say so!"—Tag-rag continued silent for nearly a minute, evidently amazed beyond all power of expression.

"Well,"—at length he observed—

"I *will* say this—he's the most amiable young gentleman—the *very* *amiablest* young gentleman I—ever—came near. I always thought there was something uncommon superior-like in his looks."

"Yes—I think he *is* of rather an amiable turn," observed Gammon, with an expressive smile—"and so intelligent"—

"Intelligent! Mr Gammon! you should only have known him as I have known him!—Well, to be sure!—Lord! His only fault was, that he was above his business; but when one comes to think of it, how could it be otherwise? From the time I first clapped eyes on him—I—I—knew he was—a superior article—quite superior—you know what I mean, sir?—He couldn't help it, of course!—To be sure—he never was much liked by the other young men; but that was jealousy!—all jealousy; I saw that all the while." Here he looked at the door, and added in a very low tone, "Many sleepless nights has their bad treatment of Mr Titmouse cost me!—Even I, now and then, used to look and speak sharply to him—just to keep him, as it were, down to the mark of the others—he was so uncommon handsome, and genteel in his manner, sir. Hang me, if I didn't tell Mrs Tag-rag the very first day he came to me, that he was a gentleman born—or ought to have been one."

Now, do you suppose, acute reader, that Mr Tag-rag was insincere in all this? By no means. He spoke the real dictates of his heart, unaware of the sudden change which had taken place in his feelings. It certainly has an ugly look—but it was *the nature of the beast*; his eye suddenly caught a glimpse of the golden calf, and he instinctively fell down and worshipped it. "Well—at all events," said Mr Gammon, scarcely able to keep a serious expression on his face—"though not a gentleman born, he'll *live* like a gentleman—and spend his money like one, too."

"I—I—dare say—he will!—I wonder how he *will* get through a quarter of it!—what do *you* think he'll do, sir?"

"Heaven only knows—he may do just what he likes."

"I declare—I feel as if I shouldn't be quite right again for the rest of the day!—I own to you, sir, that all yesterday and to-day I've been on the point of going to Mr Titmouse's lodgings to apologize for—for—Good gracious me! one can't take it all in at once—Ten thousand a-year!—Many a lord hasn't got more—some not as much, I'll be bound!—Dear me, what will he do!—Well, one thing I'm *sure* of—he'll never have a truer friend than plain Thomas Tag-rag, though I've not

always been a-flattering him—I respected him too much!—The many little things I've borne with in Titmouse, that in any one else I'd have—But why didn't he tell me, sir? We should have understood one another in a moment."—Here he paused abruptly; for his breath seemed suddenly taken away, as he reviewed the series of indignities which he had latterly inflicted on Titmouse—the kind of life which that amiable young gentleman had led in his establishment.

Never had the keen Gammon enjoyed any thing more exquisitely than the scene which I have been describing. To a man of his practical sagacity in the affairs of life, and knowledge of human nature, nothing could appear more ludicrously contemptible than the conduct of poor Tag-rag. How differently are the minds of men constituted! How Gammon despised Tag-rag! and how the reader must respect Gammon!

"Now, may I take for granted, Mr Tag-rag, that we understand each other?" enquired Gammon.

"Yes, sir," replied Tag-rag, meekly.

"But do you think Mr Titmouse will ever forgive or forget the little misunderstanding we've lately had? If I could but explain to him how I have been acting a part towards him—all for his good!"

"You may have opportunities for doing so, if you are really so disposed, Mr Tag-rag; for I have something seriously to propose to you. Circumstances render it desirable that for some little time this important affair should be kept as quiet as possible; and it is Mr Titmouse's wish, and ours—as his confidential professional advisers—that for some few months he should continue in your establishment, and apparently in your service as before."

"In my service!—my service!" interrupted Tag-rag, opening his eyes to their utmost. "I sha'n't know how to behave in my own premises! Have a man with ten thousand a-year behind my counter, sir? I might as well have the Lord Mayor! Sir, it can't—it can't be. Now, if Mr Titmouse chose to become a *partner* in the house—ay, there might be something in that—he needn't have any trouble—be only a sleeping partner." Tag-rag warmed with the thought. "Really, sir, that wouldn't be so much amiss—would it?" Gammon assured him that it was out of the question; and gave him

some of the reasons for the proposal which he (Mr Gammon) had been making. While Gammon fancied that Tag-rag was paying profound attention to what he was saying, Tag-rag's thoughts had shot far a-head. He had an only child—a daughter, about twenty years old—Miss Tabitha Tag-rag; and the delightful possibility of her by-and-by becoming Mrs TITMOUSE, put her amiable parent into a perspiration. Into the proposal just made by Mr Gammon he fell with great eagerness, which he attempted to conceal—for what innumerable opportunities could it not afford him for bringing about the desire of his heart—for throwing the lovely young couple into each other's way, endearing them to each other! Oh, delightful! It really looked almost as if fate had determined that the thing should come to pass! If Mr Titmouse did not dine with him, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag, at *Satin Lodge, Clapham*, on the very next Sunday, it should, Tag-rag resolved, be owing to no fault of *his*.—Mr Gammon having arranged every thing exactly as he had desired, and having again enjoined Mr Tag-rag to absolute secrecy, took his departure. Mr Tag-rag, in his excitement, thrust out his hand, and grasped that of Gammon, which was extended towards him somewhat coldly and reluctantly. Tag-rag attended him with extreme obsequiousness to the door; and on his departure, walked back rapidly to his own room, and sat down for nearly half an hour in deep thought. Abruptly rising, at length, he clapped his hat on his head, and saying that he should soon be back, hurried out to call upon his future son-in-law, full of affectionate anxiety concerning his health—and vowing within himself, that thenceforth it should be the study of his life to make his daughter and Titmouse happy! There could be no doubt of the reality of the event just communicated to him by Mr Gammon; for he was a well-known solicitor, he had had an interview on important business with Titmouse a fortnight ago, which could have been nothing but the prodigious event just communicated to himself. Such things had happened to others—why not to Tittlebat Titmouse? In short, Tag-rag had no doubt on the matter.

He found Titmouse not at home; so he left a most particularly civil message, half a dozen times repeated, with Mrs Squallop—to the effect that he, Mr Tag-rag, should be only too

happy to see Mr Titmouse at No. 375, Oxford Street, whenever it might suit his convenience; that he was most deeply concerned to hear of Mr Titmouse's indisposition, and anxious to learn from himself that he had recovered, &c. &c. &c.;—all which, together with one or two other little matters, which Mrs Squallop could not help putting together, satisfied that shrewd lady that "something was in the wind about Mr Titmouse;" and made her reflect rather anxiously on one or two violent scenes she had had with him, and which she was now ready entirely to forget and forgive. Having thus done all that at present was in his power to forward the thing, the anxious and excited Tag-rag returned to his shop; on entering which, one Lutestring, his principal young man, eagerly apprised him of a claim which he had, as he imagined, only the moment before established to the thanks of Mr Tag-rag, by having "bundled off, neck and crop, that hodious Titmouse," who, about five minutes before, had, it seemed, had the "impudence" to present himself at the shop-door, and walk in as if nothing had happened!! [Titmouse had so presented himself, in consequence of a call from Mr Gammon, immediately after his interview with Tag-rag.]

"You—ordered—Mr Titmouse—off!!" exclaimed Tag-rag, starting back aghast, and stopping his voluble and officious assistant.

"Of course, sir—after what happened yester"—

"Who authorized, you, Mr Lutestring?" enquired Tag-rag, striving to choke down the rage that was rising within him.

"Why, sir, I *really* supposed that"—

"You supposed! You're a meddling, impertinent, disgusting"— Suddenly his face was overspread with smiles, as three or four elegantly dressed customers entered, whom he received with profuse obeisances. But when their backs were turned, he directed a lightning look towards Lutestring, and retreated once more to his room, to meditate on the agitating events of the last hour. The extraordinary alteration in Mr Tag-rag's behaviour was attributed by his shopmen to his having been frightened out of his wits by the threats of Titmouse's lawyer—for such it was clear the stranger was; and more than one

of them stored it up in their minds as a useful precedent against some future occasion.

Twice afterwards during the day did Tag-rag call at Titmouse's lodgings—but in vain; and on returning the third time felt not a little disquieted. He determined, however, to call the first thing on the ensuing morning; if he should then fail of seeing Mr Titmouse, he was resolved to go to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—and besides, address a very affectionate letter to Mr Titmouse. How totally changed had become all his feelings towards that gentleman within the last few hours! The more Tag-rag reflected on Titmouse's conduct, the more he saw in it to approve of. How steady and regular had he been in his habits! how civil and obliging! how patient of rebuke! how pleasing in his manners to the customers! Surely, surely, thought Tag-rag, Titmouse can't have been four long years in my employ without getting a—sort of a—feeling—of attachment to me—he'd have left long ago if he hadn't! It was true there had now and then been tiffs between them; but who could agree always? Even Mrs Tag-rag and he, when they were courting, often fell out with one another. Tag-rag was now ready to forget and forgive all—he had never meant any harm to Titmouse. He believed that poor Tittlebat was an orphan, poor soul! alone in the wide world—*now* he would become the prey of designing strangers. Tag-rag did not like the appearance of Gammon. No doubt that person would try and ingratiate himself as much as possible with Titmouse! Then Titmouse was remarkably good-looking. "I wonder what Tabby will think of him when she sees him!" How anxious Tittlebat must be to see her—*his* daughter!—How could Tag-rag make Tittlebat's stay at his premises (for he could not bring himself to believe that on the morrow he could not set all right, and disavow the impudent conduct of Lutestring) agreeable and delightful? He would discharge the first of his young men that did not show Titmouse proper respect. What low lodgings poor Tittlebat lived in! Why could he not take up his quarters at Satin Lodge? They always had a nice spare bedroom. Ah! *that* would be a stroke! How Tabby could endear herself to him! What a number of things Mrs

Tag-rag could do to make him comfortable !

About seven o'clock Tag-rag quit-
ted his premises in Oxford Street, for
his country house ; and, occupied with
these and similar delightful and anx-
ious thoughts and speculations, hur-
ried along Oxford Street on his way
to the Clapham stage, without think-
ing of his umbrella, though it rained
fast. When he had taken his place
on the coach-box, beside old Crack,
(as he had done almost every night
for years,) he was so unusually si-
lent that Crack naturally thought his
best passenger was going to become
bankrupt, or compound with his cre-
ditors ; or something of that sort. Mr
Tag-rag could hardly keep his temper
at the slow pace old Crack was driving
at—just when Tag-rag could have
wished to gallop the whole way. Ne-
ver had he descended with so much
briskness, as when the coach at
length drew up before the little green
gate, which opened on the nice little
gravel walk, which led up to the little
green wooden porch, which sheltered
the slim door which admitted you into
Satin Lodge. As Tag-rag stood for a
moment wiping his wet shoes upon the
mat, he could not help observing, for
the first time, by the inward light of
ten thousand a-year, how uncommon
small the passage was—and thinking
that it would never do, when he should
be the father-in-law of a man worth
ten thousand a-year—he could easily
let that house, and take a large one.

As he hung his hat upon the peg, the
mischievous insolence of Lutestring
occurred to him ; and he deposited
such a prodigious execration upon that
gentleman's name, as must have sunk
a far more buoyant sinner many fa-
thoms deeper than usual into a certain
hot and deep place that shall be name-
less.

Mrs and Miss Tag-rag were sitting
in the front parlour, intending to take
tea as soon as Mr Tag-rag should
have arrived. It was not a large
room, but furnished prettily, accord-
ing to the taste of the owners. There
was only one window, and it had a
flaunting white summer curtain. The
walls were ornamented with three pic-
tures, in heavily gilt frames, being por-
traits of Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag ;
and I do not wish to say more of these
pictures, than that in each of them
the dress was done with singular ex-
actness and fidelity—the faces seeming

to have been painted in, in order to
complete the thing. The skinny, little
Miss Tag-rag sat at the worn-out,
jingling pianoforte, playing—oh, hor-
rid and doleful sound!—*The Battle
of Prague*. Mrs Tag-rag, a fat,
showily-dressed woman of about fifty,
her cap having a prodigious number
of artificial flowers in it, sat reading
a profitable volume entitled "*Groans
from the Bottomless Pit to Awaken
Sleeping Sinners*," by the REV. DIS-
MAL HORROR—a very rousing young
preacher lately come into that neigh-
bourhood, and who had almost fright-
ened into fits half the women and child-
ren, and one or two old gentlemen of
his congregation, giving out, amongst
several similarly cheering intima-
tions, that they must necessarily be
damned unless they immediately set
about making themselves as misera-
ble as possible in this world. The
Sunday before, he had pointed out,
with awful force and distinctness, that
cards and novels were the devil's traps
to catch souls ; and balls and theatres
short and easy cuts to —.

He had proved to his trembling
female hearers, in effect, that there
was only one way to Heaven—
through his chapel ; that the only
safe mode of spending their time
on earth was reading religious books,
going to prayer-meetings, making
all sorts of trash for a fancy sale,
to defray the expenses of putting
an organ in his chapel ; and wheed-
ling their husbands into subscriptions
to the Lord knows how many mission-
ary societies, and so forth. But when,
a Sunday or two before, he preached
a funeral sermon, to "improve the
death," as he said, of a Miss Snooks,
(who had kept a circulating library in
the neighbourhood ;) and who, having
been to the theatre on the Thursday
night, was taken ill of a bowel attack
on the Friday, and was a "lifeless
corpse when the next Sabbath dawn-
ed," you might have heard a beetle
sneeze within any of the walls, all
over the crowded chapel. Two-thirds
of the women present, struck with the
awful judgment upon the deceased
Miss Snooks, made solemn vows
never again to enter the accursed
walls of a theatre ; many determined
no longer to subscribe to the circula-
ting library, ruining their precious
souls with light and amusing reading ;
and almost all resolved forthwith to
become active members of a sort of

religious tract society, which Mr Horror had just established in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of giving the sick and starving poor *spiritual* food, in the shape of tracts, which might wean their affections away from this vain world, and fix them on better things, rejoicing, in the mean while, in the bitter pangs of destitution. All this sort of thing Mr Horror possibly imagined to be advancing the cause of real religion!—In short, he had created a sort of spiritual fever about the place, which was then just at its height in worthy Mrs Tag-rag.

"Well, Dolly, how are you to-night?" enquired Tag-rag, with unusual briskness, on entering the room.

"Tolerable, thank you, Tag," replied Mrs Tag-rag, mournfully, with a sigh, closing the cheerful volume she had been perusing—it having been recommended the preceding Sunday from the pulpit by its pious and gifted author, Mr Horror, to be read and prayed over every day by every member of his congregation.

"And how are *you*, Tabby?" said Tag-rag, addressing his daughter. "Come and kiss me, you little slut—come!"

"No, I sha'n't, pa! Do let me go on with my practising"—and twang! twang! went those infernal keys.

"Dy'e hear, Tab? Come and kiss me, you little minx"—

"Really, pa, how provoking—just as I am in the middle of the *Cries of the Wounded*! I sha'n't!—that's flat."

The doating parent could not, however, be denied; so he stepped to the piano, put his arm round his dutiful daughter's neck, kissed her fondly, and then stood for a moment behind her, admiring her brilliant execution of *The Trumpet of Victory*. Having changed his coat, and put on an old pair of shoes, Tag-rag was comfortable for the evening.

"Tabby plays wonderful well, Dolly, don't she?" said Tag-rag, as the tea things were being brought in, by way of beginning a conversation, while he drew his chair nearer to his wife.

"Ah! I'd a deal rather see her reading something serious—for life is short, Tag, and eternity's long."

"Botheration!—Stuff!—Tut!"

"You may find it out one day, my dear, when its too late"—

"I'll tell you what, Dolly," said

Tag-rag, angrily, "you're coming a great deal too much of that sort of thing—my house is getting like a Methodist meeting-house. I can't bear it,—I can't! What the deuce is come to you all in these parts, lately?"

"Ah, Tag-rag," replied his wife, with a sigh, "I can only pray for you—I can do no more"—

"Oh!" exclaimed Tag-rag, with an air of desperate disgust, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and stretching his legs to their utmost extent under the table. "I'll tell you what, Mrs T.," he added, after a while, "too much of one thing is good for nothing; you may choke a dog with pudding;—I sha'n't renew my sittings at Mr Horror's."—

"Now, pa, do! That's a love of a pa!" interposed Miss Tag-rag, twirling round on her music-stool. "All Clapham's running after him—he's quite the rage! There's the Dugginses, the Pips, the Jones, the Maggots—and, really, Mr Horror does preach such dreadful things, it's quite delightful to look round and see all the people with their eyes and mouths wide open—and our's is such a good pew for seeing—and Mr Horror is such a bee—yeautiful preacher,—isn't he, ma?"

"Yes, love, he is—but, I wish I could see you profit by him, and preparing for death"—

"Why, ma, how *can* you go on in that ridiculous way? You know I'm not twenty yet!"

"Well, well! Poor Tabby!" here Mrs Tag-rag's voice faltered—"a day will come, when"—

"Play me the *Devil among the Tailors*, or *Copenhagen Waltz*, or something of that sort, Tabby, or I shall be sick!—I can't bear it!"

"Well!—Oh, my!—I never!—Mr Tag-rag!" exclaimed his astounded wife.

"Play away, Tab, or I'll go and sit in the kitchen! They're cheerful *there*! The next time I come across Mr Horror, if I don't give him a bit of my mind"—here he paused, and slapped his hand with much energy upon the table. Mrs Tag-rag wiped her eyes, sighed, and resumed her book. Miss Tag-rag began to make tea, her papa gradually forgetting his rage, as he fixed his dull grey eyes fondly on the pert skinny countenance of his daughter.

"By the way, Tag," exclaimed Mrs Tag-rag, suddenly, but in the

same mournful tone, addressing her husband, "you haven't of course forgot the lace for my new bonnet?"

"Never once thought of it," replied Tag-rag, doggedly.

"You haven't! Good gracious! what am I to go to chapel in next Sunday!" she exclaimed, with sudden alarm, closing her book, "and our seat in the very front of the gallery!—bless me! I shall have a hundred eyes on me!"

"Now that you're coming down a bit, and dropped out of the clouds, Dolly," said her husband, much relieved, "I'll tell you a bit of news that will, I fancy, rather"—

"Come! what is it, Tag?" eagerly enquired his wife.

"What should you say of a chance of a certain somebody" (here he looked unutterable things at his daughter) "that shall be nameless, becoming mistress of ten thousand a-year?"

"Why"—Mrs Tag-rag changed colour—"has any one fallen in love with Tab?"

"What should you say of our Tab marrying a man with ten thousand a-year? There's for you! Isn't *that* better than all your religion?"

"Oh Tag, don't say that; but"—here she hastily turned down the leaf, of *Groans from the Bottomless Pit*, and tossed that inestimable work upon the sofa—"do tell me, lovy! what *are* you talking about?"

"What indeed, Dolly!—I'm going to have him here to dinner next Sunday."

Miss Tag-rag having been listening with breathless eagerness to this little colloquy between her prudent and amiable parents, unconscious of what she was about, poured all the tea into the sugar-basin.

"Have *who*, dear Tag?" enquired Mrs Tag-rag impatiently.

"Who? why whom but Tittlebat Titmouse!! You've seen him, and heard me speak of him."

"What!—that odious, nasty"—

"Hush, hush!" involuntarily exclaimed Tag-rag, with an apprehensive air—"That's all past and gone—I was always too hard on him. Well—he's turned up all of a sudden master of ten thousand a-year—He has, indeed—you'll see if he hasn't!"

Mrs Tag-rag and her daughter sat in speechless wonder.

"Where did he see Tab, Taggy?" enquired at length Mrs Tag-rag.

"Oh—I—I—why—you see—I don't exactly think *that* signifies so much—He *will* see her next Sunday."

"So then he's positively coming?"

"Y—e—s—I've no doubt."—(I'll discharge Lutestring to-morrow, thought Tag-rag.)

"But aren't we counting our chickens, Tag, before they're hatched? If Titmouse is all of a sudden become such a catch, he'll be snapped up in a minute."

"Why, you see, Dolly—we're first in the market, I'm sure of that—his attorney tells me he's to be kept quite snug and quiet under my care for months, and see no one.—So when he once gets sight of Tabby, and gets into her company—eh! Tab, sweet! you'll do the rest—hem!"

"La, pa! how you go on!" simpered Miss Tag-rag.

"You must do your part, Tab," said her father—"we'll do ours.—He'll bite, you may depend on it!"

"What sort of a looking young man is he, dear pa?" enquired Miss Tag-rag, blushing, and her heart fluttering very fast.

"Oh, you must have seen him, sweetest"—

"How should I ever notice any one of the lots of young men at the shop, pa?—I don't at all know him!"

"Well—he's the handsomest, most genteel-looking fellow I ever came across; he's long been an ornament to my establishment, for his good looks and civil and obliging manners"—

"Dear me," interrupted Mrs Tag-rag, anxiously addressing her daughter, "I hope, Tabby, that Miss Nix will send home your lilac-coloured frock by next Sunday."

"If she don't, ma, I'll take care she never makes any thing more for me."

"We'll call there to-morrow, love, and hurry her on," said her mother; and from that moment until eleven o'clock, when the amiable and interesting trio retired to rest, nothing was talked of but the charming Titmouse, and the good fortune he so richly deserved, and how long the courtship was likely to last. Mrs Tag-rag, who, for the last month or so, had always remained on her knees before getting into bed, for at least ten minutes, on this eventful evening compressed her prayers, I regret to say, into one minute and a half's time, (as for Tag-rag, a

hardened heathen, he always tumbled prayerless into bed, the moment he was undressed ;) while, for once in a way, Miss Tag-rag, having taken only half an hour to put her hair into papers, popped into bed directly she had blown the candle out, without saying *any* prayers—or even thinking of finishing the novel which lay under her pillow, and which she had got on the sly from the circulating library of the late Miss Snooks. For several hours she lay in a delicious reverie, imagining herself become Mrs Tittlebat Titmouse, riding about Clapham in a handsome carriage, going to the play every night; and what would the three Miss Knipps's say when they heard of it—they'd burst! And such a handsome man, too!

She sunk, at length, into unconsciousness, amidst a soft confusion of glistening white satin—favours—bride'smaids—Mrs Tittlebat Tit—Tit—Tit—mouse.

Tittlebat, about half-past nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, was sitting in his room in a somewhat dismal humour, musing on many things, and little imagining the intense interest he had excited in the feelings of the amiable occupants of Satin Lodge. A knock at his door startled him out of his reverie. Behold, on opening it, Mr Tag-rag!

"Your most obedient, sir," commenced that gentleman, in a subdued and obsequious manner, plucking off his hat the instant that he saw Titmouse. "I hope you're better, sir!—Been very uneasy, sir, about you."

"Please to walk in, sir," replied Titmouse, not a little fluttered—"I'm better, sir, thank you."

"Happy to hear it, sir!—But am also come to offer humble apologies for the rudeness of that upstart that was so rude to you yesterday, at my premises—know whom I mean, eh?—Lutestring—I shall get rid of him, I do think!"

"Thank you, sir—But—but—when I was in your employ!"

"Was in my employ!" interrupted Tag-rag, with a sigh—"It's no use trying to hide it any longer! I've all along seen you was a world too good—quite above your situation in my poor shop! I *may* have been wrong, Mr Titmouse," he continued, diffidently, as he placed himself on what seemed the only chair in the room—"but I did it for the best—eh?—don't you

understand me, Mr Titmouse?" Titmouse continued looking on the floor, incredulously and sheepishly.

"Very much obliged, sir—but must say you've rather a funny way of showing it, sir. Look at the sort of life you've led me for this!"

"Ah! knew you'd say so! But I can lay my hand on my heart, Mr Titmouse, and declare to God—I can, indeed, Mr Titmouse"—Titmouse preserved a very embarrassing silence.—"See I'm out of your good books—But—won't you forget and forgive, Mr Titmouse? I *meant* well. Nay, I humbly beg forgiveness for every thing you've not liked in me. Can I say more? Come, Mr Titmouse, you've a noble nature, and I ask forgiveness."

"You—you ought to do it before the whole shop," replied Titmouse, a little relenting—"for they've all seen your goings on."

"Them!—the brutes!—the vulgar fellows! you and I, Mr Titmouse, are a *leetle* above them! D'ye think we ought to mind what *servants* say?—Only say the word, and I make a clean sweep of 'em all; you shall have the premises to yourself, Mr Titmouse, within an hour after any of those chaps shows you disrespect."

"Ah! I don't know—you've used me most uncommon bad—far worse than they have—you've nearly broke my heart, sir! You have!"

"Well, my womankind at home are right, after all! They told me all along I was going the wrong way to work, when I said how I tried to keep your pride down, and prevent you from having your head turned by knowing your good looks. My little girl has said, with tears in her dear eyes—"you'll break his spirit, dear papa—if he's handsome, wasn't it God that made him so?" The little frost-work which Titmouse had thrown around his heart, began to melt like snow under sunbeams. "The women are always right, Mr Titmouse, and *we're* always wrong," continued Tag-rag, earnestly, perceiving his advantage. "Upon my soul, I could kick myself for my stupidity, and cruelty too!"

"Ah, I should think so! No one knows what I've suffered! And now that I'm—I suppose you've heard it all, sir?—what's in the wind—and all that?"

"Yes, sir—Mr Gammon, (that

most respectable gentleman,) and I have had a long talk yesterday about you, in which he did certainly tell me every thing—nothing like confidence, Mr Titmouse, when gentleman meets gentleman, you know. It's really delightful!"

"Isn't it, sir?" eagerly interrupted Titmouse, his eyes glistening with sudden rapture.

"Ah! ten thous—I *must* shake hands with you, my dear Mr Titmouse;" and for the first time in their lives their hands touched, Tag-rag squeezing that of Titmouse with energetic cordiality; while he added, with a little emotion in his tone—"Thomas Tag-rag may be a plain-spoken and wrong-headed man, but he's a warm heart."

"And did Mr Gammon tell you *all*, sir?" eagerly interrupted Titmouse.

"Every thing—every thing; quite confidential, I assure you, for he saw the interest I felt in you."

"And did he say about my—hem!—eh? my stopping a few weeks longer with you?" enquired Titmouse, chagrin overspreading his features.

"I think he did, Mr Titmouse! He's bent on it, sir! And so would any true friend of your's be—because you see," here he dropped his voice, and looked very mysteriously at Titmouse—"in short, I quite agree with Mr Gammon!"

"Do you indeed, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse, with rather an uneasy look.

"I do, i' faith! Why, they'd give thousands and thousands to get you out of the way—and what's money to them? But they must look very sharp that get at you in the premises of Thomas Tag-rag.—Talking of that, ah, ha!—it *will* be a funny thing to see you, Mr Titmouse—Squire Titmouse—ah, ha, ha!"

"You won't hardly expect me to go out with *goods*, I suppose, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!—Might as well ask me if I'd set you to clean my shoes! No, no, my dear Mr Titmouse, you and I have done as master and servant; its only as friends that we know each other now. You may say and do whatever you like, and come and go when and where you like.—It's true it will make my other hands rather jealous, and get me into trouble; but what do I care? Suppose they *do* all give me warning for your sake? Let 'em go, say I!" He snapped

his fingers with an air of defiance. "Your looks and manners would keep a shop full of customers—one Titmouse is worth a hundred of them."

"You speak uncommon gentleman-like, sir," said Titmouse, with a little excitement—"and if you'd only *always*—but that's all past and gone; and I've no objections to say at once, that all the articles I may want in your line I'll have at your establishment, pay cash down, and ask for no discount. And I'll send all my friends, for, in course, sir, you know I shall have lots of them!"

"Don't forget your oldest, your truest, your humblest friend, Mr Titmouse," said Tag-rag, with a cringing air.

"That I won't!"

[It flashed across his mind that a true and old friend would be only too happy to lend him a ten-pound note.]

"Hem!—Now, *are* you such a friend, Mr Tag-rag?"

Am I?—Can you doubt me? Try me! See what I could not do for you! Friend, indeed!"

"Well, I believe you, sir! And the fact is, a—a—a—you see, Mr Tag-rag, though all this heap of money's *coming* to me, I'm precious low just *now*."

"Y—e—e—e—s, Mr Titmouse," quoth Tag-rag, anxiously; his dull grey eye fixed on that of Titmouse steadfastly.

"Well—if you've a mind to prove your words, Mr Tag-rag, and don't mind advancing me a ten-pound note"—

"Hem!" involuntarily uttered Tag-rag, so suddenly and violently, that it made Titmouse almost start off his seat. Then Tag-rag's face flushed over, he twirled about his watch-key rapidly, and wriggled about in his chair with visible agitation.

"Oh, you aren't going to do it! If so, you'd better say it at once," quoth Titmouse, rather cavalierly.

"Why—*was* ever any thing so unfortunate?" stammered Tag-rag. "That cursed lot of French goods I bought only yesterday, to be paid for this very morning—and it will drain me of every penny!"

"Ah—yes! True! Well, it don't much signify," said Titmouse, carelessly, running his hand through his hair. "In fact, I needn't have bothered an old friend; Mr Gammon says he's my banker to any amount. I beg pardon, I'm sure"——

Tag-rag was in a dire dilemma. He felt so flustered by the suddenness and seriousness of the thing, that he could not see his way plain in any direction:

"Let me see," at length he stammered; and pulling a ready-reckoner out of his pocket, he affected to be consulting it, as if to ascertain merely the state of his banker's account, but really desiring a few moments' time to collect his thoughts. 'Twas in vain, however; nothing occurred to him; he saw no way of escape; his old friend the devil deserted him for a moment—supplied him with no ready lie. He must, he feared, cash up. "Well," said he—"it certainly is rather unfortunate, just at this precise moment; but I'll step to the shop, and see how my ready-money matters stand. It sha'n't be a trifle, Mr Titmouse, that shall stand between us. But—if I *should* be hard run—perhaps—eh? Would a five-pound note do?"

"Why—a—a—if it wouldn't suit you to advance the ten"—

"I dare say," interrupted Tag-rag, a trifle relieved, "I shall be able to accommodate you. Perhaps you'll step on to the shop presently, and then we can talk over matters. By the way, did you ever see any thing so odd? forgot the main thing; come and take your mutton with me at Clapham, next Sunday—my womankind will be quite delighted. Nay, 'tis *their* invitation—ha, ha!"

"You're very kind," replied Titmouse, colouring with pleasure. Here seemed the first pale primrose of the coming spring—an invitation to Satin Lodge.

"The kindness will be yours, Mr Titmouse. We shall be quite alone; have you all to ourselves; only me, my wife, and daughter—an only child, Mr Titmouse—*such* a child! She's really often said to me, 'I wonder'—but, — I won't make you vain, eh? May I call it a fixture?"

"'Pon my life, Mr Tag-rag, you're monstrous uncommon polite. It's true, I was going to dine with Mr Gammon"—

"Oh! pho! (I mean no disrespect, mind!) he's only a bachelor—I've ladies in the case, and all that—eh, Mr Titmouse? and a *young* one."

"Well—thank you, sir. Since your so pressing"—

"That's it! An engagement—Satin Lodge—for Sunday next," said Tag-rag, rising and looking at his

watch. "Time for me to be off. See you soon at the shop? Soon arrange that little matter of business, eh? You understand? Good-by! good-by!" and shaking Titmouse cordially by the hand, Tag-rag took his departure. As he hurried on to his shop, he felt in a most painful perplexity about this loan of five pounds. It was truly like squeezing five drops of blood out of his heart. But what was to be done? Could he offend Titmouse? Where was he to stop, if he once began? Dare he ask for security? Suppose the whole affair should turn into smoke?

Now, consider the folly of Tag-rag. Here was he in all this terrible pucker about advancing *five pounds* on the strength of prospects and chances which he had deemed safe for adventuring *his daughter* upon—her, the only object on earth, (except money,) that he regarded with any thing like sincere affection. How was this? The splendour of the future possible good fortune of his daughter, might, perhaps, have dazzled and confused his perceptions. Then, again, *that* was a *remote* contingency; but this sudden appeal to his pocket—the demand of an immediate outlay and venture—was an instant pressure, and he felt it severely. Immediate profit and loss was every thing to Tag-rag. He was, in truth, a *tradesman to his heart's core*. If he could have seen the immediate *quid pro quo*—could have got, if only by way of earnest, as it were, a bit of poor Titmouse's heart, and locked it up in his desk, he would not have cared so much; it would have been a little in his line;—but here was a FIVE-POUND NOTE going out forthwith, and nothing immediate, visible, palpable, replacing it. Oh! Titmouse had unconsciously pulled Tag-rag's very heart-strings!

Observe, discriminating reader, that there is all the difference in the world between a TRADESMAN and a MERCHANT; and, moreover, that it is not every *tradesman* that is a Tag-rag.

All these considerations combined to keep Tag-rag in a perfect fever of doubt and anxiety, which several hearty curses failed in effectually relieving. By the time, however, that Titmouse had made his appearance, with a sufficiently sheepish air, and was beginning to run the gauntlet of grinning contempt from the choice youths on each side of the shop, Tag-rag had determined on the course he should

pursue in the matter above referred to. To the amazement and disgust of all present, Tag-rag bolted out of a little counting-house or side-room, hastened to meet Titmouse with outstretched hand and cordial speech, drew him into his little room, and shut the door. There Tag-rag informed his flurried young friend that he had made arrangements (with a little inconvenience, which signified nothing) for lending Titmouse five pounds.

"And, as life's uncertain, my dear Mr Titmouse," said Tag-rag, as Titmouse, with evident ecstasy, put the five-pound note into his pocket—"even between the dearest friends—eh? Understand? It's not *you* I fear, nor you me, because we've confidence in each other. But if any thing should happen, those we leave behind us"—Here he took out of his desk an I. O. U. £5, ready drawn up and dated—"a mere slip—a word or two—is satisfaction to both of us."

"Oh yes, sir! yes, sir!—any thing!" said Titmouse; and hastily taking the pen proffered him, signed his name, on which Tag-rag felt a little relieved. Lutestring was then summoned into the room, and then (not a little to his astonishment) addressed by his imperious employer. "Mr Lutestring, you will have the goodness to see that Mr Titmouse is treated by every person in my establishment with the utmost respect. Whoever treats this gentleman with the slightest disrespect, isn't any longer a servant of mine. D'ye hear me, Mr Lutestring?" added Tag-rag, sternly, observing a very significant glance of intense hatred which Lutestring directed towards Titmouse. "D'ye hear me, sir?"

"Oh, yes, sir! yes, sir!—your orders shall be attended to." And leaving the room, with a half-audible whistle of contempt, while a grin overspread his features, he had within five minutes filled the mind of every shopman in the establishment with feelings of mingled wonder, hatred, and fear towards Titmouse. What could have happened? What was Mr Tag-rag about? This was all of a piece with his rage at Lutestring the day before. "D—d Titmouse!" said or thought every one.

Titmouse, for the remainder of the day, felt, as may be imagined, but little at his ease; for—to say nothing of his insuperable repugnance to the discharge of any of his former duties; his uneasiness under the oppressive civilities of Mr Tag-rag; and the evident disgust towards him entertained by his companions;—many most important considerations arising out of recent and coming events, were momentarily forcing themselves upon his attention. The first of these was his *hair*; for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue; and the next was—an *eyeglass*, without which, he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily-admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Tag-rag to depart for the day; and instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier, in Bond Street—well known to those, at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertisements in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear, (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it), he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter, reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black"—and was answered—"only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter—where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the '*CYANOCHAITANTHROPO-POION*.'"^{*}

^{*} This fearful-looking word, I wish to inform my lady readers, is a monstrous amalgamation of three or four Greek words—denoting a fluid "*that can render the human*

"Sure it will do, sir?" enquired Titmouse, anxiously.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner—"because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you indeed, sir?" enquired Titmouse: adding, with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!"—and, lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carrotty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!"—exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious—"What a curse it is to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"I should think so, sir," answered Titmouse, mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honour, sir,—certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the colour of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick dust; but—I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropoion was too much for it—it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy—[the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow any thing; so he went on with a confident air]—and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman, whom he had loved from a child, but who never would marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two—sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her—ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working phial into his pocket, and on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the

effects of the Cyanochaitanthropoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eyeglass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and mustachios, he hastened home. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little phial; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms—the "Duke of *****—the Countess of *****—the Earl of, &c. &c. &c. &c.—the lovely Miss ———, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye, (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used)—all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of ebon-hued locks"—that the cork was soon extracted from the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half-an-hour. Then he read over every syllable on the papers in which the phial had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed, full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream—that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before—and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!!—This woke him. Up he jumped, and in a trice was standing before his little glass. Good God!

hair black." Whenever a barber or perfumer determines on trying to puff off some villanous imposition of this sort, strange to say, he goes to some starving scholar, and gives him half-a-crown to coin a word like the above, that shall be equally unintelligible and unpronounceable, and therefore attractive and popular.

he almost dropped down dead! his hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again—rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looked into the glass—there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head—all were, if any thing, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his troubles been to this?—what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got in and out of bed, to look at himself again—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to pray; but it was in vain—and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig—that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs Squallop, after glancing at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose dark contents were remaining

—of course it was *poison*. In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out—“Oh, Mr Titmouse! Mr Titmouse! what have you been?”—

“Well, ma’am, what the devil do you mean? How dare you?”—commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs Squallop. A pretty figure he was. He had all his day-clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green colour.

“Lord a-mighty!” exclaimed Mrs Squallop, faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window-shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found it all out. “Well—*isn't it a shame*, Mrs Squallop?” said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his nightcap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. “What d’ye think of that!” he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

“I shall go mad—I shall”——

“Oh Lord!—oh Lord!” groaned Mrs Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what “a good hearty wash would do.” Scarcely sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub—lather, lather, did they both; but, the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever!

“What *am I to do*, Mrs Squallop?” groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

“Why—really I’d be off to a police-

office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was you."

"No—See if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what's left—and I'll smash in his shop front besides."

"Oh you won't—you musn't—not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colours out—but—a—excuse me, Mr Titmouse—why wasn't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think He didn't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you."

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs Squallop? Ain't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment—where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That ain't *your own* hair, Mrs Squallop—you're as grey as a badger underneath—I've often remarked it."

"I'll tell you what, Mr Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow! Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops*, instead of carrot *roots*—and some likes one, some the other—ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs Squ"—he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them:—

"This divine fluid (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Doodle) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever colour, to a dazzling jet black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs Fitzfrillery, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that

she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets, which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds," and so forth. A little farther on:—
"This exquisite effect is not in *all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, informed the inventor) on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the colouring matter, constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but, not unfrequently, the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints*—all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence, directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was the following:—

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy: of which, however, in all his experience" (the specific had been invented for about *six months*) "the inventor has known but very few instances." But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse entertained a dismal suspicion that he belonged.

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised, or discomposed.

"Ah—yes! I see—I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people."

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad! I look like a green monkey."

"In *me*, the colour was a strong yellow. But have you read the descriptions that are given in the wrapper?"

"I should think so! Much good they do *me*! Sir, you're a humbug!—an impostor! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all."

"*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over, with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, "if you'll only persevere."

"Persevere!" interrupted Titmouse, violently, clapping his hat on his head, "I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public. I'll have a warrant out against you."

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!"

"The—devil—you—are!" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often—often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop with heads as black as crows."

"No! But really—do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce colour."

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" enquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty, at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead—but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But every thing is honour and confidential *here*!"

"And did Lord What's-his-name's hair go green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in"—

"Soft soap!—soft soap! That explains all," (he forgot how well it had been already explained by him.) "By Heavens, sir!—soft soap! You may have ruined your hair for ever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth

with a start of terror, it not occurring to him that the intolerable green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you—go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of Damascus cream, and rub it in before it's too late; and then use the remainder of the"—

"Then you don't think it's too late?" enquired Titmouse, faintly; and having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was only three-and-sixpence, (stamp included)—he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked along the streets, with the air of a pickpocket fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

[I wonder, now, what effect the perusal of these pages must have upon the reader, gentle or simple, young or old, male or female, who has shared the folly of Titmouse in the particular now under consideration? They cannot help laughing at the trouble of Titmouse; but it is accompanied by a *blush* at the absurd weakness of which themselves have been guilty. Depend upon it, my gentleman, that every man or woman of sense who sees you, and suspects or knows what you have been about, can scarce help bursting out a-laughing at you, and writes you down ever after—*ass*. But if they do this on seeing him who has so weakly attempted to disguise red-coloured hair, what sorrow, mingled with contempt, must they feel when they see a man, or woman, ashamed of—GREY HAIRS—a "crown of rejoicing to them that have done well," a mark of one to whom God has given long life, as the means of gathering experience and wisdom—and dishonouring those grey hairs by the desperate folly of Tittlebat Titmouse?]

Titmouse slunk up stairs to his room, in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer from sheer fatigue. Having risen, at length, to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a

greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sunk down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in Mr Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr Gammon, only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to himself. "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he knew all the while quite well what Titmouse had been about; but he wanted the enjoyment of hearing Titmouse's own account of the matter. Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied—Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter, all the while seeming on the point of bursting a bloodvessel. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a little more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, enquired, "What's the good, Mr Gammon, of ten thousand a-year with such a head of hair as this?" On hearing which Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and such an explosion of laughter followed as threatened to crack the panes of glass before him. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a grievous manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which "he deplored being unable to alleviate." He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked if he could not "have the law" of the man who had so imposed on

him. Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of paper, tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse's emerald hair. Gammon was a man of business, however; and in the midst of all this distracting excitement, contrived to get Titmouse's signature to sundry papers of no little consequence; amongst others, first, to a bond conditioned for the payment of L.500; secondly, another for L.10,000; and, lastly, an agreement (of which he gave Titmouse an alleged copy) by which Titmouse, in consideration of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap using their best exertions to put him in the possession of the estate, &c. &c., bound himself to conform to their wishes in every thing, on pain of their instantly throwing up the whole affair, looking out for another heir-at-law (!) and issuing execution forthwith against Titmouse for all expenses incurred under his retainer. I said that Gammon gave his confiding client an *alleged* copy of this agreement;—it was not a real copy, for certain stipulations appeared in each that were not intended to appear in the other, for reasons which were perfectly satisfactory to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. When Gammon had got to this point, he thought it the fitting opportunity for producing a second five-pound note. He did so, and put Titmouse thereby into an ecstasy which pushed out of his head, for a while, all recollection of what had happened to his hair. He had at that moment nearly eleven pounds in hard cash! Gammon easily obtained from him an account of his little money transactions with Huckaback—of which, however, all he could tell was—that for ten shillings down, he had given a written engagement to pay fifty pounds on getting the estate. Of this Gammon made a careful memorandum, explaining the atrocious villainy of Huckaback—and, in short, that if he (Titmouse) did not look very sharply about him, he would be robbed right and left; so that it was of the utmost consequence to him early to learn how to distinguish between false and true friends. Gammon went on to assure him that the instrument he

had given to Huckaback was, probably, in point of law, not worth a farthing, on the ground of its being both fraudulent and usurious; and intimidated something, which Titmouse did not very distinctly comprehend, about the efficacy of a bill in equity for a *discovery*; which, at a very insignificant expense, (not exceeding £100,) would enable the plaintiff in equity, to put the defendant in equity (*i. e.* Huckaback) in the way of declaring, on his solemn oath, that he had advanced the full sum of £50: and having obtained this important and satisfactory result, Titmouse would have the opportunity of disproving the statement of Huckaback—if *he could*; which of course he could not. By this process, however, a little profitable employment would have been afforded to a certain distinguished firm in Saffron Hill—and that was *something*—to Gammon.

“But, by the way, talking of money,” said Titmouse, suddenly, “how surprising handsome Mr Tag-rag has behaved to me!”

“Indeed, my dear sir!” exclaimed Gammon, with real curiosity, “what has he done?”

“Advanced me five pounds—all of his own head!”

“Are you serious, Mr Titmouse?” enquired Gammon.

Titmouse produced the change which he had obtained for Tag-rag’s five-pound note, minus only the prices of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, the Damascus Cream, and the eyeglass. Gammon merely stroked his chin in a thoughtful manner. So occupied, indeed, was he with his reflections, that though his eye was fixed on the ludicrous figure of Titmouse, which so shortly before had occasioned him such paroxysms of laughter, he did not feel the least inclination even to a smile. Tag-rag advance Titmouse five pounds! Throwing as much smiling indifference into his manner as was possible, he asked Titmouse the particulars of so strange a transaction. Titmouse answered (how truly the reader can judge) that Mr Tag-rag had, in the very handsomest way, volunteered the loan of five pounds; and moreover offered him any further sum he might require!

“What a charming change, Mr Titmouse!” exclaimed Gammon, with a watchful eye and anxious smile.

“Most delightful!”

“Rather sudden, too!—eh?—Mr Titmouse?”

“Why—no—no; I should say, ‘pon my life, certainly not. The fact is, we’ve long misunderstood each other. He’s had an uncommon good opinion of me all the while—people *have* tried to set him against me; but it’s no use, he’s found them out—he told me so! And he’s not only said, but *done* the handsome thing! He’s turned up, by Jove, a trump all of a sudden—though it long looked an ugly one.”

“Ha, ha, ha!—very!—how curious!” exclaimed Mr Gammon, mechanically revolving several important matters in his mind.

“I’m going, too, to dine at Satin Lodge, Mr Tag-rag’s country house, next Sunday.”

“Indeed! It will be quite a change for you, Mr Titmouse.”

“Yes, it will, by Jove; and—a—a—what’s more—there’s—hem!—you understand?”

“Go on, I beg, my dear Mr Titmouse.”

“There’s a lady in the case—not that she’s *said* any thing; but a nod’s as good as a wink to a blind horse—eh? Mr Gammon?”

“I should think so—Miss Tag-rag will have money, of course?”

“You’ve hit it! Lots! But I’ve not made up my mind.”

[I’d better undeceive this poor devil at once, as to this sordid wretch Tag-rag, (thought Gammon,) otherwise the cunning old rogue may get a very mischievous hold upon him! And a *lady in the case!* The old scamp has a daughter! Whew! this will never do! The sooner I enlighten my young friend, the better—though at a little risk.]

“It’s very important to be able to tell who are real and who false friends, as I was saying just now, my dear Titmouse,” said Gammon, seriously.

“I think so. Now look, for instance, there’s that fellow Huckaback. I should say *he*—”

“Pho! pho! my dear sir, a mere beetle—he’s not worth thinking of, one way or the other. But, can’t you guess another sham friend, who has changed so suddenly.”

“Do you mean Mr Tag-rag—eh?”

“I mention no names; but it’s rather odd, that when I am speaking

of hollow-hearted friends, *you* should at once name Mr Tag-rag."

"The proof of the pudding—handsome is that handsome does; and I've got £5 of his money, at any rate."

"Of course, he took no security for such a trifle, between such close friends as you and him?"

"Oh—why—now you mention it—But, 'twas only a line—one line."

"I knew it, my dear sir," interrupted Gammon, calmly, with a significant smile—"Tag-rag and Huckaback, they're on a par—ah, ha, ha!" My dear Titmouse, you are too honest and confiding!"

"What keen eyes you lawyers have, to be sure! Well—I never"—he was evidently somewhat staggered.—"I—I—must say," he presently added, looking gratefully at Gammon, "I think I *do* now know of a true friend, that sent me two five-pound notes, and never asked for any security."

"My dear sir, you really pain me by alluding to such a matter!"

[Oh, Gammon, is not this too bad? What are the papers which you know are now in your pocket, signed only this very evening by Titmouse?]

"You are not a match for Tag-rag, Titmouse; because he was *made* for a tradesman—you are not. Do you think he would have parted with his £5 but for value received? Oh, Tag-rag! Tag-rag!"

"I—I really begin to think, Mr Gammon—'pon my soul, I do think you're right."

"Think!—Why—for a man of your acuteness—how could he imagine you could forget the long course of insult and tyranny; that he should change all of a sudden—just now, when"—

"Ay—by Jove!—just when I'm coming into my property," interrupted Titmouse, quickly.

"To be sure—to be sure!—Just now, I say, to make this sudden change! Bah! bah!"

"I hate Tag-rag, and always did. Now, he's trying to take me in, just as he does every body; but I've found him out—I won't lay out a penny with him."

"Would you, do you think, ever have seen the inside of Satin Lodge, if you hadn't?"—

"Why, I don't know—I really think—hem!"

"Were you, my dear sir?—But now

a scheme occurs to me—a very amusing idea. Shall I tell you a way of proving to his own face how insincere and interested he is towards you? Go to dinner, by all means, eat his good things, hear all that the whole set of them have to say, and just before you go, (it will require you to have your wits about you,) pretend, with a long face, that our affair is all a bottle of smoke: say that Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap have told you the day before that they had made a horrid mistake."

"'Pon my life, I—I—really—daren't—I couldn't—I couldn't keep it up—he'd half kill me. Besides, there will be Miss Tag-rag, it would be the death of her, I know."

"Miss Tag-rag! Gracious Heavens! What on earth can you have to do with *her*? You—why, if you really succeed in getting this fine property, she might make a very suitable wife for one of your grooms."

"Ah! I don't know—she may be a devilish fine girl, and the old fellow will have a tolerable penny to leave her—and a bird in the hand—eh? Besides, I know what she's all along—hem!—but that doesn't signify."

"Pho! pho! Ridiculous! Ha, ha, ha! Fancy Miss Tag-rag Mrs Titmouse! Your eldest son—ah, ha, ha! Tag-rag Titmouse, Esq. Delightful! Your honoured father a draper in Oxford Street!" All this might be very clever, but it did not seem to *tell* upon Titmouse, whose little heart had been reached by a cunning hint of Tag-rag's, concerning his daughter's flattering estimate of Titmouse's personal appearance. The reason why Gammon attacked so seriously a matter, which appeared so chimerical and preposterous, was this—that, according to his present plan, Titmouse was to remain for some considerable while at Tag-rag's, and, with his utter weakness of character, might be worked upon by Tag-rag and his daughter, and get inveigled into an engagement which might be productive, hereafter of no little embarrassment. He succeeded, however, at length, in obtaining Titmouse's promise to adopt his suggestion, and thereby discover the true nature of the feelings entertained towards him at Satin Lodge. He shook Titmouse energetically by the hand, and left him perfectly certain, that if there was one person in the

world worthy of his esteem, and even reverence, that person was OILY GAMMON, ESQ.

As he bent his steps towards Saffron Hill, he reflected rather anxiously on several matters that had occurred to him during the interview which I have just described. On reaching the office he was presently closeted with Mr Quirk, to whom, first and foremost, he exhibited and delivered the documents to which he had obtained Titmouse's signature, and which, the reader will allow me to assure him, were of a somewhat different texture, from a certain legal instrument or security which I laid before him some little time ago.

"Now, Gammon," said the old gentleman, as soon as he had locked up in his safe the above-mentioned documents—

"Now, Gammon, I think we may be up and at 'em; load our guns, and blaze away," and he rubbed his hands.

"Yes, and long enough we've been in preparation! But I just want to name a thing or two that has occurred to me while with Titmouse." Then he told him of the effects which had followed the use of the potent Cyanochaitanthropopoion, at which old Quirk almost laughed himself into fits. When, however, Gammon, with a serious air, mentioned the name of Miss Tag-rag, and his grave suspicions concerning her, Quirk bounced up out of his chair, almost startling Gammon out of *his*. If he had just been told that his banker had broke, he could scarce have shown more emotion.

The fact was, that he, too, had a DAUGHTER—an only child—Miss Quirk—whom he had destined to become Mrs Titmouse.

"A designing old villain!" he exclaimed at length, and Gammon agreed with him; but, strange to say, with all his acuteness, never adverted to the real cause of Quirk's sudden and vehement exclamation. When Gammon told him of the manner in which he had opened Titmouse's eyes to the knavery of Tag-rag, and the expedient he had suggested for its demonstration, Quirk could have worshipped Gammon, and could not help rising and shaking him very energetically by the hand, much to his astonishment. After a long consultation, two things were agreed upon by the partners; to look out fresh lodgings for Titmouse, and remove him presently

altogether from the company and influence of Tag-rag. Some time after they had parted, Quirk came with an eager air into Mr Gammon's room, with a most important suggestion, viz. whether it would not be possible for them to get Tag-rag to *become a surety* to them, by-and-by, on behalf of Titmouse? Gammon was delighted!—He heartily commended Mr Quirk's sagacity, and promised to turn it about in his thoughts very carefully. Not having been let entirely into Quirk's policy, (of which the reader has, however, just had a glimpse,) he did not see the difficulties which kept Quirk awake almost all that night—how to protect Titmouse from the machinations of Tag-rag and his daughter, and yet keep Tag-rag sufficiently interested in, and intimate with Titmouse to entertain, by-and-by, the idea of becoming surety for him to them, the said Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and how to manage Titmouse all the while, so as to forward their objects, and also that of turning his attention towards Miss Quirk, was really rather a difficult problem. Quirk looked down on Tag-rag with honest indignation, as a mean and mercenary fellow, whose unprincipled schemes, thank Heaven! he already saw through, and from which he resolved to rescue his innocent and confiding client, who was made for better things—to wit, *Miss Quirk*.

When Titmouse rose the next morning, (Saturday,) behold—he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet colour! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass at this unlooked-for change of colour; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was behind the counter as usual—calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see—as I said! as I said! Isn't it?—coming round quicker than usual—Really, I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well,"—at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden vo-

lulibility with which he had been assailed on entering—"then is it really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"Tolerable well! delightful! perfect! couldn't be better! If you'd studied the thing, you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle colour between green and black. Indeed, black's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!" Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir—my hair is to come like yours—eh? you recollect, sir?"

"I have very little doubt, of it, sir—nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropoion; his own hair being a natural black.]

"I'm going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people, at the west end of the town—eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get my hair a shade darker by that time—for—hem!—most lovely girl—eh? you understand the thing?—devilish anxious, and all that sort of thing, you know!"

"Yes—I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is—generally arrived at in about two days' time"—

"But it will do *something* in a night's time—eh?—surely."

"I should think so! But here it is—it is called the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a kind of awe. "'Pon honour, it almost takes one's breath away"—

"It will do more, sir—it will take your red hair away!—By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank, (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot,) whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze, came here,

after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropoion, and one day's use of this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra—and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Carroline!"

"How much is it?" eagerly enquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Good gracious, what a price!—nine-and-six"—

"Would you believe it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a great German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world."

"I've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two—couldn't you say eight sh"—

"We never abate, sir," said the gentleman, rather haughtily. Of course, poor Titmouse bought the thing; not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night, he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making, (for, by candle-light, it really looked very dark,) that he resolved—at all events for the present—to leave well alone;—or at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects:—first, it was perfectly colourless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. However—it was no use hesitating; he had bought and paid for it; and the papers it was folded in gave an account of its success that was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed—and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result, which would be disclosed by the morning's light. But would you believe it? When he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock, (at which hour he awoke,) I protest it is a fact, that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combining with the purple colour of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects (in human shape) the eye of man had ever be-

held. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of WONDER on his head.

Really, it seemed as if the devil were wreaking his spite on Mr Titmouse—nay, perhaps it was the devil himself who had served him with the bottles, in Bond Street. Or was it a mere ordinary servant of the devil—some greedy, impudent, unprincipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—had pitched on Titmouse (seeing the sort of person he was) as a godsend, quite reckless what effect he produced on his hair, so as the stuff was paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who really might have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed, with a feeling as if he were now fit for death. As before, Mrs Squallop made her appearance, with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table, dressed, and with his arms folded, with a reckless air, not at all caring to conceal the new and still more frightful change which he had undergone since she saw him last. Mrs Squallop stared at him for a second or two in silence;—then, stepping back out of the room, suddenly drew to the door, and stood outside, laughing vehemently.

“I’ll kick you down stairs!” shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

“Mr—Mr—Titmouse—you’ll be the death of me—you will—you will!”—gasped Mrs Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out of the kettle, which she was unconsciously holding in a slant. After a while, however, they got reconciled. Mrs Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers; and seemed dismayed indeed on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning none could be got—and she teased him to try a little blacking! He did—but of course it

was useless. He sat for an hour or two in an ecstasy of grief and rage. What would he now have given never to have meddled with the hair which God had thought fit to send him into the world with? Alas, with what mournful force Mrs Squallop’s words again and again recurred to him! To say that he eat breakfast would be scarcely correct. He drank a single cup of cocoa, and eat about three inches’ length and thickness of a roll—and then put away his breakfast things on the window-shelf. If he had been in the humour to go to church—how could he? he would have been turned out as an object involuntarily exciting every body to laughter!

Yet, poor soul, in this extremity of misery, he was not utterly neglected; for he had that morning quite a little levee. First came Mr Snap, who, having quite as keen and clear an eye for his own interest as his senior partners, had early seen how capable was acquaintance with Titmouse of being turned to his (Snap’s) great advantage. He had come, therefore, dressed very stylishly, to do a little bit of toadying on the sly, (on his own exclusive account;) and had brought with him, for the edification of Titmouse, a copy of that day’s *Sunday Flash*, which contained a long account of a bloody fight between Birmingham Bigbones and London Littlego, for £500 aside—eighty rounds were fought, both men killed, and their seconds had bolted to Boulogne. Poor Snap, however, though he had come with the best intentions, and the most anxious wish to evince profound respect for the future master of ten thousand a-year, was quite taken by storm by the very first glimpse he got of Titmouse, and could not for a long while recover himself. He had come to ask Titmouse to dine with him at a tavern in the Strand, where there was to be capital singing in the evening; and also to accompany him, on the ensuing morning, to the Old Bailey, to hear “a most interesting trial” for bigamy, in which Snap was concerned for the prisoner—a miscreant, who had been married to five living women. Snap conceived (and very justly) that it would give Titmouse a striking idea of his (Snap’s) importance, to see him so much, and apparently so familiarly concerned with well-known counsel. In his own terse and quaint way,

he was explaining to Titmouse the various remedies he had against the Bond Street Impostor, both by indictment and action on the case; nay, (getting a little, however, beyond his depth,) he assured the eager Titmouse, that a bill of discovery would lie in equity, to ascertain what the Titaragmenon Abracadabra was composed of, with a view to an indictment against its owner—when his learned display was interrupted by a double knock, and—oh!—enter Mr Gammon. Whether he or Snap felt more disconcerted, I cannot say; but Snap *looked* the most confused and sneaking. Each told the other a lie, in as easy, good-natured a way as he could assume, concerning the object of his visit to Titmouse. Thus they were going on, when—another knock—and, “Is this Mr Titmouse’s?” enquired a voice, which brought a little colour into the face of both Gammon and Snap; for it was absolutely old Quirk, who bustled breathless into the room, on his first visit, and seemed completely confounded by the sight of both his partners. What with this, and the amazing appearance presented by Titmouse, Mr Quirk was so overwhelmed that he scarce spoke a syllable. Each of the three partners felt (in his own way) exquisite embarrassment. Huckaback some time afterwards made his appearance, but *him* Titmouse unceremoniously dismissed in a twinkling, in spite of a vehement remonstrance. But presently, behold another arrival—Mr Tag-rag, who had come to announce that his carriage, (*i. e.* a queer, rickety, little one-horse chaise, with a tallow-faced boy in it, in faded livery,) was waiting to convey Mr Titmouse to Satin Lodge, and take him a long drive in the country!—Each of these four worthies could have spit in the other’s face; first, for *detecting*, and secondly, for *rivalling* him in his schemes upon Titmouse. A few minutes after the arrival of Tag-rag, Gammon, half choked with disgust, and despising himself even more than his fellow-visitors, slunk off, followed almost immediately by Quirk, who was dying to consult him on this new aspect of affairs which had presented itself. Snap (who, ever since the arrival of Messrs Quirk and Gammon, had felt like an ape on hot irons) very shortly followed in the footsteps of his

partners, having made no engagement whatever with Titmouse; and thus the enterprising and determined Tag-rag was left master of the field. He had in fact come to do business; and business he determined to do. As for Gammon, during the short time he had stayed, how he had endeared himself to Titmouse, by explaining, not aware that Titmouse had confessed all to Snap, the singular change in the colour of his hair to have been occasioned simply by the intense mental anxiety through which he had lately passed! The anecdotes he told of sufferers, whose hair a single night’s agony had changed to all the colours of the rainbow! Though Tag-rag out-stayed all his fellow-visitors, in the manner which has been described, he could not prevail upon Titmouse to accompany him in his “carriage,” for Titmouse pleaded a pressing engagement, (*i. e.* a desperate attempt he purposed making to obtain some *ink*,) but pledged himself to make his appearance at Satin Lodge at the appointed hour, (half-past three for four o’clock.) Away, therefore, drove Tag-rag, delighted that Satin Lodge would so soon contain so resplendent a visiter—indignant at the cringing, sycophantic attentions of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, against whom he resolved to put Titmouse on his guard, and infinitely astonished at the extraordinary change that had taken place in the colour of Titmouse’s hair. Partly influenced by the explanation which Gammon had given of the phenomenon, Tag-rag resigned himself to feelings of simple wonder. Titmouse was doubtless passing through stages of physical transmogrification, corresponding with the marvellous change that was taking place in his circumstances;—and for all he (Tag-rag) knew, other and more extraordinary changes were going on; Titmouse might be growing at the rate of half-an-inch a-day, and soon stand before him a man more than six feet high! Considerations such as these invested Titmouse with intense and overpowering interest in the estimation of Tag-rag; *how* could he make enough of him at Satin Lodge that day? If ever that hardened sinner felt inclined to utter an inward prayer, it was as he drove home—that Heaven would array his daughter in angel hues to the eyes of Titmouse!

My friend Tittlebat made his appearance at the gate of Satin Lodge, at about a quarter to four o'clock. Good gracious, how he had dressed himself out! He considerably exceeded his appearance when first presented to the reader.

Miss Tag-rag had been before her glass ever since the instant of her return from chapel, up to within ten minutes' time of Titmouse's arrival. An hour and a half at least had she bestowed on her hair, disposing it in little corkscrew and somewhat scanty curls, that quite glistened in bear's grease, hanging on each side of a pair of lean and sallow cheeks. The colour which ought to have distributed itself over her cheeks, in roseate delicacy, had thought fit to collect itself into the tip of her sharp little nose. Her small grey eyes beamed with the gentle and attractive expression that was perceptible in her father's, and her projecting under lip reminded every body of that delicate feature in her mother. She was very short, and her figure rather skinny and angular. She wore her lilac-coloured frock; her waist being pinched in to a degree that made you think of a fit of the colic when you looked at her. A long red sash, tied in a most elaborate bow, gave a very brilliant air to her dress generally. She had a thin gold chain round her neck, and wore long white gloves; her left hand holding a pocket-handkerchief, which she had suffused with bergamotte that scented the whole room. Mrs Tag-rag had made herself very splendid, in a red silk gown and staring head-dress. As for Mr Tag-rag, whenever he was dressed in his Sunday clothes, he looked the model of a dissenting minister; in his black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and primly-tied white neckerchief, with no shirt-collar visible. For a quarter of an hour had this interesting trio been standing at their parlour window, in anxious expectation of Titmouse's arrival; their only amusement being the numberless dusty stage-coaches driving every five minutes close past their gate, (which was about ten yards from their house,) at once enlivening and ruralizing the scene. Oh, that poor labourer—laden with dust, drooping with drought, and evidently in the very last stage of a decline—that was planted beside the little gate! Tag-rag spoke of cutting it down; but Mrs and Miss

Tag-rag begged its life a little longer—and then *that* subject dropped. How was it that, though both the ladies had sat under a thundering discourse from Mr Dismal Horror that morning—they had never once thought or spoke of him or his sermon—never even opened his "*Groans?*" The reason was plain. They thought of Titmouse, who was bringing "airs from heaven;" while Horror brought only "blasts from hell"—and *those* they had every day in the week, (his sermons on the Sunday, his "*Groans?*" on the week-day.) At length Miss Tag-rag's little heart fluttered violently, for her papa told her that Titmouse was coming up the road—and so he was. Not dreaming that he could be seen, he stood beside the gate for a moment, under the melancholy laburnum; and, taking a dirty-looking silk handkerchief out of his hat, slapped it vigorously about his boots, (from which circumstance it may be inferred that he had walked,) and replaced it in his hat. Then he unbuttoned his surtout, adjusted it nicely, and disposed his chain and eyeglass just so as to let the tip only of the latter be seen peeping out of his waistcoat; twitched up his collars, plucked down his wrist-bands, drew the tip of a white pocket-handkerchief out of the pocket in the breast of his surtout, pulled a white glove halfway on his left hand; and, having thus given the finishing touches to his toilet, opened the gate, and—Tittlebat Titmouse, Esquire, the great guest of the day, for the first time in his life (swinging a little ebony cane about with careless grace) entered the domain of Mr Tag-rag.

The little performance I have been describing, though every bit of it passing under the eyes of Tag-rag, his wife, and his daughter, had not excited a smile; their anxious feelings were too deep to be reached or stirred by light emotions. Miss Tag-rag turned very pale and trembled.

"La, pa," said she faintly, "how could you say he'd got white eyebrows and whiskers? They're a beautiful black."

Tag-rag was speechless: the fact was so—for Titmouse had, fortunately, obtained a little bottle of ink. As Titmouse approached the house, (Tag-rag hurrying out to open the door for him,) he saw the two ladies standing at the windows. Off went his hat, and

out dropped the silk handkerchief, not a little disconcerting him for the moment. Tag-rag, however, soon occupied his attention at the door with anxious civilities, shaking him by the hand, hanging up his hat and stick, and then introducing him to the sitting-room. The ladies received him with most profound curtsies, which Titmouse returned with a quick embarrassed bow, and an indistinct—"I hope you're well, mem!"

If they had had presence of mind enough to observe it, the purple colour of Titmouse's hair must have surprised them not a little; all they could see, however, was—the angelic owner of ten thousand a-year.

The only person tolerably at his ease, and he *only* tolerably, was Mr Tag-rag; and he asked his guest—

"Wash your hands, Titmouse, before dinner?" But Titmouse said he had washed them before he had come out. [The day was hot, and he had walked five miles at a slapping pace.] In a few minutes, however, he felt a little more assured; for it was impossible for him not to perceive the awful deference with which he was treated.

"Seen the *Sunday Flash*, mem?" said he, modestly, addressing Mrs Tag-rag.

"I—I—no—that is—not *to-day*," she replied, colouring.

"Vastly amusing, isn't it?" interposed Tag-rag, to prevent mischief—for he knew his wife would as soon have taken a cockatrice into her hand.

"Ye—e—s," replied Titmouse, who had not even glanced at the copy which Snap had brought him. "An uncommon good fight between Birmingham Big"—

Tag-rag saw his wife getting redder and redder. "No news stirring about Ministers, is there?" said he, with a desperate attempt at a diversion.

"Not that I have heard," replied Titmouse. Soon he got a little further, and said how cheerful the stages going past must make the house. Tag-rag agreed with him. Then there was a little pause.

"Been to church, mem, this morning, mem?" timidly enquired Titmouse of Miss Tag-rag.

"Yes, sir," she replied, faintly colouring, casting her eyes to the ground, and suddenly putting her hand into that of her mother—with such an innocent, engaging simplicity—like a timid

fawn lying as close as possible to its dam!

"We always go to *chapel*, sir," said Mrs Tag-rag, confidently, in spite of a very fierce look from her husband; "the gospel isn't preached in the Church of England. We sit under Mr Horror—a heavenly preacher! You've heard of Mr Horror?"

"Yes, mem! Oh, yes! Capital preacher!" replied Titmouse, who of course (being a true churchman) had never in his life heard of Mr Horror, or any other dissenter.

"When *will* dinner be ready, Mrs T.?" enquired Tag-rag, abruptly, and with a very perceptible dash of sternness in his tone; but dinner was announced the very next moment. He took his wife's arm, and, in doing so, gave it a sudden vehement pressure, which, coupled with a furious glance, explained to her the extent to which she had incurred his anger. She thought, however, of Mr Horror, and was silent.

Titmouse's proffered arm the timid Miss Tag-rag scarcely touched with the tip of her finger, as she walked beside him to dinner. Titmouse soon got tolerably composed and cheerful at dinner, (which consisted of a little piece of nice roast beef, with plenty of horse-radish, Yorkshire pudding, a boiled fowl, a plum-pudding made by Mrs Tag-rag, and custards which had been superintended by Miss Tag-rag,) and, to oblige his hospitable host and hostess, eat till he was fit to burst. Miss Tag-rag, though really very hungry, eat only a very small slice of beef, and a quarter of a custard, and drank a third of a glass of sherry after dinner. She never once spoke, except in hurried answers to her papa and mamma; and, sitting exactly opposite Titmouse, (with only a plate of greens and a boiled fowl between them,) was continually colouring whenever their eyes happened to encounter one another, on which occasion hers would suddenly drop, as if overpowered by the brilliance of his. Titmouse began to love her very fast. After the ladies had withdrawn, you should have heard the way that Tag-rag went on with Titmouse—I can liken the two to nothing but an old fat spider, and a little fly.

"Will you come into my parlour?"

Said the spider to the fly;"

and it might have been well for Tit-

mouse to have answered, in the language of the aforesaid fly :—

“ No, thank you, sir, I really feel
No curiosity.”

Titmouse, however, swallowed with equal facility Mr Tag-rag's hard port and his soft blarney ; but *all* fools have large swallows. When at length Tag-rag alluded to the painfully evident embarrassment of his “ poor Tabby,” and said he had “ now found out what had been so long the matter with her,” [ay, even this went down,] and hemmed, and winked his eye, and drained his glass, Titmouse began to get flustered, blushed, and hoped Mr Tag-rag would soon “ join the ladies.” They did so, (Tag-rag stopping behind to lock up the wine and the remains of the fruit.) Miss Tag-rag presided over the tea things. There were muffins, and crumpets, and reeking-hot buttered toast ; Mrs Tag-rag would hear of no denial, so poor Titmouse, after the most desperate resistance, was obliged to swallow a round of toast, half a muffin, and an entire crumpet, and four cups of hot tea ; after which he felt a very painful degree of turgidity, and a conviction that he should be able to eat and drink nothing more for the remainder of the week.

After the tea things had been removed, Tag-rag, directing Titmouse's attention to the piano, which was open, (with some music on it, ready to be played from,) asked him whether he liked music. Titmouse, with great eagerness, hoped Miss T. would give them some music ; and she, after holding out a long and vigorous siege, at length asked her papa what it should be.

“ *The Battle of Prague*,” said her papa.

“ *Before Jehovah's awful throne*,” hastily interposed her mamma.

“ *The Battle*,” sternly repeated her papa.

“ It's Sunday night, Mr T.,” meekly rejoined his wife.

“ Which will *you* have, Mr Titmouse ?” enquired Tag-rag, with *The Battle of Prague* written in every feature of his face. Titmouse almost burst into a state of perspiration.

“ A little of both, sir, if you please.”

“ Well,” replied Tag-rag, slightly relaxing, “ that will do. Split the difference—eh ? Come, Tab, down

with you. Titmouse, will you turn over the music for her ?”

Titmouse rose, and having sheepishly taken his station beside Miss Tag-rag, the performances commenced with *Before Jehovah's awful throne* ! But, mercy upon us ! at what a rate she rattled over that “ pious air.” If its respectable composer had been present, he must have gone into a fit ; but there was no help for it—the heart of the lovely performer was in *The Battle of Prague*, to which she presently did most ample justice. So much were her feelings engaged in that sublime composition, that the bursting of one of the strings—twang ! in the middle of the “ *cannonading*,” did not at all disturb her ; and, as soon as she had finished the exquisite “ *finale*,” Titmouse was in such a tumult of excitement, from different causes, that he could have shed tears. Though he had never once turned over at the right place, Miss Tag-rag thanked him for his services with a smile of infinite sweetness. Titmouse vowed he had never heard such splendid music—begged for more ; and away went Miss Tag-rag, hurried away by her excitement. Rondo after rondo, march after march, for at least half an hour ; at the end of which old Tag-rag suddenly kissed her with passionate fondness. Though Mrs Tag-rag was horrified at the impiety of all this, she kept a very anxious eye on the young couple, and interchanged with her husband, every now and then, very significant looks. Shortly after nine, spirits, wine, and hot and cold water, were brought in. At the sight of them Titmouse looked alarmed—for he knew that he must take something more, though he would have freely given five shillings to be excused—for he felt as if he could not hold one drop more. But it was in vain. Willy-nilly, a glass of gin and water stood soon before him ; he protested he could not touch it unless Miss Tag-rag would “ take something”—whereupon, with a blush, she “ thought she *would*” take a wine-glassful of sherry and water. This was provided her. Then Tag-rag mixed a tumbler of port-wine negus for Mrs Tag-rag, and a great glass of mahogany-coloured brandy and water for himself ; and then he looked round, and felt perfectly happy. As Titmouse advanced with his gin and water, his spirits got higher and

higher, and his tongue more fluent. He once or twice dropped the "Mr," when addressing Tag-rag; several times smiled, and once even winked at the embarrassed Miss Tag-rag. Mr Tag-rag saw it, and could not control himself—for he had got to the end of his first glass of brandy and water, and mixed himself a second, quite as strong as the former.

"Tab! ah, Tab! what *has* been the matter with you all these months?"—and he winked his eye at her and then at Titmouse.

"Papa!" exclaimed Miss Tag-rag, blushing up to her very temples.

"Ah, Titmouse—Titmouse—give me your hand," said Tag-rag; "you'll forget us all when you're a great man—but we shall always remember you."

"You're very good—very!" said Titmouse, cordially returning the pressure of Tag-rag's hand.—At that instant, it suddenly occurred to him to adopt the suggestion of Mr Gammon. Tag-rag was going on very fast, indeed, about the disinterested nature of his feelings towards Titmouse—towards whom, he said, he had always felt just as he did at that moment—'twas in vain to deny it.

"I'm sure your conduct shows it, sir," commenced Titmouse, feeling a shudder like that with which a timid bather approaches the margin of the cold stream. "I could have taken my oath, sir, you would have refused to let me come into your house, when you heard of it!"—

"Ah ha!—that's *rather* an odd idea, too. If I felt a true friendship for you as plain Titmouse, it's so likely I should. My dear sir! it was *I* that thought *you* wouldn't have come into *my* house! A likely thing!"

Titmouse was puzzled. His perceptions, never very quick or clear, were now undoubtedly somewhat obfuscated with what he had been drinking. In short, he did not understand that Tag-rag had not understood *him*; and felt rather baffled.

"What surprising ups and downs there are in life, Mr Titmouse," said Mrs Tag-rag, respectfully—"they're all sent from above, to try us. No one knows how they'd behave, if as how (in a manner) they were turned upside down."

"I—I hope, mem, I haven't done any thing to show!"—

"Oh! my dear Titmouse," anxious-

ly interrupted Tag-rag, inwardly cursing his wife, who, finding she always went wrong in her husband's eyes whenever she spoke a word, determined for the future to stick to her negus—"the fact is, there's a Mr Horror here that's for sending all decent people to——. He's filled my wife there with all sorts of—— nay, if she isn't bursting with cant—so never mind her. You done any thing wrong! You're a pattern!"

"Well—I'm a happy man again," resumed Titmouse, resolved now to go on.—"And when did they tell you of it, sir?"

"Oh, a few days ago—a week ago," replied Tag-rag, trying to recollect.

"Why—why—sir—ain't you mistaken?" enquired Titmouse, with a depressed, but at the same time a surprised air. "It only happened this morning, after you left."

"Eh—eh—ah, ha!—What *do* you mean, Mr Titmouse?" interrupted Tag-rag, with a sickening attempt at a smile. Mrs Tag-rag and Miss Tag-rag also turned exceedingly startled faces towards Titmouse, who felt as if a house were going to fall down on him.

"Why, sir"—he began to cry, (an attempt which was greatly aided by the maudlin condition to which drink had reduced him,)—"till to-day, I thought I was heir to ten thousand a-year—and it seems I'm not—it's all a mistake."

Tag-rag's face changed visibly; it was getting frightful to look at; the inward shock and agony were forcing out on his slanting forehead great drops of perspiration.

"What—a—capital—joke—Mr—Titmouse!" he gasped, drawing his handkerchief over his forehead. Titmouse, though greatly alarmed, stood to his gun pretty steadily.

"I—I wish it was a joke! It's been no joke to *me*, sir. There's another Tittlebat Titmouse, it seems, in Shoreditch, that's the right!"—

"Who told you this, sir?—Pho, I don't—I can't believe it," said Tag-rag, in a voice tremulous between suppressed rage and fear.

"True, 'pon my life, It is!"—

"How dare you swear before the ladies? You're insulting them, sir!"—almost roared Tag-rag. "You're not a gentleman." He suddenly dropped his voice, and, in a trem-

bling and most earnest manner, asked Titmouse whether he was really joking or serious.

"Never more serious in my life, sir."

"It's really all up?"

Titmouse groaned. A satanic scowl shot over Tag-rag's disgusting features.

"Oh, ma—I do feel so ill!" faintly exclaimed Miss Tag-rag, turning deadly pale. Titmouse was on the verge of dropping on his knees, and confessing the trick, greatly agitated at the effect produced on Miss Tag-rag; when Tag-rag's heavy hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder, and he whispered in a fierce under tone—"You impostor!" and that stopped Titmouse, and made something like a MAN of him. He was a fearful fool, but he did not want for mere *pluck*, and now it was roused. Mrs Tag-rag exclaimed, "Oh, you shocking scamp!" as she passed Titmouse, and led her daughter out of the room.

"If I'm an impostor, sir, I'm no fit company for *you*, I suppose, sir, said Titmouse, rising."

"Pay me my five-pound note," almost shouted Tag-rag.

"Well, sir, if I'm poor, I an't a rogue," said Titmouse, preparing to give him what he asked for; when a faint shriek was heard, plainly from Miss Tag-rag, overhead. Then the seething caldron boiled over. "You infernal scoundrel," said Tag-rag, almost choked with fury; and suddenly seizing Titmouse by the collar, scarce giving him time, in passing, to get hold of his hat and stick, he urged him along through the passage, down the gravel walk, threw open the gate, thrust him furiously through it, and sent after him such a blast of execration, as was enough to drive him a hundred yards down the road. Titmouse did not fully recover his breath or his senses for more than half an hour afterwards. When he did, the first thing that occurred to him was, an inclination to fall down on his knees on the open road, and worship the sagacious and admirable GAMMON.

And now, Tittlebat Titmouse, for some little time, I have done with you. Away!—give room to your betters. But don't think that I have yet "rifled *all* your sweetness," or am about to "fing you like a noisome weed away."

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THEORY OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

THE Greek tragedy is a great problem. We cannot say that the Greek drama is such in any more comprehensive sense; for the comedy of Greece depends essentially upon the same principles as our own. Comedy, as the reflex of the current of social life, will shift in correspondence to the shifting movements of civilisation. Inevitably as human intercourse in cities grows more refined, comedy will grow more subtle; it will build itself on distinctions of character less grossly defined, and on features of manners more delicate and impalpable. But the *fundus*, the ultimate resource, the well-head of the comic, must for ever be sought in the same field—viz. the ludicrous of incident, or the ludicrous of situation, or the ludicrous which arises in a mixed way between the character and the situation. The age of Aristophanes, for example, answered in some respects to our own earliest dramatic era, viz. from 1588 to 1635, an age not (as Dr Johnson assumes it to have been, in his elaborate preface to Shakspeare) rude or gross; on the contrary, far more intense with intellectual instincts and agencies than his own, which was an age of collapse. But in the England of Shakspeare, as in the Athens of Aristophanes, the surface of society in cities still rocked, or at least undulated, with the ground-

swell surviving from periods of intestine tumult and insecurity. The times were still martial and restless; men still wore swords in pacific assemblies; the intellect of the age was a fermenting intellect; it was a revolutionary intellect. And comedy itself, coloured by the moving pageantries of life, was more sinewy, more audacious in its movements; spoke with something more of an impassioned tone; and was hung with draperies more rich, more voluminous, more picturesque. On the other hand, the age of the Athenian Menander, or the English Congreve, though still an unsettled age, was far less insecure in its condition of police, and far less showy in its exterior aspect. In England, it is true that a picturesque costume still prevailed; the whole people were still draped * professionally; each man's dress proclaimed his calling; and so far it might be said, "*natio comœdia est.*" But the characteristic and dividing spirit had fled, whilst the forms survived; and those middle men had universally arisen, *whose equivocal relations to different employments broke down the strength of contrast between them.* Comedy, therefore, was thrown more exclusively upon the interior man; upon the *nuances* of his nature, or upon the finer spirit of his manners. It was now the acknowledged duty of

* "The whole people were still draped professionally." For example, physicians never appeared without the insignia of their calling; clergymen would have incurred the worst suspicions had they gone into the streets without a gown and bands. Ladies, again, universally wore masks, as the sole substitute known to our ancestors for the modern parasol; a fact, perhaps, now first noticed.

comedy to fathom the coynesses of human nature, and to arrest the fleeting phenomena of human demeanour.

But tragedy stood upon another footing. Whilst the comic muse in every age acknowledges a relationship which is more than sisterly—in fact, little short of absolute identity—the tragic muse of Greece and England stand so far aloof as hardly to recognise each other under any common designation. Few people have ever studied the Grecian drama—and hence may be explained the possibility that so little should have been said by critics upon its characteristic differences, and nothing at all upon the philosophic ground of these differences. Hence may be explained the fact, that, whilst Greek tragedy has always been a problem in criticism, it is still a problem of which no man has attempted the solution. This problem it is our intention briefly to investigate.

I. There are cases, occasionally occurring in the English drama and the Spanish, where a play is exhibited within a play. To go no further, every person remembers the remarkable instance of this in Hamlet. Sometimes the same thing takes place in painting. We see a chamber, suppose, exhibited by the artist, on the walls of which (as a customary piece of furniture) hangs a picture. And as this picture again might represent a room furnished with pictures, in the mere logical possibility of the case we might imagine this descent into a life below a life going on *ad infinitum*. Practically, however, the process is soon stopped. A retrocession of this nature is difficult to manage. The original picture is a mimic—an unreal life. But this unreal life is itself a real life with respect to the secondary picture; which again must be supposed realized with relation to the tertiary picture, if such a thing were attempted. Consequently, at every step of the *introduction*, (to neologize a little in a case justifying a neologism,) something must be done to differentiate the gradations, and to express the subordinations of life; because each term in the descending series, being first of all a mode of non-reality to the spectator, is next to assume the functions of a real life in its relations to the next lower or interior term of the series.

What the painter does in order to produce this peculiar modification of

appearances, so that an object shall affect us first of all as an idealized or unreal thing, and next as itself a sort of relation to some secondary object still more intensely unreal, we shall not attempt to describe; for in some technical points we should, perhaps, fail to satisfy the reader: and without technical explanations we could not satisfy the question. But, as to the poet—all the depths of philosophy, at least of any known and recognised philosophy, would less avail to explain, speculatively, the principles which, in such a case, should guide him, than Shakspeare has explained by his practice. The problem before him was one of his own suggesting: the difficulty was of his own making. It was—so to differentiate a drama that it might stand within a drama, precisely as a painter places a picture within a picture; and therefore that the secondary or inner drama should be non-realized upon a scale that would throw, by comparison, a reflex colouring of reality upon the principal drama. This was the problem: this was the thing to be accomplished: and the secret, the law, of the process by which he accomplishes this is—to swell, tumefy, stiffen, not the diction only but the tenor of the thought; in fact, to stilt it, and to give it a prominence and an ambition beyond the scale which he adopted for his ordinary life. It is, of course, therefore in rhyme—an artifice which Shakspeare employs with great effect on other similar occasions, (that is, occasions when he wished to solemnize or in any way differentiate the life;) it is condensed and massed as respects the flowing of the thoughts; it is rough and horrent with figures in strong relief, like the embossed gold of an ancient vase: and the movement of the scene is contracted into short gyrations—so unlike the free sweep and expansion of his general developments.

Now, the Grecian tragedy stands in the very same circumstances, and rises from the same original basis. If, therefore, the reader can obtain a glimpse of the life within a life, which the painter sometimes exhibits to the eye, and which the Hamlet of Shakspeare exhibits to the mind—then he may apprehend the original phasis under which we contemplate the Greek tragedy.

II. But, to press further into the centre of things, perhaps the very first

element in the situation of the Grecian tragedy, which operated by degrees to evoke all the rest, was the original elevation of the scale by which all was to be measured, in consequence of two accidents—1st, the sanctity of the ceremonies in which tragedy arose; 2d, the vast size of the ancient theatres.

The first point we need not dwell on: every body is aware that tragedy in Greece grew by gradual expansions out of an idolatrous rite—out of sacrificial pomp: though we do not find any body who has noticed the consequent overruling effect which this had upon the quality of that tragedy: how, in fact, from this early cradle of tragedy, arose a sanctity which compelled all things to modulate into the same religious key. But next, the theatres—why were they so vast in ancient cities, in Athens, in Syracuse, in Capua, in Rome? Purely from democratic influences. Every citizen was entitled to a place at the public scenical representations. In Athens, for example, the state paid for him. He was present, by possibility and by legal fiction, at every performance; therefore, room must be prepared for him. And, allowing for the privileged foreigners, (the domiciled aliens called *μετοικοι*,) we are not surprised to hear that the Athenian theatre was adapted to an audience of thirty thousand persons. It is not enough to say *naturally*—inevitably out of this prodigious compass, exactly ten times over the compass of the large Drury-Lane burned down a generation ago, arose certain immediate results that moulded the Greek tragedy in all its functions, purposes, and phenomena. The person must be aggrandized, the countenance must be idealized. For upon any stage corresponding in its scale to the colossal dimensions of such a house, the unassisted human figure would have been lost; the unexaggerated human features would have been seen as in a remote perspective, and besides, have had their expression lost; the unreverberated human voice would have been undistinguishable from the surrounding murmurs of the audience. Hence the cothurnus to raise the actor; hence the voluminous robes to hide the disproportion thus resulting to the figure; hence the mask larger than life, painted to represent the noble Grecian contour of coun-

tenance; hence the mechanism by which it was made to swell the intonations of the voice like the brazen tubes of an organ.

Here, then, you have a tragedy, by its very origin, in mere virtue of the accidents out of which it arose, standing upon the inspiration of religious feeling; pointing, like the spires of our English parish churches, up to heaven by mere necessity of its earliest purpose, from which it could not alter or swerve *per saltum*; so that an influence once there, was always there. Even from that cause, therefore, you have a tragedy ultra-human and Titanic. But next, from political causes falling in with that early religious cause, you have a tragedy forced into a more absolute and unalterable departure from a human standard. That figure so noble, that voice so profound, and, by the very construction of the theatres as well as of the masks, receiving such solemn reverberations, proclaim a being elevated above the ordinary human scale. And then comes the countenance always adjusted to the same unvarying tone of sentiment, viz. the presiding sentiment of the situation, which of itself would go far to recover the key-note of Greek tragedy. These things being given, we begin to perceive a life removed by a great gulf from the ordinary human life even of kings and heroes: we descry a life within a life.

III. Here, therefore, is the first great landing-place, the first station, from which we can contemplate the Greek tragedy with advantage. It is, by comparison with the life of Shakspeare, what the inner life of the mimetic play in Hamlet is to the outer life of the Hamlet itself. It is a life below a life. That is—it is a life treated upon a scale so sensibly different from the proper life of the spectator, as to impress him profoundly with the feeling of its idealization. Shakspeare's tragic life is our own life exalted and selected: the Greek tragic life presupposed another life, the spectator's, thrown into relief before it. The tragedy was projected upon the eye from a vast profundity in the rear: and between this life and the spectator, however near its phantasmagoria might advance to him, was still an immeasurable gulf of shadows.

Hence, coming nearer still to the determinate nature and circumscrip-

tion of the Greek tragedy, it was *not* in any sense a development—1. Of human character; or, 2. Of human passion. Either of these objects, attributed to tragedy, at once inoculates it with a life essentially on the common human standard. But that neither was so much as dreamed of, in the Grecian tragedy, is evident from the mere mechanism and ordinary conduct of those dramas which survive; those especially which seem entitled to be viewed as fair models of the common standard. About a thousand lines, of which one-fifth must be deducted for the business of the chorus, may be taken as the average extent of a Greek tragic drama. Five acts, of one hundred and sixty lines each, allow no sweep at all for the systole and diastole, the contraction and expansion, the knot and the *dénouement*, of a tragic interest, according to our modern meaning. The ebb and flow, the inspiration and expiration, cannot find room to play in such a narrow scene. Were the interest made to turn at all upon the evolution of character, or of passion modified by character, and both growing upon the reader through various aspects of dialogue, of soliloquy, and of multiplied action—it would seem a storm in a wash-hand basin. A passion which advanced and precipitated itself through such rapid harlequin changes, would at best impress us with the feeling proper to a hasty melodrama, or perhaps serious pantomime. It would read like the imperfect outline of a play; or, still worse, would seem framed to move through such changes as might raise an excuse for the dancing and the lyric music. But the very external phenomena, the apparatus and scenic decorations of the Greek tragedy, all point to other functions. Shakspeare—that is, English tragedy—postulates the intense life of flesh and blood, of animal sensibility, of man and woman—breathing, waking, stirring, palpitating with the pulses of hope and fear. In Greek tragedy, the very masks show the utter impossibility of these tempests or conflicts. Struggle there is none, internal or external: not like Hamlet's with his own constitutional inertia, and his gloomy irresolution of conscience; not like Macbeth's with his better feeling as a man, with his generosity as a host. Medea, the most tragic figure in the Greek scene, passes through no flux

and reflux of passion, through no convulsions of jealousy on the one hand, or maternal love on the other. She is tossed to and fro by no hurricanes of wrath, wrenched by no pangs of anticipation. All that is supposed to have passed out of the spectator's presence. The dire conflict no more exhibits itself scenically and '*coram populo*,' than the murder of her two innocent children. Were it possible that it should, how could the *mask* be justified? The apparatus of the stage would lose all decorum; and Grecian taste, or sense of the appropriate, which much outran the strength of Grecian creative power, would have been exposed to perpetual shocks.

IV. The truth is now becoming palpable: certain great *situations*—not passion in states of growth, of movement, of self-conflict—but fixed, unmoving *situations* were selected; these held on through the entire course of one or more acts. A lyric movement of the chorus, which closed the act, and gave notice that it was closed, sometimes changed this situation; but throughout the act it continued unchanged, like a statuesque attitude. The story of the tragedy was pretty nearly involved and told by implication in the *tableaux vivans* which presided through the several acts. The very slight dialogue which goes on, seems meant rather as an additional exposition of the interest—a commentary on the attitude originally assumed—than as any exhibition of passions growing and kindling under the eye of the spectator. The mask, with its monotonous expression, is not out of harmony with the scene; for the passion is essentially fixed throughout, not mantling and undulating with the breath of change, but frozen into marble life.

And all this is both explicable in itself, and peremptorily determined, by the sort of idealized life—life in a state of remotion, unrealized, and translated into a neutral world of high cloudy antiquity—which the tragedy of Athens demanded for its atmosphere.

Had the Greeks, in fact, framed to themselves the idea of a tumultuous passion—passion expressing itself by the agitations of fluctuating will, as any fit, or even possible, subject for scenic treatment; in that case they must have resorted to real life, the more real the better. Or, again, had real life offered to their conceptions a just field for

scenic exhibition; in that case they must have been thrown upon conflicts of tempestuous passion: the more tempestuous the better. But being, by the early religious character of tragedy, and by the colossal proportions of their theatres, imperiously driven to a life more awful and still—upon life as it existed in elder days, amongst men so far removed that they had become invested with a patriarchal or even an antediluvian mistiness of antiquity, and often into the rank of demi-gods—they felt it possible to present this mode of being in states of *suffering*, for suffering is enduring and indefinite; but never in states of *conflict*, for conflict is, by its nature, fugitive and evanescent. The tragedy of Greece is always held up as a thing long past—the tragedy of England as a thing now passing. We are invited by Sophocles or Euripides, as by some great necromancer, to see long-buried forms standing in solemn groups upon the stage—phantoms from Thebes or from Cyclopiian cities. But Shakspeare is a Cornelius Agrippa, who shows us in his magic glass creatures yet breathing and actually mixing in the great game of life upon some distant field, inaccessible to us without a magician's aid.

The Greek drama, therefore, by its very necessities, proposing to itself only a few grand attitudes or situations, and brief dialogues, as the means of illuminating those situations, with scarcely any thing of action *actually occurring on the stage*—from these purposes derives its other peculiarities: in the elementary necessities lay the *fundus* of the rest.

V. The notion, for example, that murder or violent death was banished from the Greek stage, on the Parisian conceit of the shock which such bloody incidents would give to the taste, is perfectly erroneous. Not because it was sanguinary, but because it was action, had the Greeks an objection to such violences. No action of *any kind* proceeds legitimately on that stage. The persons of the drama are always in a reposing state *so long as they are before the audience*. And the very meaning of an *act* is, that in the intervals, the suspensions of the acts, any possible time may elapse, and any possible action may go on.

VI. Hence, also, a most erroneous theory has arisen about Fate as brooding over the Greek tragic scene.

This was a favourite notion of the two Schlegels. But it is evident that many Greek tragedies, both amongst those which survive, and amongst those the title and subjects of which are recorded, did not, and could not present any opening at all for this dark agency. Consequently it was not essential. And, even where it did intervene, the Schlegels seem to have misunderstood its purpose. A prophetic colouring, a colouring of ancient destiny, connected with a character or an event, has the effect of exalting and ennobling. But whatever tends towards this result, inevitably translates the persons and their situation from that condition of ordinary breathing life which it was the constant effort of the Greek tragedy to escape; and therefore it was, that the Greek poet preferred the gloomy idea of Fate: not because it was essential, but because it was elevating. It is for this reason, and apparently for this reason only, that Cassandra is connected by Æschylus with Agamemnon. The Sphynx, indeed, was connected with the horrid tale of Œdipus in *every* version of the tale: but Cassandra was brought upon the stage out of no *certain* historic tradition, or proper relation to Agamemnon, but to confer the solemn and mysterious hoar of a dark prophetic woe upon the dreadful catastrophe. Fate was therefore used, not for its own direct moral value as a force upon the will, but for its derivative power of ennobling and darkening.

VII. Hence, too, that habit amongst the tragic poets of travelling back to regions of forgotten fable and dark legendary mythus. Antiquity availed powerfully for their purposes, because of necessity it abstracted all petty details of individuality and local notoriety; all that would have composed a *character*. It acted as twilight acts, (which removes day's "mutable distinctions,") and reduced the historic person to that sublime state of monotonous gloom which suited the views of a poet who wanted only the *situation*, but would have repelled a poet who sought also for the complex features of a character. It is true that such remote and fabulous periods are visited at times, though not haunted, by the modern dramatist. Events are sought, even upon the French stage, from Gothic or from Moorish times. But in that case, the poet endeavours to im-

prove and strengthen any traits of character that tradition may have preserved, or by a direct effort of power to create them altogether, where history presents a blank neutrality ;—whereas the Greek poet used simply that faint outline of character, in its gross distinctions of good and bad, which the situation itself implied. For example, the Creon of Thebes is pretty uniformly exhibited as tyrannical and cruel. But that was the mere result of his position as a rival originally for the throne, and still more as the executive minister of the popular vengeance against Polynices for having brought a tide of war against his mother land : in that representative character, Creon is compelled to acts of cruelty against Antigone in her sublime exercise of natural piety—both sisterly and filial ; and this cruelty to her and to the miserable wreck her father, making the very wrath of Heaven an argument for further persecution, terminates in leaving him an object of hatred to the spectator. But after all, his conduct seems to have been purely official and ministerial. Nor, if the reader think otherwise, will he find any further emanation from Creon's individual will or heart than the mere blank expression of tyranny in a public cause : nothing, in short, of that complexity and interweaving of qualities, that interaction of moral and intellectual powers, which we moderns understand by a character. In short, all the rude outlines of character on the Greek stage were, in the first place, mere inheritances from tradition, and generally mere determinations from the situation : and in no instance did the qualities of a man's will, heart, or constitutional temperament, manifest themselves by and through a collision or strife amongst each other ; which is our test of a dramatic character. And therefore it was, that elder or even fabulous ages were used as the true natural field of the tragic poet ; partly because antiquity ennobled ; partly also because, by abstracting the individualities of a character, it left the historic figure in that neutral state which was most entirely passive to the moulding and determining power of the situation.

Two objections we foresee—1st, That even *Æschylus*, the sublimest of the Greek tragedians, did *not* always go back to a high antiquity. He himself had fought in the Persian war ; and

yet he brings both Xerxes and his father Darius (by means of his apparition) upon the stage ; though the very Marathon of the father was but ten years earlier than the Thermopylæ and Salamis of the son. But in this instance the scene is not properly Grecian : it is referred by the mind to Susa, the capital of Persia, far eastward even of Babylon, and four months' march from Hellas. Remoteness of space in that case counter-vailed the proximity in point of time ; though it may be doubted whether, without the benefit of the supernatural, it would, even in that case, have satisfied the Grecian taste. And it certainly would not, had the whole reference of the piece not been so intensely Athenian. For, when we talk of Grecian tragedy, we must remember that, after all, the Pagan tragedy was in any proper sense exclusively Athenian ; and the tendency of the Grecian taste, in its general Grecian character, was in various instances modified or absolutely controlled by that special feature of its existence.

2dly, It will be urged, as indicating this craving after antiquity to be no peculiar or distinguishing feature of the Greek stage, that we moderns also turn away sometimes with dislike from a modern subject. Thus, if it had no other fault, the Charles I. of Banks is coldly received by English readers, doubtless ; but not because it is too modern. The objection to it is, that a parliamentary war is too intensely political ; and political, moreover, in a way which doubly defeated its otherwise tragic power ; first, because questions too *notorious* and too domineering of law and civil polity were then at issue ; the very same which came to a final hearing and settlement at 1688-9. Our very form of government at this day is the result of the struggle then going on—a fact which eclipses and dwarfs any separate or private interest of an individual prince, though otherwise and by his personal character in the highest degree an object of tragic pity and reverence. Secondly, because the political interest afloat at that era (1649) was too complex and intricate ; it wanted the simplicity of a poetic interest. That is the objection to Charles I. as a tragedy ; not because modern, but because too domineeringly political ; and because the political features of the case were too many and too intricate.

VIII. Thus far, therefore, we now comprehend the purposes and true *locus* to the human imagination of the Grecian tragedy—that it was a most imposing scenic exhibition of a few grand situations; grand from their very simplicity, and from the consequences which awaited their *dénouement*; and seeking support to this grandeur from constantly fixing its eye upon elder ages lost in shades of antiquity; or, if departing from that ideal now and then, doing so with a view to patriotic objects, and seeking an occasional dispensation from the rigour of art in the popular indulgence to whatever touched the glory of Athens. Let the reader take, along with them, two other circumstances, and he will then complete the idea of this stately drama: first, the character of the *DIALOGUE*; secondly, the functions of the *CHORUS*.

IX. From 150 to 180 lines of hexameter iambic verse compose the dialogue of each act.* This space is sufficient for the purpose of unfolding the situation to the spectator; but, as a means of unfolding a character, would have been by much too limited. For such a purpose, again, as this last, numerous scenes, dialogues, or soliloquies, must have been requisite; whereas generally, upon the Greek stage, a single scene, one dialogue between two interlocutors, occupies the entire act. The object of this dialogue was, of course, to bring forward the prominent points of the situation, and to improve the interest arising out of—1. its grandeur; 2. its statuesque arrangement to the eye; or, 3. the burden of tragic consequences which it announced. With such purposes,

so distinct from any which are pursued upon the modern stage, arose a corresponding distinction of the dialogue. Had the dialogue ministered to any purpose so *progressive* and so active as that of developing a character, with new incidents and changes of the speakers coming forward at every moment, as occasions for evoking the peculiarities of that character—in such a case the more it had resembled the movement, the fluctuations, the hurry of actual life and of real colloquial intercourse, the more it would have aided the views of the poet. But the purpose of the Greek dialogue was not progressive; essentially it was retrospective. For example, the *Heraclidae* opens with a fine and impressive group as ever sculptor chiselled—a group of young children, princely daughters of a great hero, whose acts resound through all mythology; viz. of Hercules, of a Grecian cleanser and deliverer from monsters, once irresistible to quell the oppressor, but now dead, and himself the subject of outrage in the persons of his children. These youthful ladies, helpless from their sex, with their grandmother Alemene, now aged and infirm, have arranged themselves as a marble group on the steps ascending to the altars of a local deity. They have but one guide, one champion—a brother in arms of the deceased Hercules, and his reverential friend; but this brave man also suffering, through years and martial toils, under the penalties of decaying strength. Such is the situation, such the inauguration of this solemn tragedy. The dialogue which follows between Iolaus, the faithful guardian of the ladies, and the local ruler of the land, takes

* The five acts, which old tradition prescribed as binding upon the Greek tragic drama, cannot always be marked off by the interruptions of the chorus. In the *Heraclidae* of Euripides they can. But it is evident that these acts existed for the sake of the chorus, by way of allowing sufficient openings (both as to number and length) for the choral dances; and the necessity must have grown out of the time allowed for a dramatic representation, and originally, therefore, out of the mere accidental convenience prescribed by the social usages of Athens. The rule, therefore, was at any rate an arbitrary rule. Purely conventional it would have been, and local, had it even grown out of any Attic superstition (as we have sometimes thought it might) as to the number of the choral dances. But most probably it rested upon a sort of convention, which of all is the least entitled to respect or translation to foreign soils, viz. the mere local arrangement of meals and sleeping hours in Athens; which, having prescribed a limited space to the whole performance, afterwards left this space to be distributed between the recitation and the more popular parts, addressed to eye and ear as the mob of Athens should insist. Horace, in saying roundly, as a sort of *brutum fulmen*, "*Non quinto brevior, non sit productior, actu fabulæ*," delivers this capricious rule in the capricious manner which becomes it. The *stet pro ratione voluntas* comes forward equally in the substance of the precept and the style of its delivery.

up this inaugural picture—so pompous from blazing altars and cloudy incense—so ceremonial from the known religious meaning of the attitudes—so beautiful from the loveliness of the youthful suppliants, rising tier above tier according to their ages, and the graduation of the altar steps—so moving in its picture of human calamity by the contrasting figure of the two grey-haired supporters—so complete and orbicular in its delineation of human frailty by the surmounting circumstances of its crest, the altar, the priestess, the temple, the serene Grecian sky—this impressive picture, having of itself appealed to every one of thirty thousand hearts, having already challenged universal attention, is now explained and unfolded through the entire first act. Iolaus, the noble old warrior, who had clung the closer to the fluttering dovecot of his buried friend from the unmerited persecution which had assaulted them, comments to the stranger prince upon the spectacle before him—a spectacle significant to Grecian eyes, intelligible at once to every body; but still rare, and witnessed in practice by nobody. The prince, Demophoon, is a ruler of Athens: the scene is placed in the Attic territory, but not in Athens; about fifteen miles, in fact, from that city, and not far from the dread field of Marathon. To the prince, Iolaus explains the lost condition of his young flock. The ruler of Argos had driven them out of every asylum in the Peloponnesus. From city to city he had followed them at the heels, with his cruel heralds of persecution. They were a party of unhappy fugitives, (most of them proclaiming their innocence by their very age and helplessness,) that had run the circle of Greek hospitality: every where had been hunted out like wild beasts, or those common nuisances from which their illustrious father had liberated the earth: that the long circuit of their unhappy wanderings had brought them at the last to Athens, in which they had a final confidence, as knowing well not only the justice of that state, but that she only would not be moved from her purposes by fear of the aggressor. No finer opening can be imagined. The statuesque beauty of the group, and the unparalleled persecution which the first act exposes, (a sort of misery and an absolute hostility of the human race to

which our experience suggests no corresponding case, except that of a leper in the middle ages, or the case of a man under a papal interdict,) fix the attention of the spectators beyond any other situation in Grecian tragedy. And the compliment to Athens, not verbal but involved in the very situation, gave a depth of interest to this drama, for the very tutelary region of the drama; which ought to stamp it with a sort of prerogative as in some respects the ideal tragedy or model of the Greek theatre.

Now, this one dialogue, as filling one act of a particular drama, is quite sufficient to explain the view we take of the Greek tragic dialogue. *It is altogether retrospective.* It takes for its theme the visible group arranged on the stage before the spectators from the first. Looking back to this, the two interlocutors (supposed to come forward upon the stage) contrive between them, one by pertinent questions, the other by judicious management of his replies, to bring out those circumstances in the past fortunes and immediate circumstances of this interesting family, which may put the audience in possession of all which it is important for them to know. The reader sees the dark legendary character which invests the whole tale; and in the following acts this darkness is made more emphatic from the fact that incidents are used, of which contradictory versions existed, some poets adopting one version, some another: so cloudy and uncertain were the facts. All this apocryphal gloom aids that sanctity and awe which belong to another and a higher mode of life; to that slumbering life of sculpture, as opposed to painting, which we have called a life within a life. Grecian taste would inevitably require that the dialogue should be adjusted to this starting-point and standard. Accordingly, in the first place, the dialogue is always (and in a degree quite unperceived by the translators up to this time) severe, massy, simple, yet solemnized intentionally by the use of a select vocabulary, corresponding (in point of archaism and remoteness from ordinary use) to our scriptural vocabulary. Secondly, the metre is of a kind never yet examined with suitable care. There were two objects aimed at in the Greek iambic of the tragic drama; and in some measure these objects were in collision with each

other, unless most artfully managed. One was, to exhibit a purified imitation of real human conversation. The other was, to impress upon this colloquial form, thus far by its very nature recalling ordinary human life, a character of solemnity and religious conversation. Partly this was effected by arts of omission and commission; by banishing certain words or forms of words; by recalling others of high antiquity: particular tenses, for instance, were never used by the tragic poets; not even by Euripides, (*the most Wordsworthian of the Athenian poets in the circumstance of having a peculiar theory of poetic diction, which lowered its tone of separation, and took it down from the cothurnus*;) other verbal forms, again, were used nowhere but upon the stage. Partly, therefore, this consecration of the tragic style was effected by the antique cast, and the exclusive cast of its phraseology. But, partly also, it was effected by the metre. From whatever cause it may arise—chiefly, perhaps, from differences in the genius of the two languages—certain it is, that the Latin iambics of Seneca, &c., (in the tragedies ascribed to him,) cannot be so read by an English mouth as to produce any thing like the sonorous rhythmus, and the grand intonation of the Greek iambics. This is a curious fact, and as yet, we believe, unnoticed. But, over and above this original adaptation of the Greek language to the iambic metre, we have no doubt whatever that the recitation of verse on the stage was of an artificial and semi-musical character. It was undoubtedly much more *sustained* and intoned with a slow and measured stateliness,* which, whilst harmonizing it with the other circumstances of solemnity in Greek tragedy, would bring it nearer to music. Beyond a doubt, it had the effect (and might have the effect even now, managed by

a good reader) of the *recitative* in the Italian opera: as, indeed, in other points, the Italian opera is a much nearer representative of the Greek tragedy, than the direct modern tragedy—professing that title.

X. As to the Chorus, nothing needs to be said upon this element of the Athenian tragedy. Every body knows how solemn, and therefore how solemnizing, must have been the richest and most lyrical music, the most passionate of the ancient poetry, the most dithyrambic of tragic and religious raptures, supported to the eye by the most hieroglyphic and therefore mysterious of dances. For the dances of the chorus—the strophe and the antistrophe—were symbolic, and therefore full of mysterious meanings; and not the less impressive, because these meanings and these symbols had lost their significancy to the mob; since the very cause of that loss lay in the antiquity of their origin. One great error which remains to be removed, is the notion that the chorus either did support, or was meant to support the office of a moral teacher. The chorus simply stood on the level of a sympathizing spectator, detached from the business and interests of the action; and its office was to guide or to interpret the sympathies of the audience. Here was a great error of Milton's: but it is not an error of this place or subject. At present, it is sufficient to say, that the mysterious solemnity conferred by the chorus, presupposes, and is in perfect harmony with, our theory of a life within a life—a life sequestered into some far off slumbering state, having the severe tranquillity of Hades—a life symbolized by the marble life of sculpture; but utterly out of all symmetry and proportion to the realities of that human life which we moderns take up as the basis of our tragic drama.

* Any man, who has at all studied the Greek iambics, must well remember those forms of the metre which are used in a cadence, at the close of a resounding passage, meant to express a full pause, and the prodigious difference from such as were meant for weaker lines, or less impressive metrical effects. These cadences, with their full body of rhythmus, are never reproduced in the Latin imitations of the iambic hexameter: nor does it seem within the compass of Latin metre to reach such effects: though otherwise, and especially by the dactylic hexameter, the Latin language is more powerful than the Greek.

WOLFGANG MENZEL.

If a man were to write an account of a whale suddenly become human, and retaining in its new form the feelings and propensities of its former shape, with a multitude of such incidents heaped together as might be supposed to result from this absurd combination, he would probably write a very stupid book, but it would be intensely German.

All the admirers of that peculiar sort of originality to which our neighbours lay exclusive claim, would break out in a chorus of applause. The man-fish or the fish-man would be the *beau idéal* of what can be produced by an exuberant imagination; his memory of northern seas, and the delight he used to experience in refreshing himself in hot weather, by rubbing his back against an iceberg, would furnish ample scope for the grotesque, by bringing the two modes of existence into juxtaposition; and, in fact, we venture to insure the most complete success to any one who will take this as a subject, and work it out with the necessary amount of horrors and incongruities. This would be a novel of active life, where our sympathies would be enlisted on the side of the living and moving personages of the drama: but if the author wished to Germanize in another manner, he would have nothing to do but to invest some inanimate object with thoughts and feelings, but without endowing it with visible life; say, for example, a milestone, and let it love, fear, hate, reason, poetize, or philosophize to the best of his ability. This style of writing appears to a great number of people, who have never taken the trouble to analyse the nature of it, to require a very high degree of fancy in the author. But never was such a mistake committed. It is from a *want* of imagination, and not from the excess of it, that our neighbours have betaken themselves to their mysticism and magic, to their double-gangers and Peter Schlemihls. A very natural anxiety to escape from the imputation which for centuries gods and columns had cast on German genius, that it was plodding, careful, mole-eyed, and unimaginative, has been the main inducement to the convulsive efforts they now make to astonish and perplex.

But they ought to be aware that no man has a right to imagine new worlds till he has exhausted the old ones. It is only in favour of Prospero and Miranda that we make allowance for Ariel and Caliban. See what effect those creations would have unless they were presented to us along with the deep human interests and delicate shadings of character which we trace in the other *personæ* of "the Tempest." Would a whole play of Calibans and Ariels, or even a play in which they were the principal figures, and not the mere accessories and excrecences, impress us with such ideas of an author's *imagination* as if he had called Hamlet into being, or clothed the passion of innocent love in flesh and blood, and called it Juliet, or awakened the horrors of conscience in Macbeth? The mistake of our Gothic cousins in believing that whatever is *not* in nature *must* be a proof of fancy, is much the same as the very common one among some of our youthful bards, of considering that whatever is not prose must be poetry. A ring that makes its possessor invisible, a key that opens a terrestrial paradise filled with Mahomedan Houris, an enchanter, a vampire, or a ghost—these are the great instruments with which to concoct a national literature, unless, indeed, the author adopts the still easier expedient of filling his three volumes with all manner of inexplicable incidents, and then loosing the knot he has so artfully tied by exclaiming, like good John Bunyan, at the end of all, "and I awoke, and behold it was a dream." For, depend on it, there is no *deus ex machina* equal to a nightcap. But this striving after the new is not limited to the dealers in novels and romances. It is the characteristic at this moment, and for several years past, of every effort of the German mind. Their scholars give new views of history, their theologians new views of divinity, their philosophers new views of man, his faculties and final destiny. But by new views, think not that old things are merely put in a new position, and fresh light poured on them from the naphtha lamps of those sages. This would be a labour too low, too poor, for their ambition. The first

step they take in their search for novelty, like the diggers for fairy treasures among their own old castles, is to shake down the whole fabric by removing the foundation on which it rested. Out of the ruins they contrive to build up some fantastic tower according to their own taste, and try to train the old ivy over it again, to give it the appearance of antiquity. But the ivy has been rooted up, and refuses to hide the modern masonry. Oh, Romulus! Oh, Remus!—Oh sacred Capitol! towards which had marched so many triumphant heroes, and over which hung such a glory that Rome was indeed the Eternal City while it rested under thy protection—are ye all things that never were? or so different from what we have been taught to think you, that you are, in fact, mere fancy pieces woven into gossamer tapestry by Livy and the ancient chroniclers?—or was Niebuhr a dull, dreamy, fusty, old pedant, denying all these, and fifty other things and incidents, which we had been ready to swear to for fifteen hundred years, merely to obtain a name for himself? The man was utterly unjustifiable, even if his discoveries were true, in laying sacrilegious hands on what had been so long believed that it had *grown* a truth; in depriving of life and glory time-honoured Cincinnatus, treating great Camillus as an impostor, and slaughtering with a more intolerable slaughter the white-haired senate, seated on curule chairs, whose majesty had restrained for a season the enmity and ferocity of the Gauls. For our own part, we believe in all the early history of Rome; and have as yet had no sufficient proofs offered us of the existence of Niebuhr to convince us that he ever lived. We therefore are ready to make our solemn affirmation, that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, Remus leapt over the walls while they were yet only three feet high; and that the person or apparition assuming the name of Niebuhr was a phantom, and no man.

Theology is too sacred ground for us to tread upon, farther than to refuse to be guided first into labyrinths, (which are not to be found in the Bible,) and then out of them, by such misty guides as Tholuck, Baur, and even Neander. As to Strauss and the other infidels, we name them not without disgust; for if fancy can conjure

any image more revolting than another, it is that of a German Voltaire, with all his venom and audacity, and not a particle of his wit. Their philosophy, however, is protected by no such sanctities; and we repeat that the whole effort of their metaphysics has been to strike out some *new* path—to dazzle us with strange speculations, and puzzle us with unintelligible paradoxes. Let us not fall foul of Kant on this particular occasion; for that unpretending-looking syllable, whether spelt with *k* or *c*, has powerful patrons in these degenerate days, whose slumbering venom it might be dangerous to wake. Let us go to Herder himself, one of the greatest names in German literature—a poet, a scholar, a philosopher; yet tainted so deeply with the spirit of his class and country, that his design is evidently rather to astonish than to instruct. So irrepressible is genius, that it cannot continue hidden even under the mummy-like integuments in which a very undivine philosophy endeavours to envelope it—like light in a tomb, it flashes out amid the most gloomy and unpromising scenes, and beautifies, with its lustre, the uninviting objects on which it shines. Herder was undoubtedly a man of genius—he shows it in all his writings; but in them all there is no mistaking the great aim we have alluded to—to startle, to delight; but not to inform. We shall take notice of but one passage in his “*Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind*,” because we propose to go at greater length into a work of a follower of Herder, (and no unworthy follower,) of which we think our readers will be glad to accompany us in the examination, as illustrative of the present tendencies of the German speculative philosophy; we mean “*The Spirit of History*” of Wolfgang Menzel.

The philosophers of Herder’s day had kindly taken the other planets into their charge, and entered into laboured disquisitions on the state and prospects of our neighbours in the Milky Way. In his admirable “*Ideas*” he alludes to the vain dreams of Kircher and Schwedenborg on such subjects, and the utter groundlessness of all the guesses and suppositions of Hugens, Lambert, and Kant; but the temptation is too great. He guards himself, indeed, with the convenient go-between “*perhaps*,” but propounds

the ingenious doctrine, "that the proportion that exists between the velocity and distance of the different planets, holds good also between the intellects and faculties of their inhabitants." The relation of our matter to our spirit may be regulated by the relative length of our days and nights—the rapidity of our thoughts is in the proportion which the revolution of our planet round itself and round the sun bears to the quickness or slowness of other stars—so that as Mercury performs his daily revolution in six hours, and his annual course in eighty-eight days, the inhabitants of that favoured planet must be clever beyond belief. On the other hand, it is pleasing to reflect how the duller of men would be looked up to among the dunderheads of Saturn, who gropes his way almost in the dark round the sun, and takes no less than thirty years to perform the journey. Gods! what a poet would be M'Henry!—how inconceivably "quick in the uptake" the late Lord Newton, who used to find out at breakfast the point of Harry Erskine's witticism of the previous day! "I hae ye noo, Harry!" would be the proof of the most rapid comprehension, though uttered at the end of a month. This, however, is supposing the possibility of a Henry Erskine in such a world; which is only admissible in consideration of the extraordinary activity it displays in spinning round itself, a feat which it performs in about seven hours. Perhaps, after all, this wonderful speed in one revolution may make up for its dilatoriness in the other; and there may be an Athens in Saturn as well as in Scotland.

This, however, is only one of many equally gratuitous exercises of the fancy contained in Herder's work, which, be it observed, having for its subject the philosophy of history, should have been strictly limited to an induction from facts. But inapplicable as such flights were in the midst of such a dissertation, what are we to think of Wolfgang Menzel, whose whole work is composed of nothing else? Now, Wolfgang Menzel is not a man to be passed lightly over in our estimate of German intellect. There is no higher name in the living literature of his country. His "History of the Germans" is

eloquent and popular at the same time; as a critic, he is distinguished for sound judgment and clear discrimination, joined to a fearlessness and true-hearted disdain of the hollowness and affectation that reigned in the most admired writings of the greatest authors of his land, that drew on him the unmitigated hatred of the followers of Göthe and Voss. His two excellent tales, "Rubezahl" and "Narcissus," are well known: and as a poet he has shown much talent and a great deal of wit. It was accordingly with no slight anticipation of enjoyment that we opened a little pamphlet, published at Stuttgart in 1835, entitled "The Spirit of History." Here, then, we thought, we shall have admirable writing and extensive information. Here the great empires of the past will unfold their buried majesty, and point with warning finger to the present or the future. Here shall we see the footmarks of Providence traced amid the ruins of crumbled monarchies. Here we shall—but a truce to our expectations. We pulled the candles closer to us, fixed our feet more resolutely on the fender, and turned to the preface:—

"The following sketch is intended merely to show the impression which, in a long-continued study of history, the powerful spirit that lies in it has made on one not insensible soul. In this I do not scruple to let my heart have its full play. The man whose feelings are unmoved when he considers the fortunes of his kind—whose inmost soul is not excited by the presence of the spirit that animates the world, will never be able to comprehend them. The calmest enquiry, the most dispassionate observation, enable us to *discover* truths, the knowledge of which, nevertheless, leaves the deepest impression upon our hearts. And is history, then, something unconnected with us, to which we can continue indifferent? Are we not in the midst of it?—do we not fight the great fight along with it? Is not each of us destined to take a part in its tremendous drama: as hero fighting for some holy object, or as base wight who helps to bring about the tragic catastrophe? No one is so inconsiderable that he cannot, by magnanimity or the reverse, add to the number of the good or the bad in the world; that he does not help to make the beautiful shine more clearly—or make the base more

hateful. Moreover, knowledge is given to us not to destroy sentiment, but to inspire it."

Very good, said we; feeling is a very good thing; and Wolfgang, we perceive, is going to give us the plain, unvarnished tale of the sentiments awakened by man's fate and destiny in the mind of a man of talent and sensibility. Proceed—

"History is man's life on earth confined to a few thousand years, and to one small planet. Beyond these limits, however, are spread immeasurable space and infinite time, and in them reigns an inexhaustible world-life. But in the same manner as our earth stands in close relationship to other heavenly bodies, it is probable that *our* history is connected with the history of all beings; *our* life with that great world-life. We find it impossible either to restrain, or to satisfy the inclination to be informed on these points. It would appear that the mere anticipation of a higher existence is fitted to have an animating effect on our present life; whereas a clear vision of those loftier things would destroy our earthly illusions, and tear us away from the circle of existence in which we are placed. The explanation of the mode in which our earth is connected with the great world of stars, and how our temporal life is connected with the eternal life of the world, remains a problem, a riddle unsolved and unsolvable, and yet which *must* furnish us with employment." Why?—we do not see the least necessity for troubling our heads about such unprofitable enquiries. We think, at the same time, we could suggest a book to our philosopher that would go some way towards appeasing his curiosity. But we fear that a person who puzzles himself with finding out our connexion with the *eternal life of the world*, would not attach much weight to the volume we refer to.

It appears, then, that a portion at least of our friend's employment will be to guess at such high and wondrous mysteries; and if it be really so, we do not exactly see how any strong sentiment or deep feelings can be excited by such an occupation in the most susceptible hearts. But let us go on, and see how he makes good his case.

He divides his subject into five "Problems;" an Astronomical Pro-

blem; a Theological Problem; a Mythological Problem; a Genealogical Problem, and an Historical Problem. We shall give a short abstract of each, and as we have no intention of detracting in any way from the merits of Wolfgang Menzel, we shall at once allow that many beauties of expression are lost in our translation. We merely profess to give the meaning as closely and literally as the two tongues will permit, begging the reader not to impute to the original the stiffness or baldness he may discover in our version.

"ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.

"Our earth is a planet, and belongs to the small family of planets, eleven in number, which circle round the sun, and receive from it their light, their daily and annual seasons, and all existence which depends on light. The astronomical relationship of the other planets to our earth, justifies us in the supposition, that they are inhabited by beings resembling man, and that these also are as near akin to each other as the planets themselves. If a decision on such points were allowable, we might conclude, that in the same way as our earth holds a middle rank among the other planets, in regard to distance from the sun, size, &c., so we men probably hold a middle station between the beings of the different planets, and are therefore a more complete representative of the whole species inhabiting our planetary system, than the inhabitants of Mercury or Uranus, who perhaps express the two extremes of the human system, as their planets express the two extremes of the planetary system. In the same manner, we cannot give up the notion that all the inhabitants of our planetary system, however much they may differ from each other, are still only one *species* of beings, with several subdivisions, perhaps, as we ourselves are divided into separate races. In that case it would be particularly interesting to discover what relation the inhabitants of the planets bear to those of the sun. If there are other systems of planets which revolve round a sun of their own, the idea occurs directly, that they stand on a parallel step with our planetary system. This step, however, appears to be one of the lowest in the great ladder of existence. The relation of the planets to the sun is that of slaves.

“On a higher step stand the double stars, of which many thousands are already discovered, two suns, both self-lighted, which move at no great distance round each other, and by this means express a relationship of freedom and equality, of friendship and voluntary connexion, which is of a far higher and nobler kind than the servile relation of the planets to the sun. Must not, therefore, the inhabitants of the double stars stand on a higher step than those of the planets? But we must now be allowed to assume, that these little planetary systems and double stars are again united to a loftier whole, to a great group of stars; and it is not improbable that the multitude of stars surrounding us are only a portion of the Milky Way to which we jointly and separately belong; and which again is separated, as one perfect whole, from other milky ways and groups of stars, still farther removed from us. And as it is said in the Bible, ‘In my father’s house are many mansions;’ and space is infinite; the fancy has ample room wherein to imagine the milky ways as numerous and as diversified as possible.

“That the mind might not grow giddy, some resting-place, some firm centre amidst the infinite has been sought; but this it is impossible to imagine, without, at the same time, giving up the very idea of infinity. We have assumed a central sun, we have believed that the milky ways move in circles round each other, or that they touch, in parabolic paths, like a number of cones with united points, &c.; but all this can, at the utmost, make only one great starry configuration in the expanse of heaven, but cannot represent that *whole* expanse itself, which, being absolutely immeasurable, can have no figure. But to descend from this height to our little earth again—my intention in this exposition has been to show that, at all events, our earth is but a very subordinate heavenly body, and that what we call the history of the world is but a very small portion of universal existence.

“Although the earth, attracted by the sun, revolves around it, yet she always turns her poles to the congenial quarters of the heaven; that is to say, her north pole, round which most *land* is collected, to the north side of the heavens, in which there are most *stars*;

and her south pole, where she is deficient in land, to the southern quarter, which is deficient in stars. In this, therefore, we recognise a law of the earth, consonant with the law of the whole visible starry world, and which must be older than the law which binds us to the sun; because the sun, with his equatorial tendency east and west, could only produce a preponderance of the equatorial force over the polar force, and a contrasting of east and west, but could not produce a preponderance of the north pole over the south pole, which are indeed equal, so far as concerns the sun, and are indebted for the difference that exists between them to some higher cause. But that this cause is the same which heaped the stars in greater number on the north side of the heavens is clear; and we must accordingly seek the point of gravity of our visible world in the direction of the north pole.

“With the exception of this direction of our earth’s axis, and the correspondent collection of dry land on the north side, there remains little peculiar on the earth which does not appear either as a consequence of the influence of the sun, or as a reciprocating power with it. Over all advances a victorious sun-god, who either chains up the old earth-gods as furious Titans, or rules the wife-like earth with the strong authority of a husband, and, as Eros, impregnates the maternal night with a beautiful world of light.

“All existence, therefore, upon earth depends upon the sun, and is its work. Even the metals, the embryo world in the deep womb of earth, bears the image of its golden sire; for the metallic veins run parallel with the equator, and not with the earth’s axis, and the noblest are found in considerable quantity only beneath the equator itself. The same is the case with the botanic and the animal worlds, whose most perfect types are found under the equator. And as space is subject to the solar progress, so also are times and seasons; the growth of all organization; the period of existence. To this sun-service, man, the loftiest of terrestrial beings, forms a remarkable exception, and recurs to that primal earth-service, or rather star-service, which is older than the sun. Unlike the metals, plants, and animals, the human race follows not that confused

zodiacal circle which the sun has drawn around the earth, but follows rather the progress of the pole; and man, in his noblest development, is found on the north side of the earth, his head pointed, not towards the sun, but to that mysterious pole-star hidden in the darkness of old night. If he enters the region of the equator, he becomes brute-like, as have the Negroes, the Malays, and the West Indians; and as little is he the creature of the seasons, for in his principal intellectual and animal functions he is independent of the position of the sun.

"All this proves that man, as the quintessence of the earth, has received of that oldest and star-like earth power which is independent of the sun, or indeed hostile to it. And hence the wonderful contrariety we find in men, and in their history, is the result of predisposing natural causes.

"Whatever connexion may exist between the powers that operate on our planet; on the one hand, of the *universal* stellar and cosmal influences—on the other, of the *individual* solar influence; still our planet preserves its integrity in its isolation in the freedom of space, and has, as it were, emancipated itself. Never have the inhabitants of other heavenly bodies come down to earth, nor any of its inhabitants ascended. If higher powers operate in them, those powers have transmigrated here into an earthly nature; and though they may originally have been widely separated from each other, here they have both become earthly flesh—one child of two dissimilar parents. The earth—child of the star-night and of the sun—has her own physiognomy, her own life, and her own heart's pulse, and must be considered, along with mankind and his history, as one whole; nay, in some degree as a characteristic individuality, how strangely soever the double nature of the parents is changed in it.

"This earth-unity, this earth-character, this earth-principle, gives to all earthly nature its regulated order, and also to mankind and to their history. It is a particular seed from which this natural form and this historical sequence must *necessarily* spring. Another seed, in other heavenly bodies, produces a *nature cognate* perhaps with ours, but of a different organization, finer or coarser,

and a history richer or poorer than ours, as the beings inhabiting them may be higher or humbler than we.

"As nothing in our world seems grouped together without design, and as in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms this grouping arises from relationship and family resemblance; so there seems a certain family connexion to exist between the earth and the other planets, which form between them but one individual system, whose limbs and existence are subjected to one law.

"This law of existence, which the planets have in common, is most observable in their regular revolutions round the sun, and must have had a fixed cause and origin. And perhaps, as being nearer to this beginning, the memory of this common connexion, *i. e.* of the earth and the other planets, was more vivid among the first generations of men; nor is it unlikely that, towards the conclusion, it will again be more visible. In the legends and religious systems of the oldest nations, the stars and the harmony of the planets hold a prominent place, and the ancient notion that the life of all the planets began while they were in a certain position or constellation; and that, after they shall have finished their assigned circuits, they will revert to that constellation again, is, in an astronomical sense, perfectly reasonable; and as, indeed, every thing finite must have a beginning and an end, the notion seems indubitable. But over the duration of this period, and over the connexion between the astronomical and the historical, between the alternation of stars and of events, human reason has often puzzled itself, and has never yet seen its way clearly, and will find it difficult to do so; for history, among its other good qualities, has this, that it never allows itself to be fixed beforehand, but, with its wondrous revelations, constantly strikes us with surprise."

And here ends the Astronomical Problem of a philosophical historian, of what Thomas Carlyle calls "this nineteenth century of time." But our history is only a portion of the history of *Georgium Sidus* and Mars; that the earth was originally on more familiar terms with her neighbours, and probably will become intimate with them again; that people have never yet found out—either

in the plains of Chaldea or the tents of the Gypsies—the influence of the stars on human events; and that even Francis Moore, physician, will *not easily* do so, because history likes to astonish! All this is conveyed in the first department of this work, of which we have given a larger specimen than we shall do of the succeeding problems, as we wished the reader to see with his own eyes the struggle to be original and startling, which, as may naturally be expected, ends in being childish and absurd.

We were in hopes that in the next, or Theological Problem, we should have something more tangible than such vague wool-gathering among the stars; but when the fit comes on him, it is not so easy to bring such an ethereal voyager down to common sense and this plodding world. The third paragraph is somewhat odd. "There exists, however, an extraordinary resemblance between astronomy and theology." Some "wicked allusion," we thought, to the Inquisition and Galileo. But such trivial matters never entered into the author's head. "As astronomy," he continues, "points out to us a tendency of the earthly to ascend beyond the solar circle into infinite space, so theology points out to us a tendency which leads beyond this narrow sphere of existence into infinite time, or eternity; and as that corporeal space-tendency was attached to the north-south polarity of the earth's axis, which stands immovably firm in spite of the east-west action of the sun, so also we perceive that each individual's path intersects, in a perpendicular direction, the horizontal stream of earthly history, and seeks its goal upwards in the Deity.

"History moves in an horizontal line, from Adam right onwards to the end of time. Each individual, however, only enters on this line to leave it immediately, and seek his loftier destiny in a higher existence.

"An irrepressible feeling tells us we struggle upwards from this paltry world into an immortality in the great eternal realm of spirits. But the connexion between that future life and our present state, is as much hidden from us as the connexion between the external firmament and this miserable planet. We must confine our efforts to the present life, and not interfere

with another. We are immortal, that we may see and learn more in the world to come; but here all we can see, and all we can learn, is of the earth, earthy. Much has been said about the connexion of this life with a future, and indeed with a past. The most ancient nations, as do still the people of Eastern Asia, imagined we were fallen angels,—beings condemned for their crimes to inhabit this mortal body. Others imagined we were endowed with freedom of will; and by virtue or vice could choose between heaven and hell. This grand and happy view began, along with all spirited and chivalrous life, among the Persians, and attained its full triumph in Christianity. But in this faith there is nothing *real* except the effect it has on us, in so far as it inspires us to great deeds and with noble thoughts. Nothing is more foolish than from our earthly state, and with our proportionately contemptible intellects, to try to find out the depths of the divinity, and of the infinite realm of spirits. That depth is as immeasurable by our spiritual vision, as the starry heaven is to our bodily eyes. But the relation man bears to God, eternity, and a future life, has nearly the same weight and influence on his history, as the relation which the earth's axis bears to the heaven of stars, has upon terrestrial nature. If the magnetic attraction of the north pole of the heavens did not produce a counteraction to the solar influence, the whole earth would be nothing but the slave of the sun; if that spiritual attraction which conducts man into the lofty ideal did not exist, history would be nothing but the slave of sensual nature,—man would be nothing but an animal. Notwithstanding the interest we necessarily take in the concerns of the world, still there is always something apart from us, as it were, in all our temporal joys and sorrows; and a gentle monitor whispers to us of something higher. It is in this suggestion that Christianity finds its influence. It dashed to atoms the heathenism of old days, in which the sun drew his spiritual circle round the world; and clear, amid the darkness of night, rose up that star which was the handwriting of Heaven. But Christianity has become crumpled; the star has been hidden in clouds, and so it seems impossible that there

ever should be fulfilled on this side of the grave a prophecy of rest and happiness, which is expressly limited to the other world. Yes, only in the other world! for it is vain to hope for the kingdom of a thousand years, the republic of virtues—Utopia! The struggle will still go on, and grow loftier as it continues; but in the struggle we shall succumb—our victory will not be *here*—our triumph will be above. As death overcomes all physical existence here below, so will evil overcome all moral good. 'Tis only in the struggle that man ennoble himself, and his wondrous history is perfected. But the hostile principle conquers him at last, and therein alone lies the majestic beauty, the tragic charm of history. Without this appalling catastrophe history would be child's-play, a flat, unprofitable tale. No, there pervades her a deeper earnest; and as only the boldest and longest struggle is worthy of her, so also is only the end which the Apocalypse reveals. The earth will not go to sleep in peace and awake in heaven; she will be destroyed in glowing fire. Men will not be perfect in virtue, wisdom, and felicity, and be wafted, like Elijah, to heaven without knowing death; they will go on multiplying themselves without end; and all at once, insanelly pouring out their strength in colossal depravity, they will expire amid the terrors of nature, in universal slaughter, when the last days shall come."

And this is the "Theological Problem" of a learned inhabitant of Christendom, though we cannot call him a disciple of Christianity. But we will not waste another drop of our good black ink (blue we hold to be a humbug) on such drivelling. Proceed we to the Mythological Problem, and see if he makes any sense out of fable, now that he has made such miserable nonsense out of the truth. But, alas! alas! before we get many pages into his mythological lucubrations, we find them every whit as ludicrous as his theology.

"The small portion of the older legends which can be considered as really historical, must be tried by the universal laws of nature and reason before it obtains our belief. The most interesting to us are those of Paradise and the first human pair. According to the Indian legend, the earth was in

the beginning covered with water till it gradually raised itself, and the summit of the mountain Meru (it retains the name still, and is the south-western point of the Himalaya range) first made its appearance. This was the Paradise where the first human pair were placed;—originally an island till the rest of the continent uprose, and then it sent forth the four rivers of Paradise, (the four well-known great rivers of Asia.)

"With this the Mosaic legend agrees, as do the Persian, Greek, and Scandinavian. The legends of all Western nations point towards the original sacred mountain in the East. The Chinese legend, in exact agreement with this, points to this mountain in the West, because the Himalaya lies westward from China. In short, this Indian legend of the elevation of the earth from the water, constantly recurs among most of the ancient nations.

"To this natural history has nothing to oppose. The form of the valleys over the whole earth, and petrified aquatic animals discovered on the loftiest mountains, are still proofs that the earth was originally covered by the waters. And as the Himalaya is really the highest mountain, and lies in the centre of the broadest and oldest continent; and as the plains beneath it are the home of all domestic animals necessary to man, and of all kinds of vegetable food, this oldest of all popular legends, when viewed in this light, derives additional confirmation.

"The mythos also of Paradise is still one and the same. Many of the ancient nations have, no doubt, treated it in a childish and almost ludicrous manner. Wherever polytheism was established, the first man is lost in a crowd of gods and deified animals, and is crushed by the weight of symbolical monsters.

"It is only the Mosaic legend which has conceived the idea, at once lovely and majestic, of a beginning, a first childhood of the human race. The first man! a captivating, most important, inexhaustible thought. How rich in all his relations to God, his Creator!—to Nature, his cradle, his theatre, his grave!—to the great human family, his children!—and to their tremendous history! In all these relations the Mosaic legend satisfies at once the enquiries of the deepest

mysticism, and of the plainest understanding.

"In all other legends the first man appears dependent upon nature; in the Bible alone he is represented as nature's lord. Adam gives names to all creatures: all creatures obey him till, by sin, he falls under the dominion of the powers of nature.

"The Mosaic legend connects the first hostile separation of mankind immediately with the first pair. The eldest born of men murders his brother, and wanders with the mark of Cain upon his brow into distant regions. Is there not in this mythos, however deeply hidden, a trace of the first mysterious division into the different races of mankind? It is of little importance to enquire whether the legend of Noah be a totally new one, or only altered from that of Adam. To us it is of no manner of consequence whether the world began to be peopled by one or by the other. As soon as history becomes a little clear, we find mankind already divided into five great families, which answer to the five great portions of the world, and having already adapted themselves to the climates; the white race in Europe and Western Asia, the yellow in Eastern Asia, the red in America, the black in Africa, and the brown in Southern Asia and Australia. The later dispersions at the Tower of Babel, at the destruction of Troy, and at the oppression of Dacia, whatever their effects may have been, belong only to the white Caucasian races, and to a recent period. But all this gives no explanation of the causes of the differences between the races; and as long as we remain ignorant of them, all those tales and legends can only be regarded as memorials of other separations within the white race itself. Here, then, we must summon the natural sciences to our aid; for all legends must be tried by geography and physiology."

The fourth, or Genealogical Problem, accordingly commences with an enquiry into the effects of climate in altering the colour;—then, as to whether it is probable that the Fall had any influence in making mankind black;—and after suggesting an original solution of the difficulty, by supposing it not impossible that this diversity of colour was originally implanted in Adam's organization, and took some time to develop itself—as

many new faculties seem to make their appearance from time to time, (such, for instance, as animal magnetism,) while others disappear,—he honestly confesses, that the difference of the races continues as great an enigma as the origin of the human race itself. But our worthy friend likes it all the better on account of its being an enigma; being a gentleman only inferior to Billy Black in finding out a puzzle. And the following short sentence soon gave us note of preparation for another of his flights. "Here, then, we must again have recourse to astronomy"—To astronomy, to discover why there are niggers in Africa?—Shiver me! what will the fellow do next?

"Let us remember the great astronomical opposition of an earth-power north and south, to a sun-power east and west, and we shall find the same opposition recurring in the development of mankind on the earth. Strictly speaking, there are only two positively opposed races of men, the black and the white. But the whites are evidently children of the north, under the influence of the great fixed-star heaven; under the law of a higher world-regulation, endowed with spirit and activity, and, so far from submitting to the mere power of nature, that they have, through the whole course of history, aimed at making themselves independent of it. The blacks, on the other hand, are children of the south, under the influence of the sun, eternally subjected to the animal desires, without self-consciousness—without historical recollections—without an object of endeavour, and living but for the morrow.

"The third great family is the yellow—Mongol-Chinese.

"If the blacks represent the sun, and the whites the great fixed-star heaven, the Mongols would seem to be the earthly representatives of the moon. There is something about them grey, pallid, and faded, and isolation is their peculiar characteristic. In the midst of the world, they make up a little world of their own, perfectly detached and separate. But this little world, although perfect in itself, is only a shadow of the rest—a lifeless, cold imitation. In physical conformation, the Mongols are even less different from the whites than are the blacks. And on the difference be-

tween these three races, the legend of the three sons of Noah may be founded. The Negroes, indeed, have a legend of the three brothers, and they expressly refer to them the white, the yellow, and the black races of mankind. The two other principal families may have arisen from admixtures of the other three. The brown Malays, from a junction between the blacks with the Indians and Chinese. The red Americans appear also to be a kind of mulattoes, a combination of the Mongol and Malayan races, and probably also of the Gauls, Finns, and Wendæ, who are undoubtedly of Indian origin, and may have peopled the north of Europe and Asia in the earliest times, and have passed over, via Greenland, to America.

"The coloured races have certain points in common, notwithstanding the differences that are to be found among them. I allude not only to the darkness of their colour, but to a corresponding darkness and contractedness of the understanding. The stereotype character of *earthly* nature, under the annually recurring influence of the sun, is shown in their whole life and bearing. They either have no history at all, and have made no progress towards a higher civilisation for thousands of years—or they remain on a very low step of civilisation, and have hindered the farther improvement of their descendants. The first holds good of the Negroes—and the last of the Mongols.

"Europe, from its peninsular shape, is particularly adapted for maritime pursuits, and this led her to make conquests in other quarters of the world. The Dutch-Roman races (the Portuguese, Spaniards, Hollanders, French and English) colonized all America, and made themselves masters of the coasts of Africa and all the Australian islands. With this commenced a new intermixture of the white and coloured races. A great discovery was made in the course of these commixtures, namely, that though they take place in equal *quantity*, the *quality* is in favour of the whites. If, for example, ten whites and ten blacks unite, the descendants in the eighth generation will be white. It has also been observed, that the white mulattoes of the eighth generation surpass their progenitors on both sides in every re-

spect; they attain the pure complexion, noble sentiments, and lofty spirit of the whites; and, at the same time, have the plastic forms and sound health of the dark races. May not the splendid qualities of the Greeks and Romans have arisen from a similar combination of the Thracian and Semitic families?

"It may be asked whether, at some future time, the rest of the world may not be flooded with Europeans from the East Indies, from the Cape, and from Botany Bay, and by this means (though it may take hundreds of years in the performance) a universal commixture take place, as it has in America? Or whether there may not occur a reaction of the original coloured inhabitants against the colonists—and in that event, whether those coloured races would remain, as hitherto, in their lethargic stupidity, or, of their own accord, would embrace Christianity and European civilisation? It would be a strange phenomenon in the history of the world if the rigid crust of those ancient nations were to soften all at once, and after remaining immovable for six thousand years, they were instantaneously (as by the touch of magic wand) to be endowed with the soul of the white races. I do not believe it. I believe rather that the final complete triumph of Christianity and of civilisation will be the consequence of an entire fusion of the whites and blacks. Australia must speedily have the same fate as America has had. There the aborigines are thinly scattered, and cannot resist the aggressions of the trading colonists, who will go on increasing rapidly as the Indian trade acquires additional expansion through the prosperity of the American States—the emancipation of the East Indies—and the extending colonization of the Cape. Africa will soon follow. The time is not far distant when Northern Africa will be subject to Europeans. And Egypt also must in future play a distinguished part, either by the restoration of an Arab kingdom, or by European conquest; and colonization will go forward slowly, but surely, from the Cape. The Negro tribes in the interior seem incapable of offering any effectual opposition, and will sooner or later be reduced to the same situation as the North American Indians.

"As to Asia, the same processes secure a similar result. In the East Indies the elements of a mighty kingdom are collecting, and European cultivation widely diffusing itself. The Indians are so ready to receive it, and so thankful for the instructions of the English, that I do not dream of their ever being expelled the country.

"New sects will arise in Arabia, which will approximate the old faith to Christianity. China and Japan will offer more resistance, inasmuch as in material cultivation they are already so near the Europeans; and it would be impossible to modify such immense masses of people by intermixture, like the blacks, or root them out, like the North American Indians.

"Whatever, therefore, may be the result, whether at any future time the whites, by intermixtures, may swallow up all the other shades, it is, at all events, certain that population will go on increasing in a greater ratio than ever. Nothing has yet set bounds to its progress. Great nations have disappeared, the whole American race is on the point of expiring, and yet the numbers are replaced tenfold. Mortality in China is prodigious. Millions are swept off by a war or a pestilence, and yet that is the territory in the whole earth where population is most dense. It is, therefore, no idle question what will happen in some thousand years, when every corner of the earth is inhabited. In this question lies matter for the most awful page in the world's history. The means of supplying such prodigious numbers are above our present faculties to imagine—or is that the time for the angel of destruction foretold to us in the Revelations?"

We find we have left ourselves little

room to give any account of the fifth or Historical Problem, and our readers may perhaps be of opinion we have devoted quite as much space to the others as they deserve. But we explained, when we began, our reason for doing so; and we feel persuaded they will not now dissent from our proposition, that the present school of German philosophers has a much greater tendency to the absurd and grotesque, than to the useful and the true.

Following in the steps of Herder and Schelling, Menzel discourses very learnedly on a certain "parallelism of nature," taking for his text this somewhat astounding proposition, which is the received doctrine of the modern philosophers, "That history forms one great self-connected life in time, as nature does in space." He agrees also with Schelling, that all the appearances we are acquainted with in nature compose oppositions or antitheses; and that the antithesis is, therefore, the only form in which nature reveals herself to mankind."

We shall not follow him in his explanations of this theory, although we confess that his Historical Problem shows as much information as ingenuity. We have now done all we intended, and, after wading through a hundred and ninety-five pages of such wonderful speculations, (which, we confess, have astonished us the more, as proceeding from the author of the *Deutsche Literatur*), we cannot part without promising, on some future occasion, to restore him to our own good opinion, and that of our readers, by giving a view of him in some of his better works—his stirring history of his own land, or his noble assaults on literary quackery and imposture.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT. BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN VII.

1.
Thou, Lord! who rear'st the moun-
tains' height, [bright;
And makest the cliffs with sunshine
Oh, grant that I may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

2.
With forests huge of dateless time
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But wither'd leaves beneath a tree,
Have tongues that tell us loud of Thee.

3.
While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects thy order'd world to view.

4.
In all the immense, the strange, and old,
Thy presence careless men behold;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be Thou as clearly seen.

5.
Thou teach that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being! save by Thee.

6.
Instruct my soul, by shows distraught
Too vast and loud for peaceful
thought,
That every quiet mote and gleam,
With Thee to musing spirits beam.

7.
Inspire me, Thou, in every glance
Of all our dreams confuse as chance,
In every change of mortal things
To see a power from Thee that springs;

8.
In every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
To know a plan ordain'd above,
Begun and ending all in love.

9.
So smallest bubbles here on earth
With me shall claim a heavenly birth,
And each faint atom passing by
Seem bright with thine eternal eye.

10.
So best we learn what light sublime
Is hid within the clouds of time,
Whose darkness, dreadful though it be,
From those who seek conceals not Thee.

HYMN VIII.

1.
I stood upon the heap'd remains
Of ancient worlds, 'mid waste and rock,
Where fire had heaved the rifted plains,
And flood had worn each massive block;

2.
Great layers of cinders, ashes piled,
And molten streams congeal'd to stone,
Grey peaks by biting ages filed,
And shapeless ruins overthrown;

3.
Dark vales descending headlong deep,
Whose gulf our human thought devours,
And iron crags upon the steep
Sepulchral thrones of perish'd powers.

4.
What all around I seem'd to scan
Was desolation's eyeless face,
A world whose dim forgotten plan
No present skill avail'd to trace.

5.
The crystal sky's harmonious frame,
The joyous earth of fruitful cheer,
No kindred here methought could claim,
Where all was death, and grief, and fear.

6.
Swift fled the clouds that dismal hung,
Forth stept the sun with godlike sway,
The gloom no more about me clung,
And glorious radiance fill'd the day.

7.
A boundless hall of purple sky,
Around me spread celestial air,
And smallest woofs were seen to lie,
In downy softness floating there.

8.
Beyond the mountains' nearer view,
So stern and rude, the ocean lay,
A circling plain of azure hue,
Becalm'd in evening's loveliest ray.

9.
Far off, the shore, the fields, the vales,
The town, the hamlets glancing shone,
And burnish'd isles and gliding sails
Were bright with life beyond their own.

10.
But near, how changed is all around!
Destruction's woe and conflict o'er,
The pathless rocks, the dells profound,
To me are dark and sad no more.

11.

I see the herbage climb and steal
Through dens where once the earth-
quakes fought,
And cliff and peak seem all to feel
A stamp of good serenely wrought.

12.

Below, the valley seems to shut
Within its mounds a joyous rill;
Not far beyond, a peasant's hut
Sends curling smoke along the hill.

13.

The wary goat is browsing nigh,
A bird is wheeling smooth in air,
Here seeks the flitting butterfly
'Mid mountain plants an odorous fare.

14.

Here nature's lonely fortress towers,
By giant struggles rear'd and wall'd;
Yet contemplation's happiest flowers
Are opening bright and unappall'd.

15.

Thou, God, so rulest; such the plan
Of endless change, evolving good;
Thou ledest thus desponding man
With hope on all thy works to brood;

16.

In all to see an endless will,
For all educing light and life;
Thy blessings born from seeming ill,
And peace the end assured of strife.

17.

So Thou in me, O God! ordain
That quiet faith and gladness pure,
O'er all convulsions past may reign,
And root my soul in Thee secure.

18.

So haggard wrecks of former woe
Beneath thy radiant light may shine,
And charm'd to steadfast being, show
O'er all their havoc bliss divine.

HYMN IX.

1.

O Thou who strength and wisdom sheddest
O'er all thy countless works below,
And harmony and beauty spreadest
On lands unmoved, and seas that flow!
From grains and motes to spheres uncounted,
From deep beneath, to suns above,
My gaze with awe and joy has mounted,
And found in all thy ordering love.

2.

The fly around me smoothly flitting,
The lark that hymns the morning star,
The swan on crystal water sitting,
The eagle hung in skies afar—
To all their cleaving wings thou givest,
Like those that bear the seraph's flight;
In all, O perfect Will! thou livest,
For all hast oped thy world of light.

3.

The grass that springs beside the fountain,
The silver waves that sparkle there,
The trees that robe the shadowing mountain,
And high o'er all the limpid air—
Amid the vale each lowly dwelling,
Whose hearths with sweet religion shine,
In measure all things round are swelling
With tranquil being's force divine.

4.

And deep and vast beyond our wonder,
The links of power that bind the whole,
While day and dusk, and breeze and thunder,
And life and death unceasing roll.
While all is wheel'd in endless motion,
Thou changest not, upholding all;
And lifting man in pure devotion,
On Thee thou teachest him to call.

5.

To him, thy child, thyself revealing,
 He sees what all is meant to be ;
 From him thy secret not concealing,
 Thou bidd'st his will aspire to Thee.
 And so we own in thy creation
 An image painting all thou art ;
 And crowning all the revelation
 Thy loftiest work, a human heart.

6.

The will, the love, the sunlike reason,
 Which thou hast made the strength of man,
 May ebb and flow through day and season,
 And oft may mar their seeming plan ;
 But Thou art here to nerve and fashion
 With better hopes our world of care,
 To calm each base and lawless passion,
 And so the heavenly life repair.

7.

In all the track of earth-born ages,
 Each day displays thy guidance clear,
 And, best divined by holiest sages,
 Makes every child in part a seer.
 Thy laws are bright with purest glory,
 To us thou givest congenial eyes,
 And so in earth's unfolding story,
 We read thy truth that fills the skies.

8.

But 'mid thy countless forms of being
 One shines supreme o'er all beside,
 And man, in all thy wisdom seeing,
 In Him reveres a sinless guide.
 In Him alone, no longer shrouded
 By mist that dims all meaner things,
 Thou dwell'st, O God ! unveil'd, unclouded,
 And fearless peace thy presence brings.

9.

Then teach my heart, celestial Brightness !
 To know that Thou art hid no more,
 To sun my spirit's dear-bought whiteness
 Beneath thy rays, and upward soar.
 In all that is, a law unchanging
 Of Truth and Love may I behold,
 And own, 'mid thought's unbounded ranging,
 The timeless One proclaim'd of old !

HYMN X.

1.

Time more than earthly o'er this hour prevails,
 While thus I stand beside the newly-dead ;
 My heart is raised in awe, in terror quails
 Before these relics, whence the life is fled.

2.

That face, so well-beloved, is senseless now,
 And lies a shrunken mask of common clay ;
 No more shall thought inspire the pulseless brow,
 Or laughter round the mouth keep holiday.

3.

In vain affection yearns to own as man
 This clod turn'd over by the plough of death ;
 The sharpen'd nose, the frozen eyes we scan,
 And wondering think the heap had human breath.

4.

An hour ago its lightest looks or throbs,
Impell'd in me the bosom's ample tide ;
Its farewell words awaken'd sighs and sobs,
To me more vivid seem'd than all beside.

5.

Now not a worm is crawling o'er the earth,
But shows than this an impulse more divine ;
And wandering lost in stunn'd reflection's dearth,
I only feel what total loss is mine.

6.

Cold hand, I touch thee ! Perish'd friend ! I know
What years of mutual joy are gone with thee ;
And yet from these benumb'd remains there flow
Calm thoughts that first with chasten'd hopes agree.

7.

How strange is death to life ! and yet how sure
The law which dooms each living thing to die !
Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
And all that lasts eludes the subtlest eye.

8.

Because the eye is only made to spell
The grosser garb and failing husk of things ;
The vital strengths and streams that inlier dwell,
Our faith divines amid their secret springs.

9.

The stars will sink as fade the lamps of earth,
The earth be lost as vapour seen no more,
And all around that seems of oldest birth,
Abides one destined day—and all is o'er.

10.

Himalah's piles, like heaps of autumn leaves,
Will one day spread along the winds of space,
And each strong stamp of man the world receives
Will flit like steps in sand without a trace.

11.

Yet something still will somewhere needs abide
Of all whose being e'er has fill'd our thought ;
In different shapes to other worlds may glide,
But still must live as more than empty naught.

12.

The trees decay'd, their parent soil will feed,
Whence trees may grow more fair than grew the first ;
To worlds destroy'd, so worlds may still succeed,
And still the earliest may have been the worst.

13.

Thus, never desperate, muse believing men ;
But what, O Power Divine ! shall men become ?
This pale memorial meets my gaze again,
And grief a moment bids my hopes be dumb.

14.

Not thus, O God ! desert us ! Rather I
Should sink at once to unremembering clay,
And close my sight on thy translucent sky,
Than yield my soul to death a helpless prey ;

15.

Oh! rather bear beyond the date of stars
All torments heap'd that nerve and soul can feel,
Than but one hour believe destruction mars
Without a hope the life our breasts reveal.

16.

Bold is the life and deep and vast in man,
A flood of being pour'd uncheck'd from Thee ;
To Thee return'd by thine eternal plan,
When tried and train'd thy will unveil'd to see.

17.

The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill ;
The nobler inmate new abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.

18.

Although from darkness born, to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole ;
The man survives, though the weird-corpse be dead,
And He who dooms the flesh, redeems the soul.

HYMN XI.

1.

Each trembling spray and little flower
Repeats a tale of God,
Who feeds their life with ev'ry shower
That wets the steaming sod.

2.

He gave the force unseen and strange
That works in every pore, [range,
Through hours, and days, and seasons'
Unfolding wiser lore.

3.

A course of endless change in all
By changeless rules decreed,
That weave about this teeming vale
New life from every seed.

4.

Thou, seen around, above the whole,
Sustaining every part,
By each to man's believing soul
Displayest what thou art.

5.

Unmeasured might, unmingled good,
In countless beings shown ;
That fills each leaf in all the wood,
In every bud is known.

6.

Beneath thy sun their fruits mature,
And so a world sustain ;
Yet still the procreant seeds endure,
And all shall flower again.

7.

O God ! thy forests old attest,
How fix'd thy wisdom's plan ;
The sudden grass may teach us best
How much thy moments can.

8.

But while unfathomable will
Thus rules creation's host ;
O living Truth ! instruct me still
That man reveals thee most.

9.

He grows like herbs, like leaves decays,
And turns again to dust ;
But even his flesh proclaims thy praise,
And bids his reason trust.

10.

Like some fair plant the body grows,
But oh ! how subtler knit
The web and frame, that largely shows
Thy life pervading it !

11.

A moving frame, an engine strong,
For thought and choice to guide ;
When these to it no more belong
In darkness laid aside,

12.

Give Thou the life which we require,
That rooted fast in Thee,
From Thee to Thee we may aspire,
And earth thy garden be.

SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

1.

SWEET Corrin ! * how softly the evening light goes,
 Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,
 As if loth to deprive the deep woodlands below
 Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow :
 Oh, home-looking Hill ! how beloved dost thou rise
 Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies ;
 Shielding still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurl'd,
 The landscape to me that so long was the world.
 Fair evening—blest evening ! one moment delay
 Till the tears of the pilgrim are dried in thy ray—
 Till he feels that through years of long absence not one
 Of his friends—the lone rock and grey ruin—is gone.

2.

Not one :—as I wind the sheer fastnesses through,
 The valley of boyhood is bright in my view !
 Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight
 May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,
 O'er one maze of broad orchard, green meadow, and slope—
 From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of hope ;
 Still the hamlet gleams white—still the church yews are weeping,
 Where the sleep of the peaceful my fathers are sleeping ;
 The vane tells, as usual, its fib from the mill,
 But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,
 And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,
 With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

3.

My own pleasant River, bloom-skirted, behold,
 Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently roll'd,
 Where long through the landscape it tranquilly flows,
 Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious repose !
 By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,
 Where the cushat's low call, and the murmur of pines,
 And the lips of the lily seem wooing its stay
 'Mid their odorous dells ;—but 'tis off and away,
 Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose shade,
 Like a bird in the branches, an arbour I made,
 Where the blue eye of Eve often closed o'er the book,
 While I read of stout Sinbad, or voyaged with Cook.

4.

Wild haunt of the Harper ! † I stand by thy spring,
 Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling
 Their wealth at my feet,—and I catch the deep glow,
 As in long-vanish'd hours, of the lilacs that blow

* The picturesque mountain of Corrin, (properly Cairn-thierna, i. e. the Thane or Lord's cairn,) is the termination of a long range of hills which encloses the valley of the Black-water and Funcheon, (the Avonduff and Fanshin of Spenser,) in the county of Cork, and forms a striking feature of scenery, remarkable for pastoral beauty and romance.

† One of the most beautiful bends of the Funcheon is taken through the demesne of Moorepark, near Kilworth, close to a natural grotto or cavern, called from time immemorial the cave of Thiag-na-fibah—(Tim or Teague the Bard.)

By the low cottage-porch—and the same crescent moon
 That then plough'd, like a pinnace, the purple of June,
 Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms as unchanged
 As if years had not pass'd since thy greenwood I ranged—
 As if ONE were not fled, who imparted a soul
 Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,
 Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,
 And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

5.

Thou long-vanish'd Angel! whose faithfulness threw
 O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue!
 Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows dim,
 And the blackbird by Douglass is hushing its hymn,
 Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side
 Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the tide?
 Dost thou still think, with pity and peace on thy brow,
 Of him who, toil-harass'd and time-shaken now,
 While the last light of day, like his hopes, has departed,
 On the turf thou hast hallow'd sinks down weary-hearted,
 And calls on thy name, and the night-breeze that sighs
 Through the boughs that once blest thee is all that replies?

6.

But thy summit, far Corrin, is fading in grey,
 And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Cloughlea;
 And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about,
 Through the elm-shaded alleys rings joyously out:
 Happy souls! they have yet the dark chalice to taste,
 And like others to wander life's desolate waste—
 To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe;
 But the same fount of yearning wherever they go,
 Welling up in their heart-depths to turn at the last
 (As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)
 To their lair in the hills on their childhood that rose,
 And find the sole blessing I seek for—REPOSE! *

* “Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna. For instance, ‘*Martini Luighi implora pace.*’ Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought; the dead had had enough of life—all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore.*”—LORD BYRON.

WELLINGTON.

ANCIENT heroes, chiefs victorious,
Long have these been hail'd sublime:
Say, hath Britain none as glorious
For the tongues of future time?

Sullen years, and silence jealous,
Darken many a famous brow;
Farthest ages shall be zealous
Honouring him we honour now.

And while human hearts shall cherish
This our land's ennobled soil,
His renown shall never perish
Who redeem'd it best from spoil.

Language, Freedom, old Uprightness,
All our fathers were, and won,
All has gain'd its crowning brightness
In the praise of Wellington.

Who 'mid battles' booming thunder
E'er with calmer might arose,
Smiting down in helpless wonder
Hosts that scorn'd all meaner foes?

When the gather'd East defied him;
Swarthy kings at far Assaye,
Fewer those who fought beside him
Than the dead that round them lay.

But how wan that Indian story
Fades before the loftier tale,
When all Europe, pale and gory,
All but England, seem'd to quail.

Tagus, Douro, leaping shouted
Tow'rd Busaco's crest of rock,
When they saw their plunderers routed
In the Briton's battle-shock.

Haught Iberia's stately regions,
Seats of laurell'd Rome's command,
Ye have seen Napoleon's legions
Fly before the island band.

But 'twas not alone the spirit,
Known so wide on shore and sea,
Not the blood which we inherit,
Could alone the nations free.

'Twas the bright unwavering Reason,
One great soul's reflection sage,
That undid the despot's treason,
And befool'd his wildest rage.

Thus with blood was Ebro darken'd,
Storm'd Pyrene's cliffs of snow,
Till their Paris, while it harken'd,
Felt each coming step a blow.

[den'd,
Graves would tell, with triumph glad-
If no living voice were true,
How the lord of nations, madden'd,
Found his doom at Waterloo.

Still amid the whirl of terror, [sun,
Smooth and strong as moves the
Clear from passion, sure from error,
Sway'd the soul of Wellington.

Him no huge adventurous raving,
Him no storm of pride or wrath,
Him no sordid hunger's craving,
Turn'd aside from duty's path.

Him 'mid warfare's dread commotion,
Might the weak for safety trust;
Him his patriot life's devotion
Teaches all to name—the Just.

He with simple mild sedateness
All an empire's honours bears,
Yet they leave his own pure greatness
More than all the robes it wears.

Round the mountain pine of ages
Summer flowers may creep and
twine,
Till the strife that winter wages
Cuts them down, but not the pine.

Friend of Peace, of Truth, and Order,
Seeking right with steadfast mind,
O'er his will a sleepless warder,
Thus he firmly rules mankind.

True to all, to all benignant,
Bold against the rage of all,
Well can he with voice indignant,
Public fraud and crime appal.

As a mole by seas assaulted,
Breasts at once and calms the waves,
So 'mid those from right revolted,
He subdues the souls he braves.

Britain, fair and stainless mother
Of the Bold, the Just, the Wise,
Seldom hast thou known another,
Brighten thus thy fostering skies!

While so much is praised untruly,
Scarce his fame can struggle forth;
Years to come shall reverence duly
All the Man's unboastful worth.

ARCHÆUS.

THE SONG OF AN AGED BARD.

FROM THE GAELIC.

BY ——— M'GREGOR.

[TRADITION does not inform us who was the author of the following poem nor is it known in what age it was composed. It is obviously to be inferred, however, from internal evidence, that it is of great antiquity. It is the only Gaelic lyric extant which professes to have been composed previous to the fifteenth century; for the reputed works of Ossian and other contemporary bards, and the imperfect poem entitled *Mordu*, all belong to the class of heroic poetry. Two translations have already appeared, one in measured prose, by John Clark, author of *The Caledonian Bards*, the other in rhyme, by Mrs Grant of Laggan. Both these were made from incorrect copies; and this, with the translators' ignorance of old Gaelic, led them to misunderstand the whole tenor of the poem, besides committing many minor mistakes. Clark further imitated Macpherson's Ossian, though the style of that celebrated work is very different from that of our Bard. The following version is literal—almost *verbal*—except in a few instances where the Gaelic idiom is so different, that a very close rendering would not convey the true sense of the original. The Gaelic consists throughout of quatrains in iambic dimeters, the third line rhyming with the first, and the fourth with the second.]

Oh! set me down beside the brook
Which travels slow with tranquil steps;
Beneath the foliage lay my head.
Be thou, O Sun! to me benign.

Lay softly on the grass my side,
On bank of flowers and gentle winds;
And lave my foot in the peaceful bourn,
As, still, it curves along the plain.

Now fair primroses of beauteous hue
Surround my verdant height, bedew'd
With little daisies, and my hand
Rests on a green of fragrant violets.

Around my valley's lofty banks
Are bending boughs with blossoms clad,
While the warblers of the bushes chant,
On aged rocks, their songs of love.

There bursts from thickly-ivied rocks,
With murmurs sweet, a fountain fresh,
While Echo, that returns each sound,
Replies to the flood of noisy waves.

I hear on the wing of the gale
The gentle lowing of the folds;
Soon will the flocks reply when they hear
Their young, and hither run.

Every mount and hill reply
To the frisky heifers' lowing shrill.
Now I hear a thousand sounds
Rebounding around, on every side.

Around me are gamboling calves,
Beside the stream and on the plain;
The little kid, of sporting tired,
Beside me fearless lies to sleep.

Oh, now I hear a hunter's steps,
With hissing darts, and nimble dogs!
Then does youth beam upon my cheek
When rises the clamour of a deer-chase.

The marrow in my bones revives,
When I hear the sounds of horns, and hounds, and bows.
When they cry, "*The hart has fallen!*" my soles
Spring lively up the steeps of hills!

Now do I see, methinks, the hound
That used to follow me at morn and eve,
And the mountains I delighted to frequent,
And the rocks that echo'd to my horn.

I see the grot that hospitably and oft
Received our steps from the gloom of night,
Our gladness waked before its fire;
In the solace of bowls there was great joy.

From venison rose the smoke of our
repast; [was the wave.
Our drink from Treig;* our music
Though spirits shriek'd, and moun-
tains roar'd, [our repose.
Stretch'd in the grot how sweet was

Dost thou still shed tears for the fair
nymph
Of softest grace and whitest hand? †
Endless joy to the tender cheek'd,
Who will never leave the narrow
bed!

I see Benard, of fairest hue,
The chief of a thousand mountains;
Among its locks dream the harts;
Its head is the bed of clouds.

Do thou arise with thy mournful lays
To tell me all the tales of woe.
Echo will listen to the music,
And send aloft the soothing strains.

I see above thy vale, Seureilt,
Where first is heard the cuckoo's
sweet;
And blue Melall of thousand firs,
Of many herbs, and roes, and elks.

Spread thy sails upon the deep,
And hither speed with all thy
might;
With pleasure shall my ear receive
The broken-hearted's songs of love.

The wild-ducks swift and merry swim
Yon lake of water-lilies smooth,
That show their green leaves on its
face,
Its sides adorn'd with mountain ash.

Tell him, for my eyes have fail'd,
Tell where the feeble reed abides,
With mournful voice, beside the speck-
led fish,
Reclining on his useless shield.

The beauteous snowy-breasted swan
Swims graceful on the rising wave.
When she wings her flight aloft,
Among the clouds, she never tires.

Now lift me, ye whose arms are strong,
And lay me under fragrant boughs,
That when the sun has risen high,
Their virent leaves may shade afford.

Oft she flies across the main
To the cold haunt of many seals,
Where rises not to a mast a sail,
Nor oaken prow divides a wave.

Then come thou, O sweet memo ry!
That movest quick 'midst distant years;
Display the actions of my youth,
Recall to mind my times of joy.

Approach the place of my repose,
Thou who singest thy beloved's
dirge:
Lone swan, from the sea-bound land,
Let me hear thy music in thy flight.

O see, my soul! the damsel fair,
Beneath the oak, the king of trees;
Her showy hand among her golden
locks,
Her soft eye on the youth of her love.

What is the land whence blows the
wind
Which hither bears the plaintive words
Of the youth who roved afar,
And helpless left my hoary locks?

He singing at her side; she mute,
With panting heart that in his music
joys—
To which stop to listen the deer—
Love wafted alternate from their eyes.

* There are a small lake and stream in Lochaber which still bear this name.

† Gaelic, *lon*. This word is generally understood to mean an elk. It is now quite obsolete, and is found nowhere but in old poems.

‡ The bard here addresses his son. The next three or four stanzas are obscure. Mr Clark translated from a different version. As the traditional account which he gives of this part may render it more intelligible, it is here subjoined.

"The bard, who was himself a chief, had an only son, who fell deeply in love with Lavinia, (*Lavin*?) the beautiful daughter of Thalbar. Lavinia was drowned as she was bathing in the lake of Triga, (*Treig*?) Morlav, the bard's son, becoming desperate, sailed for the Orkney Isles, hoping to fall in the wars of that prince, who was then at variance with the King of Norway. His valour and good conduct, however, gained him great fame; and after the Norwegians were defeated and expelled the Isles, the Prince, in consideration of his services and personal merit, offered Morlav his daughter in marriage, which he refused, and retired to a cave in a lonely isle, where his father heard that he still continued to mourn his lost Lavinia."

Now hush'd the lay ; her soft, white,
breast
Is press'd unto her lover's heart,
And he with ardour oft salutes
Her blooming cheeks like roses
red.

May happiness attend that age
Whose joys return in dreams alone ;
And blest, my dear one, be thy soul,
O gentle dame of tresses fair !

Hast thou forsaken me, charming
vision ?
Return, a little while return.
Alas ! thou hearest not unhappy me !
Beloved mountains, now farewell !

Farewell, ye sprightly sons of youth,
Ye beauteous maids, farewell !
I see you not ; yours is the gladness
Of summer ; eternal winter now is
mine.

Oh ! bear me near the sounding fall,
That pours with murmurs from the
rock ;
Beside me lay my harp and shell,
And the shield which shelter'd my
sires in war.

Come thou mildly over the deep,
O friendly gale ! that movest slow ;
And bear my shade upon thy wings,
With speed unto the *Nobles' Isle*.*

Where are the heroes that lived of
old,
Who, sleepless, listen to their songs ?
Open your hall, Ossian and Dâlo ;
By night the bard is no more !

But oh ! before my shade depart
To the final abode of bards on high,
Give me once more my harp and
shell,
Then, loved harp and shell, adieu !

SONG SUNG AT THE SYMPOSIUM IN THE SALOON, 3D OF JANUARY 1840.

1.

ATTEND to my song, ye contributors all,
Now met to be merry in Ebony Hall :
Since justice has fully been done to the feast,
And the fury of hunger a moment has ceased,
Your hearts, I am sure, will allow it is fit
To drink, with due honours, a bumper to Kit !

2.

A bumper to him, whose illustrious name
For ever must float on the full tide of fame ;
While our little bark in attendance may sail,
Pursuing the triumph, and sharing the gale :
The fame will be ours on our tombs to have writ,
Here lies, who contributed something to Kit !

3.

But while he is our head, and we're each but a limb,
He could do without us, though not we without him :
For were all his auxiliaries laid on the shelf,
He could knock off in no time a Number himself ;
Let but steam and stenography help him a bit,
What tomes and what treasures might issue from Kit !

4.

It is true he is old ; but 'tis easily seen,
Though his age may be gouty, it also is green :
He is garrulous, too, his detractors repeat ;
But where was garrulity elsewhere so sweet ?
Oh ! never did old age and eloquence sit
Half so comely on Nestor as now upon Kit !

* Gaelic—*Flad innis*. The heaven of the old Scots. None of the Highland bards who lived subsequent to the universal prevalence of Christianity talk in this strain ; and therefore it is to be inferred that the author of this poem flourished previous to that period.

5.

And though thus resembling the Pylian Sire,
 He has Ajax's force and Achilles's fire,
 The softness that dwelt in Andromache's breast,
 With the Ithacan's slyness to season the rest.
 No wonder in Homer he made such a hit,
 When Iliads and Odesseys centre in Kit!

6.

The Crutch!—what a weapon in Christopher's hand!
 The wind of its waving what force can withstand!
 Its wondrous achievements will ne'er be forgot
 In quelling the Cockney and stunning the Stot:
 It will crack you a crown as your nail would a nit—
 Woe, woe, to the wretch that encounters with Kit!

7.

Yet think not his heart without pity or ruth,
 Or the Crutch ever raised save for virtue and truth;
 His motto is noble, proclaim it aloud—
To spare the submissive and punish the proud:
 When his eye with benignity's beam is uplit,
 What magic can equal the kindness of Kit!

8.

Ere Christopher came a new era to bring,
 The prose of the press was a pitiful thing:
 There was hardness of heart, or else thickness of skull,
 The witty were wicked, the worthy were dull:
 The bright reconciliation of wisdom and wit—
 To whom do we owe it?—entirely to Kit!

9.

When riot and wrong seem'd to rule in our isle,
 And the boldest and best held their breath for a while,
 Still true to his country and true to his creed,
 Was Christopher found in the hour of our need:
 When the ship on the breakers seem'd ready to split,
 The first boat to save her was mann'd by old Kit!

10.

The times are much mended, but some things remain
 That may call for the hand of the hero again:
 For what with the Chartists, and what with the Church,
 The law is of late rather left in the lurch.
 Then his patriot rage may he never remit,
 Till he floors every foeman of order and Kit!

11.

Now may Christopher live, till in number we see
 His years and his articles almost agree;
 And may Maga's adherents, the high and the low,
 Enjoy the best blessings her bounties bestow:
 Even down to the *devils*, that never will quit,
 But keep constantly howling for *copy* from Kit!

12.

And here let our QUEEN put a close to my song—
 May her life and her love both be happy and long!
 A health to the youth whom her choice makes our own,
 May her heart prove a dow'ry more rich than her throne;
 And may all bad advisers be soon forced to flit,
 And replaced by true subjects and sages like Kit!

MISS MARTINEAU—DEERBROOK.

MISS MARTINEAU's name is very widely known—more widely, we think, than her works. Almost all those who have formed a judgment for themselves allow that she is a woman of genius, and we believe that her most bitter enemies have never raised a whisper against her personal character; yet among the better classes of society, and especially among women, her writings are looked upon with peculiar suspicion and dislike. Some part of her unpopularity she has no reason to regret; for she has incurred it knowingly, and must have been prepared for the malice and slander of the idolaters of almsgiving, or the pious promoters of pauper marriages: much of it has arisen from the systematic attacks which some of our contemporaries have long been in the habit of making upon her weak points, or even upon the pretended incongruity of her views with the assumed proprieties of her sex: but besides all this, there is a large residue of honest disapprobation to be accounted for, and we think that she has in most of her former works naturally provoked it, and in some justly incurred it.

In her first publication, *Tales illustrative of Political Economy*, Miss Martineau displayed a rare power of delineating character, and of presenting a succession of vivid and interesting pictures of the everyday occupations of life. Her skill in reducing to the concrete, the scientific propositions of Smith, Malthus, and Macculloch, showed that her ingenuity was as remarkable as her imagination; but there is a fundamental error in the attempt to combine creative art with instruction. We hope that most of her readers entered too heartily into the interest of her tales to tolerate the list of practical inferences, *ὁ μὲν* *ἀλλοις* which she thought proper to append to each. Didactic poetry is no poetry except where it forgets to teach. The Georgics, of which the true subject is the praise of a country life, would form a perfect poem if it were possible to remove from them the agricultural precepts with which they are encumbered. The laws of supply and demand are peculiarly capable of being expressed in general formulæ, and proportionally liable to confusion when they are entangled with indivi-

dual cases. What should we say of *Tales illustrative of the Rule of Three*? They are not, indeed, mere fictions of the moment. Who does not remember the long and interesting statements of conditions which enlivened the arithmetic books of our childhood? the imaginary walls that were built by so many men in so many days, that other problematical walls, by help of more men, might be built in fewer days? above all, the ever-recurring horse-dealer, who, at the rate of a farthing for the first nail in his horse's shoe, and a halfpenny for the second, realized we know not how many thousands, the established hero of geometrical progression? It is not, however, for the sake of science that we deprecate the attempt to popularize it by representing it in practical operation. A tale of Miss Martineau's is worth more than many argumentative essays, and we regret that they should involve an error in their original conception. The scientific instruction which is conveyed by them is, after all, contained principally in the conversations, which the characters are more or less awkwardly made to hold with each other, on poor-laws, corn-duties, and currency restrictions—matters utterly inappropriate to fiction, as they are independent of individual feeling and character. In a good fiction every part ought to be objective to the writer, and subjective to the *dramatis personæ*; the introduction of the absolutely objective places the hero in the same category with the author—that is, it makes him external to the plot. This rule is incontrovertible; but the converse of it is very often adopted in the practice of novelists. Sir Lytton Bulwer, for instance, constantly dwells upon reflections or feelings which are subjective to himself, and therefore external to his fictitious characters. Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austin seldom or never violate the rule. The most glaring examples of the absurdity of doctrinal fiction may be found in the theological volume of Tremain, and in Sterne's publication of his sermons under the character of his own Yorick.

If, however, Miss Martineau had confined herself to the illustration of admitted or demonstrable propositions, none could have been offended, though some might have been tired; but, un-

luckily, the questions on which she writes are in many cases still undecided; and it cannot be agreeable to a disputant who has enough to do in maintaining his ground against argument, to find his opinions dramatically personified in characters who are represented as combining every kind of meanness and folly with the primary crime of heretical illiberality. We think Miss Martineau in most of her politico-economical views clearly right, in a few utterly wrong; but we can conceive ourselves to have differed from her far more frequently, and are by no means flattered by the moral and intellectual character of the fictitious representatives whom she would in that case have assigned to us.

After all, the faults of the *Tales* are trifling in comparison with their great and varied excellencies; and we believe that the authoress would in a short time have outlived the partial dislike which they occasioned against her literary character. Her next work of importance had far graver faults and peculiarities, which made it more obnoxious to the higher classes of English society. She went to America with an evident determination to find good results, and to attribute them to the institutions, which, by an *a priori* process, she had already determined to be good. Now this was in itself no more than the spirit of partisanship in which Mrs Trollope idolized the paternal government of Austria, or the honest enthusiasm with which Lord Londonderry admired the parades and jewels of the Czar. We might regret that Miss Martineau should so far diminish the weight of her authority; but we could not deny that her opinions, however hastily adopted, were in themselves natural and plausible. But, unfortunately, there runs through all her eulogies of America, a meaning bitterness which shows that she delights in preferring it to England. We will not enter on the vast question of the relative superiority of the two countries: let her retain her opinion; it is not ours; and we might perhaps claim some toleration for doubts as to the prospects of America, which were felt by Niebuhr, which are admitted by De Tocqueville, which are almost universal among educated Englishmen, and which seem on her own showing to spread in America itself, wherever knowledge and refinement extend. We are sorry that

Miss Martineau should be intolerant, but we blame her for being anti-national: on this point we can listen to no argument. If England were the meanest of nations, it would be our duty to abide by her, to borrow institutions, if necessary, from America or from Japan, but not to speak of her with contempt or with alienation. Σπαρτην ἔλαχες, ταυτην κοσμεῖ. Nationality is too sacred a thing for sophistry or speculation. England is more to us than any theory of despotism or pantisocracy, and we have no right to make our patriotism dependent on the improbable casualty that our government should embody ideal perfection. When Miss Martineau gives a zest to her six volumes by sneers directed against her country, and even hunts out stray instances of steam-boat rudeness, for the purpose of showing that the perpetrators were Englishmen, we think that her opponents are excusable for some warmth of criticism, and her admirers for disapproval and regret.

But of all her work on America, the most objectionable part was the inconsiderate chapter on religion. She advocates no particular sect or class of opinions, but an unbounded indifference to all—a many-coloured heresy for the sake of heresy. In former times heresy was like treason,—“when it prospered, no one called it” heresy; but Miss Martineau has discovered that its spread in all directions is a proof of the advance of truth. We are satisfied that she is historically wrong: schism has often proceeded from religious earnestness, but multifarious refinements of belief never—the sophists of Socrates’ time were essentially heretics, but they cared too little about the truths they undermined to become separatists—the Lutherans, Calvinists, and Socinians of the 16th century were indeed heretics to each other, and to the church which they left; but their primary object was never to establish speculative propositions, but to form for themselves a saving rule of faith. The meaning of this loose phraseology must be collected from the general views of religion which accompany it. The clergy of all denominations are attacked—hopes of a new reformation are expressed, and every kind of fixed institution is considered as pernicious, which impedes the separation of the pure spiritual essence of Christianity from its outward forms and symbols.

Now, Miss Martineau is clearly an earnest and sincere religious believer,—nay, she is a believer in the plain and ordinary sense of the term, and if she were not, we should have neither right nor inclination to criticise her opinions. There is certainly a danger in adhering too exclusively to the facts connected with religion, and neglecting the idea which they embody; and if her endeavours had been simply directed to the object of exalting and bringing out the purely spiritual element of Christianity, we should admit that her labours were directed to a worthy end: but when she adopts as her means of attaining it a popular and declamatory tone—when she quotes with applause still shallower appeals to the people—when she even rejoices in the prospect of free discussion, which is to take place in a hall to be built for the purpose at Boston, among persons of all denominations or of none, we cannot but deeply regret that her own earnest convictions should be allowed to serve as a support to the frivolity, vanity, and vice of vulgar unbelief. Grapes shall grow on thorns, and figs on thistles, before spiritual religion or wisdom arises from the passionate emptiness of a popular debate. Let us first try the experiment of referring a chancery suit, or a disputed surgical question, to the wisdom of a public meeting.

The real object at which we believe she is aiming, is not new, or peculiar to America. From the decline of the French school of infidelity to the present day, the great philosophers and critics of Germany have been employed in bringing out the true relations between historical fact and essential truth; one class by analysis of the abstract notions, the other by laborious investigation of authorities and rules of evidence. But they all agree in the opinion, that the unlearned cannot rightly apprehend the results at which they arrive; and, like chemists dealing with poisons, they have covered their dogmas, either with the obscurity of a learned language, or the stronger safeguard of a ratiocinative and abstruse style. However much we may regret or differ from some of their doctrines, we hold that Schleiermacher, Paulus, and Strauss, have pursued a fitting object of enquiry in a worthy manner, appealing only to the learned, and withholding from the world the opportunity of prejudi-

cating the question. But we can give no such praise to Miss Martineau's American luminaries.

We fear that the genius of Mr Carlyle must be responsible for having familiarized the minds of the American public with a phraseology, belonging to systems which the more flippant and shallow amongst them were certain to misunderstand and misuse. The Coryphæus of this set must, we should suppose, be one Mr Orlando E. Brownson, a preacher of the tenets which Miss Martineau approves, in language which she has thought it worth her while to report and eulogize. A more empty specimen of inflated rhetoric, more servile docility to the authors of the few thoughts he expresses, with more elaborate ostentation of originality in discovering them, we should seek in vain elsewhere. Truth itself would come injured from such a tongue. It is not by clouds of words that earnest belief is expressed and propagated. Simplicity, directness, and point may be attached to falsehood, but they must accompany truth.

We hope that Miss Martineau's better taste has only been tempted into the admiration of this and similar declaimers, by their casual agreement in an error which we think pervades her views of politics, as well as of religion. She takes the world for a *tabula rasa*, or perhaps for a *tabula raddenda* till the blots which disfigure it are removed. History is the standing protest against her views, and history she never regards. It would be easy to form smooth and regular prospects for the future, if the past were not so rugged and complicated. We do not, indeed, look on the course of the world as a series of recurring parallels, and we deny that it contains fewer warnings than examples. Still we are bound either to regard experience, or to explain it away; and if we find that democracy has not produced liberty without the accompaniment of a strong government, or that the spirit of religion has declined when facts and symbols have been disregarded, we must reconcile the phenomena with our visions of improvement before we can fitly proceed to realize them. If Miss Martineau would impose on herself the golden rule of Coleridge, to understand her adversary's ignorance or to presume herself ignorant of his understanding, she might sometimes have the positiveness of her own con-

victions shaken, by finding men opposed to revolution, who neither love nor admire aristocracy, whose ambition might be gratified by change, and whose sympathies are all in favour of the people whose restlessness they counteract: she might then think them wrong, but she would respect their opinions—at present she has no respect for opposite views. We might forgive her intolerance, for it is a lady-like failing, and it involves no uncharitable feeling to the individual—for her spirit is always that of a kind and generous woman; but she will accept of no allowance on account of sex. She claims equality in all things—not contented that to the complete human being the left side should be as vital and essential as the right, she would have it ambidexter; and she must take the consequent responsibility. It is not enough to admit that an adversary is right at heart; he may claim, till he is answered, to be considered as possibly right also in his opinions. While we make this demand, we retain a right in our own minds to make excuses for this fault of intolerance, though we may disclaim them in public, as we find that they would be unacceptable to their object.

But if we suppress our opinion that the defects of one-sidedness and dogmatism may peculiarly characterise the polemics of a lady, no restraint of politeness shall prevent us from remarking on the far more numerous beauties which we think equally characteristic. Miss Martineau's genius is essentially feminine, though its vigour and reach are those of a man; feminine in its earnestness, in its purity, and in the hearty homely interest which it spreads around the small events of daily life. No man ever observed and understood children so accurately, and few women can contemplate them with the same intelligent and playful equanimity; for while to us they are generally playthings, in the minds of women they have too real and living an interest to make their mistakes and evil doings matters of calm speculation. Hence we see that, in the lower classes, mothers seldom speak to their children but in a tone of scolding; and, among the more refined, it is very common to remonstrate and argue with them as with responsible equals; from which proceeds the very undeserved preference which children display for the

society of men over that of their best friends, who care too much for them to laugh at them. Where, as in the present case, the masculine attribute of humour is added to the sympathy of woman, we must give up all hopes of rivalry; and that not merely with reference to children, but in the power of observing and describing the delicate shades of manners, the little pleasures of domestic life, and all the traits which individualize and mark the ordinary characters of society. In this peculiar power no one has, we think, yet equalled Miss Austin; but Miss Martineau in her late novel, *Deerbrook*, has nearly approached her, and has added to her graphic and happy sketches of society, an analysis of the affections worthy of Madame De Staël, with a picture of female purity and goodness far nobler and simpler than *Corinne*.

The everyday life of the village of Deerbrook, with the loves, likings, and dislikings of its inhabitants, supply the plot, which is well contrived, simple, and, with one or two exceptions which we shall notice, probable. In the first chapter remarkable skill is displayed in making us acquainted with the circumstances and general character of the *dramatis personæ*. In the drawing-room of the prettiest house in the village, ornamented by a garden and shrubbery which conceal the timber and coal yards stretching down to the river side, we find Mrs Grey and her eldest daughter Sophia, sitting in expectation of their cousins the Misses Ibbotson, who had been invited from Birmingham to stay at Deerbrook, till the affairs of their father, who had lately died, should be in some degree settled. When they arrive, Sophia points out to them the view from their window. "That is Mr Rowland's house, papa's partner you know. Isn't it an ugly house, with that ridiculous porch to it? . . . That house opposite is Mrs Enderby's, Mrs Rowland's mother's. So near as she lives to the Rowlands, it is shocking how they neglect her," &c. . . . Mean time Mrs Grey is exulting in the beauty of Hester Ibbotson the eldest, and as to Margaret, "Mrs Rowland will say she is plain; but in my opinion Margaret is better-looking than any of the Rowlands are ever likely to be" "We have a pretty good neighbourhood," she tells them. "I think, Sophia, the Levitts will certainly call."—"O

yes, mama! to-morrow I have no doubt"—"Dr Levitt is our rector; we are, as you know, Dissenters, and Mrs Rowland is very much scandalized at it . . . ; but the Levitts' conduct might teach her better." Next it appears that Mr Philip Enderby, Mrs Rowland's brother, is staying with the Rowlands, and Sophia and Mrs Grey complain that he is very high. "I don't think he can help being so tall," says Sydney—a fine manly boy of thirteen, who is throughout the book a good specimen of the way in which Miss Martineau understands and appreciates his "order." Sophia answers that "he buttons up and makes the most of it, and stalks in like a Polish count." Soon afterwards Mr Grey appears, and in a few words shows himself a sensible good-natured man. Then Mr Hope is announced, and the twin little girls, Fanny and Mary, beg to be allowed to sit up a little longer to see Mr Hope. Mrs Grey explains that he is a great favourite with every body, and that they have the greatest confidence in him as a medical man. "He was not handsome, but there was a gaiety of countenance and manner in him, under which the very lamp seemed to burn brighter." When he departs, Mrs Grey asks her husband, "looking at him over her spectacles," if he does not think Hester very handsome; and if he does not think that Mr Hope thinks so too. "He did not speak on the subject, my dear, as he mounted his horse."—"It would have been strange if he had then, before Sydney and the servants."—"Very strange indeed!" But Mrs Grey cannot help speculating on what Mrs Rowland would think of Mr Hope's marrying into their connexion so decidedly, and wonders why Mr Grey cautions her to be silent on the subject, and makes such a serious matter of a word or two. "Because a good many ideas belong to that word or two, my dear."

Nevertheless, Mrs Grey was only wrong inasmuch as she left two elements of the problem out of consideration,—Margaret and Mr Enderby. The acuter reader will have rightly conjectured, that the loves of these four form the main current of the story; and even from our meagre abridgement he may have derived a sufficiently accurate notion of the rest of the society of Deerbrook. The gossiping jealousy of Mrs Grey is repaid by per-

severing malignity on the part of Mrs Rowland; and Mr Rowland, a well-meaning easy man, is unable to counteract her energy. One very interesting character is added in Maria Young, the governess of the Grey and Rowland children. Poor and crippled, she suppresses an attachment for Enderby, which she had cherished in more prosperous days, and consoles herself by observing and wishing well to all, and by deep and religious resignation. In her person, standing apart as she does from the direct action of the story, Miss Martineau appropriately expresses the reflections which appear to us more peculiarly her own; precepts of duty and rules of happiness which are always wise and sound, and subtle delineations of feeling, which well deserve the attention of the experimental philosopher; for the true service of art to science, consists in its presenting facts in bolder relief for inspection. The systematic psychologist is more fitly employed in classifying and explaining the varieties of character and conduct, than in collecting them by observation—a task for which the novelist ought to be far better qualified. All good fiction is an interpretation of nature, and it is likely that the artist will see many isolated truths besides those which he embodies in the agents of his drama; therefore he introduces a passive representative of himself, a chorus, or a Miss Young, that the fragments of his wisdom may not be lost—a supplement of art which is allowable as long as the truths thus preserved are really separate intuitions; as soon as they are combined into a system, they belong to the province of the objective, and violate dramatic propriety.

The characters of the sisters are well drawn and strongly contrasted. They have both cultivated minds and generous dispositions, and they both shrink from the gossip and petty quarrels of Deerbrook; but Hester is of a jealous and unhappy temper, always craving for displays of affection, and persuading herself that she doubts it from a morbid anxiety to have her certainty made doubly sure. She knows herself to be the chief object of her sister's thoughts; but, partly from a sense of her own unworthiness, and still more from the impossibility of a practical faith in the harmonious uniformity of feeling, which she has never realized

in herself, she fears every transient competition, and feels every interval which interrupts exclusive interest as an infringement on the claims which her own love compels her to make. No selfishness causes so much pain as that which requires the outward signs of affection as well as the reality. The desire of sympathy once felt and encouraged may be forcibly suppressed, may sometimes even be satisfied; but it can rarely be kept under command, or contented with mere probabilities. Faith in mankind is reasonable; for we know that the better parts of our nature exist in all, and with due cultivation may prevail over evil. Faith in friends is easier still, so far as it extends to their principles, their virtues, and their capabilities of disinterested affection; for it is scarcely possible to become closely acquainted with any one without thinking better of human nature; men's faults appear greatest at a distance, and chiefly concern their dealings with strangers. But a belief that a given individual will feel an affection for a definite object, though it may be desirable if it is necessary to our happiness, can never be a postulate of reason, or a duty; it is not faith but opinion, and must rest upon outward facts, unless it can be changed into conviction by the consciously reciprocal magnetism of love, or in a smaller degree by the freemasonry of friendship. Those are happy, who in the completeness of their being can dispense with all proofs of returned affection, and be contented with loving, while they are always the most beloved.

Of such a character is Margaret Ibbotson; devoted to all around her without a thought of self, and unconsciously receiving her reward in the affection which she universally inspires. She has all the courage, and firmness, and practical wisdom which in man or woman accompany single-mindedness.

A quiet mind, a patient mood,
And not disdaining any;
Not gibing, gadding, gaudy, and
Sweet faculties had many.

It is not wonderful that both Hope and Enderby fall in love with her, before she has been at Deerbrook for many weeks. We will borrow Mr Hope's account of her in a letter to a brother in India.

"There are two ladies here from Birmingham, so far beyond any ladies that

we have to boast of, that some of us begin to suspect that Deerbrook is not the Athens and Arcadia united that we have been accustomed to believe it. . . . The truth is, these girls have brought in a new life among us, and there is not one of us, except the children, that is not some years younger for their presence. Mr Grey deserts his business for them like a schoolboy, and Mr Rowland watches his opportunity to play truant in turn. Mrs Enderby gives dances, and looks quite disposed to lead off in person. Dr Levitt is preaching his old sermons. Mrs Grey is wellnigh intoxicated with being the hostess of these ladies, and has even reached the point of allowing her drawing-room to be used every afternoon. Enderby is a fixture while they are so. Neither mother, sister, friend, nor frolic, ever detained him here before for a month together. He was going away in a fortnight when these ladies came: they have been here six weeks, and Enderby has dropped all mention of the external world. . . . But who are they? you want to know—they are distant cousins of Mr Grey's, just over twenty, and their name is Ibbotson. 'Are they handsome?' is your next question. The eldest, Hester, is beautiful as the evening star. Margaret is very different. It does not matter what she is as to beauty, for the question seems never to have entered her own mind. I doubt whether it has often occurred to her, whether she can be this, or that, or the other—she is, and there is an end of the matter. Such pure *existence* without question, without introspection, without hesitation or consciousness, I never saw in any one above eight years old. Yet she is wise; it becomes not me to estimate how wise. You will ask how I know this already. I knew it the first day I saw them; I knew it by her infinite simplicity, from which all selfishness is discharged, and into which no folly can enter. . . . Her affection for her sister is a sort of passion. It has some of the features of the serene guardianship of one from on high; but it is yet more like the passionate servitude—of the benefited to a benefactor for instance—which is perhaps the most graceful attitude in which our humanity appears. . . . I go, grave and longing to listen. I come away, and find I have been talking more than any one; revealing, discussing, as if I were the teacher, and not the learner;—you will say the worshipper. Say it if you will. Our whole little world worships the one or the other. Hester is also well worthy of worship. If there were nothing but her beauty, she would have a wider world than ours of Deerbrook at her feet. But she has much more. She is what you would call a true

woman. She has a generous soul, strong affections, and a susceptibility which interferes with her serenity. . . . She will be a devoted wife ; but Margaret does not wait to be a wife to be devoted. Her life has been devotedness, and will be to the end. If she were left the last of her race, she would spend her life in worshipping the unseen that lay about her, and would be as unaware of herself as now. . . . The homage to Hester is visible enough. But I also see Sydney Grey growing manly, and his sisters amiable, under Margaret's eye. . . . There is no one of us so worthy of her, so capable of appreciating her, as Maria Young ; they are friends, and Maria Young is becoming a new creature. Health and spirit are returning to that poor girl's countenance ; there is absolutely a new tone in her voice, and a joyous strain in her sparing conversation, which I for one never recognised before. It is a sight on which angels might look down, to see Margaret with her earnest face, listening humbly, and lovingly serving the infirm and much-tried friend, whom she herself is daily lifting up into life and gladness. . . ."

But in the mean time Hester has given all her affections to Hope. He is described as the favourite of all the inhabitants of Deerbrook : his influence extends to all ; even the Grey and Rowland ladies keep their jealousies quiet in his presence. Yet his character is far from being as marked as that of Margaret ; whether it be that a faultless man is less easy to imagine than a perfect woman, or, as we incline to think, that in this case the authoress is less at home, while our criticism is more exacting. A dangerous illness, resulting from an accident which he meets with, betrays Hester's feelings to Mrs Grey ; and she, in her womanly zeal to prove that she had been right from the first, and in her regard for her young relative, persuades Hope that he is bound in honour to return her affection, and ask her hand. He seeks an interview with Margaret.

" ' I hear that you are already thinking of returning to Birmingham. Is this true ? ' ' Yes : we shall go home in a few days. ' ' Then, before you leave us, will you allow me to ask your advice ? ' At the word ' advice,' a glow of pleasure passed over Margaret's face, and she could not quite suppress a sigh of relief. She now looked up, freely and fearlessly. All this was good for Mr Hope ; but it went to his heart, and for a moment checked his speech. He soon proceeded, however— ' I want your advice as a friend, and also

some information which you alone can give me. What I have to say relates to your sister.' Margaret's extasy of hope was scarcely controllable. For her sister's sake she hung her head upon her bosom, the better to conceal her joy. It was a bitter moment for him, who could not but note, and rightly interpret the change in her countenance and manner. ' I wish to know, if you have no objection to tell me, whether your sister is disengaged. ' ' I have no objection to say,' declared Margaret, looking up cheerfully, ' that my sister is not engaged. ' . . . She looked at him with the bright expression of sincerity and regard, which had touched his heart oftener and more deeply than all Hester's beauty. He could not have offered to shake hands at the moment, but she held out hers, and he could not but take it.— The door burst open at the same instant, and Mr Enderby entered. Both let drop the hand they held, and looked extremely awkward and grave. A single glance was enough to send Mr Enderby away, without having spoken his errand, which was to summon Margaret to the orchard for the final shake of the apple-tree. When he was gone, each saw that the face of the other was crimson : but while Hope had a look of distress which Margaret wondered at, remembering how soon Mr Enderby would understand the nature of the interview, she was struggling to restrain a laugh."

The marriage takes place, and Margaret goes to live with her sister and brother-in-law, enjoying the brightest anticipations. But the old nurse and servant, Morris, who had accompanied the sisters from Birmingham, has discovered the secret of Mr Hope's real feelings, and warns her not to be too sanguine. " ' We never know, Miss Margaret, my dear, how things will turn out. Do you remember Miss Stevenson, that married a gentleman her family all thought a great deal of, and he turned out a swindler ; and —. ' The girls burst out a-laughing, and Maria assured Morris that she could answer for no accident of that kind happening with regard to Mr Hope. Morris laughed too, and said she did not mean that, but only that she never saw any body more confident of every thing going right than Miss Stevenson and all her family ; and within a month after the wedding they were in the deepest distress. That was what she meant ; but there were many other ways of distress happening. ' There is death, my dears,' she said ; ' remember death, Miss Margaret. ' "

The troubles of life soon begin to come thick upon her: Hope disappoints her wish for friendly intimacy, in consequence of his high-principled determination to overcome his former feelings towards her; Hester feels that she has not his full confidence, and distresses herself and all around her with the inequalities of her temper. If we had room, we might quote an eloquent digression on the misery which is caused by irritability and an exacting disposition. There is much truth in what is said; and yet we doubt whether there is not too much blame and too little allowance. But Miss Martineau is never lax in questions of duty; and a tendency to strictness is better than the converse. Hope votes at the county election against the opinions of Deerbrook and of the great man of the neighbourhood, Sir William Hunter: his popularity begins to fail, and his wife is exposed to the petty impertinencies of the shopkeepers and milliners of the village. One day Mrs Rowland's children gratify her with the information that Mrs Hope has been met crying in the road. "What could she be crying for, papa?"—"Suppose you ask her, my dear. Had you not better go directly to Mr Hope's, and ask, with our compliments, what Mrs Hope was crying for at four o'clock yesterday afternoon? Of course she can tell better than any body else."—"Nonsense, Mr Rowland," observed his lady. . . . Soon afterwards Miss Young is interrupted in the schoolroom by a visit from Margaret, holding little George Rowland by the hand. "Do you know who sent little George with a message to my sister just now? I concluded you did not. George has been calling at my brother's door, with his papa and mama's compliments, and a request to know what Mrs Hope was crying for yesterday at four o'clock."

These, however, are not the heaviest of Margaret's sorrows. Maria Young has brought her to acknowledge to herself that she loves Enderby; and he has gone without making any declaration of his feelings: moreover, Mrs Rowland declares that he has an engagement elsewhere; and she has the pain of thinking that she has loved without return. Her gentle suffering and resignation are touchingly described: once only, when she falls into the river in an attempt to cross it

on the ice, she is tempted to wish for death; but she derives some consolation from the warmth of attachment which her brother-in-law is surprised into displaying, and resolves to content herself with living for others.

While Hope's prospects are rapidly getting worse and worse, Enderby returns to Deerbrook, proposes to Margaret, and explains all doubts and difficulties away; but Margaret refuses to marry him till he has entered on his profession of law, for which he is studying, and declines to leave her brother and sister at a time when they want her assistance and the aid of her little fortune. Hope is insulted wherever he goes, in consequence of stories about body-stealing and the like, which Mrs Rowland, taking advantage of his political unpopularity, has propagated. There is a vivid description of a mob-attack on his house, in which Sir William Hunter is almost a participant. Here we think Miss Martineau goes too far. The petty spite, the persecuting spirit, the jealous malignity of a local autocrat to an inferior who has opposed his wishes, may be expressed in many vexatious ways; but not, especially where the offended dignity is a justice of the peace, by his sitting complacently on horseback while the rabble break his enemy's windows, or make a bonfire of his furniture. If Sir William did not care for his duties, or fear the Lord Chancellor's interference with the next commission, he would at least see that proceedings so riotous were in a high degree disrespectful to himself. We are delighted, however, with Lady Hunter's proceedings in the mean time. She knows that the mob will, under the circumstances, respect her carriage, and therefore drives slowly up the street of Deerbrook. "Sir William's popularity," she observes to Mrs Howell the milliner, "is a most fortunate circumstance for us all."—"Oh dear! your ladyship, what should we be not to estimate Sir William? We have our faults, like other people; but really, if we did not know how to value Sir William —"—"Thank Heaven," said Miss Miskin (the assistant,) "we have not fallen so low as that! . . ." Her attention to the stories of Mr Hope's misdoings, as of his setting the nursemaid's arm awry, so that the children, when she beckons them, think that she is motioning them

away; her suspicions of a plot to fire the church, from a charred stick having been found in the churchyard; and finally, her slow return, in the enjoyment of her husband's popularity, with Sir William reading the newspaper, to show that he considered the affair a trifling one; and the interruption of her satisfaction when she sees the Hopes, through their broken window, eating their dinner at leisure, are all represented with exquisite truth and humour.

Just at this time Mrs Rowland introduces a new surgeon, Mr Walcot, who obtains nearly the whole of Hope's practice. He is obliged to part with his horse, and with one servant after another till Morris only remains; and she stays only till Hester is recovered after her confinement, and then departs. Margaret and Enderby are again estranged from one another by Mrs Rowland's contrivances; but she is now relieved from her former fear of having loved without requital, and comforts herself by the exertions which are necessary to assist in the domestic affairs. Hester's character meanwhile rises as she is tried: she can bear hardship better than supposed neglect, and finds it easier to forgive great offences than small. There is no part of the story more interesting or more true to nature than this. Hope is happy as he sees the removal of her former weaknesses, and she feels his increased love; while Margaret is contented with her own usefulness, and with the removal of her fears for her sister. The cheerful exertions of the three, to spare each other in the unavoidable hardships which now surround them, are their own recompense, and Mrs Rowland feels with disappointment that she has failed in her revenge. A time of scarcity and distress is by this time approaching in Deerbrook; robberies are frequent, and Hope's house does not escape. The satisfaction of Margaret and Maria Young, who are sitting together when the thieves enter, at finding

that they are, after all, not half so much frightened as they expected, is pleasantly described; but Margaret has to lament the loss of a ring which she values as Enderby's gift. Matters grow still worse: an epidemic fever comes, and the sisters devote themselves to the relief of their poorer neighbours, who begin to admit that Hope did not deserve to be pelted—a sentiment in which even the great Sir William, who has shut himself up at home for fear of infection, is reported to agree. In one of her visits, Margaret has her ring restored to her by a dying man, whom she recognises as the robber, and soon afterwards finds the omen justified by Enderby's return, and Mrs Rowland's confession of the falsehoods she had used. But before we quit the misfortunes of the Hopes, we feel it our duty to investigate the probabilities of their having been in reality reduced to such penury, that Dr Levitt, calling one day at dinner, has to sit down to a bowl of potatoes and a pitcher of water. Now, Mr Hope's practice, at the full, must evidently have been worth £350 a-year; nor would so prudent a man have married without having at least one year's income in advance. The sisters, between them, had £140 a-year; and a few pounds were received for contribution to medical periodicals. The decline of practice did not commence till the summer after their marriage, while their poverty came to a climax early in the following spring; we may therefore fairly assume that it brought in £250 during the year, and that at the worst it never sunk below £50. The rent of the corner house at Deerbrook, unfurnished, could scarcely exceed £30. We will allow £5 more for taxes, £10 for rates, and put the housekeeping expenses before the reduction of the establishment at £200, which is rather above the mark, and we shall have the following result as the receipt and expenditure from the first autumn to the spring twelvemonth:—

RECEIVED.			PAID.		
Capital in hand,	£350	0 0	Rent,	£45	0 0
Income of Hester and Margt.	210	0 0	Rates and Taxes,	15	0 0
Practice, at £350 per annum,			Clothes, &c.,	75	0 0
for six months,	175	0 0	House bills, & servants' wages		
Do. at £250, for three months,	62	10 0	for nine months, at £200,	150	0 0
Do. at £50, for nine months,	37	10 0	Do. for nine months, at £70,	52	10 0
Sundries,	10	0 0	Sundries,	10	0 0
Total,	£845	0 0	Total,	£347	10 0

Leaving a balance at the end of the period of adversity of £497, 10s., of which at least £147, 10s., the surplus above the original capital, would have been fairly applicable to the purchase of meat for dinner, and the hire of a servant-girl, who might have saved Margaret the occupation of sweeping the floors. We hope that an authoress who understands public and private finance so well, will avoid similar errors in future.

The tide of popularity now begins again to change. Hope's practice returns, and he forms an advantageous partnership with his rival, Mr Walcot, whom a similarity of character has recommended to the good graces of Sophia Grey. Sir William and Lady Hunter graciously invite the whole connexion to dinner; but Margaret spends the evening with her friend Maria Young.

" 'You must take some of our hyacinths with you to London, and see whether they will not blossom there,' said Maria, answering to her friend's thought.—' I hardly know whether there would be most pain or pleasure in seeing plants sprout, and then wither, in the little balcony of a back drawing-room which overlooks gables or stables, instead of those delicious green meadows.'—' How fond you were, two years ago, of imagining the bliss of living always in the sight of this very landscape! Yet it has yielded already to the back drawing-room, with a prospect of gables and stables.'—' We shall come and look on your woods sometimes, you know. I am not bidding good-by to this place, or to you; God forbid!'—' Now tell me, Margaret,' said Maria, after a pause; ' tell me when you are to be married.'—' That is just what I was about to do. We go on Tuesday.'—' Indeed! in three days; but why should it not be so? It is a weary time since you promised first.'—' A year ago there were reasons, as Philip admits now, why I could not leave Hester and Edward. There are no such reasons now. They are prosperous;—their days of struggle, when they wanted me—my head, my hands, my little income—are past;—Edward's practice has come back to him. There is nothing more to fear for them.'—' You have done your duty by them; now—'—' My duty! what has it been to theirs? O, Maria, what a spectacle has that been! When I think how

they have overcome evil with good, how they have endured, how forgiven, how toiled and watched on their enemies' behalf, till they have ruled all the minds and touched all the hearts of friends and foes for miles round, I think theirs the most gracious tribulation that ever befell. At home—O even you do not know what a home it is!—' . . . ' Whose horse do I hear stopping at the stable?'—' It is Philip's. He has galloped home before the rest,' said Margaret, drawing back from the window with the smile still on her face.—' Now, Maria, before any one comes, tell me—would you like to be with me on Tuesday morning, or not? Do as you like.'—' I will come, to be sure,' said Maria, smiling; ' and now, while there is any twilight left, go and give Mr Enderby the walk in the shrubbery that he galloped home for.'—Margaret kept Philip waiting, while she lighted her friend's lamp; and its gleam shone from the window of the summer-house for long, while, talking of Maria, the lovers paced the shrubbery, and let the twilight go."

The extracts which we have given will be sufficient proofs of the great beauty of Miss Martineau's style, of which the only fault is an occasional tension, both of thought and language, which interferes with the usual harmony of the composition. Superlatives and strong phrases always betray the presence of half truths, of thoughts seen in a larger than due proportion to others, or of a proselytizing and argumentative spirit. Her dialogues are excellent, and her little playful touches of character very happy. We hardly know whether to admire most the delineation of the empty and shallow Sophia Grey, or of her spirited brother Sydney, who defines philosophy as being good to know how to do things. " ' What sort of things?'—' Why, to make phosphorus lights, and electrify people, as Dr Leviit did when he made Sophia jump off the stool with glass legs.'—Sophia was sure that any one else would have jumped off the stool as she did. She should take good care never to jump on it again:—a female *ignoratio elenchi*, which is enough by itself to explain the young lady's character. When the election is coming on, Sydney wears a splendid green and orange cockade, and shows Margaret a corking-pin stuck upright under each bow.

“‘Isn’t it horrid?’ said Sophia.—‘Horrid! not half so horrid as fish-hooks. . . . Which do you use?’” he enquires of his political opponent, William Levitt. The courtship between Mr Walcot and Sophia Grey is an admirable specimen of the moral and intellectual agreement which love requires or produces. Their first acquaintance takes place at a water party, and is commenced by Walcot’s repeating some lines to the setting sun, which he had learned when a little boy. “He asked her whether it was not a sweet idea—that of the declining sun being like a good man going to his rest, to rise again to-morrow morning. Sophia was fond of poetry that was not too difficult, and now felt little disinclination to observe her father’s directions about being civil to Mr Walcot.” Then he is delighted at finding that Miss Grey has read some of Cowper’s writings, and at one time could repeat those sweet lines, beginning, “the rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,” and Mr Walcot repeats some of the *Task* to her, and she is sorry for people who are not fond of poetry. Then he breaks the ring of her parasol, and expresses the deepest sorrow, while she assures him it is of no consequence. “‘Do not be too good to me,’ he whispered; ‘I trust I know my duty better than to take you at your word. From my earliest years my parents have instilled into me the duty of making reparation for the injuries we cause to others.’—Sophia gave him an affecting look of approbation, and asked with much interest where his parents lived, and how many brothers and sisters he had, and assured him at last that she saw he belonged to a charming family.”

We might also refer to the pleasing character of the kind, simple-minded, old Mrs Enderby: but we have given quite sufficient quotations to excite the curiosity of our readers; and, if we can induce them to seek amusement in *Deerbrook*, they will not leave it without instruction. We have expressed our strong disapprobation of didactic works of art; yet there is much valuable knowledge that is best conveyed through fiction. The doctrine of prudential rules of life, the guidance of the passions and feelings, the relation of particular positions and circumstances to the general laws of morality, knowledge of others from

their less obvious characteristics, and of ourselves from our reflected counterpart in others, were from old times taught by examples drawn from experience and observation; for in all these cases the difficulty is to fix men’s attention, and not to satisfy their understanding. A fiction true to nature has the same advantage over a narrative of facts, that an experiment deliberately chosen has in physical science over a casual observation. It is not fitted to teach us political wisdom; for there we are still learners, and the facts are on too large a scale to be embraced in their true proportion by the imagination: yet we may understand history better by the assistance of historical romance, because it supplies a palpable resting-place for our minds. It does not add to the value of Scott’s novels, that he has familiarized us with a few facts in history which we might have neglected; nor is he to be blamed for variations from actual facts, which ought not to mislead us. The true service he has conferred upon us, consists in his having supplied the defect of our own imaginations so far as to bring before us men of a distant age as real living men of flesh and blood. Probably their life was not actually such as he describes it; but the life which he represents might have existed, and is, therefore, more like the lost reality than any vague abstraction which we, of the prosaic world, could form for ourselves. An hypothesis sufficient for the phenomena is not a *vera causa*; but it enables the mind to comprehend them much better than a *vera causa* might, which was insufficient for the facts. The great principles of action are the same in all places and at all times; but we are too much accustomed to identify them with the form which they happen to wear within our individual experience—an idolatry which the imagination alone can destroy, by convincing us of their existence in other and perhaps opposite combinations. Goetz of Berlichingen almost persuaded the youth of Germany that chivalrous honesty was identical with the iron rudeness of their robber ancestors; but the fantastic confusion was more easily disentangled than it would have been, if they had continued to limit their worship of good to some casual idol of the day.

The novelists of contemporaneous

social life may also enlarge our experience, by teaching us to think and feel with characters dissimilar to our own, and incidentally, by the practical truths which those are most likely to discover who have made human nature most their study. The habit of accurate observation, either in physics or psychology, is diffused by fashion and imitation; and even among many commonplace writers of the present day, an observant critic may collect valuable, though isolated truths. In the best class of novels they abound, and may perhaps form a sufficient compensation for the loss of time, the weakening of the taste, and the morbid sensibility which novel reading is said to produce. To the young it may be dangerous in all these respects, but to matured minds the dangers cannot be great: those who can appreciate more solid food are little likely to prefer fiction, except as an occasional relaxation, and the rest are often brought by the charm of plots and catastrophes within the reach of instruction, and of the influence of literature, which almost always maintains a moral elevation one degree above that of the society in the midst of which it arises.

Yet it must be admitted, that in works of the imagination it is very seldom that the laws of morality are not in some degree violated by errors æsthetical as much as ethical, and proceeding, we believe, rather from intellectual imperfections, than from want of principle. In real life, instruction may be drawn from every character, good, bad, or mixed; but in fiction the moral is implicitly made to our hands, and it is not always so easy to despise the selfish or dishonest hero, whom his parent delights to honour. Smollett's mean and scoundrel heroes are set off by a showy exterior, and by the author's evident sympathy. Child Harold's selfish sulkiness is the prototype of half our modern heroes of romance; and we regret to say that we can scarcely remember a sentimental and disinterested character in Sir Lytton Bulwer's works, who does not, by some moral malformation, deserve the hanging to which two or three of

them are very justly sentenced. In this defect will be found the cause which prevents them, brilliant as they often are in detail, from taking a place among standard works of art. Captain Marryat is not exempt from the same reproach; but in his favourites the moral one-sidedness takes the less dangerous form of petty fraud and deception, as in the instance of Mr Japhet Newland. The inferior herd of writers naturally carry to excess the error of their betters—a fact which confirms us in our belief, that it originates in an intellectual incapacity to see the real interest and beauty of simple rectitude. Shakspeare did not require, for the production of dramatic interest or sublimity, the daring sins and wild questionings of moral truth, in which Ford and Webster delighted. Scott, with little thought of teaching, always favours the plain and natural distinctions between right and wrong. Miss Austin with still less, and Miss Edgeworth with little more pretension, contrive always to leave an impression favourable to truth and goodness.

In this, Miss Martineau shows true genius. She never deifies selfishness under any disguise; she never sympathizes, like the clever and shallow novelists of fashion, with mere power and prosperity; but uniformly leads us to observe and admire the simple performance of duty. The class in which she has chosen to place her characters, is as suitable as any other. The lower station would not have admitted of sufficient refinement; and one which was much higher, would perhaps not have given so favourable an opportunity of introducing the domestic details in which she so peculiarly excels. We doubt not that some of her readers will have sneered at country apothecaries and timber merchants, as they would sneer at Jeanie Deans, if she had now her character to make. For ourselves, we should feel indebted to her, if she had done no more than describe the wisdom, the purity, and the cheerful simplicity of Margaret Ibbotson—

‘To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.’

LETTER FROM HANNIBAL SMITH, ESQ.

WITH "THE TRIPS OF THE LILY."

You are too great a philosopher, my loved, my honoured, much-respected North! to be surprised at any thing; you will, therefore, perhaps retain your accustomed equanimity when you see a communication from me, written with those hieroglyphic capitals to each line, and mysterious strokes of admiration at the end of them, which are generally supposed to constitute poetry. But I declare to you, I would have written in my ordinary sprawling hand if I possibly could. I have tried, I assure you, to retain the steadiness and sobriety of my usual demeanour; but all in vain. Living in my present situation, it is impossible to think in prose. Hills and valleys! seas and cliffs!—you would awake the Nine Muses in the soul of an attorney. No wonder, then, you have put a person who does not enjoy the advantage of belonging to the profession into a state of perturbation difficult to be described. The attack first came on me about eighteen months ago, accompanied with a strange singing in the head, which generally took the tune of one of Campbell's ballads. Late on Saturday nights, and early on Sunday mornings, I was haunted with the "Mariners of England" and the "Battle of the Baltic;" but all this time I continued unconscious of my very alarming state. My wife—you remember her as Betsy Gallagher of Portnamuck—to be sure, occasionally looked at me with a very dubious expression when I had given utterance to any of the more vivid of my exclamations, and occasionally shook her head. At last, under pretence of my having a slight cold, a physician was sent for. He prescribed a diligent perusal of Acts of Parliament, the London Directory, and some treatises in blank verse on the Judgment of the Flood and the medicinal skill of the Antediluvians. From these latter I derived considerable benefit; but the Acts of Parliament, and even a special Highway Act, which I read carefully at bedtime, were of no avail. Every body was nonplussed to find out the cause of my complaint; and to this

hour it remains a mystery to every one but myself and you. I found it out by mere accident. Having sat down one day to finish the second part of my "Theory on the innate forces of the mathematical zero," of which you kindly expressed so favourable an opinion, I found, involuntarily as it were, a secret power conducting my pen in the most extraordinary manner imaginable. First a huge capital, then a long line, ending in a powerful word of one syllable, supported by a note of interrogation. Then a second line, of exactly the same length, ending in a very similar word to the former, and supported by a long mark of admiration, which I concluded was the answer to the interrogatory of the first. I looked at the two lines, folded up the paper as rapidly as possible, and felt an internal conviction that I was—a poet! How very strange this was! I told nobody of my discovery; but for a long time amused myself in secret by watching the very curious proceedings of my pen. There it was—hard at work—Sapphics and Adonians—Heroics and Alexandrines—let the subject be what it would; and every now and then appeared such words as "tremendous ocean stream!"—"billowy waste!" till at last, by dint of much meditation, I concluded that I was inspired by some Nereid, and that my Hippocrene was salt water.

The only reason I can assign for all this, is the *locale* of my dwelling-house. When I used to be a steady sensible contributor, Mr North—alas! that such days are departed—you remember I lived nearly in the heart of England. When the wind blew, it only drove the smoke down my chimney, or endangered the equilibrium of a haystack—when the weather was calm, the fields looked very well, and the ditches gradually became dry. In some evil hour I determined to settle by the sea-side, and a pretty *settling* it has been. I got possession of what is called a marine villa, and there can be no manner of doubt that it is as marine as it is possible for any terrestrial object to be. It is a small cottage, nearly

on the ledge of a sloping piece of ground, at the foot of which is the sea. Fish are at all times disporting themselves within two hundred feet of my dining-room; so that, when by any accident they find themselves on my table, the change of circumstances must be so slight as to be comparatively unobserved. Very different from the sensations of a turbot, that finds itself boiled all to rags in the heart of Warwickshire. This must indeed be very disagreeable to an animal so little accustomed to travelling by land; and I wonder there is no Humane Society to confine the eating of fish to places within a very limited distance of their usual dwelling-place. But this is a remark which you had better enclose in a parenthesis. I was describing my cottage, which belongs to no order of architecture, and has despised the models of the temples of Greece, and the public buildings of Rome. With the exception of its never going afloat, it might very well pass for a ship. In high winds, the noises of its outside shutters and somewhat ancient doors, with the sound of the sea so close, remind one so much of a Leith smack off Scarborough, that I can confidently recommend it as possessing all the advantages of a sea voyage without any of its dangers. It was here my malady began; but perhaps the circumstance that brought it fully to a head, was the purchase of a sailing boat. I gave an order to a man at St Helen's, who builds most of the fishermen's boats on this shore, to send me a specimen of his greatest skill—handsome to look at, and which could not possibly be upset. In about three weeks he achieved a miracle of art; and to the foot of the above-mentioned sloping piece of ground came one evening a boat of enormous strength, very wide, and with bows that would do for a South Sea whaler, yet altogether as prettily shaped a little vessel as I ever saw. With the help of a stout capstan, two men hove her up, and in about a week she was fully rigged, and fit for any thing. It was now altogether impossible to pretend to have a grain of steadiness any longer. The cliffs here are about three hundred feet high, running out, and in all manner of shapes, so as to form numberless little bays, guarded each by its own headlands east and west. How could any one have con-

tinued prosaic, floating under those majestic promontories or winding round those beautiful indentations? I took a Whig barrister out with me only once, and he sent me a sonnet next morning. I tried the same process on various others—on an architect, a special pleader, a clergyman, a soldier,—they all sent me poetical effusions of extraordinary beauty. If you will send me from Edinburgh a W.S. under fifty, or an advocate in the fullest practice, I will let you know the result of the experiment. The only one it has hitherto failed with is a banker; but it was in the very middle of the monetary crisis, and cannot, therefore, be considered a fair trial.

But there are grander and more stirring sights than bays and headlands. Sometimes the whole sea seems covered with sails. I have counted a hundred and eighty vessels in sight at one time. Whenever "the British fleet up Channel steers," it must always come within range of a very moderately good pair of eyes, and with a telescope you can see the whole equipage, from the admiral to the smallest of the mids. While it is sweeping past, like a great peristrophic panorama, no human being can expect one to retain his phlegmatic equanimity, or write the second part of a treatise "on the innate forces of the mathematical zero;" and therefore you will be at no loss to account for the delay of the concluding chapters. I will finish it the first time I go twenty miles inland—honour bright!—or, if I stay here, would you have any objection to take it in rhyme?

Occasionally an event occurs which gives rise to still more interest and excitement. Some time or other, it is supposed in the great storms of November '38, or January '39, a vessel loaded with timber must have gone down, probably in the night, about a mile to the westward; for every now and then, when a stiff breeze has been blowing for a day or two, a large balk of oak or mahogany is seen floating with the tide. Not a moment is lost by the fortunate discoverer; a boat is instantly launched, and if he succeeds in capturing the waif, his fortune is made. A good log of mahogany is worth sixty or seventy pounds. Pieces of wreck are often seen, but generally in such rough weather that a boat cannot be pushed through the surf;

and once, last April, the crowning event of all was the stranding of a great West India ship of five or six hundred tons. But as this is the subject of Trip the Fourth, I will say no more about it, except to tell you how the people who went on board and helped to get her off were rewarded for their activity.

How delightful it used to be to have one's patriotic feelings roused to the highest pitch, by hearing William Farren or old Bartley, dressed in the plain grey coat, brown breeches, and long gaiters, which the stage has long consecrated to the commercial papas of lively young heiresses—how delightful it was, I repeat, to hear those excellent performers launch out in praise of the generosity and other virtues of the British merchant! "Such may be the case with high-born seigneurs and titled comtes, but let me tell you, sir, a British merchant is a man who"—the triumphant shouts of the shilling gallery drowned the remainder of the sentence. "A British merchant, sir?—as long as you have such princely benefactors you need have no regret for the want of titled patrons. Who are so free—so liberal—so just?" While Mr Bartley enunciated these profound observations, and stuffed his hands into the sober-coloured unmentionables, above described as the characteristic apparel of the histrionic trader, the sympathies of the whole audience were excited, and boxes, pit, and gallery went away, thoroughly impressed with the belief that the most beneficent and disinterested class of her Majesty's subjects are those whose daily and hourly occupation it is to turn an *honest* penny if they can, but at all events a penny.

The farces I have quoted were probably written by merchants' clerks, or perhaps the heads of firms themselves, while enjoying a temporary retirement in what some Italian fiddler used to amuse the Prince of Wales by calling his father's big house; but whether clerk or principal, their declarations must be taken *cum grano*.

But, with my former vivid impressions of all the virtues being embodied in the occupant of a three-legged stool of great height, in some city lane, I made no question of the poor fellows who went on board the stranded ship within half an hour of her having struck, and worked all night on board,

being amply rewarded. They found the captain without any idea of where he was; and his spirits were probably not much exhilarated when they told him his bowsprit was within two cables' length of Dunnose. However, with their help, he strove to work the vessel off; and, being in hopes of effecting his purpose, and proceeding on his voyage without having his misfortune discovered, he refused to tell his name or the name of his vessel. His passengers were much alarmed, and hired one of the men to go and procure boats to be near the ship in case the weather changed. He performed this service; and the boats he procured were paid by the passengers the sum agreed upon. The six or seven men who remained on board—all of them seafaring men—for the people along this coast, though calling themselves masons, and carpenters, and other terrestrial occupations, are all more or less bred to the sea—were rewarded next morning with the splendid donation of a glass of rum a-piece, which, as rum is cheap, and this was not of the best quality, might amount to the value of three-halfpence a glass; making in all, among the six men, the gross aggregate of ninepence. On the same evening, a steam-boat from Portsmouth succeeded in getting her off, and there seemed no great chance of hearing any more of the fortunate vessel or her very liberal commander. A reverend gentleman, who resides near this, wrote a plain statement of these facts to the county paper; and, being furnished anonymously with the names of the owners, he of course expected from the British merchants, whom Mr Bartley had represented as so liberal and just, some compensation for the men who had been so active on their behalf. In answer, he tells me he received a copy of an epistle sent to them by the commander of their vessel, denying that the shore-people had ever been on board; and stating that, with the solitary exception of the ship having been for a short time on shore, there was not the slightest ground for any of the other statements in the reverend divine's communications. There were witnesses without number to the facts; I saw the men with these bodily eyes—I was on the shore within forty minutes of her taking the ground; and the men themselves were ready

to verify all their statements upon oath. The commander published this counter-statement, wherein, among other things, he denies having concealed his name or the name of the vessel, and calls such an accusation absurd, because the name was written in large letters on the ship's stern—forgetting, the worthy man, that a darkness which hindered him from seeing the promontory of Dunnose, nearly eight hundred feet high, might excuse the men if they could not make out the ship's title, though written in letters one or even two feet long. My reverend friend prepared an answer to this unaccountable misstatement, and forwarded it for insertion in the next week's paper; but received in reply a private communication from the editor—a man of very considerable abilities and excellent character—suggesting that the more likely way of attaining his object, namely, some remuneration for the men, would be, not to continue the controversy, especially as the agent for the vessel had promised to see the matter satisfactorily arranged. From that hour to this the pockets of the above-named agent have been hermetically sealed; the commander goes on his way rejoicing; and the British merchants, in spite of the asseverations of Mr Bartley and others, content themselves with the outlay of the already mentioned ninepence, in the shape of six glasses of rum. Now this is *pessimi exempli*, and the fruits of this niggardliness were very soon after shown. One night, about six weeks afterwards, a great fire was perceived at sea. It was impossible it could be any thing else but a burning ship. The flame went on for hours flaring up against the sky, but not a soul would stir from shore to the rescue;—alleging, as with one voice, that they had had enough to do with the other, and would never trouble themselves either with stranded vessels or burning ones. It turned out to be a steam-boat bound for Spain, which sank after burning to the water's edge. The crew, however, were saved.

You're very fond of mackerel; I recollect seeing you stow away sixteen soused in vinegar for luncheon, in less than twenty minutes. Early in the spring the mackerel season begins; that is to say, many boats of a very

strange shape and rig are observed crowding down to meet the mackerel shoals at the chops of the Channel. As the mighty hosts of those "friends of the people" come further east, the number of vessels increases, till you may sometimes see eight or nine all together, and as their nets seem to be filled every time they haul, you would naturally expect that mackerel would be plentiful as blackberries—and so, indeed, they are, for blackberries are a rarity here. The monopolizing fish-dealers of Portsmouth and the other large towns on the coast, and, above all, of the omnivorous London, step in between you and your half-dozen mackerel, and neither love nor money can procure you a single scale, unless on the marble slab of the fishmonger. Would you believe it, that although the sea here is teeming with fish, and the purchase of boat, tackle, and a whole mile of net would not exceed £160, there is no regular mackerel boat belonging to this coast employed in the fishing? Why do not a few of the natives join, and procure a vessel and apparatus? The gains are enormous. Last summer one of the Brighton boats was fishing off this shore, and in one night caught fish which was sold to the salesmen in Portsmouth for £180. And this is not uncommon. The ordinary race of fishermen are too poor to undertake the first expense; but nothing would be more easy, nor a more judicious—not charity, but—encouragement to deserving men, than for a certain number of gentlemen to advance the necessary funds, which one season's exertion would enable the fishermen to repay. Four fishermen and a steersman, which would constitute the crew, would be passing rich with such a possession. In Holland, the government would give all possible encouragement to such a scheme; and in Scotland, I feel sure, the funds would be supplied, the boat, &c., bought, the fish caught, and the debt discharged in the course of three months. But here there is a very migratory population, attracted from all parts of England by the mildness of the winter, and the beauty of the summer; they seldom settle long enough to become acquainted with the amphibious animals who inhabit little huts upon the shore, and supply them with delicious prawns and lobsters; and return to their own dwellings in

the neighbourhood of York or Worcester, to astonish their geological neighbours with their thunderbolts and fossils. And, in the mean time, the mackerel fall a prey to more enterprising piscators from Brighton and even Dover—not to mention *France*. I am really getting so dull and sensible, that I begin to be in hopes of re-

covering my former reputation for sedateness and wisdom. In that case I will finish my “theory” next month, and shall be caught tripping no more. Meanwhile I remain—sparing you a flourish of complimentary trumpets—yours ever,

HANNIBAL SMITH.

Leeward Cottage, Bonchurch.

The Lily leaveth the building-yard of Mr Burden of St Helen's, nearly a mile from the water, and is launched amid the uncorking of several grey-beards, and the acclamations of the spectators.

'Twas a bright day, O Lily! when the song
Of choral triumph swell'd upon the breeze;
When, from your pastoral birthplace borne along,
You heard, far off, the glad voice of the seas
Utter'd as if in rapture, as they roll'd
O'er the high Bembridge barrier uncontroll'd.
O bark of many hopes! you seem'd to glow
With a new spirit as the plashing foam
Gave you a joyous welcome to your home—
Your glorious home, that rest may never know!

TRIPS OF THE LILY OF BONCHURCH.

TRIP THE FIRST.

Wherein the Lily goes to Portsmouth in rough weather, and comports herself gallantly.

1.

THE moon looks wild, but heed it not, my boat is in the bay,
The tide lies fair, the wind's our own, up canvass and away!
Hoist every stitch! she'll bear it all—e'en now she feels the strain,
Her bow dips deep, then up she springs, and o'er the floods amain.

2.

Off in a shower from her broad bows the baffled wave she throws,
And o'er the wave, and *through* the wave, right gallantly she goes;
We've pass'd the Cook* with jagged point—East Dene's already pass'd;
Our shadow, like a white-wing'd bird, on Luccombe's cove we cast.

3.

Hurrah! the Yellow Ledge we've reach'd, and through the Race we drive,
The breakers coil, and bubble, and hiss—the sea seems all alive;
But on she goes, my Lily fair, a queen o'er the wild sea,
It seems as if she loved the strife, so buoyant is her glee.

4.

Now Shanklin bay is o'er our stern, its shore is foamy white,
The wind is fresh'ning—scarce yon gull can mate us in our flight;
See, Sandown soon is left behind, and eastward still I steer,
Where round the frowning Culver's base yon angry waves you hear.

* The Cook—a dangerous rock. When I asked my boatman why it was called the Cook, he said, “I don't know no reason for't, sir; but he makes the water *boil*, sure enough.”

5.

The wind is piping on our beam—it freshens to a gale ;
 Cheer up ! the Lily loves the storm, spare not an inch of sail ;
 I'm prouder here her course to steer, and feel her 'neath me spring,
 Than that I were a belted earl, or an anointed king !

6.

But Bembridge ledge we've weather'd close, and bright before us spread
 There's many a gallant ship, I ween, hard anchor'd at Spithead.
 Proud tamers of the subject sea ! my heart leaps up in pride,
 As your stately shadows come and go upon the weltering tide.

7.

Your flag has waved in every clime ;—where, wafted many a mile,
 Comes the sweet scent of summer flowers from some fair Indian isle ;
 It waved where chilly icebergs float 'mid Greenland's ceaseless surge,
 And where the tortured Baltic howls 'neath Winter's icy scourge.

8.

Pour'd ye the thunder of your power where bold St Vincent led ?
 Was yours the might that crown'd with light intrepid Rodney's head ?
 Was yours the rush of mighty wings that sounded through the sky,
 When Nelson gave to Trafalgar the name that cannot die ?

9.

Athwart the brine, in snowy line, on, on my Lily flies,
 Oh ! not more stately bounds the deer where Athole's forests rise—
 The harbour's mouth we've gain'd, my lads ! down canvass ! bear a hand ;
 Quick ! slack the sheets !—she touches now !—I spring on Portsmouth strand !

TRIP THE SECOND.

Wherein the Lily proceedeth in quest of what seemed from the Shore to be a Shipwrecked Mariner.

1.

ALL day a silence stern and deep
 Hath lain on land and sea ;
 Ye may not hear a rustle creep
 Through leafiest bush or tree ;
 The anchor'd vessels seem asleep,
 So motionless they be.

2.

There's not a cloud in all the sky,
 The sun shines bright and clear ;
 Hour after hour goes fleeting by,
 And yet no sound ye hear ;
 Hush'd and expectant earth doth
 lie
 As some dread thing were near.

3.

Night comes—and with mysterious
 sound,
 While not a wave is stirr'd,
 There rises in the calm profound,
 As by enchanter's word,
 A voice, as if the storm unbound
 In howling rage were heard.

4.

In Bonchurch bay the flowing tide
 Is calm as inland lake ;
 In Ventnor cove the waters glide
 Without a heave or break ;
 There's not a breath in Sandown wide
 Its sleeping might to wake.

5.

Round Rocken End, from Chale's far
 shore,
 The horrid sound is borne ;
 Well know the seamen from the roar,
 'Twill be a gale ere morn :
 Hoist every sail ! ply every oar !
 Such warning none may scorn.

6.

The tempest downward rush'd at last,
 Like eagle on its prey ;
 And struck the sea with pinions vast,
 And shouted as in play,
 As the big waves rose wild and
 fast,
 And terror mark'd his way.

7.

The moon rose up at midnight hour,
And shed a feeble light ;
The darksome waters scorn'd her
power
In their tumultuous fight—
Save where, like beacon from a tower,
She shed a streak of light—

8.

A narrow streak of ghastly grey
Athwart the weltering deep :—
Oh God ! there's something takes its
way,
With wild unsteady leap,
Across that line, where breakers play
And mountain billows sweep.

9.

A moment seen ; but the shadows
dark
That brood on either side,
Suddenly swallow'd up the bark,
And she no more is spied—
No ear, no eye her course to mark
On the stormy waters wide !

10.

God help you, gallant mariners !
Your bark can hardly rise,
Dash'd by each billow as it rears
Its crest of giant size :
Your masts are gone—no helmsman
steers—
All like a log she lies.

11.

That night my straw-roof'd cottage
shook
Beneath the tempest's blows ;
The stately elms that guard my nook
Crash'd as it wilder rose—
And the chafed sea leapt, as it could
not brook
The barrier of Dunnose.

12.

Up the tall cliff it strove to climb,
And backward fell in rage,
Like tiger gaunt in wrath sublime
That beats against its cage,
And leaps and howls, till conquering
Time
Doth his wild ire assuage.

13.

So ceased the sea. When morning
shone
The sky was calm and clear ;
But the wild waves kept tumbling on
In their quick and fierce career ;
For though the tempest's voice was
gone,
His might seem'd waiting near.

14.

There's something moves—a mile
from land—
It welters o'er the flood ;
'Tis a wreck'd man ! he waves his
hand !
He floats on log of wood !
Quick ! launch the Lily down the
strand !
Heed not the breakers rude.

15.

The Lily through the breakers flies,
By four stout oarsmen plied ;
And, watch'd by many glistening eyes,
She gambols o'er the tide :
But the floating man doth hardly rise,
So high the billows glide.

16.

'Tis not a man—'tis tall and hard—
And now we near it fast ;
'Tis but the end of a broken yard,
Or the fragment of a mast ;
And so, with ropes our prize to guard,
To leeward we have pass'd.

17.

Our lines we fix'd ; we tugg'd and
tow'd,
But toil was all our meed ;
The tide, that still impetuous flow'd,
Scarce help'd us in our need—
It seem'd as if a weary load
Repress'd us in our speed.

18.

A weary load, as if of lead,
Or some unholy thing,
Some sunken vessel, where the dead
Lay heap'd in ghastly ring :
For at every tug the tall mast sway'd,
But ever firm did cling.

19.

It dipt, it bent, but upward still
Sprang back with horrid bound,
Spite of our utmost strength and skill
We could not force it round,
And at last beneath the Culver hill
Our prize did take the ground.

20.

Eight fathoms deep the water lay,
And yet our prize stuck fast—
The tide had slack'd within the bay,
And westward now it pass'd,
And at each new foot it ebb'd away,
Still higher tower'd the mast.

21.

The waves sank down, and soon ap-
pear'd
A topsail fully set ;

And down, far down, as the water
clear'd,

Our eyes a vision met
As of a mainsail, which uprear'd
Its swelling canvass yet!

22.

The ropes hung loose, the shrouds
hung free,

But the yards their place had kept,
And thus beneath that stormy sea,
As if *above* it swept,

That mast with all its panoply
Had with the billows leapt.

23.

It was a piteous sight, I ween ;
For well we guess'd the fate
Of the brave ship, where it once had
been

So stately and elate ;
And with sad hearts from that dismal
scene

The Lily bore us straight.

TRIP THE THIRD.

Wherein the Lily coasteth five miles to the Westward, and cometh home again.

1.

A LIGHT south wind is blowing
This gentle summer day ;
And the tide is hardly flowing
O'er the pebbles in the bay.
The sunshine bright
Sheds holy light

On mount and down and lea ;
Come hither, little Mary,
And sail an hour with me !

2.

How slowly now we're sliding
Beneath the chalky height,
And the Lily, ghostlike gliding,
Seems fill'd with calm delight.
The tall cliffs throw
Their shade below

On all the rocky strand—
And we float within the shadow
As we creep along the land.

3.

See, Highport Ledge we've rounded,
And the Cow-Leaze heave in sight,
Fantastically mounded,
And glistening in the light ;
Their grassy dells
And verdant swells

In this sweet summer prime—
'Tis a lovely scene, my Mary,
As 'twere a fairy clime.

4.

There's many a southern islet
Round which 'twere bliss to sail,
And our idle course to pilot,
From noon till twilight pale ;
Where spreading bloom
And rich perfume

From flow'rs of every hue,
Fill'd the air with balm and beauty
Such as England never knew.

5.

What joy 'twould be, my daughter,
Beneath that dazzling moon,
To thread each winding water,
And trace each deep lagoon ?

Where dewless night

Was clear and bright,

And great stars look'd down from
heav'n—

Such climate, pensive Mary,
Is not to England given.

6.

Yet here, in these recesses,
Where the east wind never blows ;
And the high north Down represses
December and his snows ;

In Ventnor glade—

In Bonchurch shade

How soft the Autumn air !
And there's many a Summer blossom
In Winter's tangled hair.

7.

We've glided past St Lawrence,
And to Puckaster we steer ;

Proud Genoa ! lovely Florence !
We match your beauties here !

Our course we stay

To scan the bay,

And the flush of foliage deep,
That spreads a fitting umbrage
For some sainted hermit's sleep.

8.

Now mark, my silent Mary,
As the helm's aside inclined,
The boat its motion vary
As she falls off from the wind ;
The light breeze blows—

The Lily goes

With a step as soft and slow,
As the mystic shapes in cloudland,
That flit dimly to and fro.

9.

Again we're eastward veering,
Where calm St Lawrence lies,
Like some quiet nest appearing
Where the bird for safety flies ;

See Ventnor spire,

'Tis tipt with fire

In the sun's unclouded ray ;
And again Highport we've rounded,
And cast anchor in the bay.

TRIP THE FOURTH.

Wherein the Lily visiteth a stranded Ship.

1.

THE cheeriest spot in all the earth,
The happiest nook of all to me,
Is by mine own familiar hearth,
When storms are on the sea.
Loud let the tempests howl, we give no heed—
No argosies are ours propitious gales to need.

2.

The sea sings gloriously for aye
Its own wild triumph song of pow'r ;
Tempest or calm it knows no stay,
Mid-day nor midnight hour:
In the great voice we live—it girds us round
As doth the vital air—an atmosphere of sound.

3.

It seems as if it fill'd my heart ;
For if, perchance, I inland roam,
Never one moment will depart
That glorious voice of home—
My spirit is subdued by it ; I crave
Needful as food or rest that murmuring of the wave.

4.

Ye dwellers by the silent lakes,
Where the dull waters lifeless lie,
And when the wind its fury wakes
Utter no sound nor cry—
Speak they their rage in thunder ? and their glee
In passionate laughter hoarse, like the rejoicing sea ?

5.

With life, with soul the sea is fraught—
I've seen its countenance grow dim,
Darken'd by some most cruel thought,
As might some tyrant's grim—
Some Alva, when the shape of murder first
O'ershadow'd his pale cheek, as from his heart it burst.

6.

In its fierce joy it seems to scoff ;
When its quick ear hath caught the roar
Of battling hurricanes far off
On mid-Atlantic's floor,
It feels the stormy tremor of their wrath,
And rears its crested waves ere yet they've cross'd its path.

7.

Sleep on, the sated serpent falls,
And sleep falls on the wearied main ;
And though the wind its challenge calls,
It answers not again :
'Neath the high shadowing ledge it loves to lie,
And on the rock-strewn shore waves sing its lullaby.

8.

One night, on its uneasy bed,
Our ocean grimly slept and heaved ;
And o'er its clammy face was spread
A mist, so thickly weaved
Ye could not pierce its woof—it cover'd all,
As Ocean had been dead, and this had been its pall.

9.

I sat within my chimney nook,
 With a bright fire—of books a store ;
 A man rush'd in, with startled look—
 " A great ship's come ashore !
 Close to the cliff she lies—we heard the sound,
 As 'mid the rocks she came, and now she's fast aground !"

10.

" Rouse Bonchurch up !—no moment waste—
 Bring lights," I cried, " and man the boat !"
 And down I rush'd in breathless haste—
 The Lily rock'd afloat !
 Six gallant lads jump'd in, and round she flew,
 Piercing the vapoury mist, and instant hid from view.

11.

Impetuous o'er the shingly beach
 I struggled onward to Dunnose,
 And strain'd my eyes the ship to reach,
 But not an object rose—
 And yet so close she lay, we heard the sound
 Of seamen's trampling feet winding the capstan round.

12.

Voices we heard, but nought we saw,
 So thick the mist around her fell ;
 It fill'd our beating hearts with awe,
 For soon we mark'd full well
 The tide was ebbing fast ;—and there she lay,
 By rocks encompass'd round, to wait the coming day.

13.

If but a ripple lightly rise—
 If but the gentlest south wind blow ;
 In that same hour a wreck she lies—
 Down the brave ship must go !
 But hark ! the boat has near'd her, shouts we hear,
 Our men have reach'd the deck, and see, it 'gins to clear !

14.

Slowly, like mighty curtain raised
 To give some dreaded thing to view,
 Uprose the mist ; and, as we gazed,
 Clearer and clearer grew
 The outline of a vessel, looming vast,
 With all her canvass set, with sails on every mast.

15.

Like phantom of a ship it seems,
 Draped in its solemn mist and cloud ;
 How glimmer 'neath the lanthorn's gleams
 White sail and dripping shroud !
 But lo ! like spectre pale, that mocks our fears,
 It folds its mantle round, and slowly disappears.

16.

All night the Lily round her plied,
 To aid that vessel in her need—
 Six gallants staid on board, and vied
 In zeal and perilous deed—
 Toiling to warp her off, to clear the sails,
 Aiding the o'erwearied crew—but nought their strength avails.

17.

Next morning, when the early sun
 Did first Dunnose's summit tip,

And the flood-tide began to run
 In ripples round the ship,
 Breathless we watch'd its rise, as streak by streak
 It clomb the vessel's side, with efforts slow and weak.

18.

Her floatage-marks it reaches now,
 XI. and XII. are cover'd o'er—
 See! there's a tremble in her bow,
 Oh! for six inches more!
 Hoist the great anchors out! and strive and strain!
 Row, gallant boatmen, row, the vessel heaves again!

19.

Useless is all their strength—they fail
 'To float her from that rocky bed;
 And now the sea with many a sail
 (So quick the news has spread)
 Is dotted, as round Bembridge Point they crowd—
 And bright shines forth the sun—the sky's without a cloud.

20.

Oh, lovely from the upland height
 To watch the busy scene below!—
 The ship embay'd, while, like a flight
 Of bright birds, to and fro
 Boats of white sail and devious course draw near,
 And on the monster gaze, and pause in their career.

21.

So might the wondering birds draw nigh
 To gaze upon their wounded king,
 Doom'd on some lonely rock to lie,
 Powerless of beak and wing,
 Turning despairing eyes, grown faint and dim,
 To the blue depths of air, now free to all but him.

22.

But see! where eager in its haste,
 Like vulture hurrying to the fray,
 On steam-spiced wings, (whose might is traced
 By flashing foam and spray,)
 A strong bark hither comes;—within an hour
 The flood will reach its height, the ship will feel its power!

23.

The water rose—the giant urged
 His fiery strength, and shook the sea
 With ominous shrieks, and onward surg'd
 Like wild steed, rushing free—
 Strain'd are the cables huge, the vessel reels—
 She moves! she moves! new life in every plank she feels!

24.

Down from the rock in joy she glides,
 And follows in the giant's wake;
 And light she skims above the tides
 Upon her bows that break!
 What thoughts were yours, O sailors! when that night
 You heard the tempest rage, and saw the breakers white?

GRIMM'S TEUTONIC GRAMMAR.

THE name of James Grimm deserves to be dear to the lovers of antiquarian lore of every class: to critics and to philosophers, to the prattlers in the nursery and the wranglers at the bar. Whatever subjects he has handled, and they are not few, he has both exhausted and embellished. His collections of popular tales have given to juvenile Germany an alluring vision of that imaginary world which so powerfully evolves the moral powers while it gratifies curiosity. His illustrations of the early poetry of his own country, are interesting to many beyond the class to which they are specially addressed: and his Mythology and Legal Antiquities have severally provided a treasure of improvement and delight to the most mature and the most profound understandings. But the noblest monument which he has erected to his genius, and the richest gift which literature has received from him, is to be found in the great, but as yet unfinished, work which we propose for the subject of our present observations. Under the simple title of a "*Deutsche Grammatik*," he has produced a philological treatise, which, reconciling the conflicting qualities of learning, judgment, and originality, has immeasurably elevated the standard of grammatical discussions, and is almost without a rival in any age or country.

It is interesting to learn that we owe this amazing production in so abstruse a department of study to its author's love of refined literature, and to his partiality for the earlier poets of his native country. An admiration for the remarkable mass of poetry which Germany can boast of having produced during the middle age of her literary history, appears at an early period to have seduced Grimm from the weightier pursuits of the law, to which he was worthily brought up at the feet of Savigny. His favourite study, when cultivated in a spirit of accurate and enlightened criticism, led him forward to the examination of the oldest dialect of the High-German, which supplies an in-

dispensable explanation of the more modern forms: and from this point the transition was natural and necessary to the Gothic, which is the master-key to all the rest. The various other languages of the Teutonic family were successively the objects of his attention, as mutually illustrating each other, and as pointing to a general and primitive type of the whole race.

Thus originating and thus expanding, the "*Deutsche Grammatik*" embraces the following circle of languages, comprising, indeed, the whole distinguishable divisions of the Teutonic tribe of which any memorable monuments remain.

1. The Gothic, or, as it has been laxly called, the Mæso-Gothic, the parent or the eldest sister of the Teutonic family, that venerable and, to us, invaluable language into which the Scriptures were translated by Ulphilas in the 4th century.
2. The Old High-German, a remarkable and peculiar dialect, or cluster of dialects, adopted and diffused by the writers of Upper or Southern Germany during the 7th, 11th, and intermediate centuries.
3. The Old Saxon, the language of the Lower or Northern parts of Germany, of which the chief monuments are referable to the 9th century.
4. The Anglo-Saxon, the language of Low Germany, as naturalized and cultivated in England.
5. The Old Friesic, the language which, in the 13th and 14th centuries, prevailed in Friesland, and some of the western portions of North Germany.
6. The Icelandic, the oldest form of the Scandinavian branch, and one of the richest and most valuable of the Teutonic stock.
7. The Middle High-German, the language of that abundant store of romantic poetry, including the *Nibelungen-Lied*, and other German productions of the chivalrous or heroic period, which are regarded with so much enthusiasm by their admirers, and of which the study deserves in every way to be further promoted, whether for its own sake, or for its value in illustrating the corre-

sponding literature of other countries. 8. The Middle Low-German. 9. The Middle Dutch, or Flemish. 10. The Middle English, the language of England in the 13th and 14th centuries, of which Chaucer affords the fullest and most finished specimen. 11. The Modern German. 12. The Modern Dutch. 13. The Modern English. 14. The Swedish. 15. The Danish.

Not circumscribed even by these limits, the author of the *Teutonic Grammar* casts, at every stage of his progress, a glance beyond the fence of his proper boundary, to mark the corresponding features of the neighbouring or not far distant territories of the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Lithuanian, and Slavonic languages. The more profound Orientalists have endeavoured to show, and have perhaps succeeded in showing, that many of the remarkable processes of Teutonic inflection which Grimm has pointed out, may be best illustrated by the rules of Sanscrit philology. But, as far as we can discover, nothing that they have advanced has detracted from the merit of the *Teutonic grammarian's* labours. On the contrary, the suggestion of new theories for arranging the materials which he has collected, confirms the unbiassed accuracy with which his enquiries have been prosecuted, and gives a double testimony to the correctness of his observations. To those, indeed, who consider the immense extent of the field which lay before him, and the absolute impracticability of embracing with a powerful grasp the whole of those divisions of speech that may serve as illustrations of each other, it will appear more remarkable that Grimm's conjectures should so often have been confirmed, than that they should sometimes have been contradicted, by a fuller prosecution of collateral researches. On this subject he has himself said, with a fitting mixture of modesty and pride, "that his attention has been too exclusively engrossed by the Teutonic languages, to admit of his bestowing more than a hasty consideration upon remoter objects; that his first aim is to attain perfection within his own department; and that he feels that his discoveries in that field will possess a more enduring value than if he had prematurely abandoned it to seek for higher or

more universal principles. Those," he adds, "who now or hereafter may be prepared to take a wider range, can thus with the more fearless security avail themselves of the results of my investigations."

We confess that we despair of seeing, even after many years, an English translation of the *Teutonic Grammar*. The number of scholars in England who can estimate and master its details may perhaps be increasing; but must still be inconsiderable; and even those are not numerous by whom its general bearings can be seen and appreciated; while all who feel an interest in its extensive illustrations of Teutonic literature must be capable of consulting it in its original shape. On the other hand, a selection of its principles and examples, adapted to merely English readers, would destroy the character and value of a work, of which the essence consists in the completeness of its comparative view of the whole Teutonic tongues. Insulated portions of it may be recast, expanded, and explained, so as partially to adapt it to the popular mind in this country; and its great principles may find their way into the works of native philologists, so as to produce more comprehensive or more cautious opinions than those which at present prevail. But, in every view, it is important to give additional currency to the conviction, that the study of even any portion of Teutonic philology cannot be successfully prosecuted beyond its simplest limits, without an acquaintance with those results to which the grammar of Grimm affords the best or the only access. Although, therefore, it has already been recommended to the attention of English readers by very able critics, we cannot think that any attempt to make the nature and merits of this work more familiarly known can be either idle or unacceptable.

The *Grammar* of Grimm, so far as it has yet reached us, consists of four volumes, divided into the same number of Books.

The First Book treats of the letters, a subject which, as it may be called the godmother of grammar, is also an essential guide and guardian to its progress in all its stages. The letters are minutely treated by Grimm with reference to their various powers, properties, and combinations throughout the different languages embraced

in his plan: and comparative views are given of the different changes which they undergo, whether in the Teutonic forms of speech or in others of a cognate origin. This is one of the most important and elaborate portions of the work, and that, perhaps, of which the value could least be supplied from other sources. We shall, in a subsequent part of this paper, take occasion to notice some of its results in relation to the comparative structure of the classical and Teutonic languages. With respect to the Teutonic languages themselves, it may be observed that, except in the case of the High-German dialects, to be afterwards mentioned, the consonants, for the most part, exhibit comparatively little change in passing from one language to another: but the vowels are on a different footing. This liquid and fluctuating element of speech seems to assume a new aspect in every new situation: and may be said to furnish the great feature of individual distinction between different dialects. The changes, however, to which the vowels are subjected, seem capable of being reduced to determinate rules, and these it is obviously of great moment to ascertain. We would not argue that the clear and certain principles of any language are to be controlled by mere theory derived from others: but it seems an indisputable proposition, that what is dark or doubtful in one of a family of dialects, may be illustrated and rendered plain by the light of a regular analogy obtained from kindred sources. An attention to this enquiry is also necessary, if we wish to trace the connexion between the words of one language and those of another, as the disguises assumed in the process of transition are often such as to elude or deceive a superficial observer. The following are examples of the changes which the vowels undergo in passing through some of the chief Teutonic tongues. The convertible sounds are given in the same horizontal line,

Gothic.	O.	High-Germ.	A.	Saxon.	Icelandic.
air		ir, ēr		ēor	iar
aur		ur, or		or	or
ai		ei, ê		â	ei
au		au, ou, o		eâ	au

The relation of the vowels in the inflexion of words is an important practical branch of the present sub-

ject, which must be afterwards adverted to.

The Second Book treats of the inflexion of words. A short experience enables us to see, that the modern forms of inflexion, limited as they are, cannot be understood without an acquaintance with the earlier types on which they have been moulded, but of which the features are now often greatly, and somewhat unequally obliterated. We presume it will be universally agreed, that in this part of his subject, and in so far, particularly, as concerns the declensions and conjugations of the Gothic language, the Grammar of Grimm has rendered a great service to philology. As compared with any former grammar, and especially with any of English production, the progress in sound and systematic arrangement is incalculable. Particular importance is here due to the formulæ of the twelve *strong* or primitive conjugations; that is, of those conjugations which are effected by a reduplicative prefix, or by an internal change of vowel, instead of receiving the addition of an element corresponding to the *ed* of the preterite and past-participle in English.

It was long ago observed by Ben Jonson, in his Grammar, that, while that conjugation in English which takes place by means of the suffix *ed*, was "the most useful forming of a verb, and thereby also the common inn to lodge every strange and foreign guest," the other mode of conjugation, by means of an internal change of vowel, as *fall, fell; break, broke; sing, sang, sung, &c.*, "entertaineth none but natural and home-born words, which, though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty or thereabouts, yet, in variation, are so divers and uncertain, that they need much the stamp of some good *logic* to beat them into proportion. We have set down," he continues, "that that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order, which, notwithstanding, if it seem to any to be too rough-hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my country, most heartily thank him for so great a benefit, hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if, in tolling this bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter; for, touching myself, I

must needs confess that, after much painful churning, this only would come which here we have devised."

The bell was indeed long tolled before the summons was fully answered; but we may now say that the thanks which Jonson promised have at last been earned, and that a full elucidation has been finally given of the apparent jumble of irregularities at which our excellent dramatist had "churned" so vigorously with so slender a result. The English *strong* conjugations have generally been called irregular, and in one sense are well deserving of the name, as, when viewed by themselves, or even with the aid of the Anglo-Saxon, they appear a mass of confusion: while their Gothic prototypes present a remarkable model of clearness and precision, not surpassed in any other language; and, by the aid

of the comparative rules established in the transition of vowels, afford a solution to all the anomalies in the modern forms of inflexion. It would be out of place to enter here into the details of the subject: as it can only be mastered by a consultation of the original authorities. Grimm's Grammar is, of course, the basis of any such study; but it ought to be accompanied by a constant reference to the writings of his fellow-labourers and followers in the same field. Bopp's Review of Grimm, republished under the title of his *Vocalismus*,* is a highly valuable guide; and useful assistance may also, we think, be got from the explanation of the conjugations given by the ingenious but somewhat speculative Schmithenner in his little work on Etymology.†

The concluding discussions in

* *Vocalismus*, &c., von Franz Bopp. Berlin, 1836.

† *Deutsche Etymologie* von Friedrich Schmithenner. Darmstadt, 1833. See also the Introduction to his *Kurzes Deutsches Wörterbuch*. 1837.

We may be allowed, in a note, to shadow out some of the principles that appear to us to regulate the conjugation of the Gothic verb, though they are, in some points, borrowed rather from the theory of Bopp than from that of Grimm. We omit the reduplicative conjugations, which stand on a peculiar footing, and have left but faint, though important, vestiges of their character on modern grammar. The simplest of the other forms is that which is effected by converting the radical short *a* vowel of the present tense, into its corresponding long vowel in the preterite; on a principle similar to what we see in some Latin conjugations, as in *cāpio*, *cēpi*, *captum*; but it is to be observed that the long *a* is in Gothic expressed by *ô* rather than by *ê*: Thus, to take a cognate word with *capio*, we have *hafyan*, *hóf*, *hafans*. In English, we have *awake*, *awoke*. Another form of conjugation is made by interchanging the vowel *a* with the weaker sound of *i*, somewhat in the same way as in Latin conjugation and composition, where we have *tango*, *tetigi*; *tango*, *contingo*. But the Gothic has this peculiarity in contrast with the Latin, that the *i* occurs in the present tense, and the *a* in the preterite, as in *sing*, *sang*; *give*, *gave*. With this form there is combined sometimes a lengthening of the *a* into *ê* in some parts of the verb, and sometimes in others, particularly before liquids, a subsiding of the *a* into *u*; as in the English *sing*, *sang*, *sung*; *swim*, *swam*, *swum*, &c. A similar range of mutations may be found in the conjugation and in the composition of some Latin verbs, as in *colo*, *cultum*; *vello*, *vulsum*; *salio*, *exsilio*, *exsulto*. Another mode of conjugation exhibits what in Sanscrit grammar is called *Guna*; the interpolation, namely, in some parts of the verb, of an *a* vowel before a radical *i* or *u*, accompanied in other parts by the weakening of that interpolated *a* into an *e* or *i*. The formulæ in these cases are, *ei*, present tense, *ai*, preterite, *i*, past-participle; *iu*, present, *au*, preterite, and *u* past-participle. Something similar to these processes occurs in the flexion of certain Greek verbs, as *πειῖδω*, *πειποιδα*, *ε-πειδον*; *φειγω*, *φευγον*, where the roots are considered to be *πειδ* and *φuy*.

Our worthy mother, the Anglo-Saxon, was rather less particular about her vowels than our grandam the Gothic. Under the laws of vowel-change, which we have already partly explained, the Anglo-Saxon gave an undue ascendancy to the vowel *a* in the preterite; and her daughter, the modern English, has further embroiled matters by frequently changing the *a* into *o*. Thus, in English, the preterites *awoke*, *shone*, *chose*, *stole*, would all in Gothic have had different forms belonging to four different conjugations, the vowel-sound in the first example being expressed by *ô*, in the second by *ai*, in the third by *au*, and in the fourth by *a*. No wonder that it now puzzles us to understand the English *strong* conjugations, when we have not studied their original principles, and traced their progressive modifications.

Grimm's Grammar on the theory of the Teutonic conjugations, embody a list of 460 strong or primitive verbs, with their comparative forms in the different dialects, which deserve to be familiarly known to all Teutonic philologists, as collecting together the most valuable materials for etymological illustration.

The Third Book is devoted to the formation of words by derivation and composition. The subject is as fully as it is ably discussed, and occupies two volumes, containing ten chapters. The *first* chapter explains the derivation of cognate words from the various conjugational parts of the strong verbs. A very large mass of vocables from all the Teutonic languages are here brought together, and the common bond of their connexion developed by Grimm—a task which had before been laboriously and usefully, but somewhat loosely, performed in the Dutch work of Lambert Ten Kate.* The suggestions made by Grimm as to the possible forms of strong verbs now lost, but of which the *disjecta membra* survive in their derivatives, may occasion differences of opinion among philologists, but are at least highly valuable as illustrations of the limits within which the affiliation of words may with certainty range. The *second* chapter treats more peculiarly of derivation, and digests under distinct heads the various terminational portions of words by which the root is lengthened in form and modified in signification. The *third* chapter treats of the composition of words in all its varieties, and illustrates the subject with copious examples. The *fourth* treats of the formation of pronouns. The *fifth* of that of adverbs, prepositions, and particles generally. The *sixth* embraces the difficult subject of gender, which is discussed with more fulness and systematic arrangement than, we think, have before been bestowed upon it; while the illustrations given may be said to furnish in themselves a rich treasure of information on many points of ancient Teutonic manners and modes of thinking, as well as of terminology. The *seventh* chapter treats

of comparison. The *eighth* of diminution, or the formation of diminutives; the *ninth* of the forms of negative words, and the *tenth* of those expressing question and answer.

The Fourth Book is devoted to syntax, a subject which the author has not yet completed, or rather has scarcely commenced; his fourth volume, which is the latest published, being confined to the syntax of the shortest and simplest models of a complete sentence. The more complex forms of phraseology and composition are reserved for the continuation of the work.

It is not our intention, if it were in our power, to raise or revive any question as to the accuracy of all the views adopted by Grimm, in reference to individual languages. His great work, minute and detailed as for the most part it is, must yet be considered chiefly as a Comparative Grammar, in which it cannot be expected that in each particular department the slighter features should be as strongly delineated as the more considerable; or that the same clearness of perception or accuracy of knowledge should be exhibited, as if it consisted of different and divided dissertations on its several topics. A geographical treatise may be allowed sometimes to be loose or incorrect as to the topography or statistics of a county or a parish, and its oversights may be detected by microscopical observers who are incapable of reaching or of understanding its comprehensive results. The Teutonic Grammar is naturally fuller and more perfect in some departments than in others: as, for instance, in the Gothic and in the Old and Middle High-German. But in all its parts, so far as we can judge or learn, it is more minutely correct than most of the existing individual grammars; while with that minuteness it combines in an unparalleled degree the advantages of historical deduction and varied illustration.

It is manifest that a complete survey of the Teutonic languages, in the spirit which we have attempted to explain, must be of the utmost service to philology. It has been fully established, what was at one time but imperfectly understood, that the whole of the languages thus considered are

* Aenleiding tot de Kennisse van het verhevene Deel del Nederduitsche Sprake. Door Lambert Ten Kate. 2 vols. 4to. Amsterdam, 1723.

originally identical, not only in their radical words, but in their structure and inflections. It becomes apparent, at the same time, not only that it is impossible scientifically to understand any modern Teutonic language without a knowledge of its more ancient form, but that it is equally impossible to know thoroughly the character of any one branch of the common stock without a reference to the corresponding features of its sister shoots. Above all, we may be allowed to say, a scientific acquaintance with the Gothic language is essential to a thorough knowledge of any of the other varieties of Teutonic speech, whether ancient or modern.

The importance of a comparative study of the Teutonic languages, in a manner at once comprehensive and minute, must be peculiarly apparent with reference to all enquiries of an etymological nature. It will often happen that the root of an extensive class of words is only to be found in one or in a small number of the Teutonic languages, while its derivatives are widely diffused, or exclusively confined to others of the family. We shall sometimes, again, discover the primitive or proper meaning of a word in one tongue, while in others it has been diverted to a merely secondary or figurative signification. A wide view of the whole field will at once conduct us to discovery, and guard us against those errors of precipitate and presumptuous dogmatism, which have often made the school of Horne Tooke a legitimate laughing-stock. In endeavouring, for example, to analyse a supposed derivative word in any one language, we may be rashly led to imagine resemblances to simple elements, whether in form or meaning, which a larger examination of the affiliated dialects would prove to be erroneous. If in two or more Teutonic languages, of equivalent authority, we have the same word which we propose to explain, and if in those languages we have also the elementary words of which we conceive it to be a product, we ought not to infer that our supposed etymology is correct, unless in all of these languages our conjecture be equally consistent with their forms and rules of derivation. We may point out one or two common fallacies in etymology, which we think have in this manner been detected.

It is a frequent and a flattering remark that the English name of the Deity, God, is a derivative from "good," and must have been selected by our ancestors as indicating the best and loveliest of the Divine attributes. Junius, a writer whose own learning and ingenuity have greatly assisted his successors in correcting his numerous errors, has, in his *Etymologicum Anglicum*, expressed himself thus under the word *God*:—"Origo vocabuli dilucidè satis desumpta est ex A. S. *god*, bonus. Nam ut sapientissimi Teutonicæ linguæ authores, hominem, inexhaustum omnium vitiorum turpitudinumque gurgitem, *man* dixerunt, a *man*, malitia, &c., ita Deum, perennem bonitatis æternæ fontem, antithesi valde manifestâ atque illustri *God* dixerunt, a *god*, bonus." A similar derivation and remark is to be found in Mr Bosworth's very useful Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. But both of the etymologies here referred to are shown to be more than questionable, by reference to the same words in other languages. It is only, however, as to one of them that we shall here point out the fallacy. It is true that *God*, *Deus*, and *god*, *bonus*, are spelled in the same way in Anglo-Saxon, though the prosody is different; but a wider examination shows that the words are essentially distinct: the radical vowel in the name of the Deity being a short *u*, while in the adjective for *good* it is a long or double *a*. There is no principle by which, in the Teutonic languages, the vowels, thus diversified, can warrantably be referred to the same root. The true etymology of the Divine name is still a dark and disputed question.

Again, to take another and humbler instance:—*Acorn*, in Johnson's Dictionary, and even in more modern works, is described as being compounded of *Ac*, Anglo-Saxon for oak, (*aik*, Scot.) and *corn* or *cern*, as Anglo-Saxon for a grain or nut. This is violent enough, even upon Anglo-Saxon principles; but the theory is discredited by the existence of the word in other languages, in such a form as to throw the utmost doubt on the identity of the alleged compound with its component parts. Thus, in Icelandic, *Akarn* is the word answering to *acorn*; but the Icelandic *Akarn* cannot with any propriety be derived from its supposed elements, of which the forms

in that language are *eik*, *quercus*, and *korn*, *granum*. The Gothic *Akran*, *glans*, *fructus*, is most probably the original of *acorn*, and is certainly derived from *Akrs*, *ager*. It thus means literally the produce of the earth, and has only become applicable to the fruit of the oak, as being a distinguished article of diet in that stage of society,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

"*Glandis appellations*," say the civilians, "*omnis fructus continentur*." It is possible, however, that, in some of the dialects at least, the term may have come to be more peculiarly applied to the fruit of the oak, from a vague feeling of its resemblance to the name of that tree; a process which we believe to operate insensibly in the use of language to a considerable extent.

The multiplication of checks and assistances of this kind seems essential to the due prosecution of philology, whether we contemplate the wide field of discovery which it opens to us, or remember the snares and pitfalls to which our progress in it is exposed.

The first elements of language, like the primitive atoms of matter, lie hid and disguised in their actual existence under innumerable varieties of form and combination, eluding the eye of superficial observation: and it is only by systematic study that we are even partially enabled to reproduce them in a more simple state, and to discover, on the one hand, the real identity of objects that appear different, and the real diversity of others that appear the same. As the original sources of human speech are hid in the darkest antiquity, it is conceivable that all, or many of the languages with which we are acquainted, though their courses and channels be now far distant, or mutually opposed, may yet have flowed from fountains springing up in the same spot or vicinity. The inhabitants of Leyden and Lyons may unconsciously drink the snows of almost the same glacier; and the German or Scottish peasant never dreams that the unintelligible dialects of the stranger or scholar are often mere varieties of his vernacular tongue. If we consider the infinite combinations of which elementary sounds are susceptible, and the infinite changes to which they may be subjected by the attrition of use, the

corruptions of rudeness, and the refinements of affectation, we can have no difficulty in understanding how languages, diverging from a common centre, should in time lose any obvious trace of mutual affinity. The instance given by Dr Watts of the apparent dissimilarity and real identity of the words *bishop* and *evêque* affords a good measure of the divergences that have taken place in the diffusion of the Roman language among different countries since the establishment of Christianity. Another and less familiar example may be given, which reaches into a higher period of antiquity.

There is no doubt that the English word *tear*, and the French word *larme*, are the same in etymological origin as well as in meaning. *Tear* is referable, through the Anglo-Saxon *tæher*, to the Gothic *tagrs*, which is of similar meaning, while *tagrs* is demonstrably identical with the Greek *δαρυ*. *Δαρυ*, however, or its derivative and synonyme *δαρυμα*, is, without doubt, another form of the Latin *lacryma*, through the interchange, which not unfrequently occurs, of the letters *l* and *d*. Finally, *lacryma*, which is thus traced to be a cognate of *tear*, is the acknowledged parent of the French *larme*. A connexion is here established, by a plain and necessary procession of proofs, between two words which have no external resemblance whatever. The steps of the deduction appear simple when they are shown; but if we were unacquainted with the Greek and Gothic links of the chain, we should never suspect the intrinsic relation of the extreme points. To a great extent we are placed in that supposed state of ignorance as to the common bonds by which diversities of language are reconciled; an ignorance which in the case put would have left room for boundless conjecture, instead of the direct demonstration afforded by a fuller knowledge.

The latitude of speculation which is opened up by these peculiarities of the science constitutes one danger, as well as one attraction, of etymological pursuits. Because infinite analogies and affinities may be conceived among remote forms of speech, the etymologist often hastily and falsely infers that he has discovered their existence. The interest and the extent of the subject heat the imagination of the enquirer,

and, like the day-dreamer gazing on the clouds, or on the embers of his winter fire, he is prepared to trace the most fanciful and unsubstantial resemblances, where the sober eye of reason can make no such discovery. Occasional results, too, of real value lure him on, like the alchymist, in the search of some universal solvent of all difficulties, that has either no actual or no relative existence, and only leads to absurdities that bring the study into disrepute.

It is only by treating philology as a proper science that its reputation can be sustained, or its progress promoted. If it is at all a fit subject of accurate investigation, it must be dealt with, like any other branch of inductive knowledge, by the twofold process of collecting, extensively and minutely, the facts connected with it, and of endeavouring to generalize those facts into distinct laws. The facts collected ought undoubtedly to be extensive, at least within the particular province that may be selected for examination, otherwise no comprehensive or safe results can be obtained. But it is the spirit of generalization that can alone reduce the chaos of our materials into order, or animate them with life. We have no reason to believe that any of the phenomena of nature are governed by a lawless caprice. The heavenly bodies do not roll on high without a fixed decree to impel and restrain them. The wildest brook that wanders across the plains obeys, in all its windings, the dictates of a steadfast rule. We are not to infer that language, one of the noblest gifts of God, is left to shift and fluctuate from tribe to tribe, and from generation to generation, without regular and constant principles of change. In this, as in all other departments of observation, we may rejoice to address ourselves in the language of the poet:—

“All nature is but art unknown to thee :
All chance, direction which thou canst
not see.”

And this further is permitted us to believe, that although the ultimate secrets of nature must be for ever hid from mortals, yet a partial and pro-

gressive discovery of her laws is promised to us by past experience, so long as the study of her works shall be prosecuted in a humble and hopeful spirit, and with a firm reliance on the wisdom and uniformity of her operations.

The field of enquiry which chiefly seems, in our own day, to call for the labours of the philologist, is at once extensive and captivating, and is becoming daily better defined and understood. It comprehends that vast family of languages which, reaching from India to Iceland, has embraced within its bosom almost the whole range of human civilisation and uninspired literature. The Indo-Germanic tongues present a subject of study of the most sublime and inexhaustible interest. Their original identity, not merely in their radical words, but in their whole system of inflections, appears to have been fully demonstrated. What has been so thoroughly accomplished for the Teutonic languages by Grimm, is now in the course of being still further extended by Bopp, in his “Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Old Slavonic, Gothic, and German;”^{*} a work of profound learning and consummate ability, of which, so far as we can judge of it with a very limited knowledge of its subjects, the execution appears to be answerable to the promise which its title puts forth. It remains to follow out the same principles into the apparent dissimilarities of Celtic philology, an object which, until lately, has been too much neglected by the scientific students of comparative philology; but which is now, we believe, begun to be widely considered in its true light. Although compelled to acknowledge our ignorance of this important branch of the subject, we can see evidence that in our own country we have both classical and modern scholars among us who are able to contribute valuable assistance in this department; and the labours of Williams and of Pritchard must remove the idea, hitherto prevailing, that where Celtic learning was concerned, the “*amare et sapere*” were irreconcilable things. †

^{*} Vergleichende Grammatik, &c. Von Franz Bopp. Berlin, 1833–37.

† We observe the announcement of a new work by Bopp, “The Celtic Languages, in their relations to Sanscrit, Zend,” and the other languages included in his Comparative Grammar, which we have not yet seen, but from which very valuable results may, no doubt, be anticipated.

In a comparative study of the numerous household of affiliated languages, to which we have now referred, it is of the utmost importance to reduce, if possible, to definite laws the principles of transition which prevail among them. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the system, which so long existed, of inferring resemblances from mere external appearance and general impressions, without a minute deduction of the historical etymology of words, under the separate heads of structure and signification. The Grammar of Grimm ought to introduce a new era in studies of this description. It has placed it beyond a doubt that a fixed principle prevails in comparative philology, where every thing was formerly thought to be arbitrary and accidental. It has contributed to shed a clear and steady light on a dark domain of science, where before we had nothing to guide us but an occasional Will of the Wisp, that almost always led us out of the right road, and generally landed us in a quagmire.

Etymology, as already hinted, may be considered as consisting of two branches, which ought ever to go hand in hand; the physical and the metaphysical:—the one treating of *sounds*, the other of *ideas*, in their several relations and susceptibilities of variation. Each of these divisions presents a large field of enquiry, and in each there is ample room for the application of philosophical principle.

Let us take, among many illustrations, a remarkable example of a natural affinity subsisting between different ideas, and leading to a modification of the meaning of cognate words, which has had an important influence on language.

Sound and light, the objects of the kindred senses of hearing and seeing, are bound together by strong mental analogies, and the same radical word is often, in the same or in cognate languages, employed to signify those several conceptions. To give forth sound, and to give forth light, to speak and to shine, though often very different things in the House of Commons, are in Greek and in Sanscrit denoted severally by the same root. *Bhâmi* the Sanscrit verb signifying *to shine*, and *φαμι*, the Doric form of

φημι, *to speak*, are thus inflected in the present tense: and no one, we think, can glance at the comparison without seeing the essential identity of the terms.

bhâ-mi	φα-μι
bha-si	φα-σι
bhâ-ti	φα-τι
bhâ-mas	φα-μες
bhâ-tha	φα-τες
bhâ-nti	φα-ντι.

Donaldson's *Cratylus*, p. 558.

Clarus, *clear*, is, in like manner, an epithet equally applicable to the objects of hearing and of vision. The English *loud*, representing intensity of sound, is very probably a relative of the German *lauter*, signifying *bright*, *pellucid*; and both words appear to be connected with *clarus*. *Dim* and *dumb* seem to be cognate terms, indicating the obscuration of sound or colour; and on the same principle there is reason to connect together the Latin *surdus* and the Teutonic *swart*, which, though differently applied, refer severally to the absence or negation of those kindred qualities.*

With respect to the structural part of etymology, it appears to be now demonstrated that a very singular and settled relation subsists between the chief tribes of the Indo-Germanic race of languages. The liquids, sibilants, and semi-vowels, remain generally unchanged in them all, under certain known modifications in individual cases, such as the frequent substitute in Greek of the simple aspirate for the ordinary sibilant, and the ultimate disappearance or modification of the *w* or digamma in the same language. But the history and position of the mute consonants in those tongues, is more peculiar. The general rule as to these is, that, in the transmission through different languages of words characterised by those consonants, they undergo a certain fixed and regular modification. We are not, of course, now speaking as to any change undergone by words imported directly from one language into another, such as the Latin, Greek, or Norman terms, which abound in ordinary English speech. We refer to those more venerable vocables which appear as natives in a great variety of languages of different

* Pliny uses the expression *surdus color*, for what is dull or dark.

character, but connected by some ancient bond of consanguinity. In words of this description, it seems, as we have said, to be demonstrated that the mute consonants composing them are not to be found in the same form throughout the different languages, but are subjected to certain important permutations, according to a definite rule.

The rule-referred to, in its highest theoretical perfection, may be thus broadly stated, leaving out of view those qualifications and restrictions upon it, of which a detail can only be expected in a systematic treatise. Viewing the languages of Greece and Rome as in this respect on the same level, and contrasting them, as one branch, with the Gothic or Low-German dialects on the one hand, and with the Old High-German on the other, those three sections of the Indo-Germanic race are to be considered as occupying three equidistant points in a supposed circle. The mute consonants, again, being divisible into three well-known orders, the tenuis, (κ , τ , ω), aspirate, (χ , ϑ , ϕ), and middle, (γ , δ , β), and these being supposed to move in that order within the circle containing the three divisions of Greek, Gothic, and High-German, an index will thence be obtained to denote the modifications which these consonants present in those different languages. Thus, where the same root exists vernacularly in all the three great dialects, the consonant which, in Greek, is a tenuis, will be found, in Gothic, as the corresponding aspirate, and, in passing on to the High-German, will become a middle. The Greek aspirate becomes a Gothic middle and a High-German tenuis. The Greek middle a Gothic tenuis and a High-German aspirate.

This statement of the rule will scarcely be intelligible without a visible figure. It may be put in another

way, and will perhaps be best understood from the following formula.

Greek—Gothic—H.-German.
Aspirate—Middle—Tenuis—Aspirate—Middle.

Supposing these parallel lines to be scales, of which the upper one is horizontally moveable towards the left: the fixing of any one of the languages opposite to any of the order of consonants, will show the corresponding change which that consonant exhibits in becoming naturalized in the two other languages.

It must be observed, that in the application of this rule to different languages, there are several accidental anomalies which disturb its operation. Thus the Latin is without the dental aspirate ϑ , and generally supplies the place of the guttural aspirate χ by a simple h . The High-German is, in like manner, deficient in the dental aspirate, and supplies its place by a t s or z . The High-German is subject to one or two other irregularities, which it would here be out of place to detail.

We shall now give examples, in the dental class of consonants, of the changes we have described; which, it must be observed, are not reciprocated between any two languages, but revolve through the whole three. The rule may be easily extended, from the following examples, to the other classes of mute consonants.

Greek.	Gothic.	High German.
$\tau\epsilon\sigma\iota\varsigma$	thri	drei
$\delta\upsilon\omicron$	twai	zwei
$\delta\alpha\upsilon\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$	dauthus	tod.

The Sanscrit stands as to this arrangement on the same footing for the most part with the Greek and Latin. The Saxon and Scandinavian dialects occupy, in general, the same position with the Gothic. The modern German has a mixture of the characteristics of the Gothic and Old High-German.*

* We would here venture to suggest two enquiries, to which we scarcely think that any answer, or sufficient answer, is to be found in the books which we have yet met with on the subject. 1. Ought the statement of Grimm's law of Sound-transition to be in any respect modified by the consideration, that in each class of consonants there are two aspirates, though, except in the Sanscrit, the two are generally expressed by one letter: χ = ch and gh ; ϑ = th and dh ; and ϕ = ph and bh ? 2. Is there any community of principle or origin between Grimm's law of transition and the system of *initial flexion* which characterises the Celtic languages? See an interesting article by Mr Archdeacon Williams, "On one Source of the Non-Hellenic portion of the Latin Language," in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. xiii., particularly at p. 542.

The system of transition now noticed has commonly been called Grimm's law of "Lautverschiebung," or Sound-shifting, as it may be loosely rendered. But it is due to the memory of a very great philologist to observe, that it was anticipated, in a partial but most important point, by a previous writer. The mutual relation of the Greek and Scandinavian, in their initial consonants, had been formally announced by Erasmus Rask, in his "Enquiry into the Origin of the old Northern or Icelandic Language," a work which was published in Danish in 1818, and of which some of the tabular views were subsequently translated by Vater, and included in his "Vergleichungs Tafeln." The first edition of Grimm's Grammar appeared in 1819, and it was only in the second edition of 1822, that the general law referred to seems to have been properly developed. Rask did not, perhaps, see the full extent of his own discovery, particularly as to non-initial consonants: though it must be confessed, that as to these its operation is sometimes considerably disturbed, and it would seem that some peculiarities in the Scandinavian tongues might, in this respect, tend to obscure his perception of the rule. Grimm, on the other hand, was probably enabled to follow it out more confidently, from being led to observe that the old High-German stood in the same relation to the Gothic and its dependents as these to the Greek or Latin.*

In the older philologists we find little or no indication of the law now

adverted to. It is repeatedly, indeed, observed, that mutual transitions take place among the *tenues*, *middles*, and *aspirates* of the same class of consonants; and it was impossible that the frequent occurrence of such changes could escape the most cursory enquirer. But they are treated by those writers as the exceptions and not as the rule; they are as often misapplied and mistaken as the reverse; and they are seldom resorted to for explanation till a more direct and literal etymology, however desperate, has been attempted in vain. Thus Junius, instead of connecting the Gothic *dauthus*, *death*, with *θανατος*, which seems its most probable etymology, derives it from the Greek *διδαιων*, *longævus*, and gratuitously compliments the Gothic nation on their lofty creed, thus philologically promulgated, that death and immortality are the same things.

It is a just observation of Grimm's, that, according to the law which we have attempted to explain, a correspondence between the mute consonants of words in different sections of these affiliated languages is, generally, a proof, not that the words are the same, but that they are different in origin. We do not indeed affirm that the law is universal, and without exception in its operation. Some words of harder fabric, or of happier destiny, have undoubtedly floated down the stream of ages, untouched by the influences that have disguised or mutilated others. We are told that the word *sack* is to be found in the same form in almost all languages, which gave occasion to the facetious observa-

* As Rask's "Undersøgelse" is probably not in the hands of many of our readers, and might not be intelligible to some of them if it were, we subjoin the statement which it contains of the law referred to. The mute consonants, it is said, particularly at the beginning of words, observe the following relations in passing from Greek or Latin into Icelandic:—

- π becomes f, as: *πλατυς*, (broad,) *flatur*, (flat;); *πατηρ*, *fadir*, (father.)
- τ becomes th, as *τρις*, *thrir*, (three;); *τεγο*, *eg thek*, (I thatch.)
- κ becomes h: *κρεας*, (flesh,) *hræ*, (a dead body;); *cornu*, *horn*; *cutis*, *húð*, (a hide.)
- β generally remains unchanged: *βλαστανω*, (to sprout,) *blad*, (a leaf, blade;); *βρω*, (to well forth,) *brunnr*, (a fountain;); *bullare*, at *bull*, (to boil.)
- δ becomes t: *δαμαω*, (to tame,) *tamr*, (tame;); *dignus*, *tiginn*, (exalted, noble.)
- γ becomes k: *γυνή*, *kona*, (a woman;); *κυνος*, *kyn* or *kin*, (kin;); *γενά*, *kinn*, (jaw;); *αγρος*, *akr*, (a field.)
- φ becomes b: *φηγος*, D. *bög*, (beech;); *fiber*, Isl. *bifr*, (beaver;); *φερω*, *fero*, *eg ber*, (I bear.)
- ς becomes d: *θυρη*, *dýr*, (door;); as in Latin, *deus*, *deus*.
- χ becomes g: *χυω*, D. *gyder*, (to found, mould;); *ειμι*, *ega*, (to possess, owe;); *χυτρα*, *gryta*, (a pot;); *χολη*, *gall*, (gall.)

tion of the learned Goropius Becanus,* a gentleman whose lucubrations we are little acquainted with, except in connexion with this jest, that at the building of Babel, "nemo ædificantium in subitâ linguarum confusione oblitus est sui sacci." Other vocables, and parts of vocables, have made a similar escape from the effects of time or transition; but such exceptions would not disprove the existence of the general rule, even if they were more numerous and unequivocal than we believe them to be. Further enquiries, we are inclined to think, will show that many apparent cases of affinity, where there is an absence of that change of consonants which the rule would require, are not real deviations from it, and that thus a number of common and plausible etymologies are unfounded. There is little doubt that the Greek *φᾱυλος*, and the Teutonic *foul*, are not connected in etymology: as indeed they do not appear to be in original meaning. The Latin *Dies* has perhaps less connexion with the Teutonic *day* than with the terms *time* or *tide*, to which, according to Grimm's law, it may radically correspond. The derivation of *care* from *cura*, is doubtful, and the common identification of *vulgus* and *folk*, if not unfounded, is, at least, remote and indirect.

We have dwelt so long on this subject, from a conviction that the full truth and practical importance of this singular and mysterious law of transition is as yet but imperfectly felt in English philology. Within the last few years numerous works in lexicography and etymology have appeared in this country, which continue to be constructed on the same principles as if Rask had never lived, or as if the *Deutsche Grammatik* had never been written. Thus, in a Greek lexicon of no remote date, and in other respects valuable, we find such English etymologies as the follow-

ing:—*ακροδρυα*, acorns; *βλαπτω*, blast; *κνημη*, knee; *κοιλος*, to coil up; *κολλος*, collups; *οδυρμα*, dirge, &c.; and worse examples might be derived from other sources. It must, on the other hand, be confessed, that ordinary Teutonic philologers often lay themselves open to the charge of rashness or ignorance when they venture far out in the sea of classical philology. It must rarely, indeed, happen that a thorough acquaintance with each department is united in the same individual: and perhaps in no branch of science is partial error or occasional oversight more probable or more pardonable.

One or two recent publications will greatly tend, we think, more widely to diffuse a due knowledge and appreciation of Grimm's rules of comparative philology. Mr Pritchard's work on the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," (1831,) has attracted the attention that is due to any production from so valuable a source. "A Manual of Comparative Philology," by Mr Winning of Bedford, (1838,) is entitled to much commendation, and deserves to be generally consulted, though we do not avow ourselves converts to his theory on the origin of the *Tuscans*. Of the *New Cratylus* of Mr Donaldson, (1839,) we must not, as yet, profess to have formed any other opinion than that it is a work of great learning, of much interest and value, comprising a mass of materials that have never before been collected in an English shape, and proceeding, in the main, on what we perceive to be sound and safe principles, though sometimes, we humbly suspect, extending into a latitude of speculation that is at least premature. In all of these works the views of Grimm are explained and enforced.

Having said so much of the relation subsisting between the consonants in the different sections of the Indo-Teu-

* Goropius, however, was a person of some note in his day. He was physician to the Queens of France and Hungary in Charles the Fifth's time. Hickes (*Theſ. Diss. Epist. p. 154*) speaks of him as "divini ingenii homine, qui duos libros scripsit de gentium originibus, lectu quidem jucundos, quos tamen maximâ ex parte, perperam, et ineptè esse scriptos, nemo est qui linguas Aquilonis antiquas calleat, quin mecum facile affirmabit." Goropius's chief work is his "*Origines Antwerpianæ*," (1569,) in which he maintained that Adam spoke German. He did good service, however, by inserting in his work the translation of the Lord's prayer, from the *Codex Argenteus*, which was, we believe, the first occasion of printing any portion of the Gothic gospels.

tonic family, we must not omit to observe that the vowels also are subject to changes, which, though less fixed, we have no right to suppose capricious, and which have already been partly reduced to definite limits. The changes which in the several languages take place upon the vowels in the inflections of nouns and verbs, throw a strong light upon their transitions and fluctuations in passing from one language to another. But here, as elsewhere, it happens that phenomena occur, of which the explanation is more or less obscured by the darkness of antiquity. This, however, is a subject too abstruse and subtle to be considered in this place.

In illustration of the system of consonantal transition, to which we before referred, we venture to subjoin some comparative tables of the affinities of Greek and Latin with Teutonic words, framed upon as simple and popular a plan as possible, and containing few results that do not seem to be well established. Even if, in some instances, our suppositions should be thought mistaken or doubtful, our lists, we think, will still be

sufficient to demonstrate at once the existence and the value of these very remarkable laws.

It will be observed that no express examples are here given of words which, according to the rule, ought to change the Greek or Latin B into a Gothic P. In reality, the letter B, in the classical languages, particularly as an initial, seems to be of a very uncertain character, being often apparently a remnant of the digamma, or a corruption of some other letter. Accordingly, it is remarkable that the corresponding initial P is of rare occurrence in the Gothic languages. There are not in Junius's Glossary above half a dozen Gothic words commencing with that letter, and the number of similar words in Anglo-Saxon is also few. The origin and history of the numerous words in modern English which have that initial, have never as yet, we think, been fully explained.

The examples we are now to give are chiefly of the changes of initial consonants, though some words are also set down which show the operation of the rule on internal consonants.

z = H Gothic.

Caput	heafod, A. S. heved, O. E. head, E. haupt, Germ.
Cranium	barns, Sc. hirn, Germ.
καρδια; cor, cordis	heart, E. herz, Germ.
Collum	hals, O. E. Sc. and G.
Cutis	hide, E. hyd, A. S. hut, O. H. G. haut, Germ.
Calx	heel, E.
Cornu	horn, E. &c.
κυν, canis (γvan, Sanscrit)	hound, E. hund, Germ.
κωμη	home, ham, hamlet, E.
Casa	house, E.
Calamus, culmus	balm, E. &c.
Cannabis	hænep, A. S. hemp, E. hanf, Germ.
Crates	hurdle, E.
Copia	heap, E. (?)
Collis	hill, E. (?)
Cervus	hart, E. hirsch, Germ.
καλυξ	hull, E. hool, Sc.
καρπος	harvest, E. hærfæst, A. S. herbat, Germ. (?)
κηρυξ	herald, E.
κραυς, καρτερος	hard, hardy, E.
κοιλος	hollow, E.
Claudus	halt, E.
Centum (—κοντα?)	hund, A. S. hund-red, E.
Celo, καλυπτω	hill, O. E. (to cover) helan, A. S.
Curro	hurry, E.
Cursor (courser, Norm. E.)	horse, E.
κρυθω	hide, E.
κηδισ	heed, E. ?
Nox, noctis	nicht, Sc. nahts, Goth.
Lux, lucis	licht, Sc. liuhath, Goth.
Octo	acht, Sc. ahtau, Goth.
Rectus	richt, Sc. rajhts, Goth.

γ = K, Gothic, (c, ch, English.)

Gena, γένος	chin, E.
Genu, γόνυ	knee, E. kniu, Goth.
γυνή	quean, queen, E.
γίνος, genus, gens	kin, kind, kindred, E.
Gelu, gelidus	chill, cool, cold, E.
Granum, granulum	corn, kernel, E.
γέρανος	crane, E.
Grex	crew, crowd, E. ?
Glomus	clue, E.
Globus	cloud, clod, E. ?
γινώσκω (γνῶσις) (g)novi	know, E.
γούω, gusto	chew, choose E. kosten, Germ.
Gero	carry, E. ?
Gyrus	churn, quern, E. kirn, Sc. ?

Ager, ἀγρός	acre, E. akrs, Goth.
Jugum, ζυγός	yoke, E.
εργον (= Φεργον)	work, E.
μέγας (= μεγαλός)	meikle, E. mikils, Goth. much, E.
Augeo	eke, E. aukan, Goth.
Vigilo	wake, E.
αμείγλω, mulgeo	milk, E.

χ (h, Lat.) = G, Gothic.

Hortus, χορτός, (chors)	garden, yard, E. gards, garda, Goth.
Hostis	guest, E. gasts, Goth.
Hoedus	gât, A. S. goat, E.
χην (hansas, S.)	gans, Germ. goose, gander, E.
χολή	gall, E.
Homo	guma, A. S. ; corrupted groom, E. ; bryd-guma, A. S. ; bridegroom, E. ; brautigam, Germ.
χοίρος	grice, O. E. and Sc.* gris, Icel. ?
Hesternus	gestren-daeg, A. S. yesterday.
Hio, χαινω, χαζώ	geonan, A. S. yawn, E. gaunt, Sc. gape. E.
Horreo	grue, Sc. gruesome, Sc. ; grisly, E. grauen, Germ.
χέω, χεύσω	gush, E.

Vehiculum, φοχήμα, (wahana, S.) waggon, E.

τ = Th, Gothic.

Tonitru	thunder, E. ; donner, Germ.
Turdus	thrush, E. ; drossel, G.
Turba	thorp, E. ; dorff, Germ. ? Grimm, &c.
Tenuis	thin, E. ; dünn, Germ.
Tres, τρεις	three, E. ; drei, Germ.
Tu	thou, E. ; thu, Goth. ; du, Germ.
Tum	then, E. ; dann, G.
Trans	through, E. ; thairh, Goth. ; durch, Germ.
Torqueo	throw, E. ; thraw, Sc. ; drehen, Germ.
ταλαω, tolero, tuli	thole, Sc. ; dulden, Germ.
Trudo	thrust, E. ; drucken, Germ.
Tego, tectum	thatch, E. ; theek, Sc. ; decken, dach, Germ.

Uter, neuter	either, whether, neither, E.
Alter	other, E. ; anthar, Goth.
Mors, mortis	murther, E. ; maurthr, Goth. ; mord, Germ.

δ = T, Gothic.

Dens, dentis ; δους, δ-δοντος, (dant- tas, S.)	tooth, E. ; tunthus, Goth. ; zahn, Germ.
δάκρυ	tear, E. ; tagrs, Goth.
Dingua, O. Lat. = lingua	tongue, E.

* Grice is the old word for pig, and is not the plural of grouse, as an eminent writer on Tithes seems to have supposed, misled, no doubt, by the analogy of mouse. I. Connell on Tithes, 125. Ed. 1815.

Digitus, δακτύλος	toe, E.; tá, A. S. : zeha, O. H. G.
δρεῦς, δρεῦ	tree, E.; triu, Goth.
Duo, δύο	two, E.; zwei, Germ.
Decem, δεκά	ten, E.; taihun, Goth.; zehn, Germ.
Durus	true, E.; (= firm, lasting)
Dico, δεικνυμι, (doceo?)	teach, token, E. tæcan, tácn, A. S.; zeigen, zeichen, G.
Domo, δαμαω	tame, E. zähmen, Ger.
δισ	tie, E.
δισω, domus	timber, E. timrian, Goth.: zimmer, Germ.
Duco	tug, E.; tiuhan, Goth.; ziehen, Germ.
ἰδωρ	water, E.
ἰδρωε, sudor	sweat, E.
Radix	root, E.
ἡδυσ (swādu, S.)	sweet, E.
Id	it, E.
Quid, quod	what, E.
Edo	eat, E.; itan, Goth.
Sedeo	sit, E.; sitan, Goth.
οἶδα (= Faida)	wot, E.; witan, Goth.
Rudo (rud, S.?)	rout, Sc.
Σ = D, Gothic.	
Συγαττηρ	daughter. E.: tochter, Germ.
θηρ	deer, E.; thier, Germ.
θυρα	door, E.; thor, thür, Germ.
θαρρειω, θαρσειω	dare, durst, E.
θισω	dry, E.
θισω (τιθημι)	do, E.
θιμις, θιμιστης	doom, dempster, E.
θαναω, θανατος	die, death, E.; dauthus, Goth.
υδαρ (uber)	uddér
μεθυ (mathu, S.)	mead, E.
ερυθρος (ruber.)	rúddy, E.
π = F, Gothic.	
Pater	father, E.
πυρ	fire, E.; fyr, A. S.
Piscis	fish, E.
Pinna	fin, E.
πτερον (= πιστερον)	feather, E.
Pes, pedis : πηξ, ποδος : (padas, S.)	foot, E.
Pugnis, πυξ : (Pest, Sc.)	fist, E.; fyst, A. S.; faust, Germ.?
Pellis	fell, E.
Pecu, (pecunia)	faihu, Goth.; feoh, A. S.; fee, E.
Pullus, πωλος	foal, E.
Porcus	farrow, (a litter of pigs,) E.; fearh, A. S. (a pig)
Porca	furrow, E.; furh, A. S.
Pulex	flea, E.; flech, Sc.
Pœna, ποινη	fine, E.?
Pro, προ	for, fore, E.
παρα	fra, frae, Sc.; fram, A. S.; from E.
παρα, παρρω	far, E.; fairra, Goth.; forth, E.
Primus, πρωτος	first, foremost, E.; frumists, Goth.
πεντε (= πεμπτε)	five, E.; fimf, Goth.; fünf, Germ.
πολυς, πολυ	fele, fell, Sc.; filu, Goth.
πλιος, plenus	full, E.
Pauci	few, E.; fauai, Goth.
Plex, πλος : simplex,* απλος,	fold, E.; falths, Goth.; ainfalths, Goth.; two-fold,
duplex, διπλος, &c.	&c., E.

* Simplex is generally explained as being *sine plica* : but is it not rather as it were *singu-plex*, or from the root of *semel*, and thus corresponding to the Gothic *ain-falths* ? If *simplex* means *sine plica*, how comes the next step in the progression to be *duplex* ? Compare the Greek *ἀπλος*, which is aspirated, and not *απλος*, as the negative would be.

Planus
Pallidus

flat, E.; flach, Germ.

fallow, E.; ? "His hewe falwe and pale." Chau-
cer.

Pinguis, πίων

fat, E.; feitr, Icel.

Pasco, πασμαι

feed, E.

Pedo, πεδω, (pard, S.)

feortan, A. S.

Pango, πηγνυω

fay, fadge, E.; ge-fegan, A. S.; fügen, Germ.

Septem

seven, E.; seofon, A. S.

Vulpes, lupus?

wolf, E.; wulfs, Goth.

ἵπνος, somnus, (= sopnus?)

sweven, O. E. swefn, A. S.

ἴωνος

oven, E.

ἴπερ,

over, E. ufar, Goth.

λείπω

leave, E.

φ = B, Gothic.

Frater, (bhrātr', S.)

brother, E.; brōthar, Goth.

Fagus, φηγος

beech, E.; bëce, A. S.

Frons, ο-φρες, (bhru, S.)

brow, E.

Far

bear, Sc.; baris, Goth.

Follis

bellows, E. balgs, Goth.

Fero, φερω, (bhr', S.)

bear, E.

Flo, flare, flatus

blow, blast, E.; blawan, A. S.

Floreo, flos

blow, bloom, E.; blōma, Goth.

Fui, φυω, (bhū, S.)

be, E.

Findo, fidi, (bhid, S.)

bite, E.

Frango, fregi, fragilis

break, E.; brickle, O. E.; brikan, brak, Goth.

Fruor, fructus

bruik, Sc.; brucan, A. S.

Foro

bore, E.

These lists could be greatly enlarged if we were to add the words illustrating the rule which exist in other or older Teutonic languages, but which have not been preserved among ourselves. It may not be uninteresting to give a few of the most striking examples of Gothic words, which are more or less in this situation.

Aigan, to possess, to own, = *εχειν*; *ahwa*, a stream, = *aqua*; *ga-filhan*, to bury, = *se-pelire*; *hafyan*, to lift, = *capere*; *haitan*, to call, = *citare*; *haihs*, blind of an eye, = *cæcus*; *hlifan*, to steal, *hliftus*, a thief, = *κλεπτης*; *hraivs*, flesh, = *κρεας*; *hramyan*, to hang, = *κρεμασιν*; *mizdô*, a reward, meed, = *μισθος*; *steigan*, to go, to climb, = *σπειχειν*; *swaihra*, a father-in-law, = *socër*; *taihswô*, the right hand, = *δεξια*; *thairsan*, to be

parched, = *ταρσειν*; *thahan*, to be silent, = *tacere*; *thanyan*, to stretch, = *τεινειν*; *thragyan*, to run, = *τρεχειν*; *wairthan*, to become, = *verti*.

We believe that the same thing might be done in all the other early languages to a very remarkable extent.

Considerable additions even might be made to the catalogue on a less abstruse principle, if we were to give those words which, in their proper form, possessed features exhibiting a compliance with the rule, but which their modern condition has lost. Thus many English words beginning with *l* and *r*, had, in Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, an initial *h* before those liquids, which represented an initial *x* in Greek or Latin. Of this change the following examples may be given.

Corpus, (kerofs, Zend.)

hrif, A. S.; mid-riff, E.

Circus

hring, A. S.; ring, E.

Cribrum

hriddel, A. S.; riddel, Sc.

Corvus

hraefn, A. S.; raven, E.

κρυμος

hrim, A. S.; rime, Sc.

Crudus

hreau, A. S.; raw, E.

κλυω, κλυτος

hlud, A. S. loud, E.; hlistan, A. S., listen, E.

κλινω

hlinian, A. S. lean, E.

κλειω, claudio

hlidan, A. S.; whence, lid, E.

The manifestation of the law is still more striking and important in reference to the affinity of roots, in their simplest character, even where the

individual derivatives in the different languages diverge widely in form from each other. This is a large and delicate subject, on which we have neither

room nor disposition to enter at present; but we may advert to one or two illustrations of it, for which our previous examples will have served as a preparation.

1. The large class of particles which in the ancient languages denote *opposition*, *ante-position*, or some kindred idea, and which are characterised by the radical letters PR, as *παρα*, *προς*, *præ*, *præter*, *porro*, &c., appear uniformly, and to an equal extent, in the Gothic tongues with the characteristics of FR.

2. The characteristic in Latin, of the relative and interrogative pronoun and its derivatives is QU=KW, which agrees with the corresponding Gothic root HW, or irregularly as in English WH.*

3. In like manner, the demonstrative pronoun with its relative particles is distinguished in the ancient languages by T, and in the Gothic by TH.

It is impossible, on the one hand, to suppose that these coincidences are accidental, or, on the other, to doubt that words of such primitive signification must be of the highest antiquity in all of the languages where they appear, and must, at a very early period, have been separated by the inexplicable, though systematic diversity which they now present.

We trust that these observations may, at least, be of some use in directing attention to such topics. We cannot dismiss the subject without an humble but earnest exhortation to our countrymen to give to comparative philology the honours which it deserves, and which it more especially claims at their hands. Our native tongue is nearly, if not altogether, the noblest language that human wisdom, or let us rather say Divine goodness, has ever instituted for the use of man. It is as nobly descended as it is happily composed. It is united by many links of connexion to the richest and fairest forms of speech in other ages and nations; and it

ought to be a primary object of interest among us to study, in all their expansions, its affinities to those sources of copiousness and beauty which have made it what it is. Our social and political position, and our national history, lead to the same result. We are the mixed descendants of some of the most brave, virtuous, and cultivated of the Teutonic tribes. We have long made the systematic study of classical learning the charter of our freedom, liberality, and civilisation. Within the seas that wash our own shores, we have at least two of the most important forms of Celtic speech yet living; and we possess, within the limits of our Oriental empire, the venerable and mysterious treasures of Indian antiquity. If any nation is called to these studies, both by duty and by opportunity, it is ourselves. Classical, and Saxon, and Sanscrit scholars we can already show of the very highest eminence. There has been no want of successful labourers in individual portions of the field. But in the peculiar department of comparative philology, little has as yet been done by us, as contrasted with what might and ought to have been accomplished. We hope and believe that, in this respect, a better era is rapidly approaching, and that, while the study of the more ancient Teutonic tongues shall be inculcated among our youth as only next in importance to that of the classical languages, we shall have among us many who, ascending the highest vantage grounds of science, can take a searching and comprehensive survey of the whole extent of Indo-European speech, an ample territory, presenting to the eye of imagination the fairest varieties of hill and dale, meadow and moorland, embellished here with smiling corn-fields or delicious gardens, and there overshadowed with frowning precipices and solemn forests; but throughout all its bounds ennobled by the sacred haunts of learning or of liberty, of elegance or of virtue.

* It is singular to observe that, according to an important law of interchange between the labial and guttural consonants, the proper characteristic of the relative and interrogative pronoun and its particles in Greek is Π, as *πῇ*, *πῶν*, *πῶτι*, *πῶτερος*, &c., while in some Gothic tribes, as in the north of Scotland, the corresponding form is the equivalent F = *ƿ*, instead of the ordinary Gothic HW = *qu*. Thus, *fu*, *far*, *fan*, *fulk*, are the north-country words for *who*, *where*, *when*, *whilk*. What link in this curious chain belongs to the Cockney pronunciation?

ALGIERS.

THE invasion of the Algerine territory by the French, is one of the most remarkable evidences that nations are not to be taught either common justice or common sense by suffering. We there see France, after five-and-twenty years of national misery, taking the first opportunity to rob and shed the blood of her neighbours. She had no more cause of war against the Algerines than against the Antediluvians; but it occurred to her imbecile Government that she wanted "glory," and to her insane people that glory was to be found in cutting the throats of Turks and Moors, unfortunate enough to live in a territory where she expected to find land cheap, dollars at the sword's point, and triumph for nothing.

Providence, it is true, often lets fools and villains take their way; but perhaps there never was an instance, not excepting Napoleon's own, where the punishment of the original culprits followed, with such distinct, complete, and immediate vengeance on the crime.

Within a twelvemonth, the Government which had formed this atrocious project was utterly extinguished; Charles the Tenth and his dynasty driven from their throne, and exiled from the land for life;—his Ministry, the Polignacs and their associates, thrown into a long and severe imprisonment, a fate singular among all the changes of European cabinets, and after narrowly escaping the scaffold, also exiled for life; Marmont, the chief military councillor of the King, forced to fly from France, and never daring to return; Bourmont, the commander of the invasion, never venturing to set his foot on the French soil since, and still a fugitive through the world; the invading army, of 30,000 strong, some of the finest troops of France, long since destroyed in Africa by the climate and the warfare of the Arabs, scarcely a man of them having returned.—And after the sacrifice of probably twice the number of lives in a disputed possession of

nine years, they are now fighting within cannon-shot of Algiers!

The war has begun in earnest. While Abd-el-Kader lives, France will probably have to carry on a continued war, more or less open. If he shall fall, the spirit of other chieftains will be formed while the animosity survives; and it will survive, grounded as it is in the nature of things, in the native repulsion between French and Mahometan manners, in the habitual hatred of the native for the invader, and in the strong religious antipathies which have already enabled the African leader to proclaim his assault on the French as the "Holy War."

Even the fullest possession of the Algerine territory could never be of real value to France: it has no harbours, and can therefore never be a station for any thing beyond a privateer or a pirate. In the event of an European war, it must be abandoned, or France must consent to lock up 50,000 troops there, with the certainty that famine, the Arabs, and perhaps an English expedition, will perform in Algiers the second part of the Egyptian campaign. But the great points of criminality subsist, even if the policy were however successful; and those are, that the invasion was made absolutely without any cause but a determination to plunder, and that the conquest has been retained, in direct and unquestionable defiance of the most solemn, public, and repeated declarations, that no conquest whatever was intended, and that, as in the instance of Lord Exmouth's expedition, the moment that satisfaction was obtained, the whole armament was to be withdrawn.

It argues a deplorable state of moral feeling, to find that no man in France has the honesty of heart to protest against this iniquity; that the legislature can find no warning voice, that the journals are fierce in their wrath against any idea of abandoning Algiers, and that all France madly seems to regard the national crime as a national glory.

ALGIERS! wild Algiers!

There are sounds of affright
Coming thick on thy gales,
Sounds of battle and flight;—
The spurrings of horsemen,
With tidings of woe;

The signal-guns pealing
The march of the foe;
And the desert horn's howl,
Like the wolf in his prowl;
For, roused from their lair,
The Berbers are there.

'Tis the blue depth of midnight;
 The moon is above,
 Shedding silver in showers
 On mosque and on grove;
 And the sense is opprest
 With the sweetness of night.
 'Tis an hour to be blest,
 All fragrance and light.
 But the sparkling of steel,
 And the cannon's deep peal,
 And the quick-volleying gun,
 Tell that blood is begun.

Woe, woe to the Gaul!
 Ambition's worst slave;
 Must he grasp, till the world
 Is a dungeon or grave?
 Must he envy the Arab
 His swamp and his sand?
 Must his crown be a curse,
 And his sceptre a brand?
 But Wrath will not sleep;
 As he sows, he shall reap;
 The robber shall pay
 Gore for gore, clay for clay.

The Frenchmen are rushing
 To gate and to wall;
 And the Moor is awake
 In his gold-tissued hall.
 He sharpens the dagger
 And loads the carbine,
 And looks to the hills
 For the morning to shine.
 And on rampart and roof
 Crowds are standing aloof;
 And their gestures, though dumb,
 Tell—"the Emir" is come!

Ay, follow the Arab
 Through mountain and vale,
 He's the eagle, and safe
 As its wing on the gale.
 Ay, scorch through the day,
 And freeze through the night,
 He's the leopard—one bound,
 And he's gone from your sight.
 But death's in his tramp
 As he sweeps round your camp;
 One charge and one roar,
 And you sleep in your gore!

On dash the dark riders,
 The sons of the south,
 From plain and from mountain,
 Age, manhood, and youth!
 Their steeds are like wind,
 And their bodies like fire,
 That wounds cannot tame,
 That toil cannot tire.
 On they burst like a flood,
 Till the desert drinks blood,
 Thick as night-falling dew—
 Allah hu! Allah hu!

But the plague-spot has fallen
 On each and on all;
 Where art thou, Old Bourbon?
 Europe scoff'd at thy fall.
 Where thy fierce "Thirty thousand,"
 Napoleon's old *braves*?
 Like thee, they are corpses—
 Algiers gave them graves.
 Where the victor Bourmont?
 He has follow'd thy throne;
 On his brow the blood-stain,
 To wander, like Cain.

Yet the plague shall not smite
 And then die with the dead;
 The madness shall cling,
 The grave shall be fed.
 Too cursed to abandon,
 Too weak to retain,
 The legions of France
 Still shall slay and be slain.
 ABD-EL-KADER, the star
 That shall blast them with war—
 Thou, the land of their biers,
 Algiers! wild Algiers!

ENG.

THE DREAM OF MOHAMMED THE SECOND.

THE empire of the Ottomans is the most extraordinary instance in history of an empire raised by the sword, governed by the perpetual effusion of blood, despising all civilisation, corrupted by the grossest excesses of private life, disordered in every function of government, constantly exposed to the greatest military powers of Europe, yet advancing from conquest to conquest for three centuries without a check, (from 1299 to 1566,) and retaining its vast possessions unimpaired for three centuries more.

The first approach of the Turks to Europe was at the close of the thirteenth century, when Othman, the son of a Turcoman chieftain in the service of Aladin, Sultan of Iconium, on the memorable 27th of July 1299, made a descent on the rich territory of Nicomedia. The Asiatic dominions of the Greek Emperors were lost in a struggle of two centuries, when Mohammed the Second assaulted Constantinople, on the 29th of May 1453. The body of the last emperor was found buried under a heap of slain, and Constantinople became the capital of a new faith, a new people, and a new sovereignty. His immediate successors wasted the blood, but exercised the valour of their troops, in expeditions to Armenia, the Caucasus, and Persia. But the nobler prize lay to the west. All solid sovereignty belongs to the hardy frames and the regular opulence of Europe. Soliman the First, named the Magnificent, and if a *conqueror* can deserve the name, deserving it by the vastness of his designs and the splendour of his successes, threw himself upon Hungary. Combining the unusual tactic of an army and fleet, in itself an evidence of the superiority of his genius to that of his time, he at once overran the dominions of the Hungarian king, and assaulted Rhodes, held by the famous Knights of St John of Jerusalem, and regarded as the bulwark of Christendom. By the reluctant aid of the Venetians, Rhodes was stormed, after a desperate siege. Soliman marched to the conquest of Austria at the head of 200,000 men—an army which no European potentate, in the rudeness and distractions of the

age, could hope to oppose. On its way, it trampled down the army of Hungary, which had the madness to meet it; and marching over the bodies of 20,000 men, with their monarch, on the field, converted the kingdom into a Turkish province, and invested Vienna. The strength of the ramparts and the approach of winter alone saved the Austrian capital from following the fate of the Hungarian. But while all Christendom trembled at the sight of the horse-tails, Soliman died—living and dying, the greatest conqueror since Charlemagne.

But with him the empire had reached its fated height. Thenceforth it was to descend. The seraglio has been the ruin of Turkey. The secrecy of its bloody transactions—its habitual separation of the sovereign from the people—its desperate dissoluteness—and the sullen ignorance, brute vengeance, and helpless effeminacy, which must be nurtured within such walls, extinguished all the rude virtues of the barbarian. Soliman, a hero and a legislator, always exposing his life in the field, or holding in his own hand the helm of his vast empire, reigned almost half a century. The reigns of his successors have been proverbial for their brevity. The janizaries became the true disposers of the throne. From the time of Mustapha the First—whom they strangled for his effeminacy, and Achmet, whom they placed on the throne and then strangled for his usurpation—the janizaries were the recognised makers and executioners of the sultans.

The first decisive recoil of the Ottoman power was in 1683, when Sobieski, at the head of the Polish army, forced the Vizier Kara Mustafa to raise the siege of Vienna, on the 12th of September. But a power more formidable than even Austria now began to threaten the Porte on the feeblest part of its frontier. Peter the Great, breaking the treaty of Carlowitz, invaded Moldavia in 1711. But, though forced to make an ignominious convention for his escape, the Russian never forgot the hope of conquest, and has since never abandoned the opportunity.

The nineteenth century commenced

in an aggravation of those horrors which had become characteristic of the Turkish throne. Selim the Sultan dethroned and strangled; Mustapha the Usurper dethroned and strangled; Bairactar, the famous Vizier, in the attempt to avenge the death of Selim, blown up by his own hand, and thousands of his adherents slaughtered by the janizaries; the accession of Mahmoud, the late Sultan, signalized by the total massacre of the janizaries in Constantinople, and the extinction of their order throughout the empire;—all less resembling the transactions of an established government, than the last desperate convulsions of a suicidal empire. Yet some extraordinary influence seems, for the last century, to have saved her from hourly ruin. Her time has clearly not come yet; and political prophecy has been once more put to shame. Turkey, mutilated of the two horns of her crescent, Greece and Egypt, still retains the solid centre of her possessions;

and when all human probability looked for her immediate dissolution, by the advance of Russia on one side and Egypt on the other, she has found a sudden protection in the tardily awakened vigilance of England, Austria, and France.

But the day of Turkish *independence* is at an end. She may live by the protection of the great states, but without it she cannot live. She is now a throne under tutelage; and remarkable as have been the instances of European recovery from national misfortune, there is nothing in the doctrines of Islamism, or the habits of the Asiatic, to administer that energy by which alone nations can stand on their feet again, after having been once flung on the ground. The grave of her despotism has been dug, but neither Russian nor Egyptian must be suffered to lay the body of the last of the Sultans there.

There is a tradition, that on the night of the capture of Constantinople, the conqueror saw in his sleep, like the Babylonish king, a vision, unfolding the fates of his dynasty.

SULTAUN, Sultaun! *

Thou art lord of the world!
The last Constantine
At thy footstool is hurl'd.
Now trembles the West,
The East kneels before thee—
Joy, joy to the breast
Of the mother that bore thee!
Earth's tale shall be told,
Ere thy banner's green fold
Is dust, or thy name
Is no longer a flame!

Hark, hark to the shouts
Of the hordes as they lie
Round the feast, on the ramparts
That blaze to the sky.
Where the battlements reek
With the gore of the storm,
And the spoils of the Greek
With his heart's blood are warm:
And his new-wedded bride,
By the Turcoman's side,
As his corpse, pale and cold,
Sits in fetters of gold.

High hour in the palace!

There sits at the board,
By his chieftains surrounded,
The King of the Sword.
And shouting, they quaff
The infidel wine,
And loudly they laugh
At the hypocrite's whine—
Let women and boys
Shrink from earth and its joys,
Was the grape only given
For houris and heaven?

Now the banquet is ended;
The cannon's last roar
Has welcomed the night
On the Bosphorus' shore.
Now the sweet dew of slumber
Has fallen on each eye,
And, like gems without number,
The stars fill the sky;
And no echo is heard
Save the night chanting bird;
And the tissues are drawn
Round thy chamber, Sultaun.

* The Turkish pronunciation of the word.

There is pomp in that chamber
 That dazzles the eye;
 The gold and the amber,
 The loom's Indian dye.
 The wall sheeted with gems,
 That its keen lustre flings,
 Where the mighty lamp streams
 On the king of earth's kings.
 Yet the pale watching slave,
 Who hears thy lips rave,
 And hears that heart-groan,
 Would shrink from thy throne!

Sultaun, Sultaun!
 Why thus writhe in thy sleep?
 Why thus grasp at thy dagger?
 Why shudder and weep?
 There are drops on thy brow,
 Thick-falling like rain;
 The wringings of woe
 From the heart and the brain.
 And thy cheek's now blood-red,
 Now pale as the dead—
 Art thou corpse, art thou man,
 Sultaun, Sultaun?

There are visions unsleeping
 Before that closed eye,
 There are thousand shapes sweeping
 From earth and from sky;
 Sons of splendour and heaven,
 On pinions of flame;
 Sons of guilt unforgiven,
 Whom chains cannot tame!
 The Sultaun feels a grasp
 Like a serpent's strong clasp;
 And from earth he upsprings,
 In a whirlwind of wings!

Now he sweeps through the clouds
 Till the sounds of earth die;
 Through fire and through floods,
 Till the stars seem to fly.
 Then he shoots down again,—
 He is standing alone
 On a measureless plain:
 And around him are strown
 Wrecks of time-moulder'd bones
 Crush'd under their thrones,
 And the viper's dark swarms,
 Twining jewels and arms.

Then, deep as the thunder-peat,
 Echo'd a voice:
 "Wilt thou see what shall come?
 Man of fate, take thy choice.
 Who the future will know,
 Shall see clouds on his dawn."—
 "Come weal, or come woe,"
 High spoke the Sultaun.
 Then the plain seem'd to reel
 With a clashing of steel;
 And upburst a roar,
 Like the sea on the shore.

"Is this the roused desert
 Before the simoom?"
 "Those clouds are thy Moslems,
 The armies of doom."
 Then the Danube was blood
 And Buda was flame,
 And Hungary's lion
 Lay fetter'd and tame.
 Then fell proud Belgrade;
 Nor the torrent was stay'd,
 Till, Vienna, it roll'd
 Round thy turrets of gold!

"Ho, princes of Christendom,
 Shrink at the sound;
 Ho, cling to thine altar,
 Old King, triple crown'd!
 Ay, look from thy Vatican!
 All is despair;
 Thy Saints have forgot thee;
 No Charlemagne is there!"
 But a haze deep and dun
 Swept over the sun;
 And the pageant was fled—
 All was still as the dead.

Then the plain was a sea
 Of magnificent blue;
 And in pomp o'er its waters
 The crescent flag flew.
 There the haughty Venetian
 Came, sullen and pale,
 And on wall and on rampart
 The gun pour'd its hail;
 Where thy warriors, St John,
 Stood like lions, alone,
 Till the trench was a grave
 For the last of the brave.

Then all pass'd away!
 Fleet and rampart were gone;
 He heard the last shout,
 The trumpet's last tone.
 But o'er the wild heath
 Fell the rich eastern night,
 The rose gave her breath,
 The moon gave her light.
 'Twas the Bosphorus' stream
 That reflected her gleam,
 And the turrets that shone
 In that light were his own.

"Sultaun, Sultaun!
 Now look on thy shame!"
 In a silken Kiosk
 Lay a vice-decay'd frame;
 And before his faint gaze,
 To voice and to string,
 Danced his soft Odalisques,
 Like birds on the wing.
 There was mirth mix'd with madness,
 Strange revel, strange sadness:
 The bowstring and bowl,
 The sense and the soul.

Where are now his old warriors?
 All tomb'd in their mail;
 Where his crescent of glory?
 Let none tell the tale!
 But, the gilded caïque
 Swept the waves like a dove,
 And the song of the Greek
 Rose to beauty and love.
 The Sultaun, with a groan,
 Saw the son of his throne
 Slave of woman and wine.
 Well he knew the dark sign!

But vengeance was nigh!
 On the air burst a yell;
 And the cup from the grasp
 Of the reveller fell.
 Who rush through the chambers
 With hourra and drum!
 The Janizars thousands,
 The blood-drinkers come.
 Then a thrust of the lance,
 And a wild, dying glance,
 And a heart-gush of gore,
 And all's hush'd—and all o'er.

Then the plain was thick darkness
 Through ages of sleep:
 But, what son of the lightnings
 Seems round him to sweep?
 He sees the Death-angel,
 The King of the tomb!
 At his call ride the Spirits
 Of war on the gloom.
 From South and from North
 Come the torturers forth;
 Till the flags of the world
 Round Stamboul are unfurl'd.

Why pauses the sword
 Still athirst in the hand?
 Does the thunder-cloud wait
 The final command?
 It shall burst like a deluge,
 The terrible birth
 Of the crimes of the world,
 The avenger of Earth;
 When sovereign and slave
 Shall be foam on the wave.
 Thy kingdom is gone,
 Sultaun, Sultaun!

Eag.

SCENE—THE CHURCH OF ST JEROME, GRANADA.

A Traveller—A Spaniard.

T. WHOSE grave is this?—a stranger-eye, like mine,
 Can hardly trace the legend's time-worn line:
 The slab is simple—yet, I know not why,
 It seems as if no common dust should lie
 Beneath. This reverend building's central nave
 Might suit a king's, a saint's, a hero's grave:—
 Which of the three lies here?

S. The last:—who died
 As he had lived, his country's boast and pride—
 Statesman and warrior—who, with patient toil,
 Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil
 Skill, valour, numbers; one who never sought
 A selfish glory on the fields he fought;
 Who spoke, felt, breathed but for his country's weal,
 Her power to stablish, and her wounds to heal—
 The dread of France, when France was most the dread
 Of all.

T. How's this?—Can *Wellington* be dead
 And buried here?—and yet my note-book calls
 The church we see *St Jerome's*, not *St Paul's*.

S. Sir, with your leave, all this may well be so,
 For *Cordova's GREAT CAPTAIN* sleeps below:
 Here—in three words to make the matter plain—
GONSALVO lies—the *WELLINGTON* of Spain!

F. E.

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS OF FAUST.

THE first translation on our list exhibits Goethe in the light of rather an elegant poetaster: the last does not leave him, so to speak, the likeness of a dog. The intermediate metamorphoses which the illustrious German is made to undergo, differ considerably in degree: in some of them he approaches nearer, and in others he recedes farther, from the common standard of humanity—but in none of them is he elevated into the rank of a human being, much less into that of a great poet. It is only of those portions of *Faust* that are executed in rhyme that we are now speaking; or that we intend to speak; for, when the translators employ blank verse, their work is frequently praiseworthy, and that of Dr Anster, in particular, appears deserving of considerable commendation. But the original "*Faust*" is written in rhyme, and in our opinion, cannot be translated into any other form of language without its true spirit entirely evaporating. In blank verse the difficulties are altogether evaded—the pith and dramatic point both of the dialogues and soliloquies are lost—the clear, hard, and well-defined outlines of the original are thawed down into a comparatively watery dilution, and melt away like icebergs that have drifted into the latitude of summer seas.

We apprise our readers, therefore, that it is our intention to sit in judgment on these translations, only in so far as they are executed in rhyme: and, looking at them in this respect, the contrast between them and the original is very remarkable. In the original "*Faust*," the first and greatest

excellence that strikes us, is the exquisite freedom, elasticity, and finish of the language. Here we find the most complete realization of what our great poetical reformer Wordsworth has been contending for all his life, both by his theory and his practice—an exact transcript in the highest poetry of the language "really used by men." When, on the other hand, we turn to the rhymed translations, that which strikes us most is, we will not say the total absence of every thing like good English, (for that would but feebly express the case,) but the entire abandonment of every thing approaching to human speech. In defence of their barbarous dialect, and strange grammatical contortions, we are aware that these translators will plead the hard necessity of rhyming, and the grievous difficulties it throws in their way, particularly in a dramatic composition. And we at once accept this plea as a very satisfactory explanation of their failures: but it appears to us to afford no sufficient reason why we should not insist upon obtaining, at the hands of every English writer, whether translator or not, whether poet or proseman, a current of real language identical with that actually spoken by his countrymen. We suspect, however, that some of these translators may be inclined to show fight on this point, and to argue that "*Faust*," being a rhyming play, is already through that circumstance, and in its very conception, so unnatural a species of composition, (inasmuch as actual men never converse in rhyme,) that it can make but little difference in respect to our feelings of the reality of its language, though the

Faust: a Drama, by Goethe, &c. Translated by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. London: 1823.

Faust: a Tragedy, by J. W. Goethe. Translated, &c., by John S. Blackie. Edinburgh: 1834.

Faust: a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goethe, by David Syme. Edinburgh: 1834.

Faustus: a Tragedy—(Anonymous)—London: 1834.

Faustus: a Dramatic Mystery, &c. Translated by John Anster, LL.D. London: 1835.

The *Faust* of Goethe. Attempted in English Rhyme by the Honourable Robert Talbot. London: 1835. Second Edition, revised and much corrected. London: 1839.

Faust: a Tragedy by J. Wolfgang Von Goethe. Translated into English Verse, by J. Birch, Esq. London—Leipzig: 1839.

dialogue be still further removed from the discourse of ordinary life, by having its structure changed and its idiom perverted. It is thus, we imagine, that they justify to themselves the licenses they assume in transposing words, and in disregarding and violating, in every possible manner, the commonest proprieties of English speech. "Here are we, they have no doubt thought, obliged to make our characters converse and soliloquize in rhyme—a most unreal and unnatural practice—do what we will. What can it matter, then, though we go a step further than this; and, for the sake of hitching in a rhyme, place a verb for instance at the end of a line, when in the natural order of oral language it ought to stand at the beginning of it—or before a noun, when in ordinary conversation it would be placed after it?" Now we can assure our translators that it matters a very great deal: and if they imagine that *because* their work is in rhyme, *therefore* the reader will consent to a still further deviation from common speech than rhyme in itself is; and for the sake of the symphonious endings of their lines, will reconcile himself to an inverted construction of sentences, or the introduction of language not used in actual life between man and man—we conceive they will find themselves mistaken. On the contrary, we think they will find that the very fact of their composition being in rhyme, naturally, and as we shall show quite properly, disposes the reader to make *less* allowance for grammatical inversions, and other violations of real conversational language, than he might have done had they been writing in prose.

An author composing in prose, or even in blank verse, stands within the pale of customary human speech. He is dealing with language very much as his neighbours deal with it in the ordinary intercourse of life; he is affecting no peculiarities, at least no obtrusive peculiarities of speech,—no phraseology which may not be heard any day falling from the lips of those around him; and therefore he need not be very solicitous to bear testimony to the truth and reality of his language, by adhering to an extreme integrity of idiom, or a scrupulously natural succession of words. If he should occasionally deviate into a contorted period, or other verbal impro-

priety, the offence is comparatively venial; because we feel that he has no object to gain by this departure from the common forms of oral syntax; that he has not been forced into it by the poverty of his resources; and last and most important of all, that there is no *unnatural* element in his style requiring to be compensated by a *more studied* naturalness of composition in other respects. In prose, therefore, we are of opinion that the usual forms of prose may occasionally, and to a certain extent, be departed from, without giving any great offence to the reader.

Not so, however, in *rhyming* poetry—and, above all, not so in that species of it we are now writing about, the rhymed drama. None of the prose proprieties of language can be dispensed with here. Going a step beyond Mr Wordsworth, who has told us that the language of poetry is or ought to be the same as that of prose, we venture to maintain that in this kind of composition, not only ought there to be no difference between the language of prose and the language of poetry, but that its character is such as to require that it should adopt the order and idiom of prose, even more strictly than prose itself is bound to do; and that it can with much less safety deviate from this standard. We ground our opinion upon the three following reasons:—In the first place, a dramatic writer in rhyme, already, and from the very character of his composition, stands in a false and unnatural position. He has to describe the thoughts and passions of real men, and to do this successfully he must employ the language of actual life; but at the same time there is an element in the kind of composition he has chosen, which, in the first instance, necessarily and conspicuously takes his dialect out of the pale of nature, or from under the category of ordinary discourse—we mean the element of rhyme. Here, then, at the very outset, is a bar placed between him and his readers or hearers, which, at first sight, must naturally and powerfully revolt them, inasmuch as it apparently deprives the dialogue of its character of reality and of the colour of living speech. He is therefore called upon, the first thing he does, to exert himself to remove this bar, and to reconcile us to the peculiarity of his style. And how is this to be effected; how

are we to be brought to believe and feel that the unreal language before us is the discourse "really used by men?" We answer; only by the most rigid adherence, on the part of the author, to the common forms and dramatic usages of his living spoken tongue *in every other respect*. He must not sacrifice one jot or one tittle of the common structure and natural conversational flow of language: otherwise the bar we have spoken of falls at once down between him and his readers, and it is vain for him and them to attempt to shake hands across it. The illusion is at an end; we feel that we are no longer reading or listening to the language which men *really speak*. Now, when composing in prose, an author need not, as we have said, be so particular; because there is no such preliminary obstacle cleaving to the character of his style, and rising up between him and those whom he addresses. In the second place, the writer in rhyme has *an object of his own* to gain by perverting language from its natural spoken course; to wit, he obtains his rhymes more easily by doing so. But the reader's object is quite different from this. It is no object of his that the author should obtain his rhymes *easily*. On the contrary, *his* object is to derive enjoyment from feeling consciously or unconsciously that the rhymes are obtained by a fair encounter with all the difficulties of the case, and by a triumph over them; the difficulty of preserving the common construction and all the usual proprieties of oral speech, being here the chief or rather the only obstacle to be surmounted. When, therefore, he finds the author evading this difficulty by sacrificing these proprieties; that is, by transposing words out of their natural order, or interpolating unnecessary ones for the sake of his rhymes, he immediately concludes that he is merely anxious about working out *his own* ends and not about promoting *his*, (the reader's,) and he is accordingly very properly revolted and repelled by his work. Now, in prose even, though an author should wander considerably from ordinary syntax, we feel that he has no personal and private end to gain by this—that he is not led to do so by a preference of his own object to that of his readers—and therefore his deviations are much less offensive, and much more easily forgiven. And in

the third place, what we desire to be made to feel to a great extent in every work of art, is the *power* of the artist. We behold nothing worth looking at, unless we behold him exercising a triumphant mastery over untractable and refractory materials. Like Van Amburgh with his tigers, he must make language lie down at his feet, kiss his hands, and follow him whithersoever he will. But when we find him permitting his verse to interfere with the natural idiom and arrangement of his speech, we behold this exhibition reversed; the language has here got the upper hand of the artist, and we are made sensible of nothing but his weakness—an unpleasing object of contemplation at all times. In prose, again, this helplessness never becomes so palpably conspicuous, even though the writer should be unable to direct his language perfectly straight in the paths of correct conversational idiom.

This conclusion will, no doubt, be unpalatable to many of our English versifiers; and cannot but be peculiarly nauseous to the translators whose merits we are canvassing. These, and many other people besides them, we believe, have got a silly crotchet into their heads that rhyme is *in itself* a beauty or merit in composition—and that for the sake of this *extra charm* the critic will, and ought in some degree, to forego the usual strictness with which he sits in judgment upon the style of authors whose works are without the "accomplishment of verse." We have already stated how diametrically we dissent from this doctrine; and now we beg to add further, for the benefit of all versifiers, past, present, and to come, that rhyme *in itself*, that is, taken independently of other considerations, is one of the greatest blemishes with which language can be afflicted. When we repeat what we have already said, that it is an unnatural appendage to speech—that the tongues of men in real life are nothing with the bells of rhyme, we have said quite enough to vindicate and establish the truth of this assertion. Therefore any appeal made to our critical clemency in behalf of inverted constructions, or other imperfections of language, not usually met with in prose or conversation—made, we say, on the score that they are to a certain extent compensated by the *extra pleasure*, forsooth, communicated

to us by the rhymes—will be made in vain; rhyme being in our opinion only an aggravation of the offence—no compensating source of pleasure, but on the contrary the surest method by which bad can be made worse.

But if such be the quality of rhyme, it may here be very naturally asked, why does any author ever make use of it at all? If at the outset it places him in a false and disadvantageous position, removing him from the sympathy of those whom he addresses, why does he ever consent in any case to attach it to his language? As an immediate answer to this question we reply, that though rhyme can compensate nothing, can atone for nothing, and can reconcile us to nothing in the shape of vicious or unidiomatic diction, yet there are ways and means by which it may be compensated and atoned for; and these are, as we have said, a more than usually inflexible observance of the common flow and proprieties of our vernacular tongue in all other respects. But this only brings the poet up to a level with the good prose writer. It merely *reconciles* us to his rhymes. It therefore does not answer fully the question just stated, the purport of which is this—how does rhyme, besides being merely tolerated, ever come to captivate us as beautiful, and to be looked upon as a source of positive pleasure? As the answer to this question involves the consideration of what it is that renders man an artist in the highest sense of the word, we must take some pains with our reply.

The man who expresses his own feelings and passions strongly is not a poet; but only the man who can portray vividly and forcibly the passions of other men. Now there is this great difference between being able to depict *one's own* passions, and being able to depict the passions of *others*, that in the former case nature does the whole business for us, but not so in the latter. The expression of our own passions is involuntary and spontaneous; whereas, in delineating the feelings or passions of others, we must pass them through our own minds by a strong *effort of the will*. Pure natural passion, then, is not poetry, but only passion combined with volition; and the latter element it is—and not the former as usually supposed—which constitutes the differential quality of poetry, being the feature which dis-

tinguishes it from the spontaneous and effortless overflowings of the heart.

This element, therefore, must find a representative in language. Besides representing feelings and passions to us, the poetical artist must make us sensible of his own volition; namely, of that act of mastery by which he was enabled to pass these through the alembic of his own heart. When they issue forth, they must come out transfigured and tinged with the life-blood of that strong act. We must see, we say, not only the passion, but combined with it we must also see the volition of the artist.

Now this volition is an element not supplied by nature. Nature supplies the passion and the feeling, but not the will which would grasp, contemplate, and comprehend them, and realize them where they are not spontaneously given. The human will, upon the wings of which man soars out of his own mechanism, and looks down upon his *natural* self, receives no countenance or encouragement from her. In a word, the will and the passion are ever at variance with each other—nature doing all she can to bring forward the latter, and to keep the former aloof. But will is, as we have said, an essential element of the poet's genius; and therefore it must be manifested in spite and defiance of nature. Thus, at his very first step, we find the poet necessarily thwarting and deserting nature.

His next step is to embody his genius in language. But here he finds that, as nature did not provide him with his volition, so now the language of nature will not supply it with a representative. Nature gives a voice merely to the spontaneous feelings, passions, and other instincts of her creatures. But the poet's passions, &c., though real, are not spontaneous, but are got up through the mediation of the will. If, therefore, he were to employ merely natural language, he would leave unexpressed an authentic ingredient of his genius. Therefore he must find, in some way or other, a voice for this mediation of his will. Since, however, it cannot be represented by natural language, he must invent an exponent of it for himself. Accordingly, he breaks up the language of nature, and when he comes before us in his complete panoply, and in every respect true to his call-

ing, we find that he brings with him a new element which he has worked out for himself *proprio Marte*, and introduced into language as the proper representative of his peculiar power—an element which in all ages has been that in which poets have lived, and breathed, and had their being; we mean the element of metre, an element which, in a language like ours, assumes, as its truest and most expressive shape, the form of *rhyme*.

Metre, therefore, and more particularly and properly rhyme, is introduced into language for the purpose of representing that which ought to pervade and be made visible in all good poetry—the will of the artist. It is used, not because the natural passions and feelings of the human heart are best and most truly depicted in this form of style, (for this is by no means the case,) but because it brings palpably before us the active power which the artist exercises over these materials. It affords the most striking and definite form in which that active power can be exhibited. But here we must pause, to consider the situation of the reader or hearer. No doubt, at first sight the great and only end of poetry appears to be, to delineate man's passions, feelings, &c., exactly as they exist in nature. *At first sight*, therefore, the reader, expecting these to be represented identically as they are, and in the very language in which nature would utter them, is naturally revolted by rhyme, regarding it as an element which represents no authentic or even existing constituent in man—an uncalled-for impertinence—an unnecessary irrelevancy—a gratuitous appendage grafted by the artist upon the proper materials of poetry, and having no business there. But this is the case with the reader *only* at first sight, and when he judges without any degree of reflection. By-and-by he comes to see, that grounded in our very constitution as human beings, there is and ought necessarily to be a great difference between our expression of our own passions, &c., as nature provides us with them, and our expression of the passions, &c., of other men, inasmuch as in the latter case volition must be present, though not in the former; and then he discovers that it is not the end of poetry to represent man's passions and feelings *exactly as they are*. Because, if poetry merely

did this, it would omit one of its own proper elements—it would give voice merely to our own passions as nature supplies them, (an utterance never held to be poetry,) but it would leave unexpressed the volition which always is and must be present when the passions of others are to be depicted. The reader, therefore, is brought to admit that the poet has a real authentic element which he is called upon to represent, besides the more obvious materials of his art—the passions and feelings of human nature—he has, namely, his own will. The reader is further brought, by a very moderate share of reflection, to admit that the language of nature merely enables us to express our instincts, passions, &c., exactly as they are, and that for any thing over and above this, she is dumb: and thereupon he is carried a step still further, namely, to the admission that the artist is not only entitled, but is under a positive obligation, to do violence to the language of nature, in order that he may be enabled to introduce into it a certain kind of voice or utterance by which that real and peculiar element of his power—viz. his will—may be expressed; and thus the reader is brought to admit that, upon second thoughts, rhyme may be at least tolerated.

But the bargain between the reader and the poet is not yet fairly ratified and brought to a conclusion. The reader has been brought to *bear with* what originally and naturally repelled him—the rhymes of the artist. But whether he will continue to practise this toleration, and moreover to derive positive gratification from their presence, yet remains to be seen, and depends upon circumstances—which circumstances are, that the rhymes shall be found to represent fairly, faithfully, and completely, that which they were brought forward to represent—namely, the will of the poet. Now, will, unless it exhibit itself in triumph, is not will at all. Will defeated is will non-existent, and this certainly is not entitled to any representative in language. But we can only determine whether the artist's will has been triumphant or defeated, by looking to its visible exponent—rhyme—and seeing whether this is victorious over the difficulties of its position, or the reverse. If, then, we find any of the other proprieties of language sacrificed on its account, or any unnatural ar-

angement of words laid before us, we immediately hold that the rhyme is miserably beaten; consequently that the artist's will is a baffled non-entity—that the rhyme, instead of standing forth as the representative of his will, victorious in the midst of all obstacles, does, in fact, represent nothing whatsoever; but hangs as a clog upon his composition, lending to it additional disfigurement. In this case the reader is at once off from the bargain. The artist's work is hateful to him, and his rhymes make it only still more detestable.

Woe, therefore, to the poet who, in the exercise of his vocation, invades the sequence in which words naturally arrange themselves in his vernacular tongue, or violates in any other way the correct conversational usages of speech. When we consented to tolerate his rhymes, we understood him to come under a contract to exhibit to us the element for the sake of which we agreed to put up with them, and moreover to exhibit it to us *faithfully*. But will can only be exhibited to us faithfully, or as a real existence, when we see it exercising a consummate mastery over all its materials, the feelings, the passions, and above all the language of humanity—voluntarily, and for the sake of declaring its own reality, multiplying the difficulties of the latter, and at the same time preserving all its proper usages entire. But now, in perverting the idiom of speech, the artist has broken through this contract. Woe, therefore, to him; for from henceforth he is a literary outcast. Poetry casts him off, and plain prose turns her back upon the rhyming drudge.

On the other hand, whenever we find any real ingredient of humanity fairly and fully represented in language, our gratification is extreme. When, therefore, the artist proves the reality and supremacy of his will, and represents this in true and bright colours, by introducing rhyme into language without violating any correct customary *norma loquendi*, any rule of pure idiomatic discourse—running along the whole compass of speech—in no respect altering its natural tenor, but tipping its points with emphasis and fire; then, but only then, do we hail his performances with delight. He has now put forward his volition as a real permanent and victorious existence—he has faith-

fully represented that which, as we have already said, is the differential or peculiar ingredient of poetical genius. Having deserted nature for the purpose of finding an articulate voice for an element not supplied by nature, and for which her language afforded no utterance—to wit, his own will—he has again returned into the bosom of nature with his found treasure, (rhyme, namely,) and he will violate her prerogatives no more. On the contrary, glorying and proud in the freedom of his self-imposed fetters, he will prove his mastery over her language by walking in all its usual ordinances more strictly and blamelessly than before. He, and he alone, who conceives his vocation in this spirit, is the true poetical artist. And now we have answered, as far as our present limits permit, the question we have been engaged upon, and have shown how and why rhyme ever comes to give us pleasure.

We must now turn to the translations before us. If tried by the principles we have been contending for, we think that there is hardly a page in any one of them that could for a moment stand—so barbarous and often so ludicrous are the stratagems they play off upon language, and also upon thought, for the sake of hitching in their rhymes. Perhaps we have been uttering hard sayings—perhaps it may be thought that a poetical translation of any work upon the terms we propose, is altogether an impossible achievement. Perhaps it may be; but if it is, then we think it better that there should be no poetical translations, than that they should be obtained at the sacrifice of the conditions we have stated; for, if purchased at this price, they can never be any thing but burdens and encumbrances upon the literature of the country which import them. To make amends, however, for our strictness on this point, and by way of encouraging future translators of "Faust," or any similar work, we may add, that we are inclined to accord to them much greater latitude in translating than they are generally supposed entitled to exercise. There are occasions upon which they cannot adhere too closely to the text of their author; but in general we should allow them to take what liberties they pleased with his mere words, and to deviate from him as widely as they chose, provided they

were guilty of no violence towards the idiom of their vernacular tongue, nor towards the *spirit* of the original work. In most cases, this cannot be brought out in a foreign tongue, without an entire abandonment of the words from which the translation is made. Therefore, we confess that in general we are no sticklers for literal faithfulness of interpretation, and beg to remind those who are, that their translations, like copies of a marble inscription taken in clay, may be extremely and even curiously faithful, while they yet exactly *reverse* every character of the original.

Closing these observations upon the necessity under which we think a translator lies, of being more than usually strict in his adherence to the idiom, the simplicity, and the ordinary conversational arrangement of his vernacular tongue, *particularly when his work has to be executed in rhyme*, we now proceed to illustrate our remarks, and to comment practically upon specimens extracted from the translations before us.

Although not in our list, we shall commence with Shelley, both on account of his greater poetical reputation; and because he was the first who led the way by translating certain portions of this drama. We quote his version of the ode chanted by the three archangels in the opening scene—a composition which, in the original, appears to us to be one of the most sublime strains that ever fell from the lips or the pen of a mortal man. The reader is probably aware that, in imitation of the opening scene in Job, the prologue of Faust is transacted in heaven. All the heavenly host are present—the three archangels come forward:—

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed—the angels *even*
Draw strength from gazing on its
glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may.
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift with rapid lightness
The adorned earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night;—the

Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and
ocean
Onward, with spheres which never
sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land,
And raging weave a chain of power
Which girds the earth as with a
band.
A flaming desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way:
But *thy servants*, Lord! reverse
The gentle changes of thy day.

In this translation various dramatic proprieties belonging to the situation of the speakers are found to be violated. Let us observe what this situation is. The archangels must be supposed to be standing on some sort of aerial platform in the skies, and are contemplating from afar the rolling magnificence of worlds. They then commence to describe not simply what they know to be the case, but what is actually passing before their eyes. All their remarks are uttered *δραματικῶς*, that is, in a dramatically demonstrative manner. With regard, then, to Raphael's first observation, that "the sun makes music,"—or, as it would be better and more literally rendered, "sounds,"—we remark that this is a very feeble and essentially undramatic manner of conveying what he really says. He does not merely mean to state the abstract fact, that the sun "makes music" or "sounds," but he breaks forth with an emphatic declaration of what he hears and sees actually taking place at that very time; namely, that the sun is *sounding*, or (if it must be so expressed) "is making music." In the German language this form of expression is never used; but we, who have it, ought always to employ it when we are describing an event actually transacting before our eyes; for the dramatic effect of our description wholly depends upon its use. Other instances of this fault may be observed running through the whole version; but we need not particularise them further. In the fourth line, we think that "thunder speed" is wrong. Speed is not intended to be alluded to at all in this stanza; it is reserved as the predominant characteristic of the next. In Raphael's strain, the feeling

meant to be conveyed is that of abiding beauty, and calm, unintermitting power. "Thunder strength" would be better. In the same line (to say nothing of the marring of the versification, which ought to have been fully closed at the end of it, and not broken in the middle) the interpolation of the word *even* (for which there is no countenance in the original) would, of itself, be sufficient to sink the whole version down into Tartarus, *even* though the rest of it were really steeped in the richest melody that ever flowed from angelic lips. "Though none its meaning fathom may," is an inversion of ordinary syntax which we cannot bring ourselves to consider allowable. However, "the world's *unwithered countenance* is bright as at (on?) creation's day," fully makes amends for it, and strikes us as extremely beautiful, though very different from the words of the original. By "the world," however, we must understand not the earth merely, but, as the original has it, all "the inconceivably high works" of God.

In the second stanza, Gabriel takes up the note which Raphael had struck, and proceeds to describe *his* impressions of the gigantic ongoing of the universe. As Raphael had called attention principally to the sun, and made the feeling of serene power the predominant feature of his song; so now Gabriel singles out the earth as the great object of his description, and makes the feeling of unimaginable swiftness the ruling affection of our souls. In the original description before us, we wish to point out one image in particular—in our opinion a very important and picturesque one—which has never yet been brought out, or apparently even seen by any translator. It is contained in the third and fourth lines—lines which, though faithful enough in Shelley's version to

the original, as far as the mere words are concerned, by no means body forth or give any sort of colour to the picture spoken of.

"Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night."

Surely this cannot merely mean that our earth is visited alternately by day and by night. The statement of such a truism would be unworthy of any great poet. What more, then, than this is contained or depicted in the original words? Reader! you shall see. Just suppose yourself standing on the point of view from which Gabriel is looking, that the sun is shining in all his glory, and that the earth, at a great distance, is whirling along before your eyes with inconceivable velocity—what image would you behold?—what would first and chiefly catch your vision in its contemplation of the revolving earth? Would it not be her dark or unsunned side flashing round every moment into the light, and every moment whirling again as fast round into the shade? This, to us who dwell in mansions of clay, constitutes day and night—a tardy revolution of four-and-twenty hours; but to angel eyes how different! To them, looking forth upon the racing spheres, the day of the dwindled earth is but a momentary flash, and its night is but a momentary shade. Depend upon it, that is the picture which Goethe intended to represent, and which in fact he does most vividly portray,* if his translators had but had eyes to see it; and is it not sublime?

In the third stanza, the feeling intended to be conveyed appears to be that of impetuous violence, lulled at last, and subsiding into perfect peace—a feeling, however, which is marred by a blunder all the translators are guilty of, with the exception of Lord Gower and Mr Hayward, who, if we may judge from a note † in his admi-

* For German readers we add the words of the original,—

Es wechselt Paradieses-Helle
Mit tiefer schauervoller Nacht.

In the preceding lines Gabriel had described the inconceivably rapid revolution of the earth; and in those before us he points out the *consequence* of this revolution—not its consequence in relation to us human beings, but in relation to himself and his brother-spectators; namely, that (es wechselt) "there is continually alternating" upon the earth a succession of light and shade, as rapidly as it is possible for them to alternate.

† Faust, a dramatic poem by Goethe, translated into English prose, with remarks on former translations and notes. By A. Hayward, Esq. Second edition. London: 1834.

rable prose translation, appears to see the matter in its true light, although we think he ought to have brought out the right meaning more explicitly in his text. This error consists in understanding the words "thy servants," in the last line but one, to apply to the angels of the Lord, instead of referring them to his thunder and lightnings, spoken of in the immediately preceding lines. Shelley, and all the translators, (except the two above mentioned,) so understand the passage. Yet what sense, what connexion of thought, can there be in saying "Yonder," that is, upon earth, "blasting lightnings are flaming before the path of the thunderbolt; yet we thy servants, O Lord! revere the placid going of thy day?" Why yet? Can any body doubt but that this is the sense of the passage:—"Yonder, &c.; yet *these*," (that is, thunder and lightning,) "thy messengers, disarmed of their fury in thy presence, O Lord! revere the placid going of thy day?" Understood thus, the stanza becomes admirable; understood in the other way, it stands meaningless and incoherent. In the Bible, which Goethe was profoundly versed in, thunder and lightning are constantly alluded to as the "messengers of the Lord." *

Dr Anster enjoys, we believe, considerable reputation as a translator of "Faust." His translation is certainly very far indeed from being the worst before us: his blank verse, as we said before, is frequently excellent; and we have great respect for his general powers. But we must now subject his version of this ode to the test of our criticism. It runs as follows:—

RAPHAEL.

The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister spheres in rival song
His destined path *observes—obeys*,
And still in thunder rolls along.

New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight.
Mysterious all; yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

GABRIEL.

Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth; and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden *change and shift*
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The *we'd sea* foams—waves leap and
moan,
And *chide the rocks* with insult hoarse;
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars, in endless course.

MICHAEL.

And winds with winds mad war maintain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And *heave round earth* a living chain
Of interwoven agency,—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal.
Fast lightnings flash *with deadly ray*,
While, Lord! with thee *thy servants* feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

The grand characteristic of this ode in the original is, that each lineament in it is cut clean at one blow, and requires no second application of the chisel. Its style is most peremptory; and there is not one superfluous word in it: every syllable tells like a hammer; and every single stroke sends its nail home into the soul. In Dr Anster's translation, however, we observe a good deal of indecision, and an inability to hit the nail fair upon the head. For instance, in the repetition "observes—obeys," he makes two hits at the sun, endeavouring to describe what he is about; and in both cases, we are sorry to say, he entirely misses his aim. We are sure he must feel that, in a composition like this, if once saying a thing won't settle its business, still less will it be settled by being said twice or a hundred times. The same observation applies to "new strength and full beatitude." The strength of the unfallen angels is bea-

* Psalm civ. 4. Job xxxviii. 35. We subjoin the original verse:—

Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags;
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

Lord Gower translates it thus, and gives, though not very forcibly or clearly, the sense for which we are contending:—

The lightnings of the dread destroyer
Precede his thunders through the air;
Yet at the nod of their employer,
The servants of his wrath forbear.

titude, and therefore it is tautological to talk of both. In this fifth line, therefore, we would retrench every word except the word "strength:" all the rest is "leather and prunella." So is "yet all is good" in the next line. And here, we again ask, why that unhappy qualification "yet?" If it has any significance at all, this word must be used for the purpose of disarming suspicion. The most favourable supposition we can make for the translator is, that when he called the works of God "mysterious all," it immediately occurred to him that they would be suspected of being *not* good. He therefore begs to assure us that, notwithstanding their mysteriousness, they *are* good; otherwise the word *yet* can have no meaning whatsoever. "They are mysterious," says he; "*yet*, trust me, they are good." Now, if no such suspicions ever entered our minds, (as they certainly never did, being indeed quite at variance with the feeling inspired by the strain,) this attempt to allay them must be deemed a very superfluous undertaking, and one which greatly disfigures the character of the verses.

The same want of decision is still more apparent in the second stanza.—"Change and *shift*." Why say the same thing twice over, in a composition, the great beauty of which, in point of style, results from the severe parsimony of its words? But this is nothing to what takes place in the next two lines—"The vex'd sea foams"—that is the thing said once;—"waves leap and moan"—well, that is the same thing said twice, if not three times. Surely it won't be repeated: yes, here it is again—"and chide the rocks"—that is four times: there is an end of it now, we hope—no, it returns upon us again for the fifth time; they (the waves) do this "with insult hoarse." How intolerably this retards the fervour of the verse, which ought almost to make the brain whirl with its rapidity! We beg, moreover, to remark, that the use of the words "chide" and "insult," in this passage, affords a striking illustration of what Wordsworth calls "the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition *being in metre*," (this is the thing we were condemning a little while back,) "applied upon an occasion which does not justify such expressions." Neither

are these expressions in any degree justified by the original text; indeed, we should as soon expect to see bramble-berries growing on peach-trees, as such vicious poetic diction sprouting from any of the shoots of Goethe's genius.

In the third stanza, the expression "heave round earth" appears to us to be a very sluggish and cumbrous mode of depicting the activity every where propagated, "when the stormy winds do blow." "With deadly ray," is very schoolboyish. In the two last lines, the reader will see the blunder we have already pointed out, committed: the words "thy servants," namely, understood in reference to themselves—the angels, and not in reference to the "thunder-peal" and "fast lightnings," as they ought to be.

We are anxious to exhibit specimens of all the translations of this ode; but as we can only afford space for a stanza a-piece, we shall yoke three mortals together, and make them chant in turn this strain of the immortals. The first archangel in our leash shall be

RAPHAEL SYME.

"The sun, *along the void of space*,
Is sounding with his brother spheres,
And rolls on his predestined race
At thunder-speed: his aspect cheers
The angels, *though none understand*
What his mysterious music says.
The works of the Creator's hand
Are fresh as in creation's days.

THE HON. GABRIEL TALBOT.

Swift, swift beyond all thought, still flies
Earth, with its pomp, its orbit round;
Robed in the light of Paradise,
Altern with night's dread shades profound!
With its broad surge the foaming deep
To lash the sea-cliff's base *appears*;
While rock and billow onward sweep
In forced rotation, with the spheres!

MICHAEL BIRCH.

And storms in opposition raging,
From seas o'er land—from land o'er
ocean;
In conflict mad engaging,
Build deep-laid barriers by their motion.
Now the destroying lightning's vivid flame
Foreruns the awful thunder's roar;
Yet, Lord! thy messengers proclaim thy
name,
And the calm *tenure* of 'thy day' adore.

In the stanza sung by the first of our trio, the expression "along the void

of space" is a very unnecessary interpolation of the translator. "Though none understand what his mysterious music says"—a specific construction is here put upon the words of the original, which we do not think they will bear. It is not the sun's music merely that the angels are unable to fathom: it is himself and all his wondrous ways.

In the Honourable Mr Talbot's stanza there is not much to applaud; but where can words be found strong enough to condemn the verse in which this expression *appears*?

"The foaming deep

To lash the sea-cliffs' base *appears*."

Appears to lash!!—why, it *does* lash these same foundation-rocks with a force which, unless they had been rooted to the centre, would long ago have knocked them off their legs.

We now make our bow to our third archangel, Mr Birch. Who this gentleman is, we know not; but if he should take umbrage at our having placed him at the head of his stanza as Michael Birch, we beg to refer him to his own pompous preface, from which it appears that he himself has indulged in far more extravagant liberties with the name "his godfathers and godmothers" gave him, than any that we, even in our wildest imaginations, could ever have dreamt of taking. "That my proper name," (says he, p. 10,) "is unknown to the literary world, is true; yet have two of the productions of my pen passed the ordeal of criticism, and received the reviewer's meed of praise; namely, my 'Fifty-one original Fables and Morals,' published five years ago as written by JOB CRITHANNAH; and my recently published 'Divine Emblems,' as by JOHANN ABRICHT, both being anagrams of my proper name." The capitals are his own. Now, if Mr Birch prefers the name of Job Crithannah to that of the archangel Michael, we will not quarrel with him about it. *De gustibus*, &c., only to our ears the latter sounds rather more euphonious.

It was not without a profound weighing of the subject, that Job Crithannah undertook and went through with his translation of "Faust." Various friends appear to have tried to dissuade him from publishing his version, it being,

they thought, an article of which "there was no want." But Job was not so to be done. His only fear, he tells us, was, "lest I should be charged with presumption or affectation in so closely imitating Goethe;" and accordingly he listened to the remonstrances of his friends "with feelings something akin to pity towards such persons."—(*Preface*, p. 9.) If Job Crithannah is guilty of no presumption or affectation, except that of "closely imitating Goethe," we beg to assure him that he must be about the most unpresumptuous and unaffected individual now alive. He informs us that in early life he was partially acquainted with "Faust;" but that about three years ago it again fell in his way. "I gave it much attention," says he, "and was rewarded by astounding delight." With regard to his own translation he speaks thus. "I have proposed to myself to give the meaning of my author fully, neither skipping over, nor avowedly* leaving out any part; but studiously masking such passages as might be considered objectionable to delicacy—to give it in poetry line for line, and literally, where the genius of the two languages admitted of such closeness; for if too verbally given, Goethe becomes increasingly obscure, and his beauties remain undeveloped. I have, therefore, considered it better on such occasions to give a good liberal English equivalent rather than a cramped verbatim, so that the *verse might flow*, [italics in original,] without which no poetical version could ever become agreeable to the English reader, or approach to a display of Goethe's versification. In fact, a spirited translation, palpable, interesting, and pleasing, from its euphony, to the Englishman; and satisfactory to the German scholar from its correctness."

Here Job Crithannah promises well, but we much doubt whether, even with the assistance of Johann Abridicht, he will be found able to make good his word. Let us examine the short sample of his performance which we have quoted. In the second line, literally, "from sea to land, from land to sea,"—the whole beauty of which verse depends upon the second clause being made to play back *in totidem verbis*, upon the first,—he has

* By *avowedly* he evidently means *intentionally*, otherwise he must mean that he has left out some parts, but has resolved not to confess what they are.

thought proper to vary the expression, and gives us "from seas o'er land, from land o'er ocean," probably for the purpose of showing his great command of language. But we cannot help thinking that his alteration entirely ruins the effect of the line. "In conflict mad engaging." In reading this we feel as if we were setting our foot on a bit of rotten scaffolding, and accordingly withdraw it as quickly as possible, and leap on to the next. But what "deep-laid barriers built by the motions of the storm" may be, is more than we can tell. The original informs us that the restless agency of storms has the greatest possible effect in quickening and forwarding the operations of nature, namely, vegetation and so forth; and there is some sense in that; but in this translation of the passage, there is none. In the last line, the word "tenure" is evidently a mistake for "tenor;" the former signifying the condition upon which any thing is held, the latter its course or going.

Such is the manner in which Mr Crithannah "closely imitates Goethe," "approaches to a display of his versification," and steers clear of "a cramped verbiage." Although mere critics, we think we could do the thing better ourselves, and shall accordingly make the attempt, although in trying to cope with the original, we confess we feel somewhat in the predicament of a pigmy endeavouring to clap the head of a giant.

RAPHAEL.

The sun is, yonder, leading loud
The concert of the starry crowd,
And, with a tread of thunder-force,
Fulfilling his appointed course.
The angels gather, while they gaze,
His strength, but fathom not his ways,—
There's not one trait of glory dimm'd
Since first creation's birth was hymn'd.

GABRIEL.

And earth in rapid, rapid flight
Is whirling round,—you, yonder, mark
Her dark side flashing into light,
And, in a moment, round to dark,
The sea is yonder raving hoarse,
The rocks are yonder standing fast,
And sea and rocks, in endless course,
'Mid racing spheres, are tearing past.

MICHAEL.

And, yonder, storms in rising wrath
Are sweeping seas, and sweeping shores,
Dispersing powers along their path,
That quicken earth through all her pores.

Thunder is rending yonder sky,
And lightning wasting yonder clime,
But *here*, they lay their terrors by,
And reverence the holy time.

This strain being finished, the drama commences. The parallel between it and the opening scene in Job (not Crithannah), is still carried on. Mephistopheles comes forward and addresses the Deity, who after some colloquy, asks him, "Do you know Faust?" Now in giving the devil's answer to this question, and the counter-answer which he receives, we perceive that all the translators (Mr Hayward not excepted) have entirely missed the point and spirit of the dialogue. When the Deity asks "Do you know Faust?"—the translators make Mephistopheles rejoin,—“Do you mean Doctor Faust?”—as if he required information, as not being sure but what some *other* Faust might be meant, and to this the Deity is made to reply, “Yes—my servant. Do you know him?” But in our opinion something far more dramatic and effective than this is conveyed in the original. In answer to the Deity's question, Mephistopheles replies, not enquiringly, but sarcastically, “Oh! you mean *the Doctor*?”—giving him his *nickname* in a tone of the bitterest scoffing, which irreverence is immediately and sternly put down by the weighty rebuke, “Meinen knecht,”—that is, “He is *my servant*, mark you, and must, therefore, be spoken of with respect.” It is exactly as if one person were to say to another, “Do you know Maginn?” and that other were to rejoin,—“Oh! to be sure, who does not know ‘the Doctor’?” and were immediately to meet with this rebuff from the first speaker—“I beg you to understand, sir, that he is my most particular friend, and therefore I cannot submit to hear him called disrespectful nicknames.” We hope that, in the *next* translation of Faust, we may see this matter rectified by the light we have here hung out.

The aspiring nature of Faust's desires, and the fruitlessness of his endeavours to get them gratified, are next described by Mephistopheles, whose language is thus interpreted. We quote from Mr Blackie's translation.

“His food and drink are of no earthly taste,
His restless spirit drives him to the waste,

His madness he himself half understands;
The loveliest stars from heaven he demands,
And every highest joy that earth commands;
And all that's near, and all that's far,
Sooths not his deep-moved spirit's war."

The original of these lines merely informs us that "Faust's food and drink are not earthly;" but the translator adds that they "are of no earthly taste." Now, this is either a desertion of correct colloquial language, or else it signifies that they are of no taste *whatsoever*—an idiom certainly in common use, and which may be exemplified by our saying, that there is no *earthly* occasion for the present amendment, meaning thereby that there is no occasion *whatsoever* for it. But this latter interpretation is certainly not what the translator intends us to adopt, and therefore we must pronounce him guilty of employing language not really used by men; or rather (which is worse) of expressing himself in language really used by men when they would denote something different from that which is here intended to be said. "His restless spirit drives him *to the waste*." This line denotes exactly the opposite of what it ought to express. The true meaning is, that his restless spirit drives him *away* from the waste, (that is, the waste region in which he feels himself to be,) into the distant or the remote, which he contemplates as presenting scenes far more delightful, and as shining with all the verdure of paradise. "Demands" and "commands," is no rhyme at all; and the word "war," in the last line is, if we may say so, too much of one, for we certainly should not have met with it here unless the word "far" had stood immediately over its head. As it is, the line would be much better without it. In a general point of view we think the whole passage too cumbrous and overloaded, and that it should have come off more lightly, somewhat in this fashion—Mephistopheles *loquitur*:—

"As if no common human cheer
Were good enough for him to sup,
He strives to pour the far and near
Into one devouring cup,
Would drink the stars, in his career,
And earth, with all her pleasures, up.
And yet—poor fool! do all he will,
'Tis vain,—he cannot get his fill,
He cannot make his heart be still."

Mephistopheles then asks and ob-

tains permission to tempt, and, if he can, to mislead Faust; in short, to work his will upon him, and we are informed of the plan he intends to pursue, in words to the following effect:—

"Like the famous old snake, my next of kin,
He shall feed on dust
With devouring lust,
Headlong and hasty,
For I'll make it tasty
With all the relishing smack of sin."

And this brings us to the main body of the work, in which the designs of Mephistopheles are put in execution.

The character of Faust has been greatly canvassed, both in this country and in Germany; about as much, perhaps, as that of our own Hamlet. We do not think, therefore, that we have much to add to what has already been said upon the subject. One opinion, however, (that of the late Mr Coleridge, a great authority on such a subject,) we must take this opportunity of dissenting from. Mr Coleridge thought Faust "a failure," (*vide Quarterly Review*, vol. lii. p. 21.) His reasons for this conclusion are thus stated. "He" (Mr C.) "considered the intended theme to be, the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge *for itself*, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology; but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes."

Now, with great deference we hold, in opposition to this doctrine, that purity or impurity of ends has nothing whatever to do with the matter; but that what lies at the basis of the conception of Faust, and affords a "sufficient reason" for his misology, is precisely what is here objected to; namely, his love of knowledge *for itself*—and this baffled. The love of knowledge for some object *out of itself*—this, and this alone saves most of the world from being plunged into such a misology as his. If all mankind were to indulge in a love of knowledge *for itself* alone, the world would very soon be peopled with Fausts. Such a love of knowledge exercises itself in speculation merely, and not in action; and if the experiences of purely speculative men were gathered, we think that most of them would be found to con-

fess, bitterly confess, that indulgence in abstract reflective thinking, (whatever effect it may have ultimately upon their nobler genius, supposing them to have one,) in the mean time absolutely kills, or appears to kill, all the minor faculties of the soul—all the lesser genial powers, upon the exercise of which the greater part of human happiness depends. They would own, not without remorse, that pure speculation—that is, knowledge pursued *for itself* alone—has often been tasted by them to be, as Coleridge elsewhere says, the bitterest and rottenest part of the core of the fruit of the forbidden tree. They would confess that they have at times felt philosophic reflection to be nothing less than an absolute refusal, on their parts, to exercise their talents in the manner in which God Almighty intended them to be exercised. Feeling thus, and at the same time baffled in their pursuit, it is no wonder that they should frequently become misologists, and precisely in this predicament, and feeling *habitually* thus, stands the Faust before us as the true representative of the class of thinkers we are speaking of. If he had loved knowledge for any end *but* knowledge—if he had loved it for the sake of wealth, for the sake of station, for the sake of power, he would have escaped all this—but loving it for no end *but itself alone*, it has brought him into his present troubles—it is but human nature that it should have done so—it has filled him with indignation and remorse; and now, as the devil's prey, he is ready to rush into what he conceives to be the very opposite extreme.

His soliloquy at the opening of the drama affords, we think, the best key to his feelings, character, and position; and therefore we shall quote a large portion of it from the translators before us, commenting on their execution of the passage. Our first extract shall be from Dr Anster.

TIME.—Night.

SCENE—A high-arched narrow Gothic chamber.

FAUST at his desk—restless.

FAUST.

Alas! I have explored
Philosophy and Law, and Medicine;
And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first!

Here am I—boast and wonder of the school;

Magister, Doctor, and I lead
These ten years past my pupils' creed;
Winding, by dext'rous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.

And now to feel that nothing can be known!

This is a thought which burns into my heart.

I have been more acute than all these triflers,

Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.

Scruples, and the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil;
But I have lost all peace of mind:

Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.

Unhappy, ignorant, and blind,

I cannot hope to teach mankind;—

Thus robb'd of learning's only pleasure,

Without dominion, rank, or treasure,

Without one joy that earth can give,

Could dog—were I a dog—so live?

Therefore to magic, with severe

And patient toil, have I applied,

Despairing of all other guide,

That from some spirit I might hear

Deep truths to others unreveal'd,

And mysteries from mankind seal'd;

And never more, with shame of heart,

Teach things of which I know no part.

Oh! for a glance into the earth!

To see below its dark foundations,

Life's embryo seeds before their birth

And Nature's silent operations—

Thus end at once this vexing fever

Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

This translation gets over the ground like a wounded tortoise. After reading it, we think it would have been impossible for words to have represented more faintly and feebly the fretful fire, that, in the original passage, leaks out in living jets from Faust's bosom;—his sense of labour thrown away—his indignation—his irony—and his despair. It contains all the vices of language we were contending against at the beginning of this article, and which may be enumerated in a very few words, when we say that no man in Faust's situation would *naturally speak* so. If the words printed in italics, in the third and fourth lines, were left out, the sense would be as well, if not better, given. "Here am I—boast and wonder of the school—*Magister, Doctor.*" This is very far from depicting the bitter irony with which Faust is here contemplating his magisterial and doctorial honours. Mr Anster is a "doc-

tor" himself—an L.L.D., and therefore, perhaps, he could hardly have been expected to enter completely, or at least *con amore*, into the spirit of Faust's cruel sarcasm. But the following, we can assure him, is what Faust intends to express—"Here am I," says he, "classed with 'masters,' and such scum," (*heisse doctor gar*), "and yea with 'doctors' by my soul!"—as if human degradation could not possibly sink lower. To "lead" a person's creed, is hardly an allowable expression: the right word is "to shape." Besides, if used at all, the expression should have been "I have led." Then in the translation a little further down, where Faust says, "I have been more acute than all these triflers," &c., the spirit of the original entirely evaporates. As in the preceding lines we found him ironically classing himself with the doctors of the schools, so here he ought to have been exhibited to us seriously and vehemently asserting his real superiority, and bursting high above them in the native and indignant energy of his soul. "Could dog (*were I a dog*) so live?" We ask, would any man, even in his most *doggish* mood, when speaking to himself, have naturally interpolated such a parenthesis as that? Would he not simply have said, as the original says, "not even a dog would endure the life that I am leading?" But we shall make no more remarks upon these lines, as we intend, by and by, to endeavour to illustrate our notion of their spirit by trying our own hand upon the passage, and shall thus give Dr Anster and others an opportunity of *retaliating*, which we fear they will be at no loss to do, if they choose to take the trouble, as we all know that practice is very different from theory, and that to preach is one thing, and to perform another. In the mean time we continue the passage, quoting from Mr Birch:—

"Oh! that thy beams, fair moon, *did take a peep*
For the last time on my sorrow's deep.
Oft at this desk I have *quail'd my brain*
The midnight through—but quail'd in vain—
When o'er my books and papers thou
Would'st show thy pensive friendly brow.

Oh! that I might but calmly tread
In thy pure light the mountain's head.
Round mountain-caves with spirits glide,
Or float o'er fields in thy *waning tide*,
From all my knowledge qualms *befreed*,
Bathe in thy dew—and feel relieved."

We need not waste our own time or the reader's, by pausing to criticise such stuff as this. Let us *take a peep* into some of the other translations. We carry on Faust's soliloquy from the Hon. Mr Talbot's* version:—

"Oh! am I to this dungeon still *confined*,

This cursed dismal hole, alas,
Where cheerful daylight scarce can *find*
A passage through the painted glass!
Hemm'd in by books on every side,
Which dust begrimes, and worms *devour*,
Which, wrapp'd in smoke-stained paper,
tower,

Up to the roof in dingy *pride*!
These tools—these phials—boxes without
number—

Thi heir-loom trash, and other useless
lumber,

In careless heaps together *hurl'd*—
This is thy world—oh, to call this a
world!"

There is no fair rhyme in the iteration "confined" and "find"—"worms devour" is a thousand degrees too strong, and does not express the way in which these reptiles perpetrate their depredations upon libraries. We think we see them crunching the boards, bolting the bindings, and growling over their prey. "Which, *wrapped* in smoke-stained paper, *tower* up to the roof in dingy *pride*." The books were not *wrapped* in smoke-stained paper; the paper was simply that with which the walls of his den were *papered*. The word "tower" appears to us to be an overcharged expression here, Faust feeling nothing but the *crampness* of his situation; but a still stronger illustration of vicious poetic diction is presented to our notice in the word "*pride*." This, if ever there was one, is an instance of language wrested from its proper use; a word denoting a passion of the soul employed to characterise a set of book-shelves! Conceive how the expression would look in German, (*in dunkelm Stolz*), or in any other language. "Hurl'd" is generally an unhappy word in poetry, and seldom

* We, of course, give Mr Talbot the benefit of his latest emendations by quoting from the second edition of his work.

answers any good purpose, as far as we have ever seen, except that of rhyming to "world." Mr Blackie must now favour us with a sample in continuation of the passage.

"And ask I still why thrills my heart
With timid beatings and oppress'd?
And why some secret unknown smart
Chills every life-pulse in my breast?
'Stead of the living of *Nature*,
Where man was placed by his *Creator*,
Surrounds thee mouldering dust alone,
The grinning skull and skeleton."

We beg to assure our Southron readers, that, whatever may be the custom in *some* parts of Scotland, the practice of pronouncing "nature" in such a way as to make it chime sympathetically with "creator," is by no means universal in that country. Carrying on the same passage, let us give Dr Anster another trial.

"Away, away, and far away!
This book, where secret spells are scann'd,
Traced by Nostradam's own hand
Will be thy strength and stay:
The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery;
The thoughts of nature thou canst seek,
As spirits with their brothers speak.
It is—it is the sunrise hour
Of thy own being; light, and power,
And fervour to the soul are given,
As proudly it ascends to heaven.
To ponder here o'er spells and signs,
Symbolic letters, circles, lines;
And from their actual use refrain,
Were time and labour lost *in vain*.
Then ye whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer, ye who hear me!

"Where secret spells are scann'd."
This is an interpolation of the translator, and we think a very unnecessary one. It was quite enough to mention that the book was by Nostradamus—upon that every one must have known that it contained magic "secret spells," and all that sort of thing. It is out of keeping with the character of Faust to make him more minute than this. Besides, the word "scann'd" is another of those that we never yet found answering any good purpose in poetry, and simply because no man ever seriously made use of it in actual life. "To ponder here, &c., were time and labour lost." Here the translator should have stopped, and not added, "in vain." Labour lost is labour lost; but "labour lost in vain," must be labour which the workman has been unsuc-

cessful in losing, and must therefore be labour *not* lost, or, in other words, must be labour *gained*, and therefore the translator here says exactly the reverse of what he intends to say.

We will conclude our selections for the present by extracting a few more lines from Mr Birch's translation, it being the latest that has come to hand. After giving vent to what has just been uttered by Dr Anster, Faust throws open the book, and contemplates the sign of the Macrocosm: he proceeds:—

"What rapture flows at this first glance,
Through all my senses—all my veins!
I feel youth's hallow'd high-day trance
Re-glow throughout my nerves and veins,
&c.

I comprehend at length the saying of the seer,—

'The world of spirits is not lock'd,
Thy mind is shut, thy heart is dead.
Up, scholar, up! and bathe *unshock'd*
Thy earthly bosom in the morning's red."

"And bathe *unshock'd*." We confess we have met with nothing in all these translations which has *shocked* us more than this rhyme. We were hardly prepared for it, even by Mr Talbot's version of the same passage, although we own he had done much to case-harden us. Let us remark in passing that we hardly think it would be safe for any reader to begin the study of these translations, *suddenly*, with Mr Birch. It would be too much for his nerves, just as it would be too severe upon him to subject him to a shower-bath of cold spring water on this, the 14th day of January, unless he were accustomed to it. But let him gradually inure himself, and fortify his habit by commencing with Lord Gower or Dr Anster, and proceeding on through the others; and there is no saying but what he may bring himself in time to stand even Job Crithannah. Here, for example, in the present instance, Mr Talbot is good enough to come forward and give us the thing comparatively *tepid*:—

"The realm of spirits is never barr'd,
'Tis thy soul that is fetter'd—thy heart
that is dead!

Then up, my disciple, and bathe, *un-scared*,
Thy earthly breast in the morning's red!"

What does the reader imagine the original word means, which one of these translators interprets into "unshocked," and the other into "un-

scared?" It simply means "indefatigably" or "assiduously;" but neither of these words could be made to rhyme to "locked" or to "barred." Similar monstrosities are to be met with in almost every page of most of these translations. Here is one. Faust—gazing upon certain visions, is made to exclaim—

Oh, what a sight! yet 'tis but the eyeball's
lure,
Where shall I clutch thee—illimitable Nature?

Birch, p. 28.

Here is a still better one. When Wagner knocks at the door, Faust exclaims—

Alas! that the fulness of the flame-clad
vision,
Should thwarted be by the sapless sneaker's
intercession.

Birch, p. 31.

If Paul Pry, instead of saying, "I hope I don't intrude," had come forward, saying, "I hope I don't *intercede*," we wonder what his success would have been before a London audience. What could have tempted Mr Blackie on one occasion to put these words into Faust's mouth addressing Mephistopheles—

There is the window—'twere no mighty
matter,
For one like you adown the wall to
clatter.

But there would be no end to it if we were to go on extracting (tender dentist) such carious specimens as these. Verily, much requires to be done before the English public can know any thing at all about the veritable Faust. We do not pretend to be able to "imitate Goethe closely;" but, in our humble opinion, the following version of the opening soliloquy is more like the original than some of the samples we have given.

FAUST.

All that philosophy can teach,
All that theology can preach,
The lore of lawyer and of leech,
Is mine—and now my curse on each!
For here I stand, when all is o'er,
No whit wiser than before,
A fool whose life has flow'd amiss;
Though one thing, to be sure, my lore
Has done for me, and it is this,

I'm class'd with 'masters' and such scum,
And yea, with 'doctors,' by my soul!
And like them I have become
A plodding pedant of the schools,
Into every musty hole,
And up and down through mazes vile,
Leading flocks of docile fools,
And seeing plainly, all the while,
That wisdom will not thus be caught,
That, in his present plight, a man
May strive, but as for knowing aught,
That he neither does nor can.

'Tis true I'm of another stamp
Than those who make the schools their
camp,
Doubts and scruples never cramp
My soul that soars from weakness free,
And hell is terrorless to me,
But, for this very cause, my lamp
Of joy is sunk as in the sea.
I feel the simplest matter lies
Beyond my understanding's reach;
I have no hope that man will rise
To virtue, or become more wise
By any lesson I can teach.
Then I have neither pelf nor place,
Nor station's claims nor glory's race,
What dog, with any spark of grace,
Would deign to live in such a case?
Therefore to magic I have flung
My being in despairing hours,
To try if truth may not be wrung
From the lips of spirit-powers,
And myself spared the labour vain,
The forehead wet
With bitter sweat,
When teaching what I can't explain:
That I may view the secret rings
Whose grasp the universe engirds,
May know the force that works in things,
Not the mere sound that breathes in
words.

Oh! would, fair moon! that thou wert
shining—
The last time shining on my woes.
How oft I've waited here, repining
Till thy face of beauty rose:
And when my papers and my books
From thoughts of thee perchance had
won me,
Then would thy pure and peaceful looks
Be lifted * suddenly upon me.
While sorrow seem'd to thee to lend
The expression of a tender friend,
Whose aspect doubts if all be right.
Oh! would that I, o'er mountain height,
Might wander in thy blessed light,
Float across, on spirit-sails,
The luminous and gulfy vales,

* "Expect her rising (the moon's) as you will, the suddenness always adds a slight surprise to your delight,"—*Blackwood's Magazine*, xxxi. 880.

Weave my being in thy beams,
Which, with dark and lustrous gleams,
Kiss the placid meadow-streams,
And, bathing in thy dewy springs,
Wash out the curse which knowledge
brings.

I had forgotten where I stood,
But thy walls, thou dungeon-hole,
Awake me to a sob'rer mood,
And I curse thee from my soul !
Here, day and night, I sit begirt
By heaps of literary dirt
Which worms begnaw and smoke be-
stains,
And waste away my baffled brains—
Here where God's very light comes hurt
And sadden'd through the painted
panes—
Boxes stuff'd with stones and grasses,
Bottles fill'd with chemic juices,
Foul abortions cramm'd in glasses,
Instruments for which no use is,
Anestral lumber rare and fine,
Litter'd round in brave neglect—
These form the world which I call "mine,"
And does it not command respect !

But does my serious heart confess
The sense that something is amiss,
The weight of an obscure distress
That checks her health :—my answer's
this,
That man by God is ever told
To lead the life that nature owns ;
But here art thou 'mid smoke and mould,
Beasts' skeletons, and dead men's bones.
Up, into wider spheres, my soul,
And cast these dismal wrecks aside,
And there unrol this mystic scroll
Of Nostradamus for a guide :
It shall spread out thine eyes afar
Through all the boundlessness of space
And make thee see how star on star
In millions weave their order'd race.
And when thou once hast got the sign
Which only nature's lips can teach,
Which barren sense in vain would reach,
The spirit-power shall then be thine,
And thine shall be the spirit-speech.
Ye guardians of the mystic token,
Make answer when the spell is spoken.

[*He throws the book open, and gazes
on the sign of the Macrocosm.*]

Ha! how my bosom drinks the flood
Of rapture circling there,
My blood grows calm as infant's blood,
My breath as infant's prayer,
I feel such promises as bud
When spring is in the air.

Was it a god who framed the spell
That bids my troubles cease,
And turns my heart into a well
Of happiness and peace ?
Am I a god ? I'm fill'd with grace,
I've got within the inner shrine,
The veil is up from nature's face,
And all her mysteries are mine.
I fathom now, and read aright
The necromancer's words of might :—
"A spirit-world encircles thee,
The Genii have not fled,
Thine is the eye that will not see,
And thine the heart that's dead.
Would'st thou be taught to disabuse
The heart that's dead, the eye that's
dim,
Then rise when first the sun renews
His course above the ocean's brim,
And bathe thy breast in ruddy dews
That drip from off his mighty rim."
[*He continues gazing intently on
the sign.*]

In continuation of Faust's soliloquy,
we here draw upon Dr Anster for a
passage, which, we rejoice to say,
commands our most unqualified praise
and admiration. *O, si sic omnia !*
We candidly confess it is far beyond
any thing to which our powers are
competent in dealing with the same
passage. Faust resumes :—

Oh! how the spell before my sight
Brings nature's hidden ways to light :
See all things with each other blending—
Each to all its being lending,
All on each in turn depending—
Heavenly ministers descending,
And again to heaven up-tending—
Floating, mingling, interweaving,
Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving :
Breathing blessings see them bending
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While every where diffused is harmony
unending.

With this harmonious close we stop
for the present, without going into any
further details respecting either the
original "Faust," or these transla-
tions. But it is possible that we may
return ere long to the subject, for we
know that there are other versions in
the wind, and "where the bungler is,
there will the critics be gathered to-
gether;" so let future translators
look to their tackle.

THE AFFGHANISTAN EXPEDITION.

"In the light of precaution," says Gibbon, "all conquest must be ineffectual unless it could be universal; for, if successful, it only involves the belligerent power in additional difficulties and a wider sphere of hostility." All ages have demonstrated the truth of this profound observation. The Romans conquered the neighbouring states of Italy and Gaul, only to be brought into collision with the fiercer and more formidable nations of Germany and Parthia. Alexander overran Media and Persia, only to see his armies rolled back before the arms of the Scythians, or the innumerable legions of India; and the empire of Napoleon, victorious over the states of Germany and Italy, recoiled at length before the aroused indignation of the Northern powers. The British empire in India, the most extraordinary work of conquest which modern times have exhibited, forms no exception to the truth of this general principle. The storming of Seringapatam, and the overthrow of the House of Tippoo, only exposed us to the incursions of the Mahratta horse. The subjugation of the Mahrattas involved us in a desperate and doubtful conflict with the power of Holkar. His subjugation brought us in contact with the independent and brave mountaineers of Nepaul; and even their conquest, and the establishment of the British frontier on the summit of the Himalayan snows, has not given that security to our Eastern possessions for which its rulers have so long and strenuously contended; and beyond the stream of the Indus, beyond the mountains of Cashmere, it has been deemed necessary to establish the terror of the British arms, and the influence of the British name.

That such an incursion into Central Asia has vastly extended the sphere both of our diplomatic and hostile relations; that it has brought us in contact with the fierce and barbarous northern tribes, and erected our outposts almost within sight of the Russian videttes, is no impeachment whatever of the wisdom and expediency of the measure, if it has been conducted with due regard to prudence and the

rules of art in its execution. It is the destiny of all conquering powers to be exposed to this necessity of advancing in their course. Napoleon constantly said, and he said with justice, that he was not to blame for the conquests he undertook; that he was forced on by invincible necessity; that he was the head merely of a military republic, to whom exertion was existence; and that the first pause in his advance was the commencement of his fall. No one can have studied the eventful history of his times, without being satisfied of the justice of these observations. The British empire in the East is not, indeed, like his in Europe, one based on injustice and supported by pillage. Protection and improvement, not spoliation and misery, have followed in the rear of the English flag; and the sable multitudes of Hindostan now permanently enjoy that protection and security which heretofore they had only tasted under the transient reigns of Baber and Aurungzebe. But still, notwithstanding all its experienced benefits, the British sway in Hindostan is essentially that of opinion; it is the working and middle classes who are benefited by their sway. The interest and passions of too many of the rajahs and inferior nobility are injured by its continuance, to render it a matter of doubt that a large and formidable body of malecontents are to be found within the bosom of their territories, who would take advantage of the first external disaster to raise again the long-forgotten standard of independence; and that, equally with the empire of Napoleon in Europe, our first movement of serious retreat would be the commencement of our fall. Nor would soldiers be wanting to aid the dispossessed nobles in the recovery of their pernicious authority. Whoever raises the standard of even *probable* warfare, is sure of followers in India; the war castes throughout Hindostan, the Rajpoots of the northern provinces, are panting for the signal of hostilities, and the moment the standard of native independence is raised, hundreds of thousands of the Mahratta horse would cluster around it, ardent to carry the spear and the

torch into peaceful villages, and renew the glorious days of pillage and conflagration.

But it is not only within our natural frontier of the Indus and the Himalaya that the necessity of continually advancing, if we would exist in safety, is felt in the British empire in the East. The same necessity is imposed upon it by its external relations with foreign powers. It is too powerful to be disregarded in the balance of Asiatic politics; its fame has extended far into the regions of China and Tartary; its name must be respected or despised on the banks of the Oxus and the shores of the Araxes. The vast powers which lie between the British and Russian frontiers cannot remain neutral; they must be influenced by the one or the other power. "As little," said Alexander the Great, "as the heavens can admit of two suns, can the earth admit of two rulers of the East."

Strongly as all nations, in all ages, have been impressed with military success as the mainspring of diplomatic advances, there is no part of the world in which it is so essential to political influence as in the East. Less informed than those of Europe in regard to the real strength of their opponents, and far less prospective in their principles of policy, the nations of Asia are almost entirely governed by present success in their diplomatic conduct. Remote or contingent danger produces little impression upon them; present peril is only looked at. They never negotiate till the dagger is at their throat; but when it is there, they speedily acquiesce in whatever is exacted of them. Regarding the success of their opponents as the indication of the will of destiny, they bow, not only with submission, but with cheerfulness to it. All our diplomatic advances in the East, accordingly, have followed in the train of military success; all our failures have been consequent on the neglect to assert with due spirit the rights and dignity of the British empire. The celebrated Roman maxim *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, is not there a principle of policy; it is a rule of necessity. It is the condition of existence to every powerful state.

The court of Persia is, in an especial manner, subject to the influence

of these external considerations. Weakened by long-continued and apparently interminable domestic feuds; scarce capable of mustering round the standards of Cyrus and Darius twenty thousand soldiers; destitute alike of wealth, military organization, or central powers, the Kings of Tehran are yet obliged to maintain a doubtful existence in the midst of neighbouring and powerful states. The Ottoman empire has long pressed from the west upon them, and transmitted, since the era when the religion of Mahomet was in its cradle, the indelible hatred of the successors of Othman against the followers of Ali. In later times, and since the Cross has become triumphant over the Crescent, the Russian empire has pressed upon them with ceaseless ambition from the north. More permanently formidable than the standards of either Timour or Gengis Khan, her disciplined battalions have crossed the Caucasus, spread over the descending hills of Georgia, and brought the armies of Christ to the foot of Mount Ararat, and the shores of the Araxes. Even the south has not been freed from ominous signs and heart-stirring events: the fame of the British arms, the justice of the British rule, have spread far into the regions of Central Asia; the storming of Seringapatam, the fall of Scindiah, the conquest of Holkar, have resounded among the mountains of Affghanistan, and awakened in the breasts of the Persians the pleasing hope, that from those distant regions the arms of the avenger are destined to come; and that, amidst the contentions of England and Russia, Persia may again emerge to her ancient supremacy among the nations of the earth.

The existence of Persia is so obviously threatened by the aggressions of Russia, the peril in that quarter is so instant and apparent, that the Persian government have never failed to take advantage of every successive impulse communicated to British influence, by their victories in Hindostan, to cement their alliance and draw closer their relation with this country. The storming of Seringapatam was immediately followed by a defensive treaty between Persia and Great Britain, in 1800, by which it was stipulated, that the English merchant

should be placed on the footing of the most favoured nation, and that no hostile European force should be permitted to pass through the Persian territories towards Hindostan. Every successive addition made to our Indian empire; every triumph of our Indian arms, drew closer the relations between Great Britain and the court of Tehran; and it was not till the wretched days of economy and retrenchment began, till the honour of England was forgotten in the subservience to popular clamour, and her ultimate interests overlooked in the thirst for immediate popularity, that any decay in our influence with the court of Persia was perceptible. In those disastrous days, however, when the strong foundations of the British empire were loosened, in obedience to the loud democratic clamour for retrenchment, the advantages we had gained in Central Asia were entirely thrown away. With an infatuation which now appears almost incredible, but which was then lauded by the whole Liberal party as the very height of economic wisdom, we destroyed our navy at Bombay, thereby surrendering the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to any hostile power that chose to occupy them; we reduced our Indian army from two hundred and eighty, to one hundred and sixty thousand men, thereby exposing ourselves to the contempt of the native powers, by whom respect is never paid but to strength, and weakening the attachment of the native population, who found themselves in great part shut out from the dazzling career of British conquest; and we suffered Persia to combat, single-handed, the dreadful power of Russia in 1827, and never sent either a guinea or a bayonet to save the barrier of Hindostan from Muscovite dismemberment. These disgraceful deeds took place during the halcyon days of Liberal administration; when the Tories nominally held the reins, but the Whigs really possessed the power of government; when that infallible criterion of right and wrong, popular opinion, was implicitly obeyed; when the democratic cry for retrenchment pervaded, penetrated, and paralysed every department of the state; and when, amidst the mutual and loud compliments of the Ministerial and Opposition benches, the foundations

of the British empire were loosened, and the strength of the British arms withered in the hands of conceding administrations. The consequences might easily have been foreseen: province after province was reft by the Muscovite invaders from the Persian empire; fortress after fortress yielded to the terrible powers of their artillery; the torrent of the Araxes was bestrode by their battalions; the bastions of Erivan yielded to their cannon; and Persia avoided total conquest only by yielding up its whole northern barrier and most warlike provinces to the power of Russia. It is immaterial to us whether these consequences took place under the nominal rule of Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning, or the Duke of Wellington; suffice it to say, they all took place during the government of the masses; and that the principles on which they were founded were those which had been advocated for half a century by the whole Whig party, and which were then, as they still are, praised and lauded to the skies by the whole Liberal leaders of every denomination.

The consequences of this total dereliction of national character and interests, in order to gratify the shortsighted passions of an illiberal democracy, rapidly developed themselves. Russia, encouraged by the success with which she had broken the barrier of Hindostan in Central Asia, continued her aggressions on the Ottoman power in Europe. The Turkish fleet was destroyed by the assistance of a British force at Navarino; the Russian arms were carried across the Balkan by British sufferance to Adrianople; and the Ottoman empire, trembling for its existence, was glad to subscribe a treaty which virtually surrendered the Danube and its whole northern defences to the Russian power. Not content with this, the rulers of England, during the halcyon days of the Reform mania, descended to still lower degradation and unparalleled acts of infatuation. When the Pasha of Egypt revolted against the Ottoman power, which seemed thus alike deserted by its allies and crushed by its enemies, and the disastrous battle of Koniah threatened to bring the Egyptian legions to the shores of Scutari, we turned a deaf ear to the earnest prayer of the distressed Sultan for aid. Engrossed in striving to

conquer Antwerp in northern, and Lisbon in southern Europe, for the advantage of revolutionary France, we had not a guinea nor a gun to spare to preserve the interests, or uphold the honour of England in the Dardanelles, and we threw Turkey, as the price of existence, into the arms of Russia. The rest is well known. The Muscovite battalions gave the requisite aid; the domes of Constantinople reflected the lights of their bivouacs on the mountain of the giant; the arms of Ibrahim recoiled before this new and unexpected antagonist, and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi delivered Turkey, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Russia, rendered the Euxine a Muscovite lake, and for ever shut out the British flag from the navigation of its waters, or the defence of the Turkish metropolis.

The natural results of this timorous and vacillating policy, coupled with the well-known and fearful reduction of our naval and military force in India, were not slow in developing themselves. It soon appeared that the British name had ceased to be regarded with any respect in the East; and that all the influence derived from our victories and diplomacy in Central Asia had been lost. It is needless to go into details, the results of which are well known to the public, though the diplomatic secrets connected with them have not yet been revealed. Suffice it to say, that Persia, which for a quarter of a century had been the firm ally, and in fact the advanced post of the British power in India, deserted by us, and subdued by Russia, was constrained to throw herself into the arms of the latter. The Persian army was speedily organized on a better and more effective footing, under direction of Russian officers; and several thousand Russian troops, disguised under the name of deserters, were incorporated with, and gave consistency to, the Persian army. The British officers, who had hitherto had the direction of that force, were obliged to retire; insult, the invariable precursor in the East of injury, was heaped upon the British subjects; redress was demanded in vain by the British ambassador; and Sir John McNeill himself was at length obliged to leave the court of Tehran, from the numerous crosses and vexations to which he was exposed. Having

thus got quit of the shadow even of British influence throughout the whole of Persia, the Russians were not long in following out the now smoothed highway towards Hindostan: the siege of Herat, the head of the defile which leads to the Indus, was undertaken by the Persian troops, under Russian guidance; and Russian emissaries and diplomacy, ever preceding their arms, had already crossed the Himalaya snows, and were stirring up the seeds of subdued but unextinguished hostility in the Birman empire, among the Nepaulese mountaineers, and the discontented rajahs of Hindostan.

There is but one road by which any hostile army ever has, or ever can, approach India from the northward. Alexander the Great, Timour, Gengis Khan, Nadir-Shah, have all penetrated Hindostan by the same route. That road has, for three thousand years, been the beaten and well-known tract by which the mercantile communication has been kept up between the plains of the Ganges and the steppes of Upper Asia. Herat stands at the head of this defile. Its population, which amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and wealth which renders it by far the most important city in the heart of Asia, have been entirely formed by the caravan trade, which, from time immemorial, has passed through its walls, going and returning from Persia to Hindostan. When Napoleon, in conjunction with the Emperor Paul, projected the invasion of our Indian possessions by a joint army of French infantry and Russian Cossacks, the route marked out was Astrakan, Astrabad, Herat, Candahar, the Bolan pass, and the Indus, to Delhi. There never can be any other road overland to India; for to the eastward of it inaccessible snowy ranges of mountains preclude the possibility of an army getting through; while to the west parched and impassable deserts afford obstacles still more formidable, which the returning soldiers of Alexander overcame only with the loss of half their numbers. It is quite clear, therefore, that Herat is the vital point of communication between Russia and Hindostan; and that whoever is in possession of it, either actually or by the intervention of a subsidiary or allied force, need never disquiet himself

about apprehensions that an enemy will penetrate through the long and difficult defile which leads in its rear to Hindostan.

Since our empire in India had waxed so powerful as to attract the envy of the Asiatic tramontane nations, it became, therefore, *a matter of necessity* to maintain our influence among the nations who held the keys of this pass. Affghanistan was to India what Piedmont has long been to Italy; even a second Hannibal or Napoleon might be stopped in its long mountain passes and interminable barren hills. If, indeed, the politics of India could be confined only to its native powers, it might be wise to consider the Indus and the Himalaya as our frontier, and to disregard entirely the distant hostility or complicated diplomacy of the northern Asiatic states. But as long as India, like Italy, possesses the fatal gift of beauty; as long as its harvests are coveted by northern sterility, and its riches by barbarian poverty; so long must the ruler of the land preserve with jealous care the entrance into its bosom, and sit with frowning majesty at the entrance of the pass by which "the blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coast" may find a way into its fabled plains.

There was a time when British influence might with ease, and at little cost, have been established in the Affghanistan passes. Dost Mahommed was a usurper, and his legal claims to the throne would not bear a comparison with those of Shah Shoojah. But he was a usurper who had conciliated and won the affections of the people, and his vigour and success had given a degree of prosperity to Affghanistan which it had not for centuries experienced. Kamram, the sultan of Herat, was connected with him by blood and allied by inclination, and both were animated by hereditary and inveterate hatred of the Persian power. They would willingly, therefore, have united themselves with Great Britain to secure a barrier against northern invasion; and such an alliance would have been founded on the only durable bond of connexion among nations—mutual advantage, and the sense of a formidable impending common danger. The states of Candahar and Cabool were in the front of the danger; the Russian and Persian arms could never have approached the Indus un-

til they were subdued; and consequently their adhesion to our cause, if we would only give them effectual support, might be relied upon as certain. It is well known that Dost Mahommed might have been firmly attached to the British alliance within these few years by the expenditure of a hundred thousand pounds, and the aid of a few British officers to organize his forces. And when it is recollected that the Sultan of Herat, alone and unaided by us, held out against the whole power of Persia, directed by Russian officers, for one year and nine months, it is evident both with what a strong spirit of resistance to northern aggression the Affghanistan states are animated, and what elements of resistance they possess among themselves, even when unaided, against northern ambition.

The immense advantage of gaining the support of the tribes inhabiting the valley of Affghan, thus holding in their hands the keys of Hindostan, was forgone by the British power in India, partly from the dilapidated state to which the army had been reduced by the miserable retrenchment forced upon the Government by the democratic cry for economy at home, and partly from the dread of involving ourselves in hostility with Runjeet Sing, the formidable chief of Lahore, whose hostility to the Affghanistans was hereditary and inveterate; and there can be little doubt that the conclusion of a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the powers of Cabool, would have excited great discontent, if not provoked open hostility, at the court of Lahore. In relinquishing their hold of the Affghanistan states, from the dread of compromising their relations with the wily potentate of the Indus, the British Government in India were only acting upon that system of temporizing, conceding, and shunning *present* danger, which has characterised all their public acts ever since the influence of the urban masses became predominant in the British councils. But it is now apparent, that in breaking with the Affghans to conciliate the rajah, the British incurred the greater ultimate, to avoid the present lesser danger. Runjeet Sing, indeed, was a formidable power, with seventy thousand men, and one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon under his command. But his situation, between the

British territory on the one side, and the Affghans on the other, rendered him incapable of making any effectual resistance. His military force was by no means equal to what had been wielded by Tippoo or the Mahrattas, and his rear was exposed to the incursions of his hereditary and inveterate enemies in the Affghanistan mountains. Still, more than all, his territories were pierced by the great and navigable river of the Indus—the best possible base for British operations, capable of conveying both the muniments of war and the provisions for an army into the heart of his dominions. In these circumstances, it is evident that the submission of Runjeet Sing must soon have become a matter of necessity; or, at all events, even if we had been driven into hostilities with him, it would have been a far less formidable contest than that into which we have been driven, by abandoning the Affghans in the late expedition to Cabool. The one would have been what the subjugation and conquest of Prussia was to Napoleon, the other was an expedition fraught with all the cost and perils of the advance to Moscow.

Notwithstanding these perils and this cost, however, we have no doubt that, at the time it was undertaken, the expedition to Affghanistan had become a matter of necessity. We had been reduced to such a pass by the economy, concession, and pusillanimity of former Governments, that we had no alternative but either to see the whole of Central Asia and Northern Hindostan arrayed in one formidable league, under Russian guidance, against us, or to make a desperate and hazardous attempt to regain our lost character. We have preferred the latter alternative; and the expedition of Lord Auckland, boldly conceived and vigorously executed, has hitherto, at least, been crowned with the most signal success. That it was also attended with great and imminent hazard is equally certain; but the existence of that peril, imposed upon us by the shortsighted parsimonious spirit of the mercantile democratic communities which for fifteen years past have swayed the British empire, is no impeachment whatever, either of the wisdom or necessity of the adventurous step which was at last resolved on. It only shows the straits to which a great nation must speedily be reduced

when its Government, in an evil hour, yields to the insidious cry for democratic retrenchment.

Already the beneficial effects of this bold policy have become apparent. The crossing of the Indus by a powerful British army; the surmounting of the hills of Cashmere; the passage of the Bolan defile; the storming of Ghuznee; the fall of Candahar and Cabool, and the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his ancestors; have resounded through the whole of Asia, and restored, after its eclipse of fifteen years, the honour of the British name. The doubtful fidelity of the Rajah of Lahore has been overawed into submission; the undisguised hostility of the court of Persia has terminated, and friendly relations are on the eve of being re-established; and the indecision of the Sultan of Herat and his brave followers has been decided by the terror of the British arms, and the arrival of a train of artillery within its ruined bastions. As Britons, we rejoice from the bottom of our hearts at these glorious successes; and we care not who were the Ministry at the head of affairs when they were achieved. They were undertaken in a truly British spirit—executed by whom they may, they emanated from Conservative principles. As much as the ruinous reductions and parsimonious spirit of Lord William Bentinck's administration bespoke the poisonous influence of democratic retrenchment in the great council of the empire, so much does the expedition to Affghanistan bespeak the felicitous revival of the true English spirit in the same assembly. At both periods it is easy to see, that, though not nominally possessed of the reins of power, her Majesty's Opposition really ruled the state. In the Affghanistan expedition there was very little of the economy which cut in twain the Indian army, but very much of the spirit which animated the British troops at Assaye and Laswarree;—there was very little of the truckling which brought the Russians to Constantinople, but a great deal of the energy which carried the English to Paris.

In a military point of view, the expedition to Affghanistan is one of the most memorable events of modern times. *For the first time since the days of Alexander the Great*, a civilized army has penetrated the mighty barrier of deserts and mountains which

separates Persia from Hindostan; and the prodigy has been exhibited to an astonished world, of a remote island in the European seas pushing forward its mighty arms into the heart of Asia, and carrying its victorious standards into the strongholds of Mahometan faith and the cradle of the Mogul empire. Neither the intricate streams of the Punjab, nor the rapid flow of the Indus, nor the waterless mountains of Affghanistan, nor the far-famed bastions of Ghuznee, have been able to arrest our course. For the first time in the history of the world, the tide of conquest has flowed up from *Hindostan into Central Asia*; the European race has asserted its wonted superiority over the Asiatic; reversing the march of Timour and Alexander, the sable battalions of the Ganges have appeared as conquerors on the frontiers of Persia, and on the confines of the steppes of Samarcand. So marvellous and unprecedented an event is indeed fitted to awaken the contemplation of every thoughtful mind. It speaks volumes as to the mighty step made by the human race in the last five hundred years, and indicates the vast agency and unbounded effects of that free spirit, of which Britain is the centre, which has thus, for a season at least, inverted the heretofore order of nature, made the natives of Hindostan appear as victors in the country of Gengis Khan, and brought the standards of civilized Europe, though in the inverse order, into the footsteps of the phalanx of Alexander.

Though such, however, have been the marvels of the British expedition to Central Asia, yet it is not to be disguised that it was attended by at least equal perils; and never, perhaps, since the British standard appeared on the plains of Hindostan, was their empire in such danger as during the dependence of this glorious but hazardous expedition. It was, literally speaking, to our Indian empire what the expedition to Moscow was to the European dominion of Napoleon. Hitherto, indeed, the result has been different, and we devoutly hope that, in that respect, the dissimilarity will continue. But in both cases the danger was the same. It was the moving forward a large force so far from its resources and the base of its operations, which in both cases constituted the danger. If any serious check had been sustained by our troops in that distant enterprise; if Run-

jeet Sing had proved openly treacherous, and assailed our rear and cut off our supplies when the bulk of our force was far advanced in the Affghanistan defiles; if the Bolan pass had been defended with a courage equal to its physical strength; if the powderbags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee had missed fire, or the courage of those who bore them had quailed under the extraordinary perils of their mission; the fate of the expedition would in all probability have been changed, and a disaster as great as the cutting off of Crassus and his legions in Mesopotamia, would have resounded like a clap of thunder through the whole of Asia. Few if any of the brave men who had penetrated into Affghanistan would ever have returned; the Burmese, the Nepaulese would immediately have appeared in arms; the Mahratta and Pindaree horse would have re-assembled round their predatory standards; and, while the British empire in Hindostan rocked to its foundation, an Affghanistan army, directed by Russian officers, and swelled by the predatory tribes of Central Asia, would have poured down, thirsting for plunder and panting for blood, on the devoted plains of Hindostan.

Subsequent events have already revealed, in the clearest manner, the imminent danger in which the English empire in the East was placed at the period of the Affghanistan expedition. So low had the reputation of the British name sunk in the East, that even the Chinese, the most unwarlike and least precipitate of the Asiatic empires, had ventured to offer a signal injury to the British interests, and insult to the British name; and so miserably deficient were Government in any previous preparation for the danger, that it was only twelve months after the insult was offered, that ships of war could be fitted out in the British harbours to attempt to seek for redress. It is now ascertained that a vast conspiracy had been long on foot in the Indian peninsula to overturn our power; in the strongholds of some of the lesser rajahs in the southern part of the peninsula, enormous military stores have been found accumulated; and not a doubt can remain, that, if any serious disaster had happened to our army in Central Asia, not only would the Burmese and Nepaulese have instantly commenced hostilities, but a formidable insurrection would have broken out among the semi-inde-

pendent rajahs, in the very vitals of our power. And yet it was while resting on the smouldering fires of such a volcano, that Lord William Bentinck and the Liberal Administration of India thought fit to reduce our military force to one-half, and shake the fidelity of the native troops by the reduction of their pay and allowances.

But this proved hostility of so large a portion of the native powers, suggests matter for further and most serious consideration. It is clear, that although the British Government has, to an immense degree, benefited India, yet it has done so chiefly by the preservation of peace, and the suppression of robbery, throughout its vast dominions; and it is painfully evident, that hardly any steps have yet been taken to reconcile the natives to our dominion, by the extended market which we have opened to their industry. The startling fact which Mr Montgomery Martin* has clearly established, that notwithstanding all that was prophesied of, the trade to India has been, including exports and imports, *less for the last twenty years than for the twenty years preceding*, clearly demonstrates some vital defect in our colonial policy. Nor is it difficult to see where that error is to be found. We have loaded the produce of India—sugar, indigo, &c.—with duties of nearly a *hundred* percent, while we have deluged them with our own manufactures at an import duty of *two or three* percent. In our anxiety to find a vent for our own manufactures on the continent of Hindostan, we seem to have entirely forgotten that there was another requisite indispensably necessary towards the success of our projects even for our own interests,—to give them the means of paying for them. Our conduct towards our colonies, equally with that to foreign states, has exhibited reciprocity *all on one side*—with this material difference, that we have, in our blind anxiety to conciliate foreign states, allowed the whole benefits of the reciprocity treaties to rest with them; while, in our selfish legislation towards our colonial subjects, we have taken the whole to ourselves.

So vast is the importance of our Indian possessions to the British empire, and so boundless the market for her manufactures which might be opened if a truly wise and liberal policy were pursued towards our Indian possessions, that there is nothing more to be regretted than that there has not hitherto issued from the press a popular and readable history of our Indian possessions. Auber has, indeed, with great industry, narrated the leading facts, and supported them by a variety of interesting official documents. But it is in vain to conceal, that his book possesses no attractions to the general reader; and accordingly, although it will always be a standard book of reference to persons studying Indian affairs, it has not and will not produce any impression upon public thought. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we recently opened the *Chapters on Indian History*, just published by Mr Thornton, already so favourably known to the eastern world by his work on *India, and its State and Prospects*. From the cursory examination we have been able to give to this very interesting work, we have only reason to regret that the author has not been more comprehensive in his plan, and that, instead of chapters on British India since the administration of Marquis Wellesley, in one volume, he has not given to the world a full history of the period in three. The work is distinguished by judgment, candour, and research, and is, beyond all doubt, the most valuable that has yet appeared on the recent history of India. We would beg leave only to suggest to the able author, that his next edition should extend to two volumes, and should embrace the whole events of the period of which he treats; in particular, that Lord Hastings' war in 1817 should be more fully enlarged upon; and that greater exertions should be made, by the introduction of picturesque incidents and vivid descriptions, to interest the mass of the nation in a subject daily rising in importance, and on which they must soon be called upon to exercise the functions of direct legislation.

To have engaged in and successfully

* See *Colonial Magazine*, No. I., article—"Foreign Trade to India,"—a newly-established miscellany, full of valuable information, and which, if conducted on right principles, will prove of the very highest importance.

accomplished such an undertaking ; to have overcome so many and such formidable intervening obstacles, and planted the British guns in triumph on the walls of Herat, is one of the most glorious exploits which have ever graced the long annals of British military prowess. That our soldiers were undaunted in battle and irresistible in the breach has been often proved, in the fields alike of Asiatic and European fame. But here they have exhibited qualities of a totally different kind, and in which hitherto they were not supposed to have been equal to the troops of other states. They have successfully accomplished marches, unparalleled in modern times for their length and hardship ; surmounted mountain ranges, compared to which the passage of the St Bernard by Napoleon must sink into insignificance ; and solved the great problem, so much debated, and hitherto unascertained in military science, as to the practicability of an European force, with the implements and incumbrances of modern warfare, surmounting the desert and mountain tracts which separate Persia from Hindostan. Involved as we are in the pressing interests of domestic politics, and in the never-ending agitation of domestic concerns, the attention of the British public has been little attracted by this stupendous event ; but it is one evidently calculated to fix the attention of the great military nations on the continent, and which will stand forth in imperishable lustre in the annals of history.

There is one result which may and should follow from our undertakings in Affghanistan, which, if properly improved, may render it the means of strengthening, in the most essential manner, our possessions in the East. The Indus and the Himalaya are the natural frontier of our dominions ; they are what the Danube and the Rhine were to the Romans, and the former of these streams to Napoleon's empire. The Indus is navigable for fifteen hundred miles, and for nine hundred by steamers of war and mercantile vessels of heavy burden. It descends nearly in a straight line from the impassable barrier of the Himalaya to the Indian ocean ; its stream is so rapid, and its surface so broad, that no hostile force can possibly cross it in the face of a powerful defensive marine. Never was an empire which

had such a frontier for its protection ; never was such a base afforded for military operations as on both its banks. Provisions for any number of soldiers ; warlike stores to any amount ; cannon sufficient for a hundred thousand men, can with ease ascend its waves. Vain is the rapidity of its current ; the power of steam has given to civilized man the means of overcoming it ; and before many years are expired, British vessels, from every harbour in the United Kingdom, may ascend that mighty stream, and open fresh and hitherto unheard-of markets for British industry in the boundless regions of Central Asia. Now, then, is the time to secure the advantages, and gain the mastery of this mercantile artery and frontier stream ; and, by means of fortified stations on its banks, and a powerful fleet of armed steamers in its bosom, to gain that impregnable barrier to our Indian possessions, against which, if duly supported by manly vigour at home, and wise administration in our Indian provinces, all the efforts of Northern ambition will beat in vain.

But there is one consideration deserving of especial notice which necessarily follows from this successful irruption. The problem of marching overland to India is now solved ; the Russian guns have come down from Petersburg to Herat, and the British have come up from Delhi to the same place. English cannon are now planted in the embrasures, against which, twelve months ago, the Russian shot were directed ; and if twenty thousand British could march from Delhi to Candahar and Cabool, *forty thousand Russians may march from Astrahan to the Ganges and Calcutta.* Our success has opened the path in the East to Russian ambition ;—the stages of our ascending army point out the stations for their descending host ; and the ease with which our triumph has been effected, will dispel any doubts which they may have entertained as to the practicability of ultimately accomplishing the long-cherished object of their ambition, and conquering in Calcutta the empire of the East. This is the inevitable result of our success ; but it is one which should excite no desponding feeling in any British bosom ; and we allude to it, not with the selfish, unpatriotic design of chilling the national ardour at our success, but in order, if possible, to arouse the

British people to a sense of the new and more extended duties to which they are called, and the wider sphere of danger and hostility in which they are involved.

It is no longer possible to disguise that the sphere of hostility and diplomatic exertion has been immensely extended by our success in Affghanistan. Hitherto the politics of India have formed, as it were, a world to themselves; a dark range of intervening mountains or arid deserts were supposed to separate Hindostan from Central Asia; and however much we might be disquieted at home by the progress of Russian or French ambition, no serious fears were entertained that either would be able to accomplish the Quixotic exploit of passing the western range of the Himalaya mountains. Now, however, this veil has been rent asunder—this mountain screen has been penetrated. The Russian power in Persia, and the British in India, now stand face to face; the advanced posts of both have touched Herat; the high-road from St Petersburg to Calcutta has been laid open by British hands. The advanced position we have gained must now be maintained; if we retire, even from tributary or allied states, the charm of our invincibility is gone; the day when the god Terminus recoils before a foreign enemy, is the commencement of a rapid decline. We do not bring forward this consideration in order to blame the expedition; but in order to show into what a contest, and with what a power, it has necessarily brought us. Affghanistan is the outpost of Russia; Dost-Mohammed, now exiled from his throne, was a vassal of the Czar; and we must now contend for the empire of the East, not with the rajahs of India, but the Muscovite battalions.

The reality of these anticipations as to the increased amount of the danger of a collision with Russia, which has arisen from the great approximation of our outposts to theirs, which the Affghanistan expedition has occasioned, is apparent. Already Russia has taken the alarm, and the expedition against Khiva shows that she has not less the inclination, than she unquestionably has the power, of amply providing for herself against what she deems the impending danger. No one can for a moment suppose

that that expedition is really intended to chastise the rebellious Khan. Thirty thousand men, and a large train of artillery, are not sent against an obscure chieftain in Tartary, whom a few regiments of Cossacks would soon reduce to obedience. A glance at the map will at once show what was the real object in view. Khiva is situated on the Oxus, and the Oxus flows to the north-west from the mountains which take their rise from the northern boundary of Cabool. Its stream is navigable to the foot of the Affghanistan mountains, and from the point where water communication ceases, it is a passage of only five or six days to the valley of Cabool. If, therefore, the Russians once establish themselves at Cabool, they will have no difficulty in reaching the possessions of Shah Shoojah; and their establishment will go far to outweigh the influence established by the British, by the Affghanistan expedition, among the Affghanistan tribes. Already, if recent accounts can be relied on, this effect has become apparent. Dost Mahommed, expelled from his kingdom, has found support among the Tartar tribes; backed by their support, he has already re-appeared over the hills, and regained part of his dominions, and the British troops, on their return to Affghanistan, have already received orders to halt. Let us hope that it is not in our case, as it was in that of the French at Moscow, that when they thought the campaign over it was only going to commence.

Regarding, then, our success in Affghanistan as having accelerated by several years the approach of this great contest, it becomes the British nation well to consider what preparations they have made *at home* to maintain it. Have we equipped and manned a fleet capable of withstanding the formidable armament which Nicholas has always ready for immediate operations in the Baltic? Have we five-and-twenty ships of the line and thirty frigates ready to meet the thirty ships of the line and eighteen frigates which Nicholas has always equipped for sea at Cronstadt? Have we thirty thousand men in London ready to meet the thirty thousand veterans whom the Czar has constantly prepared to step on board his fleet on the shores of the Baltic? Alas! we have none of these things. We could not,

to save London from destruction or the British empire from conquest, fit out three ships of the line to protect the mouth of the Thames, or assemble ten thousand men to save Woolwich or Portsmouth from conflagration. What between Radical economy in our army estimates, Whig parsimony in our naval preparations, and Chartist violence in our manufacturing cities, we have neither a naval nor a military force to protect ourselves from destruction. All that Sir Charles Adam, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, could say on this subject last session of Parliament was, that we had *three ships of the line and three guard-ships to protect the shores of England*. Never was such a proof afforded that we had sunk down from the days of giants into those of pigmies, than the use of such an argument by a lord of the British Admiralty. Why, thirty years ago, we sent thirty-nine ships of the line to attack the enemy's naval station at Antwerp, without raising the blockade of one of his harbours, from Gibraltar to the North Cape. Herein, then, lies the monstrous absurdity, the unparalleled danger of our present national policy, that we are vigorous even to temerity in the East, and parsimonious even to pusillanimity in the West; and that while we give Russia a fair pretext for hostility, and perhaps some ground for complaint in the centre of Asia, we make no preparation whatever to resist her hostility on the shores of England.

The contrast between the marvellous vigour of our Indian Government and the niggardly spirit with which all our establishments are starved down at home, would be inconceivable if we did not recollect by what opposite motives our Government is regulated in Hindostan and in the British islands. Taxation in India falls upon the inhabitants, who are unrepresented; taxation at home falls upon the ten-pounders, who have a numerical majority in Parliament. We never doubted the inclination of a democracy to dip their hands in *other people's pockets*; what we doubted was their inclination, save in the last extremity, to put them in their own.

Disregard of the future, devotion to present objects, has, in all ages, been the characteristic of the masses of mankind. We need not wonder that

the British populace are distinguished by the well-known limited vision of their class, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes failed in inducing the most enlightened republic of antiquity to take any measures to ward off the danger arising from the ambition of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, strength or foresight sufficient to prevent its capital from being taken, and its arsenals pillaged by a British division not three thousand strong. Unless, however, the Conservative press can succeed in rousing the British public to a sense of their danger on this subject, and the Conservative leaders in Parliament take up the matter earnestly and vigorously, it may safely be pronounced that the days of the British empire are numbered.

No empire can possibly exist for any length of time which provokes hostility in its distant possessions, while it neglects preparation in the heart of its power; which buckles on its gloves and puts on the helmet, but leaves the breastplate and the cuirass behind. If a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line appears off the Nore, it will not be by deriding their prowess, or calling them a "pasteboard fleet," that the danger will be averted from the arsenals and the treasures of England. The Russian sailors do not possess any thing like the nautical skill or naval habits of the British; but they are admirably trained to ball practice, they possess the native courage of their race, and they will stand to their guns with any sailors in Europe. Remember the words of Nelson, "Lay yourself alongside of a Frenchman, but out-manceuvre a Russian."

The manifest and not yet terminated dangers with which the Affghanistan expedition was attended, should operate as a warning, and they will be cheaply purchased if they prove a timely one, to the British people, of the enormous dangers, not merely to the national honour and independence, but to the vital pecuniary interests of every individual in the state, of continuing any longer the pernicious system of present economy, and total disregard of future danger, which for twenty years has characterised every department of our Government. Why is it that England has now been com-

pelled in the East, for the first time, to incur the enormous perils of the Affghanistan expedition—to hazard, as it were, the very existence of our Eastern empire upon a single throw; and adventure a large proportion of the British army, and the magic charm of British invincibility, upon a perilous advance, far beyond the utmost frontiers of Hindostan, into the heart of Asia? Simply because previous preparation had been abandoned, ultimate danger disregarded; because retrenchment was the order of the day, and Government yielded to the ever popular cry of *present economy*; because the noble naval and military establishment of former times was reduced one-half, or allowed to expire, in the childish belief that it never again would be required. Rely upon it, a similar conduct will one day produce a similar necessity to the British empire. It will be found, and that too ere many years have passed over, that the Duke of Wellington was right when he said, that a great empire cannot with safety wage a little war; and that nothing but present danger and future disaster, will result from a system which blindly shuts its eyes to the future, and never looks beyond the conciliating the masses by a show of economy at the moment. An Affghanistan expedition—a Moscow campaign—will be necessary to ward off impending danger, or restore the sunk credit of the British name: happy if the contest can thus be averted from our own shores, and by incurring distant dangers we can escape domestic subjugation.

But let not foreign nations imagine, from all that has been said or may be said by the Conservatives on this vital subject, that Great Britain has now lost her means of defence, or that, if a serious insult or injury is offered to her, she may not soon be brought into a condition to take a fearful vengeance upon her enemies. The same page of history which tells us that while democratic states never can be brought to foresee remote dangers, or incur present burdens to guard against it, when the danger is present, and strikes the senses of the multitude,

they are capable of the most stupendous exertions. That England, in the event of a war breaking out in her present supine, unprepared state, would sustain in the outset very great disasters, is clear; but it is not by any ordinary calamities that a power of such slow growth and present magnitude as England is to be subdued. She now possesses 2,800,000 tonnage, and numbers 1,600,000 seamen in her commercial navy, and a fleet of seven hundred steam-boats, more than all Europe possesses, daily prowling along her shores. Here are all the elements of a powerful marine; at no period did Great Britain possess such a foundation for naval strength within her bosom. What is wanting, is not the elements of an irresistible naval force, but the sagacity in the people to foresee the approaching necessity for its establishment, and the virtue in the Government to propose the burdens indispensable for its restoration. In the experienced difficulty of either communicating this foresight to the one, or imparting this virtue to the other, may be traced the well-known and often-predicted effects of democratic ascendancy. But that same ascendancy, if the spirit of the people is roused by experienced disgrace, or their interests affected by present calamity, would infallibly make the most incredible exertions; and a navy, greater than any which ever yet issued from the British harbours, might sally forth from our sea-girt isle, to carry, like the French Revolutionary armies, devastation and ruin into all the naval establishments of Europe. No such career of naval conquest, however, is either needed for the glory, or suited for the interests of England; and it is as much from a desire to avert that ultimate forcible and most painful conversion of all the national energies to warlike objects, as to prevent the immediate calamities which it would occasion, that we earnestly press upon the country the *immediate* adoption, at any cost, of that great increase to our naval and military establishments which can alone avert one or both of these calamities.

LEGENDARY LORE.

BY ARCHÆUS.

No. VI.

A CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

Hark ! above the Sea of Things,
How the uncouth mermaid sings ;
Wisdom's Pearl doth often dwell,
Closed in Fancy's rainbow shell.

"SISTER," said the little one to her companion, "dost thou remember aught of this fair bay, these soft white sands, and yonder woody rocks?"

"Nay," replied the other, who was somewhat taller, and with a fuller yet sweet voice, "I knew not that I had ever been here before. And yet it seems not altogether new, but like a vision seen in dreams. The sea ripples on the sand with a sound which I feel as friendly, and not unknown. Those purple shapes that rise out of the distant blue, and float past over the surface like the shadows of clouds, do not fill me with the terror which haunts me when I look on vast and strange appearances."

"To me," said the little one, "they look only somewhat more distinct than the marks which I have so often watched upon the sea."

"Oh ! far brighter are they in colour, far more peculiar and more various in their forms. My heart beats while I look at them. There are ships and horses ; living figures, bearded, crowned, armed, and some bear banners and some books ; and softer shapes, waving and glistening with plumes, veils, and garlands. Ah ! now 'tis gone."

"Rightly art thou called the Daughter of the Sea, and art indeed our own Sea-Child. Here in this bay did I and my sisters, in this land of Faëry, first find our nursling of another race."

"Was this, then, my first name among you, beloved friends ? The bay is so beautiful, that even in your land of Faëry I have seen no spot where it were better to open one's eyes upon the light."

"Yes, here did our Sea-Child first meet our gaze. I and a troop of my sisters were singing on the shore our ancient Song of Pearls, and watching

the sun, which, while we sang, and while it went down, changed the sands that its beams fell on into gold, and the foam that rippled to the shore into silver. We had often watched it before, and we knew that if, without ceasing our song, we gathered the gold sands and silver foam while the sun was on them, into the shells that lay about, they would continue in their changed state. Left till sunset they returned to what they were, and we had only the sands and foam. We thought the sport so pleasant that we had carried it on for some minutes, and even amused ourselves with scattering the shining dust over each other's hair, when I saw something floating between us and the sun. We all looked ; and soon it drifted near us, and was entangled in the web of seaweed that waves in the tide round this black single rock. A large sea-eagle at the moment stooped to seize the prize. But I wished myself there before it, and one bound carried me farther than a long stone's-throw of our dark enemies the mountaineers. Thus the eagle in his descent struck only the waters with his talons, and flew off again, screaming to the clouds, while I brought what I had won to my sisters."

"Dear one !" said the Sea-Child, "I guess what it was." And she kissed the airy face of her companion with her own, which seemed rather of rose-leaves, and the other only of coloured vapour.

"Yes," said she, "my own Sea-Child, there was a small basket of palm-leaf lined with the down of the phoenix, and in this the baby lay asleep. Beautiful it was indeed, but far unlike the beauty of my sisters. We cared no more for gold or silver dust, or rippling waves, or the rays of

the setting sun. We even hushed our song, and bent over our nursling; and took her to be our own. Thus was it that our Sea-Child came to our Faëry-land."

The Sea-Child bent to embrace her friend, for she was somewhat taller than the elfin sprite. They could not hold each other in their arms, for one was gleaming air, and the other human substance. But the fairy hung round the child as the reflection of a figure in bright water round one who bathes at the same spot of the same transparent pool. To the phantom it was more delightful than to rest and breathe upon a bank of flowers: to the mortal it seemed as if she was encompassed by a soft warm air, full of the odours of opening carnations and of ripe fruits.

"Let us sit here," said the Sea-Child, "and look around us, and discourse."

She placed herself on a mossy stone at the foot of a green birch-tree, and the fairy sat on the extremity of one of the sprays, which hung beside her companion's face, and which hardly bent a hair's-breadth with her weight; and she held by one hand to a leaf above her, and with the other touched the dark-brown locks that streamed around the mortal head. The child sat, and looked down, and seemed to think, till the fairy said, "Why art thou sad? Of what art thou musing?"

The child blushed, and stooped her head, and at last looked up confusedly and said—"I never before felt so strongly the difference between me and you, who call me sister. Here, while we sit together on the spot where I first was wafted to your hands, it seems to me strange—so strange!—that ye should have adopted me for your own, and not thrown me back into the waters, or left me a prey to the mountaineers, from whom ye have so long protected me."

"Strange?" said the other, "how strange? We could do no otherwise than we did. I know not how it is that our Sea-Child often speaks as if it were possible to do aught else than what one wishes. We felt we loved you—we saw that, in that pretty but solid mortal frame, there was a breath and beauty like our own, though also something akin to those huge enemies, who, but for our cunning, would swiftly have devoured thee."

"I, too, never thought of it in former

years; but now, when I believe I am really capable of loving you, when I more want to be loved, and to find nothing dividing me from you, it seems so unnatural—so horrible—that I should be altogether unlike you. You are all of sunbeams and bright hues, and are soft like dewy gossamers; and I—my limbs, through which no ray can pass; my head, that crushes the flowers I rest it on, as if it had been a head carved in stone!—Oh, sister! I am wretched at the thought. I touched the wing of a butterfly only yesterday with my finger, and I could perceive it shrink and shiver with pain. My touch had bruised its wing, and I thought I could see it ache, as it flew frightened away."

She burst into tears, and these were the first that had been ever shed in Faëryland. But there they could not long flow, and she soon shook them from her eyes, and looked up smiling and said—"There thou see'st, dear sister, how unfit I am to live with such as thou. Better, perhaps, had I met my natural fate, and been destroyed on my first arrival by thy monstrous foes, or by the eagle from which thou didst save me."

"Strange would it have been if we had not had wit enough to disappoint that big and brutal race!"

"I never could well understand why it was that they hated either you or me."

"They could not do otherwise being what they are—thou what thou art—and we the sprites thou knowest us. Curious is the tale, and long to tell, of all that has happened betwixt them and us."

"How came ye to have such dreadful inhabitants in your isle of Faëry?"

"Ah! that I know not. They and we seem to belong to it by the same necessity. Before thou camest we had no measure of time; which we now reckon, as thou knowest, by thy years, not by ours. Till then, our existence was like what thou describest thy dreams to be. It is in watching thee that we have learned to mark how thy fancies, and wishes, and actions, rise and succeed each other, as the sun and moon, the stars and clouds, travel and change. And even now I hardly feel, as thou appearest to do, what is meant by to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow. Of times and years, there-

fore, I can tell thee little. We grow not old, nor cease to be young. Nor can we say of each other as we can of thee—thou art such a one, and none else. We discern differences of sunshine and shade, of land and sea, of wind and calm; but all of us feel alike under the same circumstances, and have no fixed peculiarity of being, such as that which makes thee so different from us. I know not whether it was I, or some other of my sisters, who visited this field and shore yesterday, and the day before danced in the showering drops of the white waterfall yonder, up the valley. Each of us feels as all do, and all as each. I love thee not more than do my sisters, nor they more than I. Of our past life I only know that we seemed always to have been in this our own land, and to have been happy here. The flowers fill us with odours, the sky with warmth; the dews bathe us in delight, the moonbeams wind us in a ring with filmy threads when we dance upon the sands; and when the woods murmur above us, we have a thrill of quiet joy, which belongs not to me more than to another, but is the common bliss of all. Of all times have the mountains, and deep ravines, and bare and rocky uplands of our isle, been the abode of a fierce and ugly race of giants, whom we have been accustomed to call our brothers, and to believe them allied with us by nature, though between us there has ever been a mortal enmity."

"Often, often," said the Sea-Child, "have I thought how much happier we should be, had there been no giants in the land."

"I know not," replied the fairy, "how that might be. Much is the vexation that they cause us; but it is said that our race is inseparable from theirs, and that if they were altogether destroyed we also must perish. Never, till we had thee among us, did their enmity seem very dangerous, difficult as it often was to avoid their injuries. Always, as now, when the shadows of the storm-cloud swept from the hills over our plains; when the dark mist rolled out of the ravines down to our sunny meadows; the shaggy and huge creatures strode forth from their caves and forests, leaning on their pine clubs, shouting and growling, and with their weighty tramp defacing our green and flowery sward, and scaring us away

before them. When, as it has happened, some of us were trodden beneath their feet, or dashed below their swinging clubs, a faint shriek, a sudden blaze burst from under the blow, and all of us, lurking beneath the waterfalls, clinging amid the hidden nooks of flowers, or shrunken into sparry grottoes in the rocks, felt stricken and agonized, although none of us could cease to live. All round this bay, and others, larger and more broken of our shore, the giant horde of our brothers would sit upon the cliffs and crags, looking themselves like prodigious rocks; and with the rain and storm about them, and the sea-foam dashing up against their knees, would wash their dark beards in the brine, and seem to laugh aloud at the sound of the tempest. But when calm and sunshine were about to return, they always sprang from their places on the shore, and, like one of those herds of wild bulls that they chase before them, hurried back with dizzy bellowings, and rush of limbs and clubs, into their dark mountains. Sometimes, indeed, they were more malicious, and sought more resolutely to do us mischief. I have known them tear asunder the jaws of one of their hill-torrents, so as to pour the waters suddenly on our fields and valleys. Sometimes, too, we have seen them standing upon the mountains, with their figures marked against the sky, plying great stems of trees around a mass of snow and ice, till, loosened at last, it rolled down, mile after mile, crashing through wood and stream. Thus were our warm bright haunts buried under a frozen heap of ruins, while the laughter of the mountain-monsters rang through the air, above the roar of the falling mass. But often had we our revenge. Once, when the storms had gathered fiercely on those far hills, and rushed in rainy gusts and black fogs down every gully, and opened at last over the green vale and sunny bay, our brothers hurried in tumult from their own region, their swinish ears tossing in the dark folds of their locks and beards, and, with mouths like wolves, drinking in the tempest as they ran. They rioted and triumphed on the shore, while the wind whistled loudly round them; and they played with the billows which tumbled on the beach, as I have seen you play with lambs in the green fields. We peeped from the

grottoes where we had hidden ourselves, and saw them catch out of the waters some round black heaps, like skins of animals, full of liquid. These they threw at each other, till at last one burst, and covered the giant whom it had struck with a red stain. On this there was a loud shout—they flung the skins about no more, but caught them tenderly in their arms, lifted them to their mouths, bit them open, and drained the contents. This increased their tumult and grim joy; and they turned to the meadow, and began to wrestle, and leap, and tear down the young trees, and disport themselves, till one by one they sank upon the turf in sleep. The storm was clearing off; we ventured from our hiding-places, and looked upon the hairy dismal shapes, that lay scattered and heaped like brown rocks overgrown with weeds and moss. Suddenly we all looked at each other, and determined what to do. We pierced through the crevices of our grottoes till we reached a fount of sunny fire. This we drew upwards by our singing to follow us, and led it in a channel over the grass till it formed a stream of diamond light, dividing this field from the mountains, and encircling the whole host of giants. The warm sunshine at the same time began to play on them. They felt the soft sweet flowery air of our lower land, our songs sounded in their bristled ears, and they began to toss, roll, snort, and endeavoured to rise and escape to their dark hills. But this was not now so easy. They could not pass the bright pure stream. The sunshine in which we revelled weakened them so much that they could not rise and stand, but staggered on their knees, fell upon their hands and faces, and seemed to dissolve away, like their own ice-crags when flung with all their clay and withered herbage down into our warm lakes and dells. We thought there was now a chance of seeing our enemies, who were also our brothers, for ever destroyed. We began to deliberate whether we also should necessarily perish with them, when we heard a sudden gust of wind and flash of rain—another storm broke from the mountains—a torrent of snow-water quenched our diamond flame. The giants stood up, bold, wild, and strong as ever—leaped, roared, and swung their clubs, and, with the friendly tempest

playing round them, stormed back into the depths of their own mountain world."

"Could ye not," said the Sea-Child, "have always taken refuge from them in the lower garden where I have been with you?"

"We did not know it till thou wert among us, and should perhaps never have ventured thither had we not been driven to distress by the hatred of the giants for thee. When we had thee for our nursling and sister, their attempts were no longer bursts of violence that passed away. They seemed always lying in wait to discover and to destroy thee. Had we not known a strain of music, of power when sung to frighten them away, thou, dear Sea-Child, would long ere this have been taken from us. When they came rushing down in the wind and darkness, and sought for thee in every thicket, and every hollow-tree, and under each of those large pink shells which we often made thy bed, they sang and shouted together such words as these:—

'Lump and thump, and rattling clatter,
These the brawny brothers love;
While the lightnings flash and shatter,
While the winds the forest tatter,
We too spatter, stamp, and batter,
Whirling our clubs at whate'er's above.'

But we too had our song; and never could these grim wild beasts resist the spell, when we sang together with soft voice,—

'The giant is strong, but the fairy is wise:
And the clouds cannot wither the stars in
the skies.'

"Oh! well I remember," said her companion, "with what delight I first heard you sing that song. I fancied that, if I could only listen long enough to it, I should become as airy and gentle as ye are, and no longer be encumbered with this dark, solid flesh. We were in that green chamber in the midst of red rocks, where the pines spread over the brinks of the precipices far above the mossy floor we sat on, and the vines hung their branches down the stony walls from the pine-boughs which they cling to on the summit, and drop their clusters into the smooth stream, with its floating water-lilies, which traverses the spot. There, dear sisters, were ye sporting, climbing up the vine-trails, and throwing yourselves headlong down, or

launching over the quick ripples of the stream. Ye had laid me on a bed of harebells, and I looked up with half-shut eyes. I saw your sparkling hosts pass to and fro up the cliff, through the straggling beams of sunshine, when something blacker than the pine-boughs on the summit appeared in the deepest of their shade. Long tangled locks, and two fierce round eyes, and a mouth with huge protruding lip, came on and peered over, till the monster spied me, and gave a yell. I saw a crag, with two young pine-trees growing on it, toppling before the thrust of his hand, and at the moment of falling to crush me. Then suddenly came your cry and song. A sheet of water, thinner than a rose-leaf, and transparent as the starry sky, rose from the stream, and seemed to form an arch above me. There was in it a perpetual trembling and eddying of the brightest colours, and I saw the forms of thousands of my sisters floating, circling, wavering up and down in the liquid light. All seemed joining in the song—

‘The giant is strong, but the fairy is wise :
And the clouds cannot wither the stars in
the skies.’

The crag fell, but shattered not my crystal vault, down the side of which it rolled into the stream; and the giant, with a roar of rage, fell after it, and stung by the warm air, and pierced through and through by the music, and writhing in the bright stream, half melted, half was broken like a lump of ice, and darkened the water, while he flowed in it away.”

“It was, however, the frequency of such attempts,” said the fairy, “which drove us to take refuge in the regions of our friends the dwarfs. We found, too, that we had no longer the mere risk of being surprised by our enemies in the sudden descent of storm and mists, and through the opportunities of thick and gloomy lurking-places near our sunlit haunts. They had discovered a secret by which they could at will darken and deface our whole kingdom, and blight all its sweet flowers and fruitage. There is somewhere, in the centre of their mountains, in the midst of desolate rocks, a black ravine. The upper end of this is enclosed by an enormous crag, which turns as on a pivot, and is the door of an immeasurable cave. The

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giants, hating our Sea-Child, and determined to drive her from the land, heaved with their pine-stem clubs at this great block of stone, until they had forced it open. Thence, so long as they had strength to hold it thus, a thick and chilling mist boiled out, poured down the glens and mountains, and stifled all our island. When they were so wearied with the huge weight that they could endure no longer, the rock swung to again, and closed the opening: but not until the work was done for that time, and the land made wellnigh uninhabitable to thee and us. Then in the fearful gloom the giants rushed abroad, howling and trampling over high and low; and many were the devices which we were compelled to use in order to preserve thee from their fury. We scattered the golden sea-sand, which had been transmuted by the sunbeams, over the softest greensward, and watered it with the dew shaken from musk roses, and it grew up into a golden trellis-work, with large twining leaves of embossed gold and fruits, like bunches of stars. When thou hadst been sprinkled with the same dew, and so hushed into charmed sleep, we laid thee beneath the bowery roof, and kept watch around thee. The giants could not approach this spot, for it threw off the darkness, and burnt in the midst of storm and fog with an incessant light. But still we were obliged to be perpetually on our guard, and we shivered and pined in the desolation of our beautiful empire. At last we resolved to try our fortunes in a new region. When we had lulled thee into deep slumber, we all glided down the waterfall that pours out of the lake of lilies, and sank with it deep into the ground. We were here in the kingdom of the dwarfs.

“The little people showed us as much friendship as the giants had ever displayed of enmity. Their great hall had a thousand columns, each of a different metal, and with a capital of a different precious stone. The roof was opal, and the floor lapis-lazuli. In the centre stood a pillar, which seemed cut off at half its height. On it sat a dwarf, rather smaller than the others, but broad and strong. His dark and twisted face looked like a little copy of one of the giants, but his clear blue eyes were as beautiful as ours or as thine, my Sea-Child. He

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sat with his arms folded, and his legs hung down, and swinging. His head was turned to one side and rather upwards, and on the tip of his nose spun perpetually a little golden circle, with a golden pin run through it, on which it seemed to dance unweariedly, turning round and round for ever, smooth and swift as an eddy in a stream. In its whirl the little circle gave out large flakes of white fire, which formed a wheel of widening rings above the head of the dwarf, flashing off on all sides between the capitals of the pillars, and lighting the whole hall. The queer cunning look with which the dwarf's blue eyes glanced up at the small spinner, as if it were alive, and, answering his glances with its own, amused us extremely.

"The dwarfs, when we entered, were all placed round on ranges of seats rising above each other. Every seat, like a small pile of round plates of gold, each of them, as we afterwards found, having a head on it with some strange figures. These plates, the dwarfs told us, were all talismans, which would one day make the owners lords of the world. At the head of the hall, under a canopy of state, sat the king of the dwarfs, who looked wonderfully old and wise, with two eyes of ruby, and a long crystal tooth growing out of one side of his mouth, and a band of gold-wire falling below his feet, and twirled on the floor, going three times round the throne.

"What seek ye?" said the King; and his words did not come out of his lips, but from a little hole in the top of his crystal tooth.

"Help! neeromancer."

"It belongeth rightly to the helpful, and shall not be denied you. What bring ye?"

"A young Sea-Child."

"It is in the youngest that the oldest may see hope. She is welcome. What fear ye?"

"The rage of the tall giants."

"We are deeper than they are high. I can protect you against them."

"He rose up and walked before us, and his golden beard streamed behind over both his shoulders, and seemed to be a stately cloth, woven with figures, for us to walk on. There was darkness round us, and we advanced upon this shining path, following the dwarf, till suddenly he disappeared, and we found ourselves in the garden

which thou hast dwelt in with us. Thou rememberest the still and glistening loveliness of the place; and of the moon that lighted it, and the sweet moon-flowers that filled its glades, I need not speak. But thou knowest not what wise instruction the old dwarf King was wont to give us while thou wert sleeping under the myrtle shade.

"Mourn not," he would say, "fair sisters, that ye are driven from your upper land of life into this lower garden of peace.

"All things are but as they must be, and, were they otherwise, they would not be the things they are.

"Each worketh for itself, and doeth and knoweth all it can; save in so far as other things oppose it, which are also accomplishing their due tasks.

"Each is but a portion of the whole, and vainly seeketh to be aught but that which the whole willeth it to be.

"All—that is, dwarfs, and giants, and fairies, and the world that holds them—subsist in successions of strife; and while they seem struggling to destroy each other, exert, as alone it is impossible for them to do, the energies of their own being.

"All rise out of death to life, and many are the semblances of death which still accompany their life at its highest. They grow into harmony only by discord with themselves and others; and, while they labour to escape the common lot, rebound painfully from the walls which they strive against idly.

"The giant disturbeth, the fairy brighteneth, the dwarf enricheth the world. Each doeth well in his own work. But therein often must he thwart and cross the work of another.

"I am oldest, I am wisest of workers in the world. I was at the birth of things, and what hath been I know well; but what is future I know not yet, nor can read whether there shall be a new birth of all that may bring death to me."

"Thus did the old King teach us a sad yet melodious contentment, that seemed suited to that visionary garden. This quiet state, however, was not to last, nor the wisdom of the dwarfs to secure them happiness. We longed for our upper world of daylight and freedom, and thou seemedst rather dreaming than awake. Yet thou beamedst ever fairer and fairer, and didst grow in stature and in loveliness. Thus was it that thou

wert the occasion of our first difference with the dwarfs. Their King, so old, so wise, looked on thee ever with more joy and sadness, and at last he told us that he would fain have thee for his queen, to abide with him always in that secret lunar empire. Us, too, the other dwarfs appeared to love more than we wished. And we found that we must either leave their dominions or consent to inhabit them for ever. We spake to the old King and said, that for thee it would be a woe-ful doom to see no more our native Faëryland; and that we intreated him of his goodness and wisdom to enable us to dwell there without further peril. Ruby tears fell from his ruby eyes upon his golden beard as he turned away, and the faces of all Dwarf-land were darkened.

"No long space seemed to have passed before we were summoned again to the great hall, while thou wert left sleeping in the moon-garden. The King was on his throne, the dwarfs were seated round. But instead of the pillars we had seen before, the metals now had all become transparent, and in the midst of each stood one of our enemies the giants, with one heavy hand hung down, and clenched as if in pain, and the other raised above his head, and sustaining the capital of the column. The small gold plate, with its gold pin, still spun incessantly on the nose; the blue eyes still watched it cunningly; the flakes of fire streamed off and flew between the pillars, and scorched the faces and brown-red shoulders of the giants. Our enemies grinned and writhed when they saw us, but seemed unable to utter any sound. The dwarfs also did not speak, but the King rose and moved before us. His beard fell over his shoulders, and formed a path on which we walked. We proceeded on and on, till the Dwarf-land seemed changing, and daylight faintly fell upon us. The King grew more and more like the stones and trees around; and at last, we knew not how, but instead of his figure before us, there was only a cleft in the rock, nearly of the same shape. The golden beard was now a track of golden sands such as we had often seen before, with the bright sunshine falling on it. We were again in our own world of Faëry. But oh, dear Sea-Child! I cannot say the grief that smote us when we missed thee. We

wailed and drooped, and even the delights of our land could do nothing to console us, till we found thee sleeping in a grotto of diamond and emerald, which recalled to us the treasures of the dwarfs. Even now we were not happy; for we remembered a prophecy of the old man, that though he might restore us to our home, and rescue us from the giants, short would be our enjoyment of thee whom we had refused him."

The companions embraced anew, and the fairy hung round her friend like a rainbow on a smooth green hill. The fairies now poured in on all sides, singing and exulting in their own land, though not without a thought of grief from the dwarf's prophecy. The sun was hanging over the sea, and gilding the shore, and they looked at the bright waters, and marked the spot where they had first discerned the Sea-Child's swimming cradle. Lo! there was again a speck. A floating shape appeared, and came nearer and nearer. It looked a living thing. Soon it touched the shore, and they saw a figure like that of the Sea-Child, but taller, and stronger, and bolder, and in a stately dress. The fairies said in their hearts—it is a man! Then he seemed not to see but only her. She was frightened, but with a mixture of gladness at his appearance; and was trembling and nigh to sink, when he took her in his arms, and spake to her of hope and joy.

"I am come from distant lands upon this strange adventure, warned in dreams, and by aerial voices, and by ancient lays, that here I should find my bride, and the queen of my new dominions."

He, too, was beautiful, and of a sweet voice, and she heard him with more fear than pain. When she looked around, she no longer saw the fairies near. There were gleams floating over the landscape, and quivering in the woods, and a song of sweet sorrow—so sweet, that, as it died away, it left the sense of an eternal peace.

Thus did the land of England receive its first inhabitants. Ever since has it been favoured of the fairies; the dwarfs have enriched it secretly, and the giants have upborne its foundations upon their hands, and done it huge though sullen service.

CASUISTRY.

" — Celebrare domestica facta."—HOR.

IN a former notice of Casuistry, we touched on such cases only as were of public bearings, or such as (if private) were of rare occurrence and of a tragical standard. But ordinary life, in its most domestic paths, teems with cases of difficult decision; or, if not always difficult in the decision of the abstract question at issue, difficult in the accommodation of that decision to immediate practice. A few of these more homely cases, intermixed with more public ones, we shall here select and review; for, according to a remark in our first paper, as social economy grows more elaborate, the demand grows more intense for such circumstantial morality. As man advances, casuistry advances. Principles are the same: but the abstraction of principles from accidents and circumstances, becomes a work of more effort. Aristotle, in his *Nicomachean Ethics*, has not one case; Cicero, three hundred years after, has a few; Paley, eighteen hundred years after Cicero, has many.

There is also something in place as well as in time—in the people as well as the century—which determines the amount of interest in casuistry. We once heard an eminent person delivering it as an opinion, derived from a good deal of personal experience—that, of all European nations, the British was that which suffered most from remorse; and that, if internal struggles during temptation, or sufferings of mind after yielding to temptation, were of a nature to be measured upon a scale, or could express themselves sensibly to human knowledge, the annual report from Great Britain, its annual balance-sheet, by comparison with those from continental Europe, would show a large excess. At the time of hearing this remarkable opinion, we, the hearers, were young; and we had little other ground for assent or dissent, than such general impressions of national differences as we might happen to have gathered from the several literatures of Christian nations. These were of a nature to confirm the stranger's verdict; and it will not be denied that much of national character comes forward in liter-

ature: but these were not sufficient. Since then, we have had occasion to think closely on that question. We have had occasion to review the public records of Christendom; and beyond all doubt the public conscience, the international conscience, of a people, is the reverberation of its private conscience. History is but the converging into a focus of what is moving in the domestic life below; a set of great circles expressing and summing up, on the dial-plate, the motions of many little circles in the machinery within. Now History, what may be called the Comparative History of modern Europe, countersigns the traveller's opinion.

"So, then," says a foreigner, or an Englishman with foreign sympathies, "the upshot and amount of this doctrine is, that England is more moral than other nations." "Well," we answer, "and what of that?" Observe, however, that the doctrine went no farther than as to conscientiousness; the principle out of which comes sorrow for all violation of duty; out of which comes a high standard of duty. Mean time both the "sorrow" and the "high standard" are very compatible with a lax performance. But suppose we *had* gone as far as the objector supposes, and had ascribed a moral superiority every way to England, what is there in *that* to shock probability? Whether the general probability from analogy, or the special probability from the circumstances of this particular case? We all know that there is no general improbability in supposing one nation, or one race, to outrun another. The modern Italians have excelled all nations in musical sensibility, and in genius for painting. They have produced far better music than all the rest of the world put together. And four of their great painters have not been approached hitherto by the painters of *any* nation. That facial structure, again, which is called the Caucasian, and which, through the ancient Greeks, has travelled westward to the nations of Christendom, and from them (chiefly ourselves) has become the Transatlantic face, is, past all disputing, the finest

type of the human countenance divine on this planet. And most other nations, Asiatic or African, have hitherto put up with this insult; except, indeed, the Kalmuck Tartars, who are highly indignant at our European vanity in this matter; and some of them, says Bergmann, the German traveller, absolutely howl with rage, whilst others only laugh hysterically, at any man's having the insanity to prefer the Grecian features to the Kalmuck. Again, amongst the old Pagan nations, the Romans seem to have had "the call" for going a-head; and they fulfilled their destiny in spite of all that the rest of the world could do to prevent them. So that, far from it being an improbable or unreasonable assumption, superiority (of one kind or other) has been the indefeasible inheritance of this and that nation, at all periods of history.

Still less is the notion tenable of any special improbability applying to this particular pretension. For centuries has England enjoyed—1st, civil liberty; 2d, the Protestant faith. Now in those two advantages are laid the grounds, the very necessities, *à priori*, of a superior morality. But watch the inconsistency of men: ask one of these men who dispute this English pretension *mordicus*;—ask him, or bid an Austrian serf ask him, what are the benefits of Protestantism, and what the benefits of liberty, that he should risk any thing to obtain either. Hear how eloquently he insists upon their beneficial results, severally and jointly; and notice that he places foremost among those results, a pure morality. Is he wrong? No: the man speaks bare truth. But what brute oblivion he manifests of his own doctrine, in taxing with arrogance any people for claiming one of those results *in esse*, which he himself could see so clearly *in posse*! Talk no more of freedom, or of a pure religion, as fountains of a moral pre-eminence, if those who have possessed them in combination for the longest space of time, may not, without arrogance, claim the vanward place amongst the nations of Europe.

So far as to the presumptions, general or special; so far as to the probabilities, analogous or direct, in countenance of this British claim. Finally, when we come to the proofs, from fact and historical experience, we might appeal to a singular case in the records

of our Exchequer; viz. that for much more than a century back, our *Gazette* and other public Advertisers, have acknowledged a series of anonymous remittances from those who, at some time or other, had appropriated public money. We understand that no corresponding fact can be cited from foreign records. Now, this is a direct instance of that compunction which our travelled friend insisted on. But we choose rather to throw ourselves upon the general history of Great Britain, upon the spirit of her policy, domestic or foreign, and upon the universal principles of her public morality. Take the case of public debts, and the fulfilment of contracts to those who could not have compelled the fulfilment; we first set this precedent. All nations have now learned that honesty in such cases is eventually the best policy; but this they learned from our experience, and not till nearly all of them had tried the other policy. We it was, who, under the most trying circumstances of war, maintained the sanctity from taxation of all foreign investments in our funds. Our conduct with regard to slaves, whether in the case of slavery or of the slave-trade—how prudent it may always have been, we need not enquire;—as to its moral principles, they went so far a-head of European standards, that we were neither comprehended nor believed. The perfection of romance was ascribed to us by all who did not reproach us with the perfection of Jesuitical knavery; by many our motto was supposed to be no longer the old one of *divide et impera*, but *annihila et appropriata*. Finally, looking back to our dreadful conflicts with the three conquering despots of modern history, Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV., and Napoleon, we may incontestably boast of having been single in maintaining the general equities of Europe by war upon a colossal scale, and by our councils in the general congresses of Christendom.

Such a review would amply justify the traveller's remarkable *dictum* upon the principle of remorse, and therefore of conscientiousness, as existing in greater strength amongst the people of Great Britain. In the same proportion, we may assume in such a people a keener sensibility to moral distinctions; more attention to shades of difference in the modes of action;

more anxiety as to the grounds of action. In the same proportion, we may assume a growing and more direct regard to Casuistry: which is precisely the part of Ethics that will be continually expanding, and continually throwing up fresh doubts. Not as though a moral principle could ever be doubtful. But that the growing complexity of the circumstances will make it more and more difficult in judgment to detach the principle from the case; or in practice, to determine the application of the principle to the facts. It will happen therefore, as Mr Coleridge used to say happened in all cases of importance, that extremes meet: for Casuistical Ethics will be most consulted by two classes the most opposite to each other—by those who seek excuses for evading their duties, and by those who seek a special fulness of light for fulfilling them.

CASE I.—*Health.*

Strange it is, that moral treatises, when professing to lay open the great edifice of human duties, and to expose its very foundations, should not have begun with, nay, should not have noticed at all, those duties which a man owes to himself, and, foremost amongst them, the duty of cultivating his own health. For it is evident, that, from mere neglect of that one personal duty, with the very best intentions possible, all other duties whatever may become impossible; for good intentions exist in all stages of efficiency, from the fugitive impulse to the realizing self-determination. In this life, the elementary blessing is health. What! do we presume to place it before peace of mind? Far from it: but we speak of the *genesis*; of the succession in which all blessings descend: not as to time, but the order of dependency. All morality implies free agency: it presumes beyond all other conditions an agent who is in perfect possession of his own volitions. Now, it is certain that a man without health, is not uniformly master of his own purposes. Often he cannot be said either to be *in* the path of duty or *out* of it; so incoherent are the actions of a man forced back continually from the objects of his intellect and choice upon some alien objects dictated by internal wretchedness. It is true, that

by possibility some derangements of the human system are not incompatible with happiness; and a celebrated German author of the last century, Von Hardenberg—better known by his assumed name of Novalis—maintained, that certain modes of ill health or valetudinarianism were pre-requisites towards certain modes of intellectual development. But the ill health to which he pointed could not have gone beyond a luxurious indisposition; nor the corresponding intellectual purposes have been other than narrow, fleeting, and anomalous. Inflammatory action in its earlier stages, is sometimes connected with voluptuous sensations: so is the preternatural stimulation of the liver. But these states, as pleasurable states, are transitory. All fixed derangements of the health are doubly hostile to the moral energies; first, through the intellect, which they debilitate unconsciously in many ways; and next, both consciously and semi-consciously through the will. The judgment is perhaps too clouded to fix upon a right purpose: the will too enfeebled to pursue it.

Two general remarks may be applied to all interferences of the physical with the moral sanity; 1st, That it is not so much by absolute deductions of time that ill health operates upon the serviceableness of a man, as by its lingering effects upon his temper and his animal spirits. Many a man has not lost one hour in his life from illness, whose faculties of usefulness have been most seriously impaired through gloom or untuned feelings; 2dly, That it is not the direct and known risks to our health which act with the most fatal effects, but the semi-conscious condition, the atmosphere of circumstances, with which artificial life surrounds us. The great cities of Europe, perhaps London beyond all others, under the modern modes of life and business, create a vortex of preternatural tumult, a rush and frenzy of excitement, which is fatal to far more than are heard of as express victims to that system.

The late Lord Londonderry's nervous seizure was no solitary or rare case. So much we happen to know. We are well assured by medical men of great London practice, that the case is one of growing frequency. In Lord Londonderry it attracted notice

for reasons of obvious personal interest, as well as its tragical catastrophe. But the complaint, though one of modern growth, is well known, and comes forward under a most determinate type as to symptoms, among the mercantile class. The original predisposition to it, lies permanently in the condition of London life, especially as it exists for public men. But the immediate existing cause, which fires the train always ready for explosion, is invariably some combination of perplexities, such as are continually gathering into dark clouds over the heads of great merchants; sometimes only teasing and molesting, sometimes menacing and alarming. These perplexities are generally moving in counteracting paths: some progressive, some retrograde. There lies a man's safety. But at times it will happen that all comes at once; and then comes a shock such as no brain already predisposed by a London life, is strong enough (but more truly let us say—coarse enough) to support.

Lord Londonderry's case was precisely of that order: he had been worried by a long session of Parliament, which adds the crowning irritation in the interruption of sleep. The nervous system, ploughed up by intense wear and tear, is denied the last resource of natural relief. In this crisis, already perilous, a new tempest was called in—of all the most terrific—the tempest of anxiety: and from what source? Anxiety from fear, is bad: from hope delayed, is bad: but worst of all is anxiety from responsibility, in cases where disease or weakness makes a man feel that he is unequal to the burden. The diplomatic interests of the country had been repeatedly confided to Lord Londonderry: he had justified that confidence: he had received affecting testimonies of the honour which belonged to such a situation. But a short time before his fatal seizure, in passing through Birmingham at a moment when all the gentlemen of the place were assembled, he had witnessed the whole assembly—no mob, but the collective good sense of the place—by one impulse standing bareheaded in his presence,—a tribute of disinterested homage which affected him powerfully, and which was well understood as offered to his foreign diplomacy. Under these circumstances could he bear to transfer or delegate

the business of future negotiation? Could he suffer to lapse into other hands, as a derelict, the consummation of that task which thus far he had so prosperously conducted? Was it in human nature to do so? He felt the same hectic of human passion which Lord Nelson felt in the very gates of death, when some act of command was thoughtlessly suggested as belonging to his successor—“*Not whilst I live, Hardy; not whilst I live.*” Yet, in Lord Londonderry's case, it was necessary, if he would not transfer the trust, that he should rally his energies instantly: for a new Congress was even then assembling. There was no delay open to him by the nature of the case: the call was—*now, now*, just as you are, my lord, with those shattered nerves and that agitated brain, take charge of interests the most complex in Christendom: to say the truth, of interests which *are* those of Christendom.

This struggle, between a nervous system too grievously shaken, and the instant demand for energy seven times intensified, was too much for any generous nature. A ceremonial embassy might have been fulfilled by shattered nerves; but not this embassy. Anxiety supervening upon nervous derangement was bad; anxiety through responsibility was worse; but through a responsibility created by grateful confidence, it was an appeal through the very pangs of martyrdom. No brain could stand such a siege. Lord Londonderry's gave way; and he fell with the tears of the generous even where they might happen to differ from him in politics.

Mean time, this case, belonging to a class generated by a London life, was in some quarters well understood even then; *now*, it is well known that, had different remedies been applied, or had the sufferer been able to stand up under his torture until the cycle of the symptoms had begun to come round, he might have been saved. The treatment is now well understood; but even then it was understood by some physicians; amongst others by that Dr Willis who had attended George the Third. In several similar cases overpowering doses had been given of opium, or of brandy; and usually a day or two had carried off the oppression of the brain by a tremendous reaction.

In Birmingham and other towns, where the body of people called Quakers are accumulated, different forms of nervous derangement are developed; the secret principle of which turns not, as in these London cases, upon feelings too much called out by preternatural stimulation, but upon feelings too much repelled and driven in. Morbid suppression of deep sensibilities must lead to states of disease equally terrific and perhaps even less tractable; not so sudden and critical perhaps, but more settled and gloomy.

We speak not of any physical sensibilities, but of those which are purely moral—sensibilities to poetic emotions, to ambition, to social gaiety. Accordingly it is amongst the young men and women of this body that the most afflicting cases under this type occur. Even for children, however, the systematic repression of all ebullient feeling, under the Quaker discipline, must be sometimes perilous; and would be more so, were it not for that marvellous flexibility with which nature adapts herself to all changes—whether imposed by climate or by situation—by inflictions of Providence or by human spirit of system.

These cases we point to as formidable mementos, *monumenta sacra*, of those sudden catastrophes which either ignorance of what concerns the health, or neglect in midst of knowledge, may produce. Any mode of life in London, or not in London, which trains the nerves to a state of permanent irritation, prepares a *nidus* for disease; and unhappily not for chronic disease only, but for disease of that kind which finishes the struggle almost before it is begun. In such a state of habitual training for morbid action, it may happen—and often has happened—that one and the same week sees the victim apparently well and in his grave.

These, indeed, are extreme cases: though still such as threaten many more than they actually strike; for, though uncommon, they grow out of very common habits. But even the ordinary cases of unhealthy action in the system, are sufficient to account

for perhaps three-fourths of all the disquiet and bad temper which disfigure daily life. Not one man in every ten is perfectly clear of some disorder, more or less, in the digestive system—not one man in fifty enjoys the absolutely normal state of that organ; and upon that depends the daily cheerfulness, in the first place, and through that (as well as by more direct actions) the sanity of the judgment. To speak strictly, not one man in a hundred is perfectly sane even as to his mind. For, though the greater disturbances of the mind do not take place in more than one man of each thousand,* the slighter shades that settle on the judgment, which daily bring up thoughts such as a man would gladly banish, which force him into moods of feeling irritating at the moment, and wearing to the animal spirits,—these derangements are universal.

From the greater alike and the lesser, no man can free himself but in the proportion of his available knowledge applied to his own animal system, and of the surrounding circumstances, as constantly acting on that system. Would we, then, desire that every man should interrupt his proper studies or pursuits for the sake of studying medicine? Not at all: nor is that requisite. The laws of health are as simple as the elements of arithmetic or geometry. It is required only that a man should open his eyes to perceive the three great forces which support health.

They are these: 1. The *blood* requires exercise: 2. The great central organ of the *stomach* requires adaptation of diet: 3. The *nervous system* requires regularity of sleep. In those three functions of sleep, diet, exercise, is contained the whole economy of health. All three of course act and re-act upon each other: and all three are woefully deranged by a London life—above all, by a parliamentary life. As to the first point, it is probable that any torpor or even *lensor* in the blood, such as scarcely expresses itself sensibly through the pulse, renders that fluid less able to resist the first actions of disease. As to the second,

* “One man of each thousand:” in several nations that has been found to be the average proportion of the insane. But this calculation has never been made to include all the slighter cases. It is not impossible that at some periods the whole human race may have been partially insane,

a more complex subject, luckily we benefit not by our own brief experience exclusively: every man benefits practically by the traditional experience of ages, which constitutes the culinary experience in every land and every household. The inheritance of knowledge, which every generation receives, as to the salubrity of this or that article of diet, operates continually in preventing dishes from being brought to table. Each man's separate experience does something to arm him against the temptation when it is offered; and again, the traditional experience far oftener intercepts the temptation. As to the third head, *sleep*, this of all is the most immediately fitted by nature to the relief of the brain and its exquisite machinery of nerves:—it is the function of health most attended to in our navy; and of all it is the one most painfully ravaged by a London life.

Thus it would appear, that the three great laws of health, viz. *motion*, *rest*, and *temperance*, (or, by a more adequate expression, *adaptation to the organ*), are, in a certain gross way, taught to every man by his personal experience. The difficulty is—as in so many other cases—not for the understanding, but for the will—not to know, but to execute.

Now here steps in Casuistry with two tremendous suggestions, sufficient to alarm any thoughtful man, and rouse him more effectually to the performance of his duty.

First, that under the same law (whatever that law may be) which makes suicide a crime, must the neglect of health be a crime? For thus stand the two accounts:—By suicide you have cut off a *portion unknown* from your life: years it may be, but possibly only days. By neglect of health you have cut off a *portion unknown* from your life: days it may be, but also by possibility years. So the practical result may be the same in either case; or, possibly, the least is suicide. "Yes," you reply, "the *practical* results—but not the purpose—not the intention—*ergo*, not the crime." Certainly not: in the one case the result arises from absolute predetermination, with the whole energies of the will; in the other it arises *in spite* of your will, (meaning your choice)—it arises out of human infirmity. But still the difference is as between choosing a crime

for its own sake, and falling into it from strong temptation.

Secondly, that in every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, decaying spirits, &c., there is a high probability (under the age of sixty-five almost a certainty) that a part of the obstacle is due to self-neglect. No man that lives but loses some of his time from ill health, or at least from the incipient forms of ill health—bad spirits, or indisposition to exertion. Now, taking men even as they are, statistical societies have ascertained that, from the ages of twenty to sixty-five, ill health, such as to interrupt daily labour, averages from seven days to about fourteen per annum. In the best circumstances of climate, occupation, &c., one fifty-second part of the time perishes to the species—in the least favourable, two such parts. Consequently, in the forty-five years from twenty to sixty-five, not very far from a year perishes on an average to every man—to some as much more. A considerable part even of this loss is due to neglect or mismanagement of health. But this estimate, records only the loss of time in a pecuniary sense; which loss, being powerfully restrained by self-interest, will be the least possible under the circumstances. The loss of energy, as applied to duties not connected with any self-interest, will be far more. In so far as that loss emanates from defect of spirits, or other modes of vital torpor, such as neglect of health has either caused or promoted, and care might have prevented, in so far the omission is charged to our own responsibility. Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each single act of intemperance, are like the glomeration of moonbeams upon moonbeams—myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong: possibly every act—nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation—is numbered in our own after actions; reproduces itself in some future perplexity; comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the freedom of action for all men, and makes good men afflicted. At all events, it is an undeniable fact, that many a case of difficulty, which in apology for ourselves we very truly plead to be insurmountable by our existing energies, has borrowed its sting from previous acts or omissions

of our own: it might *not* have been insurmountable, had we better cherished our physical resources. For instance, of such a man it is said—he did not assist in repelling an injury from his friend or his native land. “True,” says his apologist, “but you would not require him to do so when he labours under paralysis?” “No, certainly; but, perhaps, he might *not* have laboured under paralysis had he uniformly taken care of his health.”*

Let not the reader suspect us of the Popish doctrine, that men are to enter hereafter into a separate reckoning for each separate act, or to stand at all upon their own merits. That reckoning, we Protestants believe, no man could stand; and that some other resource must be had than any personal merits of the individual. But still we should recollect that this doctrine, though providing a refuge for past offences, provides none for such offences as are committed deliberately, with a prospective view to the benefits of such a refuge. Offend we may, and we must: but then our offences must come out of mere infirmity—not because we calculate upon a large allowance being made to us, and say to ourselves, “*Let us take out our allowance.*”

Casuistry, therefore, justly, and without infringing any truth of Christianity, urges the care of health as the

basis of all moral action, because, in fact, of all *perfectly voluntary* action. Every impulse of bad health jars or untunes some string in the fine harp of human volition; and because a man cannot be a moral being but in the proportion of his free action, therefore it is clear that no man can be in a high sense moral, except in so far as through health he commands his bodily powers, and is not commanded by them.

CASE II.—*Laws of Hospitality in collision with Civic Duties.*

Suppose the case, that, taking shelter from a shower of rain in a stranger's house, you discover proofs of a connection with smugglers. Take this for one pole of such case, the trivial extreme; then for the other pole, the greater extreme, suppose the case, that, being hospitably entertained, and happening to pass the night in a stranger's house, you are so unfortunate as to detect unquestionable proofs of some dreadful crime, say murder, perpetrated in past times by one of the family. The principle at issue is the same in both cases: viz. the command resting upon the conscience to forget private consideration and personal feelings in the presence of any solemn duty; yet merely the difference of degree, and

* With respect to the management of health, although it is undoubtedly true that, like the “primal charities,” in the language of Wordsworth, in proportion to its importance it shines alike for all, and is diffused universally—yet not the less, in every age, some very obstinate prejudices have prevailed to darken the truth. Thus Dryden authorizes the conceit, that medicine can never be useful or requisite, because—

“God never made his work for man to mend.”

To mend! No, Glorious John, neither physician nor patient has any such presumptuous fancy; we take medicine to mend the injuries produced by our own folly. What the medicine mends is not God's work, but our own. The medicine is a *plus* certainly; but it is a *plus* applied to a *minus* of our own introducing. Even in these days of practical knowledge, errors prevail on the subject of health which are neither trivial nor of narrow operation. Universally, the true theory of digestion, as partially unfolded in Dr Wilson Philip's experiments on rabbits, is so far mistaken, and even inverted—that Lord Byron, when seeking a diet of easy digestion, instead of resorting to animal food broiled and underdone, which all medical men know to be the most digestible food, took to a vegetable diet, which requires a stomach of extra power. The same error is seen in the common notion about the breakfast of ladies in Elizabeth's days, as if fit only for ploughmen; whereas it is *our* breakfasts of slops which require the powerful organs of digestion. The same error, again, is current in the notion that a weak watery diet is fit for a weak person. Such a person peculiarly requires solid food. It is also a common mistake to suppose that, because no absolute illness is caused by daily errors of diet, these errors are practically cancelled. Cowper the poet delivers the very just opinion—That all disorders of a *function* (as, suppose, the secretion of bile,) sooner or later, if not corrected, cease to be functional disorders, and become organic.

not any at all in the kind of duty, would lead pretty generally to a separate practical decision for the several cases. In the last of the two, whatever might be the pain to a person's feelings, he would feel himself to have no discretion or choice left. Reveal he must; not only, if otherwise revealed, he must come forward as a witness, but, if not revealed, he must denounce—he must lodge an information, and that instantly, else even in law, without question of morality, he makes himself a party to the crime—an accomplice after the act. That single consideration would with most men at once cut short all deliberation. And yet even in such a situation there is a possible variety of the case that might alter its complexion. If the crime had been committed many years before, and under circumstances which precluded all fear that the same temptation or the same provocation should arise again, most reflecting people would think it the better course to leave the criminal to his conscience. Often in such denunciations it is certain that human impertinence, and the spirit which sustains the habit of gossip, and mere incontinence of secrets, and vulgar craving for being the author of a sensation, have far more often led to the publication of the offence, than any concern for the interests of morality.

On the other hand, with respect to the slighter extreme—viz. in a case where the offence is entirely created by the law, with no natural turpitude about it, and besides (which is a strong argument in the case) enjoying no special facilities of escaping justice—no man in the circumstances supposed would have a reason for hesitating. The laws of hospitality are of everlasting obligation: they are equally binding on the host and on the guest. Coming under a man's roof for one moment, in the clear character of guest, creates an absolute sanctity in the consequent relations which connect the parties. That is the popular feeling. The king in the old ballads is always represented as feeling that it would be damnable to make a legal offence out of his own venison which he had eaten as a guest. There is a cleaving pollution, like that of the Syrian leprosy, in the act of abusing your privileges as a guest, or in any way profiting by your opportunities

as a guest, to the injury of your confiding host. Henry VII., though a prince, was no gentleman; and in the famous case of his dining with Lord Oxford, and saying at his departure, with reference to an infraction of his recent statute, "My Lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but my Attorney must speak with you;" Lord Oxford might have justly retorted, "If he does, then posterity will speak pretty plainly with your Majesty;" for it was in the character of Lord Oxford's guest that he had learned the infraction of his law. Mean time the general rule, and the *rationale* of the rule, in such cases, appears to be this: whenever there is, or can be imagined a sanctity in the obligations on one side, and only a benefit of expediency in the obligations upon the other, the latter must give way. For the detection of smuggling, (the particular offence supposed in the case stated,) society has an express and separate machinery maintained. If their activity droops, that is the business of government. In such a case, government is entitled to no aid from private citizens: on the express understanding that no aid must be expected, has so expensive an establishment been submitted to. Each individual refuses to participate in exposure of such offences, for the same reason that he refuses to keep the street clean even before his own door—he has already paid for having such work discharged by proxy.

CASE III.—*Giving Characters to Servants who have misconducted themselves.*

No case so constantly arises to perplex the conscience in private life as this—which in principle is almost beyond solution. Sometimes, indeed, the coarse realities of law step in to cut that Gordian knot which no man can untie: for it is an actionable offence to give a character wilfully false. That little fact at once exorcises all ærial phantoms of the conscience. True: but this coarse machinery applies only to those cases in which the servant has been guilty in a way amenable to law. In any case short of *that*, no plaintiff would choose to face the risks of an action; nor could he sustain it: the defendant

would always have a sufficient resource in the vagueness and large latitude allowed to opinion when estimating the qualities of a servant. Almost universally, therefore, the case comes back to the forum of conscience. Now in that forum how stands the pleading? Too certainly, we will suppose, that the servant has not satisfied your reasonable expectations. This truth you would have no difficulty in declaring: here, as much as any where else, you would feel it unworthy of your own integrity to equivocate—you open your writing-desk, and sit down to tell the mere truth in as few words as possible. But then steps in the consideration, that to do this without disguise or mitigation, is oftentimes to sign a warrant for the ruin of a fellow-creature—and that fellow-creature possibly penitent, in any case thrown upon your mercy. Who can stand this? In lower walks of life, it is true that mistresses often take servants without any certificates of character; but in higher grades this is notoriously uncommon, and in great cities dangerous. Besides, the candidate may happen to be a delicate girl, incapable of the hard labour incident to such a lower establishment. Here, then, is a case where conscience says into your left ear—*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*—“Do your duty without looking to consequences.” Mean time into the right ear conscience says, “But mark, in that case possibly you consign this poor girl to prostitution.” Lord Nelson, as is well known, was once placed in a dilemma equally trying: * on one side, an iron tongue sang out from the commander-in-chief—*retreat*; on the other, his own oracular heart sang to him—*advance*. How he decided is well known; and the words in which he proclaimed his decision ought to be emblazoned for ever as the noblest of all recorded repartees. Waving his hand towards the Admiral’s ship, he said to his own officers, who reported the signal of recall—“You may see it; I cannot: you know I am blind on that side.” Oh, venerable blindness! immortal blindness! None so deaf as

those who will not hear: none so gloriously blind as those who will not see any danger or difficulty—who have a dark eye on that side, whilst they reserve another blazing like a meteor for honour and their country’s interest. Most of us, we presume, in the case stated about the servant, hear but the whispering voice of conscience as regards the truth, and her thundering voice as regards the poor girl’s interest. In doing this, however, we (and doubtless others) usually attempt to compromise the opposite suggestions of conscience by some such jesuitical device as this. We dwell pointedly upon those good qualities which the servant really possesses, and evade speaking of any others. But how, if minute, searching, and circumstantial enquiries are made by way of letter? In that case, we affect to have noticed only such as we can answer with success, passing the dangerous ones as so many rocks, *sub silentio*. All this is not quite right, you think, reader. Why, no: so think we: but what alternative is allowed? “Say, ye severest, what would ye have done?” In very truth, this is a dilemma for which Casuistry is not a match; unless, indeed, Casuistry as armed and equipped in the school of Ignatius Loyola. But that is with us reputed a piratical Casuistry. The whole estate of a servant lies in his capacity of serving; and often, if you tell the truth, by one word you ruin this estate for ever. Mean time, a case very much of the same quality, and of even greater difficulty, is—

CASE IV.—*Criminal Prosecution of Fraudulent Servants.*

Any reader, who is not deeply read in the economy of English life, will have a most inadequate notion of the vast extent to which this case occurs. We are well assured, (for our information comes from quarters *judicially* conversant with the question,) that in no other channel of human life does there flow one-hundredth part of the

* “Once placed in a dilemma:” viz.—On the first expedition against Copenhagen, (in 1801.) He was unfortunately second in command; his principal, a brave man in person, wanted moral courage—he could not face responsibility in a trying shape. And had he not been blessed with a disobedient second in command, he must have returned home *re infectâ*.

forbearance and the lenity which are called into action by the relation between injured masters and their servants. We are informed that, were every third charge pursued effectually, half the courts in Europe would not suffice for the cases of criminality which emerge in London alone under this head. All England would, in the course of five revolving years, have passed under the torture of *subpœna*, as witnesses for the prosecution or the defence. This multiplication of cases arises from the coincidence of hourly opportunity with hourly temptation, both carried to the extreme verge of possibility, and generally falling in with youth in the offenders. These aggravations of the danger are three several palliations of the crime, and they have weight allowed to them by the indulgent feelings of masters in a corresponding degree; not one case out of six score that are discovered (while, perhaps, another six score go undiscovered) being ever prosecuted with rigour and effect.

In this universal laxity of temper lies an injury too serious to public morals; and the crime reproduces itself abundantly under an indulgence so Christian in its motive, but unfortunately operating with the full effect of genial culture. Masters, who have made themselves notorious by indiscriminate forgiveness, might be represented symbolically as gardeners watering and tending luxuriant crops of crime in hot-beds or forcing houses. In London, many are the tradesmen who, being reflective as well as benevolent, perceive that something is amiss in the whole system. In part the law has been to blame, stimulating false mercy by punishment disproportioned to the offence. But many a judicious master has seen cause to suspect his own lenity as more mischievously operative even than the law's hardness, and as an effeminate surrender to luxurious sensibilities. Those have not been the severest masters whose names are attached to fatal prosecutions: on the contrary, three out of four having been persons who looked

forward to general consequences—having, therefore, been more than usually thoughtful, were, for that reason, likely to be more than usually humane. They did not suffer the less acutely, because their feelings ran counter to the course of what they believed to be their duty. Prosecutors often sleep with less tranquillity during the progress of a judicial proceeding than the objects of the prosecution. An English judge of the last century, celebrated for his uprightness, used to balance against that pity so much vaunted for the criminal, the duty of “a pity to the country.” But private prosecutors of their own servants, often feel both modes of pity at the same moment.

For this difficulty a book of Casuistry might suggest a variety of resources, not so much adapted to a case of that nature already existing, as to the prevention of future cases. Every mode of trust or delegated duty would suggest its own separate improvements; but all improvements must fall under two genuine heads—first, the diminution of temptation, either by abridging the amount of trust reposed; or, where that is difficult, by shortening its duration, and multiplying the counterchecks: secondly, by the moderation of the punishment in the event of detection, as the sole means of reconciling the public conscience to the law, and diminishing the chances of impunity. There is a memorable proof of the rash extent to which the London tradesmen, at one time, carried their confidence in servants. So many clerks, or apprentices, were allowed to hold large balances of money in their hands through the intervals of their periodical settlements, that during the Parliamentary war multitudes were tempted, by that single cause, into absconding. They had always a refuge in the camps. And the loss sustained in this way was so heavy, when all payments were made in gold, that to this one evil suddenly assuming a shape of excess, is ascribed, by some writers, the first establishment of goldsmiths as bankers.*

Two other weighty considerations

* “First establishment of goldsmiths as bankers.” Goldsmiths certainly acted in that capacity from an earlier period. But from this era, until the formation of the Bank of England in 1696, they entered more fully upon the functions of bankers, issuing notes which passed current in London.

attach to this head—1. The known fact that large breaches of trust, and embezzlements, are greatly on the increase, and have been since the memorable case of Mr Fauntleroy. America is, and will be for ages, a city of refuge for this form of guilt. 2. That the great training of the conscience in all which regards pecuniary justice and fidelity to engagements, lies through the discipline and *tyrocinium* of the humbler ministerial offices—those of clerks, book-keepers, apprentices. The law acts through these offices, for the unconfirmed conscience, as leading-strings to an infant in its earliest efforts at walking. It forces to go right, until the choice may be supposed trained and fully developed. That is the great function of the law: a function which it will perform with more or less success, as it is more or less fitted to win the cordial support of masters.

V.—*Veracity.*

Here is a special "title," (to speak with the civil lawyers,) under that general claim put in for England with respect to a moral pre-eminence amongst the nations. Many are they who, in regions widely apart, have noticed with honour the English superiority in the article of veneration for truth. Not many years ago, two Englishmen, on their road overland to India, fell in with a royal *cortège*, and soon after with the prime minister and the crown prince of Persia. The prince honoured them with an interview; both parties being on horseback, and the conversation therefore reduced to the points of nearest interest. Amongst these was the English character. Upon this the prince's remark was—that what had most impressed him with respect for England and her institutions was, the remarkable spirit of truth-speaking which distinguished her sons; as supposing her institutions to grow out of her sons, and her sons out of her institutions. And indeed well he might have this feeling by comparison with his own countrymen: Persians have no *principles* apparently on this point—all is impulse and accident of feeling. Thus the journal of the two Persian princes in London, as lately reported in the newspapers, is one tissue of falsehoods: not, most un-

doubtedly, from any purpose of deceiving, but from the overmastering habit (cherished by their whole training and experience) of repeating every thing in a spirit of amplification, with a view to the *wonder* only of the hearer. The Persians are notoriously the Frenchmen of the East: the same gaiety, the same levity, the same want of depth both as to feeling and principle. The Turks are much nearer to the English: the same gravity of temperament, the same meditateness, the same sternness of principle. Of all European nations, the French is that which least regards truth. The whole spirit of their private memoirs and their anecdotes illustrates this. To point an anecdote or a repartee, there is no extravagance of falsehood that the French will not endure. What nation but the French would have tolerated that monstrous fiction about La Fontaine, by way of illustrating his supposed absence of mind—viz. that, on meeting his own son in a friend's house, he expressed his admiration of the young man, and begged to know his name. The fact probably may have been that La Fontaine was not liable to any absence at all: apparently this "distraction" was assumed as a means of making a poor sort of sport for his friends. Like many another man in such circumstances, he saw and entered into the fun which his own imaginary forgetfulness produced. But were it otherwise, who can believe so outrageous a self-forgetfulness as that which would darken his eyes to the very pictures of his own hearth? Were such a thing possible, were it even real, it would still be liable to the just objection of the critics—that, being marvellous in appearance, even as a fact it ought not to be brought forward for any purpose of wit, but only as a truth of physiology, or as a fact in the records of a surgeon. The "*incredulus odi*" is too strong in such cases, and it adheres to three out of every four French anecdotes. The French taste is, indeed, any thing but good in all that department of wit and humour. And the ground lies in their national want of veracity. To return to England—and having cited an Oriental witness to the English character on this point, let us now cite a most observing one in the West. Kant, in Königsberg, was surrounded by Englishmen and

by foreigners of all nations—foreign and English students, foreign and English merchants; and he pronounced the main characteristic feature of the English as a nation to lie in their severe reverence for truth. This from him was no slight praise; for such was the stress he laid upon veracity, that upon this one quality he planted the whole edifice of moral excellence. General integrity could not exist, he held, without veracity as its basis; nor that basis exist without superinducing general integrity.

This opinion, perhaps, many beside Kant will see cause to approve. For ourselves we can truly say—never did we know a human being, boy or girl, who began life as an habitual undervaluer of truth, that did not afterwards exhibit a character conformable to that beginning—such a character as, however superficially correct under the steadying hand of self-interest, was not in a lower key of moral feeling as well as of principle.

But out of this honourable regard to veracity in Immanuel Kant, branched out a principle in Casuistry which most people will pronounce monstrous. It has occasioned much disputing backwards and forwards. But as a practical principle of conduct, (for which Kant meant it,) inevitably it must be rejected—if for no other reason, because it is at open war with the laws and jurisprudence of all Christian Europe. Kant's doctrine was this; and the illustrative case in which it is involved, let it be remembered, is his own:—So sacred a thing, said he, is truth—that if a murderer, pursuing another with an avowed purpose of killing him, were to ask of a third person by what road the fleeing party had fled, that person is bound to give him true information. And you are at liberty to suppose this third person a wife, a daughter, or under any conceivable obligations of love and duty to the fugitive. Now, this is monstrous: and Kant himself, with all his parental fondness for the doctrine, would certainly have been recalled to sounder thoughts by these two considerations—

1st, That, by all the codes of law received throughout Europe, he who acted upon Kant's principle would be held a *particeps criminis*—an accomplice before the fact.

2d, That, in reality, a just prin-

ciple is lurking under Kant's error; but a principle translated from its proper ground. Not truth, individual or personal—not truth of mere facts, but truth doctrinal—the truth which teaches, the truth which changes men and nations—this is the truth concerned in Kant's meaning, had he explained his own meaning to himself more distinctly. With respect to that truth, wheresoever it lies, Kant's doctrine applies—that all men have a right to it; that perhaps you have no right to suppose of any race or nation that it is not prepared to receive it; and, at any rate, that no circumstances of expedience can justify you in keeping it back.

VI.—*The Case of Charles I.*

Many cases arise from the life and political difficulties of Charles I. But there is one so peculiarly pertinent to an essay which entertains the general question of Casuistry—its legitimacy, its value—that with this, although not properly a domestic case, or only such in a mixed sense, we shall conclude.

No person has been so much attacked for his scruples of conscience as this prince; and, what seems odd enough, no person has been so much attacked for resorting to books of Casuistry, and for encouraging literary men to write books of Casuistry. Under his suggestion and sanction, Saunderson wrote his book on the obligation of an oath, (for which there was surely reason enough in days when the democratic tribunals were forcing men to swear to an *et cetera*;) and, by an impulse originally derived from him, Jeremy Taylor wrote afterwards his *Ductor Dubitantium*, Bishop Barlow wrote his *Cases of Conscience*, &c. &c.

For this dedication of his studies, Charles has been plentifully blamed in after times. He was seeking evasions for plain duties, say his enemies. He was arming himself for intrigue in the school of Machiavel. But now turn to his history, and ask in what way any man could have extricated himself from that labyrinth which invested his path but by Casuistry. Cases the most difficult are offered for his decision: peace for a distracted nation in 1647, on terms which seemed fatal to the monarchy; peace for the

same nation under the prospect of war rising up again during the Isle of Wight treaty in 1648, but also under the certainty of destroying the Church of England. On the one side, by refusing, he seemed to disown his duties as the father of his people. On the other side, by yielding, he seemed to forget his coronation oath, and the ultimate interests of his people—to merge the future and the reversionary in the present and the fugitive. It was not within the possibilities that he could so act as not to offend one-half of the nation. His dire calamity it was, that he must be hated, act how he would, and must be condemned by posterity. Did his enemies allow for the misery of this internal conflict? Milton, who never appears to more disadvantage than when he comes forward against his sovereign, is indignant that Charles should have a conscience, or plead a conscience, in a public matter. Henderson, the celebrated Scotch theologian, came post from Edinburgh to London (whence he went to Newcastle) expressly to combat the king's scruples. And he also (in his private letters) seems equally enraged as Milton, that Charles should pretend to any private conscience in a state question.

Now let us ask—What was it that originally drove Charles to books of Casuistry? It was the deep shock which he received, both in his affections and his conscience, from the death of Lord Strafford. Every body had then told him, even those who felt how much the law must be outraged to obtain a conviction of Lord Strafford, how many principles of justice must be shaken, and how sadly the royal word must suffer in its sanctity,—yet all had told him that it was expedient to sacrifice that nobleman. One man ought not to stand between the king and his alienated people. It was good for the common welfare that Lord Strafford should die. Charles was unconvinced. He was sure of the injustice; and perhaps he doubted even of the expedience. But his very virtues were armed against his peace. In all parts of his life self-distrust and diffidence had marked his character. What was he, a single person, to resist so many wise counsellors, and

what in a representative sense was the nation ranged on the other side? He yielded: and it is not too much to say that he never had a happy day afterwards. The stirring period of his life succeeded—the period of war, camps, treaties. Much time was not allowed him for meditation. But there is abundant proof that such time as he had, always pointed his thoughts backwards to the afflicting case of Lord Strafford. This he often spoke of as the great blot—the ineffaceable transgression of his life. For this he mourned in penitential words yet on record. To this he traced back the calamity of his latter life. Lord Strafford's memorable words—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of princes,"—rang for ever in his ear. Lord Strafford's blood lay like a curse upon his throne.

Now, by what a pointed answer, drawn from this one case, might Charles have replied to the enemies we have noticed—to those, like so many historians since his day, who taxed him with studying Casuistry for the purposes of intrigue—to those, like Milton and Henderson, who taxed him with exercising his private conscience on public questions?

"I had studied no books of Casuistry," he might have replied, "when I made the sole capital blunder in a case of conscience, which the review of my life can show."

"I did not insist on my private conscience; woe is me that I did not: I yielded to what was called the public conscience in that one case which has proved the affliction of my life, and which, perhaps, it was that wrecked the national peace."

A more plenary answer there cannot be to those who suppose that Casuistry is evaded by evading books of Casuistry. That dread forum of conscience will for ever exist as a tribunal of difficulty. The discussion must proceed on some principles or other, good or bad; and the only way for obtaining light is by cleansing up the grounds of action, and applying the principles of moral judgment to such facts or circumstances as most frequently arise to perplex the understanding, or the affections, or the conscience.

HINTS ON HISTORY ; OR, A GLANCE AT THE DARK AGES.

PART II.

WE have reason to congratulate ourselves that the conquest made in Europe by Goths and Vandals, Franks and Saxons, was altogether of a different nature from that which merely places a new dynasty upon the throne, and that the conquering people became themselves the inhabitants, as well as rulers of the soil, and amalgamated with the nations they subdued. We have reason to congratulate ourselves that no warrior chief, fresh from his woods, seized hold of the central power, and swayed the west of Europe in its combined form. It is well that no Attila—and the Hun was not far from it—possessed himself of a worn-out empire, lifeless, decked only in the panoply of civilisation, there to remain, like a decorated corpse, the subject of renewed combat, and the prize of the last victor in the field. Since the barbarian *was* to come, we may look without regret at that dismemberment of the empire, that piece-meal conquest and slow but entire appropriation, which at first appear in so great a measure to aggravate the calamity. For many centuries nothing but mischief seems to follow from his irruption and *settlement* ; the very principles of civil government are lost sight of ; rude violence every where prevails ; learning is almost extinct, and the little leisure and reflection which armed outrage permits to others, or allows to itself, is seized on and appropriated by superstition. Every where darkness and confusion. But by-and-by the cloud rolls off, and a new scene presents itself ; and now, where otherwise a great empire might have been seen falling to sleep at the very best in base and sordid security, there is beheld a number of distinct nations, full of vigour, of untameable spirit, inventing new modes of government, and provoking each other by constant rivalry, and a ceaseless jealousy of each other's power, to emulation in all the arts both of war and of peace, all arts by which wealth is to be obtained or protected.

Nay, was it not well that the barbarian *did* come, and that even for the interests of learning, which seem to have suffered most wofully from his advent ? It was not, we need hardly say, such an empire as Augustus reigned over that he destroyed and

overran. Soon after the great imperial government had been established, when the flush of its novelty and the exultation of its triumph had departed, literature began to manifest symptoms of decay, and a lassitude and monotony fell upon the stationary world. Before the reign of Constantine, learning had lamentably declined ; and how dark ensuing ages might have become, without aid of the barbarian, it is impossible to say. An old despotism—and a despotism is soon old, while free governments, whatever their faults, however fractious and turbulent, retain for ever the vivacity of youth—an old despotism, extending over a wide territory, appears to be a condition least of all propitious to high efforts of literature ; affording, as it does, to the people at large none of those national controversies which give at once both scope and stimulant to intellectual enterprise. These have certainly not been wanting to modern Europe, since it was partitioned and re-colonized by the barbarian. And not only has the change in its political condition promoted mental activity : we hold that even that multiplicity of strange languages, which grew up amongst its new inhabitants, and which has often been looked on as so unpropitious a circumstance, and has tempted some men of great capacity for wishing, to sigh after an universal tongue, was, and still is, in reality highly favourable to intellectual effort and intellectual wealth. Each nation, by speaking its separate language, has had its own literature to construct—each language has been a fresh soil to be conquered and taken possession of by genius—each people may boast their own great poet or philosopher, yet has there been no such isolation amongst them, but that each has partaken and appropriated of the stores of the other. This state of things has all the advantage of a number of distinct laboratories where each chemist plies his experiments apart, not uninformed, however, of the results which others have obtained. The same topics of enquiry have occupied the mind of the Frank, the German, the Englishman ; and we see to this day how the torch of truth is made to burn more bright by being borne rapidly from country to country.

REPRESENTATION.

Amongst the new products found growing upon the old soil after the deluge had subsided, was one of a political nature. Perhaps the chief boast of the middle ages is, that they gave birth to the system of representative government—an invention, as it has been justly called, by which free institutions become applicable to extensive territories. The old form of the republic was appropriate only to a single city; the plan of representation allows an extensive territory to be united under a free and equal government.

We trace representation as a lineal descendant from that very feudalism to which it is now seen in the light of a direct antagonist. Feudalism could never itself have been converted into a good government, for its chief characteristic consisted in the absence of any adequate idea of a state. It yielded inevitably before the love of order. It was not conquered by arms. Without aid of a standing army, we see monarchy in Spain, in France, in England, every where prevailing. It was monarchy alone that could give these countries any approximation to free and equal government; and therefore it naturally grew with their increasing wealth and intelligence, and increasing desire for good government. But though such was the impracticable nature of feudalism itself, yet it infused a free spirit into men which tempered the monarchies of Europe, and moreover gave birth to a political offspring, which was fated, not only to check, but to compete with monarchy.

We shall take our own House of Commons as the type and exemplar of what was passing in the mind of Europe. We suppose no one is so little given to reflection as to be satisfied with ascribing the origin of our second house of Parliament to the writs issued by Simon Mountfort, in the disturbed reign of Henry III.; this is an historical incident, which may or may not have hastened the development of that institution, which dates its constitutional existence from the succeeding reign of Edward I. We are all prepared to trace such an institution, not to an incident of this description, but to political notions working in the mind of the people at large.

The character of feudalism, as we

have endeavoured to show, was this:—instead of the commonwealth being regarded as the great corporate body, to the welfare of which the desires and passions of the individual should be subordinated, the individual stood forth in his own claims, asserted his own rights, made the best stipulation he could for their preservation and the good of the community; its order and government were left to be the chance result of these several treaties. Liberty assumed a quite different form from that which it bore in the ancient republics. There was here no public; there was scarce any representative of the public; all was private property, all was personal privilege,—the conflict and compromise of individual claim. Every baron, every freeholder, had made his distinct treaty with his sovereign; he held his land on tenure, that is, on condition of performing certain services to his lord; these services rendered, he had done all that could be rightfully demanded; if he did more, it was voluntary. He had made his bargain with the state, and to that he held.

The situation of the Jews in all the feudal governments illustrates the manner in which the commonwealth was built up. Contrary to custom, they could here make no good bargain for themselves. They were attached to the soil neither as its lords and conquerors, nor as its bound cultivators; nor could the pious burgess associate with them, nor they with him, in those guilds and corporations which in their essence were a species of voluntary association. They were put quite out of the pale of government. The king seized upon them, by virtue of his prerogative; they became part of the Crown property—a sort of treasure-trove. The king protected and pillaged them at his pleasure. He sometimes even lent out his Jews, and took up money upon them as a security. We know that religious animosity led, in the first instance, to their being thus segregated from the rest of the world; but under no government where laws were made in the true spirit of legislation, as having the good of a whole community in prospect, could any body of men be allowed to remain in this predicament. They would either have been expelled entirely, or the common rights of citizens, the usual

protection of person and property, would have been extended to them.

This, then, was the prevailing spirit of feudal times:—The individual entered into a compact with the governing power, separating himself, as it were, from that community of which, in fact, he was a component part, and treating with it in his own person. The king, however powerful, never thought of laying any additional tax upon the feudatory without his consent. But how, in this respect, were the towns or burghs situated? These, if in the royal demesne, originally formed part of the crown property, and the king could levy a tallage upon them at his pleasure. If they fell within the barony of the greater lord, the lord could, in the same manner, exact tribute from them. But the royal towns obtained charters from the king, by which they were relieved from uncertain and arbitrary taxation on the payment of a fixed and stipulated sum. These charters, many of which were granted by King John, were either purchased from the necessity, or granted by the policy of the crown. Such burghs as were the property of the barons obtained relief in a similar way; the inhabitants paid a certain fixed sum for their land and houses, and then held by what was called *burgage tenure*. The towns were now placed, with respect to the sovereign power, in the same independent position as the nobles; they had made their treaty, though they could not always guard it from infringement quite so effectually as the barons. But the wants of the crown and the wealth of the burghs were both increasing—a new composition must be made; but the will of both parties must now be consulted. The power of the king and of his great council of peers might be, and doubtless was, sufficient to enforce a tax upon the towns; but it was ever the more profitable plan to respect the feeling of *right* which the burgess now shared with the nobleman, and induce him to tax himself. To enter into a new treaty with the towns—a treaty to be renewed as often as the want of money was renewed—was scarcely possible, without some system of deputation. Citizens were sent up from the different towns to the meeting of the great council, who, on hearing the wants of the sovereign, would appoint the quota to be paid by themselves. As it was not

necessary—for it was impossible—that all the burgesses should attend, and come into the presence of their king, so neither was it considered necessary that every town should send its deputation or representatives; the interest of such as did not, being identical with, and therefore under the protection of those who did. Some of the towns, as is well known, petitioned to be spared the expense and burden of sending a deputation.

Thus was formed and perpetuated our House of Commons. It arose from the application to chartered towns of the feudal notion that those who had made their stipulation with government could not further be taxed without their own consent;—a notion which soon became a prevailing sentiment of the people at large. The county member represented the small freeholders, who had an undoubted right to partake in this political sentiment. The *county courts*, it may be observed, which had been preserved from Saxon times, gave a facility for this mode of representation, which otherwise perhaps might not have been devised. Thus, our second branch of the Legislature arose from no endeavour to approximate the constitution to a republic, nor from any design on the part of the people to share in the general work of legislation; and nothing can be more absurd than the clamour (it cannot be called argument) of those who, while they are carrying forward and amplifying the theory of representation, talk of *reforming* and returning to ancestral purity. It was some time before the Commons took any other part in legislation than the humble one of petitioning. Their petitions were referred by the crown to his council, or to the lords of Parliament, who, if they were granted, converted them into a law. They were burghers who came up, and often very reluctantly, to hear the wants of their sovereign, and fix their tributes; taking occasion, however, to bring with them their grievances along with their money. This character of men who came up to be taxed, they long preserved. We find them unwilling to enter on questions of peace and war, when these are proposed by the king; they declare that such high and lofty matters are above their simple understandings; they decline giving any opinion. This affectation of modesty, which has been

described as a notable humility, we have no doubt arose from sound mercantile policy. They were unwilling to give any pledge, by participating in the king's counsels, that they would support those counsels with their purses; nor did they wish to see too clearly those exigencies of the state, which were laid before them, they knew, as foundations for a pecuniary demand.

But though the principle of representation was thus limited in its origin, it was one well calculated for growth. The Commons began to represent their constituents on more subjects than one, and gradually crept up to an equality with the hereditary legislators which the feudal system had provided. Their petitions are listened to with respect in the reign of Edward I. In the commencement of that of Edward III. their assent to the statutes is first mentioned; probably, as Hallam suggests, with the object only of giving additional weight and popularity to a law which would have been equally valid without that assent. What, during the long reign of Edward III., grew to be a custom, became a right in that of his successor Richard II. In the reign following, namely that of Henry IV., they made an attempt to share the *judicial* functions of Parliament; in this they failed, but their equality in the legislative power was at the same time distinctly acknowledged.

Still they were far, even under the Lancastrian Kings, from having attained the position we recognise as due to a House of Representatives. Circumstances in the reigns of Richard II. and his successor, gave to the House of Commons an appearance of power which it by no means possessed; but its substantial and independent power dates from a subsequent period. How is it, we have heard the question sometimes asked, that the Commons, who under Richard II. made so bold a stand against the royal prerogative—impeached the King's Ministers, and Chancellor, and an Archbishop of Canterbury, and controlled and scrutinized all the expenses of the Crown—were the passive tools of a court under Henry VIII., and had scarce spirit enough to mutter something about their rights and privileges under Elizabeth and James? The people of England had grown more wealthy, more enlightened, and yet

their representatives had grown more feeble and insignificant, and political power appears to have deserted them as their wealth and knowledge, which we are told are the true sources of political power, had increased. The difficulty, which else would be very startling, is solved by this consideration;—that the privileges and powers of the House of Commons in the reign of Richard II. flourished under the protection of the Peers of Parliament.

What they did was not done in their own strength. The Commons had not themselves grown weaker in the time of Henry VIII., but they had lost their powerful allies. These had indeed become politically feeble; they had been transformed by the change of manners which England with all Europe was undergoing, from independent barons, jealous of their rights, and prompt to maintain them by force of arms, into submissive and silken courtiers, competing for the favours of a monarch; or, at all events, into gentlemen willing to lead a very different life from that which could alone preserve their feudal superiority. The Commons under Richard II. were as little able to stand alone, or in the front of the battle, against the king, as under Henry VIII. The nobility took them in alliance, and the Lower House itself gained part of its strength from that minor nobility which represented the counties, and which shared in the fluctuations of that order to which it belonged. We may always observe, that whenever Richard is predominant over his refractory barons, the Commons drop their lofty tone. When the confederacy of the *Lords Appellant* is crushed or dissolved, the privilege of Parliament is found to be no protection against the most extravagant resentment of the king. During this period, and through the reign of the Lancastrians, the nobility are seen as the rude conservators of the liberties of the country and the rights of Parliament. Under the Tudors they forfeited this honourable character; they deserted their post, or rather, they were no longer the men capable of occupying it. The Commons were now left to themselves; and when they next grew strong, their strength was their own. In the ensuing dynasty of the Stuarts, our house of representatives obtained and abused an independent and predominating power.

Were we to travel through Europe,

especially to Spain and the Netherlands, we should still more distinctly see how representation followed the charter, and grew out of feudal notions. But we have no wish to weary our readers by any such survey. A glance, however, at the corresponding history of our neighbour France, while it will show the same principles operating elsewhere, will also corroborate what has been said of the progress of our House of Commons. Notwithstanding the advantage which is said to have accrued to kingly power in that country by reason of its having grown *on the conquest* of the great fiefs, the same difficulty occurred to the crown of France as to that of England in raising money without consent of their subjects. There, too, the States-General were accordingly convened, to which the chartered towns sent their representatives. But in France there was no union between the burghers and the nobility; on the contrary, the burghers were more jealous of the privileges of the nobles than even of the power of the Crown. These privileges were the first object of their attack: the Crown protected the nobility, and the nobility were willing to assist him in dispensing with the States-general.

This origin of the representative system is a striking instance of the indirect and circuitous route in which human affairs seem to progress, and it instructs us to look at the notions prevalent in the general mind for the real causes of momentous changes. "What great events, from trifling causes spring!" has been a frequent exclamation. But what are called "great events" are often such only to the imagination, or to the persons immediately concerned; they are perhaps matters of indifference in the real history of mankind. The change of a dynasty, or the conquest of a kingdom, may leave the life of man just where it was. If it should be found that society had gained a new idea, a new

principle of conduct—had advanced a step in the art of government—this would be a "great event," but it would hardly be traceable to some one "trifling cause," but rather to very many causes acting on the public mind, some remote, some direct, and acting perhaps through a long period of time. The introduction of the principle of representation is a great event; but we must reverse the usual exclamation. All the pomp of circumstance attends upon the cause—the result itself steals unperceived into the world. The tumult and uproar of feudal times, and the barbarian conquest, were the noisy precursors that prepared the way for this unheeded novelty. Society seems to have been driven back to its first elements, in order that, at its reconstruction, another invention should be added to our schemes of polity.

Representation, viewed as a complete theory of politics—a theory which is to solve, for all future times, the problem of human government—is manifestly defective: it proceeds on the supposition that the wisest election will be made by the greatest number of electors, and carries with it the altogether impracticable conclusion, that a man is bound to obey the laws of his country only on the ground of his having given his assent, or having had some share in their construction. Representation cannot safely pretend to be more than a conventional method of electing the senate, or any other body of rulers. But then let this also be borne in mind, that we should never have enjoyed the benefits of this conventional institute, unless there had existed in the country at large some notions of individual right, however obscure and ill-defined, leading to its adoption. A theory arose in the minds of the commonalty which has its fit result in a method of election, *not* to be determined by the theory, but shaped according to the times and the people.

THE JUDICIAL COMBAT.

CHIVALRY is the only remaining institution of the middle ages that we are here desirous of characterizing; but before we touch on this, (which we shall do very lightly,) let us drop a word, in passing, upon the Judicial Combat, an elder and independent institution, which reveals to us the

martial spirit of the times, and prepares us to expect that the virtues of dawning civilisation would be grafted, as on their main stock, on the passions of the warrior. Nor is it, perhaps, undeserving of remark, that war had earned a sort of judicial sacredness before it was enlisted in the service of

the cross, and called on to encamp around the tomb at Palestine.

As to those numerous *ordeals* of which we read—such as walking upon burning ploughshares, holding in the hand a heated iron, or plunging the supposed criminal in the water, to see whether he would sink or swim—they, no doubt, deserve to be enumerated amongst the historical curiosities of the times; but we nowhere read, nor is it possible to believe, that they were ever the frequent and ordinary methods by which truth and falsehood, guilt and innocence, were to be determined. They were too unskilfully framed to have borne the test of repeated experiment; they could only have been an occasional, unsystematized folly; they belong rather to the manners than the jurisprudence of the people. There was one mode of trial, however, partaking of the nature of an appeal to Heaven; namely, this of the judicial combat, which, though hardly less absurd, undoubtedly prevailed, and was the favourite method of deciding all legal controversies, whether civil or criminal. But then the judicial combat was not only supported by a superstitious faith that victory would fall to the true man or the innocent, it was demanded by a fierce and warlike people, impatient of law, and confident in their prowess, who held it the highest prerogative of free men to defend their own cause by their own right arm. It partook of the nature of the ordeal, but still more of another character; namely, the permitted violence of men too rude and warlike to submit to a peaceful arbitration of their claims—who would have been satisfied with no decision in which force had not the casting-vote—who would have thought

“Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield or spear,”

unless with these they had been allowed to maintain and establish their own claims.

The judicial combat was a sort of jurisprudence which the feudal baron could perhaps administer quite as well as the most learned judge who ever presided at Westminster Hall; and this made it still more acceptable among a rude nobility, proud of the privilege of executing justice, and accounts probably for its application to all persons, and to all manner of questions. That all ranks and conditions might have

the benefit of so enlightened a system of laws, those beneath the dignity of a knight might confirm their testimony by the weight of their cudgels, and champions were allowed to women and to the clergy. And not only did this very compendious method of judicial investigation decide on the innocence or veracity of the individual brought before the court, but if, after the facts had been determined, the law itself were uncertain, the wisdom of the Bench might be assisted by sending down the issue to be tried in the lists. It was at one time an unsettled point whether the son of an elder brother, or the next living brother, should succeed to the estate—the law was decided at the point of the lance.

According to the rules of the judicial combat, the accused might not only challenge his accuser, but might challenge any witness who gave his testimony against him; and, *on the continent*, he might even challenge the peers, or the baron himself who passed judgment on him. This was called an *appeal of false judgment*, and was tried by arms, with great solemnity, in the court of the king or the next superior lord. On reading such a passage as the following, which is extracted from Robertson's Survey of the State of Europe, prefixed to his history of Charles V., one is quite perplexed, so egregious appears the folly it exposes, how to believe it; one is apt to make a sort of mental reservation, and without venturing exactly to contradict the author, to resolve internally that there is some mistake or exaggeration. “To complete,” he says, “the absurdity of this military jurisprudence, even the character of a judge was not sacred from its violence. Any one of the parties might interrupt a judge when about to deliver his opinion; might accuse him of iniquity and corruption in the most reproachful terms, and throwing down his gauntlet, might challenge him to defend his integrity in the field; nor could he without infamy refuse to accept the defiance, or decline to enter the lists against such an adversary.” The passage perhaps requires a little explanation. Robertson is here speaking of this *appeal of false judgment*; but the sacred character of judge, which he somewhat indignantly describes as being thus violated, was sustained, be it remembered, by the same sort of person as the challenger himself. These judges were not men

of peace, clothed in ermine, and venerable with age and learning; they were either the peers or equals of the challenger, or of his feudal superior, a baron, not of the coif, but of the sword. The trial of this appeal took place, as we have said, in the court of the Lord paramount, where the challenger did battle either with the first of the peers who had passed judgment on him, with three of their number, or with the whole of them, according to certain rules for this species of forensic display. If in the baron's court, where the accused was first brought to trial, as peers chose to give a judgment which they should have thus gallantly to defend, the baron himself was compelled to uphold the justice of his own court; which must needs have made him anxious to have about him able-bodied and stout-hearted councillors. Accordingly, there might accrue this advantage from even so preposterous a thing as the appeal of false judgment—it might present, more especially as it prevailed where subinfeudation had been permitted, the administration of justice from falling into mean and contemptible hands. In England, there was no appeal of false judgment, or rather none that was tried by arms. And in France, as no challenge could be given of the king's court, there being no superior court into which the appeal could be carried, there was one expedient by which the lord might escape the inconvenience of a combat, if in those fighting days this could possibly be thought an inconvenience. Should the criminal be too powerful to be dealt with by his immediate superior, the cause could be carried at once to the king's court, or he could send down his peers to try it.

Perhaps our readers may not be unwilling to take a glance at the manner in which the combat was dealt with by the English law, as it advanced in judicial wisdom and dignity. Even after that jurisprudence had assumed some degree of form and consistency, its lawyers were compelled to admit the combat into the system. They were fain to reason upon it as a mode of testing the credibility of a witness to be applied when there was a failure of corroborative evidence. Reason, before she triumphs over an absurdity, labours to make it look as much like good sense as she can. If a general belief existed that the party who spoke

truth would prevail in the combat, few men, it was argued, would dare to maintain a downright perjury in single fight, or if they did, would, under the fearful presentiments of an evil conscience, be likely to succeed in the encounter. At all events, it was but leaving, it might be said, to the chance of battle those cases which, as they afforded no grounds for legal decision, must in some sort be left to chance. After the trial by jury had been extensively applied by Henry II., there still remained a class of cases where the *principle* of the combat was exclusively applicable. Bracton, a law writer of the period, mentions a case of this kind. A person was charged with having poisoned a man; the accuser, called the *appellant*, (from an old French word, *appeller*, to accuse,) was willing, in the language of the times, to prove the fact on the body of the accused, the *appellee*. The accused, however, was not willing that his body should be used for any such judicial purpose, and desired to be tried by a jury—by *the country*, as it was then styled. But it was decided that he had no election—he must defend himself *per corpus*, by his body; for, says Bracton, “the *patria*, the country could know nothing of a concealed fact like this.”

At a later time the well-known encounter between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, which was interrupted so strangely by Richard II., was an instance of the strict application of the law of combat. The scandalous words which Hereford accused Norfolk of having uttered, being spoken in the presence of no witness, there could be no corroborative evidence; there was merely oath against oath, and the battle was to determine whose oath was strongest.

From the judicial combat, on the one hand, and, on the other, from a peculiar sense of honour generated by the institution of chivalry, we have derived our custom of duelling. The judicial combat had supplied men with the notion of a formal regulated engagement, by which legal disputes, especially between gentlemen, were to be decided; and chivalry created new offences by the extreme sensitiveness to personal indignity which it encouraged. By the law of the ancient Franks, if a freeman struck another freeman three blows, (a less number, we suppose, was not worth considera-

tion,) he was fined *three sous*; if he drew blood, fifteen. With the descendant of those Franks, a single blow, however slight, could be avenged only by the blood of the aggressor. Nay, the lie given was a mortal offence. Yet the laws of a country made for all men, citizen and noble, knight and peasant, could not visit

with death a rude contradiction, or a blow, which wounded nothing but pride. When, therefore, the lists were abandoned as a place for the trial of legal controversies, they were re-occupied, and with somewhat more propriety, for the determination of those private quarrels which no law could hope to determine.

CHIVALRY.

This leads to our subject of chivalry—on which who is there that loves not to descant? Yet the reader need not fear that we shall din or dazzle him with battle or with tournament.

It is the peculiar advantage of this our miscellaneous literature, that it allows the writer to give out upon old topics just what he thinks may be new or acceptable, without trudging his methodical way, treatise-fashion, over ground familiar to all. He is enabled to communicate, with as little of introductory matter as may be, just those observations or notices which he thinks himself entitled to call *his own*; and can at once place his subject in that aspect which appears to him novel, or which, at least, has come out to his optics, as he fancies, with more than usual distinctness.

Turning from romance to history, we are disappointed at finding that chivalry had so little influence on the manners of feudal barons who embraced the institution. If we regard these men of *gentle* blood in their more private life, we find them carrying on perpetual wars against each other, or even descending into the plains from their castles to pillage the inhabitants of towns, or the passing traveller; and, if we contemplate them as they come before us on the public stage, and in the full light of history, we find in their conduct, not only violence and bloodshed, but consummate treachery and falsehood, most unknighly vices.

We need only turn to our own annals. Take the reign of Richard II., which immediately succeeded what we are accustomed to regard as the zenith of chivalry—we seem to be reading a page out of the worst period of Italian history, when the political adventurers of that country were constantly aiming at tyranny through fraud and assassination. Treachery more refined and cruelty less reluctant could hardly be practised; and the

only wonder is, that oaths and promises could continue to answer the purpose of deception, for which alone, in the court of Richard, they seem to have been employed. We begin to doubt if the virtues of chivalry ever existed except in fable and in song. But having disabused ourselves of the flattering notions which poets and fabulists may have instilled into us, we must not fall into the opposite error of a total and arid scepticism. The well-known fact that knights, when taken prisoner, were often released upon their parole, in order to obtain their ransom, shows that chivalry was not altogether a dead letter—at least in the intercourse of war. The higher virtues of chivalry never could have belonged to a whole class, any more than the enthusiastic and single-hearted piety which led to a seclusion from the world could be perpetuated in an order of monks. Its disinterested heroism—its pursuit of glory, through deeds not of valour only, but performed in defence of the right—in the service of the weak, or for the advocacy of the true faith,—all this could have been realized only in a few singular and elevated spirits. But these, its true disciples and bright exemplars, threw a splendour over the whole order, and certainly extended throughout, and to the least of its members, a jealous sense of honour, and a fear of reproach from cowardice or falsehood, the effect of which European society feels to this day. Many a good knight might have been living in the worst of times, though the council-chamber of a crafty monarch was not the place to find him. Nor let us deny the institution its influence because it failed to answer purposes quite beyond its scope. From chivalry nothing could be expected in the way of political reformation. It taught no Roman or Attic virtue, whose object was the good of the commonwealth;

nor did it induce its members to look into forms of government, or take a vivid interest in their administration. Its virtue was quite personal, and the knight remained self-centred. He was not converted into a patriot; he was not connected any more closely to his own country. It was a European order he had entered; one which made him a cosmopolite, or denizen of all nations—an order which extended wherever the Church extended, under the shadow of whose might it grew and flourished: His best qualities unfitted him for an instrument of political amelioration. Fidelity to engagements, preserved with Stoic rigidity, was the leading virtue of a true knight; and, if once bound to a sovereign by personal allegiance, no views of expediency could have justified him in a departure from his plighted faith. How the king governed, was *his* responsibility—the knight had only to perform his own part—to maintain his own loyalty.

Nor was it to be expected that chivalry, itself an aristocratic institution, could assist in breaking down those barriers which distinctions of birth had thrown up between the several classes of society. Every knight could give the accolade, but could give it only to one of gentle blood. It was a new order of nobility, highly favourable to the poor gentleman, or the younger brother, and therefore in some measure a counterpoise to that feudal nobility which was founded on the proprietorship of the soil. But, though confessedly the reward of personal prowess, it served rather to increase than diminish the prejudice in favour of birth, by appearing to confine valour and courtesy to the well-born; and, what is still more to the disparagement of knighthood, one is tempted to think, from the stories that are told, that not only were gentlemen the sole materials out of which knights could be made, but that gentlemen were the only objects on which the virtues of knighthood were worthy of being practised. The courtesies of war seem rarely to have been extended to the rude rabblement, as Spencer (himself, in this particular, a somewhat too knightly poet) would have called them, or to the plebeian townsmen, who were slaughtered with as little mercy by their chivalrous conquerors, as they ever were by conquerors in any age of the world. That beautiful instance of conduct related

of Sir Philip Sydney, was of a higher strain of chivalry than knights of old can be said to have attained. One of these might have passed the cup of water to a fellow knight, or to a poor gentleman, but hardly to the plebeian soldier. Even in the exercise of that chivalrous virtue, liberality, so especially extolled by romancers and troubadours, who had, we suspect, more interest in the largess of a knight than any other demonstration of virtue he could possibly make—even here, we meet with instances of the most curious obliquity of moral vision. Hallam relates the following excellent anecdote:—A Count of Champagne was petitioned by a poor knight for a sum to marry his daughter with. A rich burgess, who was standing by at the time, in order to relieve the Count of an importunate suitor, told the knight that the Count had already given away so much that he had nothing left. "How say you," cried the Count, turning to the unfortunate burgess, "that I have nothing left, when I have yourself!" And therewith he gave the rich citizen to the poor knight, who, nothing embarrassed, seized his prize by the collar, nor relinquished him till he had paid a ransom of 500 crowns. The contemporary writer, it seems, who tells the story, notes in it nothing but a signal instance of liberality. The Count, having nothing more to give to poor gentlemen who wanted a dowery for their daughters, gives a worthy burgess to the next petitioner—a whole burgess of very *squeezable* material.

After all these explanations and drawbacks, chivalry still remains a subject of just admiration, and will still continue to furnish the dream and romance of future ages. In dissecting its character, or tracing its origin, which are often one and the same process, there is no necessity to recur to the customs of the Germans or Scythians, or other barbarians, in their native woods, who introduced the young soldier into his military life, and placed the shield upon his arm with certain solemn ceremonies. Whether these solemnities were or were not of a religious character, they concern us little, for there is nothing extraordinary in the union of sacred rites with the profession of arms. Many people have mingled religion with their war—few have failed to do so—but with no equivalent result.

The followers of Odin were pious in their way. What is peculiar to chivalry arose, not from a union of war and religion, but from the nature of that religion which was here combined with the martial character. It was Christianity disguised, but not extinct, which was seen in this, to it so strange companionship,—it was this religion which was animating the valour of battle, presiding over the pomp of life, distributing the glories of the world. Other warriors had fought under their gods of war, the knights were heroes marshalled under the God of Peace. Self-renunciation and lowliness of heart—the perpetual prayer for pardon and for mercy—sorrow, and pain, and humiliation, made divine in the sacred object of his worship—such was the spirit, such the duty, such the contemplation of him who embraced the Christian faith. Strange and incongruous, indeed, seems the association of such a faith with the profession of arms—the combination of its self-denying temper with the impetuosity of a military champion, and the boast of military triumph. But the association, incongruous as it may seem, took place. The Christian faith could not conquer the reigning passion for war, but it made close alliance with it. It pierced the stubborn heart of the warrior, though it could not turn it to peace. Disarm he would not, but he knelt in iron mail, and lowered his haughty crest, before the image of resignation and suffering, before the most tender objects of devotion, and the most affecting that ever were presented to the mind of man. And thus came forth the character of the knight—a bold instance of the resolution of moral forces. Christian humility was transmuted into the courtesy of knight-hood; the patience of a disciple of the cross was sustaining the hardships of a camp; the self-renunciation of a Christian had become the devoted heroism of the soldier.

The Crusades brought out in full and sudden perfection this strange compound, this warrior-Christian. The knights were pilgrims, marching under spread banners to the tomb of Christ. Chivalry became all but a branch of the hierarchy; and indeed the two orders touched so closely at one point as to unite in the warrior-monk, or the Knights of the Temple and St John. Over the whole insti-

tution the Church affectionately watched. The priest assisted at the installation of its neophyte, who performed his vigils in the Church, and who received his arms from the altar. Many a form of external worship was devised in those days of sacred ritual, and the knight had his: when at mass, and while the Gospel was being read, the military champion of the cross held his drawn sword before him, the hilt upon his breast, and its point upwards—and so he worshipped.

But the enthusiasm of the Crusades could not be perpetuated, and the character of chivalry undergoes no slight modification as the scene of its exploits changes. The knight was not always in Palestine, nor did the church alone employ his sword. Amongst those who claimed the protection of his valour the weaker sex held a conspicuous place. The knight, with all his capacity for endurance and voluntary toil, was no ascetic, nor turned with horror from the loveliness of woman. What more natural than that he, who had relinquished all selfish advantage of his arms except their glory, should lay that glory itself as a tribute at the feet of beauty? The knight became the champion of the fair—a service not barren of reward. God and the ladies! was his favourite vow. Doubtless there was some imperfection in a theology which could mingle together these two objects of so different a species of devotion, but how fresh and single-hearted does the ejaculation sound! God and the ladies! How it tells of a free conscience along a joyous path of existence! of a spirit open to pleasure and to piety, and finding, perhaps, from a happy ignorance, no contradiction between them!

Disbanded from the Holy Wars, the knight frequently had no other resource than to offer his sword to the several potentates of Europe, whose contests found for it abundant employment. He was now the soldier of fortune; but if a true knight, he carried with him a high sense of honour that placed him above all fortune. With a steadfast, but certainly not too rigid piety,—with a heart prepared for danger, open to delight, he often wandered from court to court, partaking gaily of what pleasure or what battle might be found. The unsettled nature of the times fostered this spirit of independence and of jovial ease, com-

bined with toughest fortitude. Quiet times breed timid hearts. The orderly progress of affairs brings with it so strict a dependence upon that very order that we dare trust nothing to fortune. And wisely are we distrustful. Fortune has nothing to bestow. Every thing is in the gift of sober industry, or devolves in due course of law. But the very violence of rude times which gives uncertainty to possession, and throws a fear upon the prosperous, takes also half the cloud from adversity, and, releasing the mind from its too anxious moorings, permits it at once to be adventurous and gay.

The word of a knight! There was a moral re-action here which has not, perhaps, been sufficiently noticed. Notwithstanding the sacred or superstitious character which jurisprudence in the Middle Ages had assumed, and perhaps, indeed, owing in part to this very circumstance, there prevailed, according to all accounts, the most abundant perjury. Whatever was the cause of this evil, or whether it resulted solely from the ignorance and barbarity of the times, (though people as ignorant and barbarous have been renowned for speaking the truth,) certain it is that the remedy men persisted to apply, tended only to aggravate the malady. Oaths were invented and imposed of still greater sanctity than those which had been found so unavailing. To swear by the cross of Canterbury, or on the relics of a saint, was peculiarly stringent; and thus it came to be a matter of general, of *popular* belief, that one oath was more binding than another. Now, to speak the truth, and adhere to your word in obedience to your vow, is all that in any case can be done; and if a distinction is to be made between two oaths, if more or less sacred, this can only be effected by sometimes breaking one of them. If to swear by the cross of Canterbury is more binding than a simple oath, the simple oath suffers disparagement. Besides which, every addition to the ceremonial of superstition increases that mischief which is inherent in all superstition, namely, that it transfers the attention from the real virtue to be performed, to that which has in fact no value except as an auxiliary to the virtue. Never was the simple obligation of veracity so completely obscured and lost sight of in the attendant sanctions of the oath, as in these times, Robert

of France, a pious prince, grieved at the amount of perjury committed, and that on the most sacred relics, had an empty reliquary made, that men might swear on that, and so be saved at least from the most heinous part of their offence. All kinds of subterfuges and tricks, such as not in reality touching the sacred emblem, were used by the swearer to exculpate him—from what? from the crime of meditated falsehood, of which the very subterfuge convicted him. Sometimes the trick was played by the opposite party, and the swearer was made *to take a greater oath than he thought for*. When Harold went over to Normandy, William, then duke of that province, prevailed on him to swear that he would assist him in his future claims to the throne of England. Harold took the oath, laying his hand, as he thought, on a table merely covered with a cloth; on the cloth being removed, it was discovered that there had been secretly conveyed under it a box of relics of the most awful character. But in such matters there is happily a point of reaction in men's minds. When all this perjury and inefficient superstition was most rife, the knight stood forth, and challenged faith in his veracity on the simple word of a gentleman. And, from that day the word of a man of honour is the surest bond of confidence between man and man.

Why are these times of the knight and the monk so favoured of the poet,—why are they held pre-eminently entitled to the epithet, “romantic?” Mainly, we think, because in no period of history are the great varieties of human character so broadly distinguished; each being; at the same time, informed with its full complement of passion, and an undivided will. This, together with the circumstance that the external pomp of life was well fitted to figure forth to the eye this striking contrast of character, forms the secret charm which renders these ages so acceptable and captivating to all who court the exercise of imagination. Pass the procession in review—the feudal monarch, the feudal noble, the bishop, the monk, the knight, the burgess; when was life so varied, when was the individual allowed to deliver himself so entirely, and with so little self-contradiction, to the prevailing temper of his mind? He who craved solitude, and

longed to foster an exclusive sentiment of piety, threw himself into a cloister; he covered his head with a monk's hood, and the world understood and respected him; but if the blood was bounding in a man's veins, and he panted for enterprize, and for spectators for his enterprize, he joined, his steed and lance perhaps all his wealth, the banner of his sovereign, or some adventurous noble, and pricked forward with a heart as entirely self-satisfied. The Church, that reproved all in turn, gave a free scope to all. We moderns are so educated by self-reflection and mutual observation, and are so familiar with the thoughts and passions of other men, in other positions, that what we ourselves are, we scarcely know. These men performed their part in life, doubtless with even more egregious blunders than we poor mortals commit, but with a heartiness and sincerity which more cogitating animals can never experience.

JOAN D'ARC.

In the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, there is a little girl of humble parents, who are not, however, as some relate, the keepers of an inn, but small farmers cultivating their own land. She is now about the age of thirteen or fourteen, and is remarkable for her amiable temper and singular piety. She prefers solitude and the sacred service to the village *fête*; and may often be found kneeling alone in the church before the crucifix or the Virgin Mary. There is a beautiful tree in the neighbourhood; they call it the fairy tree, and other children are afraid to pass by it unaccompanied; she takes her work and sits there by herself. She sees no fairies, but the forms of angels and of saints. St Margaret and St Catharine come and stand beside her, and smile so sweetly on her, that she weeps when the vision departs. At other times she sits watching her father's sheep; and so gentle is she, that the birds will come and feed from her hand, and so modest and bashful, that, if addressed by a stranger, she is utterly disconcerted.

Notwithstanding this susceptible temperament, she grows up into no weak and sickly frame. With this musing visionary mood she combines the rustic and invigorating labours of her station; and now, as she rides her

Let us be allowed to terminate this *our glance at the Dark Ages* by the portrait of one whose life and character display them very vividly in all their glory and superstition, in their high faith, in their absurd fears, in all their ignorance and heroism. It is Joan d'Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, we wish to call to remembrance, one whose character and exploits, marvelous as they are, we have ample means of understanding. The judicial examination both of herself and of other witnesses, taken when she was in captivity to the English, supply more certain materials for biography than are usually possessed. Mr Sharon Turner, who is invaluable for the diligence with which he collects his materials, and the impartiality with which he spreads them on his page, has, in his *History of England*, framed his account of Joan from these examinations, and his account we follow in the present sketch.

father's horses, which she has frequent occasion to do, for the pond at which they drink is at some distance from the house, she arms herself with a wooden lance or long pole, and, managing her steed in quite knightly fashion, she tilts at the trees or any other object she can make a mark of, and deals her blow with wondrous force and dexterity. Alone she prays, alone she muses, alone she rides and tilts, growing up in a complete world of her own of visionary religion and chivalrous exploit.

Henry V., the conqueror of Agincourt and the terror of France, is dead—his infant son has been crowned at Paris, King of France and England—to the Dauphin, now Charles VII., a very small share of his hereditary kingdom remains—Orleans is the only town of any magnitude that adheres to him—the Regent Bedford has laid siege to it—the siege is far advanced, the little court of Charles is in despair, and Charles himself meditates a flight from his lost dominions, into Spain or Scotland. The village of Domremy is far from the scene of contest, but is not without sharing its agitation. It lies on the borders of Burgundy, and the Duke of Burgundy is an ally of England. The very next village of Marcy is of the Burgundian faction;

and the youths of Domremy and Marcy have frequently met and fought each other upon this very quarrel.

Joan d'Arc hears all this with beating heart, and grows up a warm friend of her native prince. Nay, there is a prophecy current, that from the borders of Lorraine a virgin should arise who would deliver France. When did France need deliverance more than now? She prays more devoutly than ever—visions and voices attend her—and now it is not St Catharine only, and St Margaret, but the martial form of St Michael that enters on the scene. She begins to talk mysteriously to her friends of something that must be undertaken by one as yet unthought of—she must go and raise the siege of Orleans, and crown the Dauphin, as she still calls him, in the city of Rheims!

But how is a peasant girl to introduce herself even, on the theatre of such exploits? In a neighbouring village, there dwells a Seigneur of some consequence in the world, Baudricourt by name. To him she will go, he will introduce her to Charles. In that same village she has an uncle, and through him she can be presented to Lord Baudricourt. The uncle is first gained; he takes his niece, a country girl, now about the age of eighteen, dressed, as we are told, in “her shabby red gown,” and presents her to the Seigneur as the champion of France, commissioned by Heaven to deliver the kingdom from its enemies, and to crown its native sovereign. Baudricourt will not listen a moment—bids the uncle “whip the girl, and send her back home.”

Home, however, Joan by no means goes. She stays at the village with her uncle—she talks of her divine mission—she is perpetual in her religious exercises. The old prophecy is brought up; people listen and believe; Lord Baudricourt holds serious discourse with the clergymen of the place; they visit her together. At this time the Duke of Lorraine is lying ill of a fever which his physicians do not understand, and thinks this maid may probably have some spell, some witchcraft, or saintcraft, by which to cure him. She is introduced to the Duke; but she declares she knows nothing of pharmacy—her business is with France, and to set her prince upon his throne. All this, however, increases her celebrity. Baudricourt is shaken. He consents, at length, to

give her letters to the King, and supplies her with a horse, arms, and an escort. “Go,” says the half-believing, half-doubting man; “go! and let come what may of it.”

The first step, which is proverbially so difficult, is achieved. Her fellow-travellers, being constant witnesses of her firmness, her intrepidity, her unshaken confidence in her holy mission, are made converts, and believe in her. All ranks visit her; and many who come in sceptical mood, return, declaring, with tears in their eyes, that “she is a creature of God.” Dressed in male attire, her countenance pleasing, her shape beautiful, but yet proportioned rather for strength than gracefulness, she is introduced to Charles. His council are divided in opinion, but even those who share not the popular enthusiasm think fit to profit by it. Stories are circulated which, whether inventions of these cooler heads, or the genuine blunders of credulity, serve still further to promote that popular faith by which they gained their credence. Has she not whispered to the Dauphin a secret which none but himself could by natural means be acquainted with? Has she not sent her messenger for a sword concealed behind an altar of St Catherine; a sword whose existence none knew of, and concealed in a church where she herself had never been? The clergy solemnly examine her. To one, who requests a miracle to be performed instant, in proof of her divine mission, she replies—“Conduct me to Orleans, and there I will show you for what I am sent.” “The miracle,” she said to another, “which is given me to do is to raise the siege of Orleans. Give me men-at-arms, in what number or as few as you please, and I will do it!”

How she went—how she won her way into the town—what brave sallies she made from it—how she turned the tide of hope and victory—is matter of very familiar history. She infused as much terror into the English as of confidence in the French. Not that our ancestors, good catholics as they were, could believe that Heaven had commissioned the Maid to scourge them out of France—no; but there were other powers, beside St Michael and the Virgin, very busily at work in those days. Dreadful things were done by magic and the influence of demons. As prayers and pious offer-

ings secured the assistance of a saint, so there were incantations and sacrilegious rites that would prompt and direct the malevolence of fiends. They suffered from her witchcraft. Her spells had withered their hearts, and paralysed their limbs.

When Joan had performed her promise, had raised the siege of Orleans, crowned the King at Rheims, and turned the tide of conquest decidedly in favour of her countrymen, she wished to retire from the scene. But the selfish policy of the King would not permit it; she must still animate his soldiers by her presence. Her career was, however, run—she was taken prisoner, and the angel of France was now the captive sorceress, forsaken of her demon. Bedford and others of the English council treated her with great cruelty. After having, by promises of pardon, on the one hand, and, on the other, by long confinement and the torture of repeated examinations, worn down the enthusiasm of her mind, and reduced her to the level of a sad, weak, and suffering woman—after having, by the influence of the clergy of their own faction, driven her to confess like a penitent, and lament as a sinful presumption the lofty imagination that had been the source of all her glory—after having thus destroyed all the charm that surrounded her, they nevertheless resolved upon her execution. To obtain some pretence for their breach of good faith, they tricked her into what they called a relapse into witchcraft. All her exploits had been performed in male attire, and with that dress were associated all her dreams of glory. Since her captivity she had been clothed in the usual garments of her sex. One night they conveyed into her cell that old attire in which she had fought

like a hero, and been almost worshipped like a saint. Her enemies watched her conduct. They saw her, after looking long at the once familiar dress, begin to put it on. They rushed into her presence and proclaimed her relapsed.

Do not the character and career of the Maid of Orleans illustrate with singular felicity the spirit of the times she lived in? The combination of qualities which she herself presents to our view is curious in the extreme; but the greater curiosity lies in the temper, and notions, and tendencies of the age, which could have brought such a person into the very foremost position of public life—placed her in the van of armies—at the head of councils. In the mind of the Maiden herself we see the noblest heroism, a courage undaunted, an ardour and perseverance fitted for the actual conduct of great enterprises, and all these animated by dreams, and fancies, and spectral illusions. Strange that a courage so real should have been under guidance of visions so weak! Strange that the imagination of a lonely girl should not have forsaken her on her entrance upon the palpable scene of military action! But still more strange that this nursing of solitude should find in the living world a theatre for the realization of her visionary hopes! But the world without was fantastic as the world within. The villager of Domremy, without quitting her dreams, leads the armies of France to conquest. Her supernatural power is undisputed either by friend or foe, but, alas! very differently construed. She places the crown with her own hands upon the brows of her monarch; and this admirable heroine dies, burnt at the stake for a pestilent witch!

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THE PLAGIARISMS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

OF late years the works of Mr Coleridge, both in prose and verse, have been continually gaining upon public notice, and now enjoy, we believe, a pretty extensive popularity. Most of them have been reprinted since his death, and several volumes of posthumous miscellanies have been added to their number. Their celebrity being thus established, and on the daily increase, we think it not improbable that his *Biographia Literaria* (one of his principal works, and one which has been long out of print) may likewise be re-issued before long by some enterprising bookseller. But at the same time we think it would be highly discreditable to the literature of the country, if any reprint of that work were allowed to go abroad, without embodying some accurate notice and admission of the very large and unacknowledged appropriations it contains from the writings of the great German philosopher Schelling. Partly, therefore, for the sake of any future editor or publisher who may choose to profit by our animadversions, and partly because we think the case can hardly fail to be a matter of some interest to the general reader, as disclosing a curious page in the history of literature, we propose to do our best to supply the requisite information on this subject—tracing Coleridge's plagiarisms to their true sources, fixing their precise amount, or nearly so, (as far, at least, as Schelling is concerned,) and arguing the whole question on its

broadest grounds, both literary and moral.

We are aware that this subject is not now broached for the first time. It was mooted some years ago in *Tait's Magazine*, (September 1834,) and in the *British Magazine*, (January 1835,) Mr De Quincy appearing in the former for the prosecution, and Mr J. C. Hare in the latter for the defence. But on both sides the case was very badly conducted; indeed we may say it was altogether bungled. Neither party appears to have possessed a competent knowledge of the facts; and the question was not fairly and fully argued on the grounds either of its condemning or justifying circumstances. The Opium-Eater was evidently ignorant of the extent to which Coleridge's plagiarisms from Schelling had been carried; and therefore, with all his willingness, he was not in a position to press the charge very far or very successfully. But besides this, even in the one great instance in which he convicts Coleridge, losing sight of his usual extreme accuracy, he not only does not lead us to the right work of Schelling from which the "borrowed plumes" are taken; but he refers us to a work which, under the title he gives it, is not to be found in the list of the German philosopher's publications. As the source of Coleridge's plagiarisms, his accuser refers the inquisitive reader to a work which never existed! * This, it must be admitted, is not a very sa-

* Instead of calling the work of Schelling, which he has in his mind's eye, by its right name, *Philosophische Schriften*, he calls it his *Kleine Philosophische Werke*. We

tisfactory way of conducting a discussion, or of throwing light upon a doubtful matter; and therefore, so far as the Opium-Eater's side of the controversy is concerned, he will excuse us for saying that he has left the question as much in the dark as ever, or rather involved in greater confusion and obscurity than before.

Neither is Mr Hare's side of the question a bit better managed. He likewise is either ignorant of the amount to which Coleridge was indebted to Schelling, or else he does not choose to speak out. He talks of Coleridge having transferred into his work "half-a-dozen pages," or little more, of Schelling. By our Lady! they are nearer twenty. He brings forward what he conceives to be the triumphantly exculpatory circumstances of the case, as they are to be found in the *Biographia Literaria* itself; but he evidently sees through them as little as though they had been so many milestones, and the inferences he draws from them appear to us to be very shallow and very questionable. The reader shall be able to judge of this for himself by-and-by. And, lastly, the great body of his defence consists of recriminations against Mr De Quincy for having been the first to bring the charge of plagiarism against a man who had been his friend, and whom he admired so much—as if the Opium-Eater's delinquency in this respect, admitting it to have been—which we do not—the blackest ever committed under heaven, were any exculpation of Coleridge, or had any thing whatever to do with the merits of the case. We think, therefore, that the whole question requires to be revised, and that some attempt ought to be made to bring out its details with the justice and accuracy befitting a literature which does not choose to close its eyes, and have foreign productions palmed off upon it as the indigenous growth of its own soil.

In bringing this matter before the public, we have no fear that the read-

ers of this Magazine will suppose us actuated by a desire to detract from the merits, or to affix a stigma upon the memory, of Mr Coleridge. The high terms in which he has been spoken of all along throughout our pages, and the exalted rank assigned therein to his genius, will secure us, we should hope, against any such imputation. We are extremely unwilling to hold him guilty of any direct and intentional literary dishonesty; but it is only when we take into consideration what we believe to have been his very peculiar idiosyncrasy, that we are able to attribute to some strange intellectual hallucination a practice, which, in the case of any other man, we should have called by the stronger name of a gross moral misdemeanour. But, be that as it may, we are not going to sacrifice what we conceive to be truth and justice out of regard to the genius of any man, however high it may have been, or to the memory of any man, however illustrious and apparently unsullied it may be. Fair play is a jewel: and we think it our duty to see fair play upon all sides; and, if our admiration of Coleridge has whispered in our ear to keep this disclosure back, our admiration of Schelling, (which we admit to be greater than that which we feel for Coleridge) was ever at hand, appealing to our conscience with a still louder voice to bring it forward, and to do justice to the claims of foreign philosophy and of individual genius, by showing that one of the most distinguished English authors of the nineteenth century, at the mature age of forty-five, succeeded in founding by far the greater part of his metaphysical reputation—which was very considerable—upon *verbatim* plagiarisms from works written and published by a German youth,* when little more than twenty years of age!

We start, then, by supposing it admitted (as it must be) that Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, borrowed to a certain extent from Schelling, without making any specific acknow-

admit he tells us that he is drawing upon his memory or his belief. But he ought not to have done so; for in a case of this kind nothing can be tolerated short of the most scrupulous accuracy. Besides, the passage he refers to is not contained even in the *Phil. Schrift.*; it occurs in Schelling's *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus*.

* Schelling was born in 1775. The one of his works which Coleridge unmercifully riffs was written in 1796-97, (*Phil. Schrift.*, p. 201;) the other, the *Transcendental Idealismi*, was published in 1800. Coleridge was born in 1772—and his work, the *Biographia Literaria*, was not published until 1817.

ledgment in the instances in which he was indebted to him. That, in general terms, is the charge. The defence is, that in this work there are certain general admissions in which he owns his obligations, and certain protestations, under which he strongly deprecates the charge of plagiarism even while he is in the very act of committing the offence. The question then comes to be—What weight is to be attached to these general admissions? What are we to understand from them? Do they speak out plainly, and lead us to form an accurate notion of what Coleridge's dealings with Schelling really are? Do they cover the whole extent of his obligation to him?—or do they not rather lead the reader to rank him (from his own showing) almost *pari passu* with the German philosopher in the latter's own particular line of thought?—To what extent do these protestations, or *can* any such protestations entitle him, or any one, to appropriate, without a specific acknowledgment, the property of another man? These questions can only be answered by attending to the terms in which his admissions and disclaimers are couched. In the *Biographia Literaria*, p. 148, Coleridge writes thus. We give the *whole* of his defence:—

“In Schelling's ‘NATUR-PHILOSOPHIE,’ (Schelling, we may remark, never published any work under this title,) and the SYSTEM DES TRANSCENDENTALEN IDEALISMUS, I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do. It would be a mere act of justice to myself were I to warn my future readers that an identity of thought, or even similarity of phrase, will not at all times be a certain proof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelling, or that the conceptions were originally learned from him. In this instance, as in the Dramatic Lectures of Schlegel, to which I have before alluded from the same motive of self-defence against the charge of plagiarism, many of the most striking resemblances, indeed all the main and fundamental ideas, were born and matured in my mind before I had ever seen a single page of the German philosopher; and, I might indeed affirm with truth, before the more important works of Schelling had been written, or at least made public. . . . God forbid! that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honours so unequivocally his right, not only as a great and original genius, but as the founder of

the philosophy of nature. . . . To Schelling we owe the completion, and the most important victories of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honour enough should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges, by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, let whatever shall be found in this or any future work of mine that resembles or coincides with the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to *him*; provided that the absence of distinct references to his books, which I could not at all times make with truth, as designating citations or thoughts actually *derived* from him, and which, I trust, would, after this general acknowledgment, be superfluous, be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism.”

Such are the terms in which Coleridge, arming himself beforehand, anticipates and deprecates the charge of plagiarism, and justifies all the liberties he may think proper to take with the writings of Schelling. Our decided opinion is, that his arms are very ineffectual, his panoply full of flaws, and that the ground he takes up, though specious enough, and an apparent shelter, will be found to be altogether untenable.

In the first place, we remark, that so long as human nature and the laws of evidence remain what they are, “an identity of thought and similarity of phrase,” occurring in the case of two authors, must be held as a very *strong* proof that one of them has borrowed from the other. But in the present case it is not *similarity*: it is absolute *sameness* of phrase that we are prepared to bring forward against Coleridge; and this we maintain to be in every instance a *certain* proof that the passages, about which the question is, have been borrowed. If a man were to publish some verses like Milton's *Penseroso*, the probability, to say the least, would be, that he had borrowed a good deal from Milton; but if he were to publish as his own some verses the *same* as the *Penseroso*, we should at once pronounce him, with complete certainty, and in spite of all he might say to the

contrary, to be a downright plagiarist. In the same way Coleridge, who has dealt in this manner, and (a few extremely insignificant variations and interpolations excepted) in *no other* manner, with the writings of the German philosopher, must be held, notwithstanding all his warnings and protestations, to have afforded us "a certain proof that the passages have been borrowed from Schelling, and the conceptions originally learned from him;" and that he himself has been guilty of direct palpable plagiarism, and, we regret to say, of worse than plagiarism, in thus giving the denial to a fact established by the clearest and most irresistible evidence.

But that is not the most important feature of the defence to be attended to. We ask, what is the general impression left on a reader's mind by the passage quoted? Is it not this: that Coleridge, having "borne the burden and the heat of the day," and having made good his own independent advances in philosophy, had, in the person of Schelling, fallen in with a fellow-labourer moving along the same difficult path with himself, and at the most only with a step somewhat firmer than his own? Is it not this: that, having "toiled out *much* for himself," and "many of the most striking resemblances, indeed *all* the main and fundamental ideas, having been born and *matured* in his mind before he had ever seen *a single page* of the German philosopher," he was prepared to pour from the lamp of an original though congenial thinker a flood of new light upon the dark doctrines with which he so *genially coincided*? Is not this what we are reasonably led by his language to expect? Nay, is not this what a reader unacquainted with foreign philosophy would believe Coleridge, from his own statement, to be *actually performing* in the case of the numerous passages throughout the *Biographia Literaria*, which open up glimpses into a philosophy far profounder than the common? Then, as to the exclamation, "God forbid! that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honours so unequivocally his right;" does it not second this belief, and stand forth as a sort of guarantee that these passages are *not* literally Schelling's own, but that they are "genial coincidences" on the part of Coleridge, which he

is generously disposed to make over to his "German predecessor, though contemporary?" (He cannot even admit him to have been his *predecessor*, without a qualification.) And further, in the sentence where Coleridge writes—"Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by better tests than the mere reference to dates;" is not the impression conveyed, and evidently meant to be conveyed, this, that though Coleridge did not publish his ideas on the transcendental philosophy until *after* Schelling, still, notwithstanding that, "his work is the offspring of his own spirit, and the product of original thinking?"

Such, unquestionably, is the general impression conveyed by Coleridge's indefinite admissions. The question between him and his reader then comes to be this: is this impression a true or a false one? Does Coleridge really perform what he leads the reader to believe he is performing—or does he not? For his exculpation must depend very much upon an affirmative answer being returned to this question. Now we should say, that provided Coleridge has any where throughout his book shown any indication of having brought the power of an independent mind to bear upon the difficult problems with which the German metaphysician is manfully grappling, provided he has identified himself with the philosophy, by having reflected upon it the light of his own original thinking—then the impression is a true one. Even in that case we think it would have been as well had he acknowledged specifically the instances in which he makes use of Schelling's identical words—but about that we should not have been at all particular—and his not having done so would not have been founded upon by us as a just ground of complaint. Not only should we have found no fault with him; but, knowing the very great value to be attached to a *genuine* coincidence between two independent thinkers upon any great philosophical question, we should have been exceedingly thankful to him for the pains he had taken in making Schelling's system his own, and his own system Schelling's; both of which things he leads us to believe he does.

But, alas! if this controversy can be decided in Coleridge's favour, (as we think it can,) only provided it should

appear that he has contributed something of his own to the stock he so unscrupulously appropriates, we fear that he has not the smallest chance of an acquittal. For it is not true that he has made even the smallest return. Schelling might have been a beggar for any thing that he gives him out of his own pocket, in repayment of the very large sums which he secretly draws from the bank of German transcendentalism. Instead of having toiled out, as he says, "much for himself," he has left the whole of the toil to Schelling: his own toil being merely (without saying one articulate word about it) to render, page after page, into very tolerable English, some of the profound speculations of the German thinker. In every instance in which we meet with any remarks more than usually profound, bearing upon the higher metaphysics, it is Schelling and not Coleridge that we are reading. Instead of having converged (as he leads us to suppose he has done) the rays of his own independent mind into one common focus with the German, he leaves that philosopher shining on alone, and illuminating, as he best may, his own dark discussions. Not one ray of light, we maintain, is any where thrown by him upon Schelling's system; and further than this, we maintain that not only is it an incorrect statement that "many of the most striking resemblances, and all the main and fundamental ideas, were *matured* in his mind before he had ever seen a single page of the German philosopher"—not only is this an incorrect statement; but there is not the smallest evidence in this, or any other of his works, betokening any "coincidence" whatever between him and Schelling—there is no proof to be met with, that he ever travelled so much as one step in the same line of thought with him, except—mark you, reader—*except* in the case of those passages which are faithful and (with the omission of a few very unimportant interpolations) *verbatim* translations from that author. Therefore our verdict must be, that Coleridge, in the passages in which he deprecates the charge of plagiarism, and defends his dealings with Schelling, does not speak out plainly—does not, in reality, give the German philosopher his due—does not act fairly towards his reader, but conveys to his

mind an impression that he is doing one thing when he is doing quite another thing; in other words, conveys an impression altogether false, erroneous, and misleading.

It must be remembered, that we are at present speaking of Coleridge only in reference to his connexion with the transcendental philosophy. He lays a good deal of stress on his possession of "the main and fundamental ideas" of that system. We ourselves, in our day, have had some small dealings with "main and fundamental ideas," and we know this much about them, that it is very easy for any man, or for every man, to *have* them. There is no difficulty in that. The difficulty lies in bringing them intelligibly, effectively, and articulately *out*—in elaborating them into clear and intelligible shapes; for this appears to be the nature of fundamental ideas—the more you endeavour to extrude them, the stronger does their propensity become to run inwards, and to get out of sight. Now, it is precisely in the counteraction of this tendency, and in the power to force these ideas outwards, that philosophical genius displays itself. Indeed, it is the ability to do this which constitutes philosophical genius. The mere fact of the ideas being in you is nothing—how are they to be got out of you in the right shape, is the question. It is the delivery and not the conception that is the poser. Wasps and even dung-flies, we suppose, are able to collect the juice of flowers, and this juice may be called their "fundamental ideas." So far they are on an equal footing with the bee; that is, they possess the "raw material" just as much as he does. But the bee alone is a genius among flies, because he alone can put out his ideas in the shape of honey, and thereby make the breakfast-table glad. When, therefore, Mr Coleridge tells us, that, before Schelling's time, he was in possession "of all the main and fundamental ideas" of the transcendental philosophy, we reply—very likely—that, in one sense, is just what you, or we, or any weaver in the suburbs might be in possession of; but show us your honey, for that alone will convince us that you are the philosophic genius you wish us to believe you to be. To this Mr Coleridge, instead of producing any stores of his own, makes answer

by presenting us with some combs purloined from the hive of a foreign worker, calling them by the alluring title of "genial coincidences."

We perceive that Mr Gilman, in the one only sentence in which he attempts to defend Coleridge, has, like ourselves, though for a very different purpose, brought forward the bee as an illustration of the case. He thus writes, (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 245—the italics are his own)—"With regard to the charge made by Mr De Quincey of Coleridge's so borrowing the property of other writers as to be guilty of 'petty larceny;' with equal justice might we accuse the bee, which flies from flower to flower in quest of food, and which, by means of the instinct bestowed upon it by the all-wise Creator, extracts its nourishment from the field and the garden, but *digests* and *elaborates* it by its own *native* powers." Now this is precisely what we are complaining Coleridge does *not* do. *Unlike* the bee, *he* steals his honey ready made. A friendly naturalist suggests, that bees will steal ready-made honey too, when they can get at it, and that, therefore, the parallel is not exact. But we reply that, even then, they make a point of elaborating it over again within their own internals before they publish it to their neighbours in the hive. But with regard to the transcendental philosophy, Coleridge has done nothing of this sort—he has *digested* nothing by his own *native* powers. The pots all stand in his *Biographia* exactly as Schelling elaborated and made them up.

There only remains one other point to be got over: it is contained in the last sentence of the defence, where Coleridge strongly deprecates the charge of plagiarism, and endeavours to establish a sort of compact, by which he is to be entitled, without acknowledgment, to make what use he pleases of the works of Schelling. To save space, we beg to refer our readers to the sentence already printed. But even here he artfully leads us *away* from the idea that he has transferred into his work, almost word for word, many, nay any, of the pages of the German philosopher. Why could he not make his references to Schelling *with truth*, except on the ground that it was *not true* that these citations, &c., were actually *derived* from Schelling?

This is certainly the ground upon which the reader is led to believe that he refrains from giving his references. He is not able to bring himself to admit that all the profounder philosophical observations contained in his work are entirely the German's, but wishes to have it understood that they are all his own "genial coincidences" with Schelling. Genial coincidences, forsooth! where every one word of the one author tallies with every one word of the other! *Credat Judæus Apella: non ego.* We have already said, and are prepared to show, that Coleridge contributes nothing to the expansion or explanation of Schelling's system; therefore the sentence we are writing about must be brought to stand thus: "For readers in general, let *nothing* that shall be found in this or any other work of mine be attributed to Schelling, *provided* no fault be found with me should I ever be discovered to have cabbaged from his works *ad libitum*." The logic of that "provided" baffles us entirely. But even admitting that there are resemblances to Schelling to be found in his works, what right could he have to lay down such an arrangement as this, that he would make all these over to Schelling in the event of their being found to resemble him; provided he, in the mean time, might pay himself *secretly* what he pleased for them out of the funds of that philosopher, and provided no one would blame him should his doings ever be brought to light? The logical propriety of the "provided" escapes us in this case also. How could he tell how *little* his resemblances might be worth, and how *great* might be the value of his purloinings from Schelling? How is any security that this bargain is a fair one to be established? To cut the question short, then, we do not think that any man is entitled to enter such a protestation as this, or that it can be listened to for a moment as a defence, in the event of his being convicted of extensive plagiarism. It appears to us to be much worse than no defence at all; for this is the manner in which it is evidently calculated and designed to cut. *So long* as these plagiarisms are undetected, this manner of wording the protest will ensure to the author (as it did to Coleridge during the whole of his life) the credit of being original,

and when they are detected, (if that ever happens,) it will give him the benefit of his protestation as a defence: in other words, if the plagiarisms are not detected, Schelling's passages remain Coleridge's, and if they are detected, the latter calculates upon getting out of the scrape by pleading that he had, in a manner, admitted them. Ay! ay! the manner of the admission is precisely the question; how does he admit them? We think we have already made clear what we now repeat, that the manner of his admission of them is such as naturally to lead every reader who trusts to his work, and looks no farther, to believe that nothing can be further from his practice and from his intention than plagiarism, in the way and to the extent which we are now about to point out.

Let us here make a passing remark upon what Coleridge says in reference to his "coincidences" with Schlegel. He tells us (see quotation) that, as in reference to Schlegel, his views upon dramatic art, so in reference to Schelling, his views on transcendental metaphysics, were matured before he knew any thing about either author. On the subject of his resemblances to Schlegel, we are not prepared to speak on our own authority. But as he himself here perils the fact of his priority to and independence of Schlegel upon the truth of what he says respecting his priority to and independence of Schelling, placing both instances upon exactly the same footing, we are entitled to say, that as in the case of Schelling we know him to be a consummate plagiarist, and original in nothing; so in the case of Schlegel, we think it more than probable that he has borrowed ready-made from that author every thing in which he "genially coincides" with him.

We now proceed to particularize Coleridge's plagiarisms, in the order in which they occur in the *first volume* of the *Biog. Lit.*, for to it our accusation is confined. Of course, our limits will not permit us to make almost any extracts illustrative of our charge; they will permit us to offer little or no criticism on the merits either of the borrowed or the original

passages; and still less will they allow us to enter into any explanation touching the transcendental philosophy in general; but we can at least state the exact pages of Coleridge in which the plagiarisms occur, and the corresponding pages of Schelling from which they are taken. And we pledge ourselves to do this with the most scrupulous accuracy; for not our own credit merely, but the general character of this Magazine, will be, to a certain extent, perilled upon our faithfulness.

The first instance in which we detect Coleridge translating closely from Schelling occurs in p. 130, beginning at the words "how being"—the last clause is interpolated, we think not very wisely. This and the next sentence are to be found in Schelling's *Transcendental Idealism*,* p. 113. The next two sentences (*Biog. Lit.* p. 131) are to be found (slightly altered from the original) in *Transc. Id.* p. 112. Then Coleridge interposes a short sentence of his own; after which we come to the words, "Matter has no inward. We remove one surface but to meet with another." This occurs in two places in Schelling's works; *vide Phil. Schrift.* † p. 240, and *Ideen*, ‡ Introduction, p. 22. On turning over to p. 133, *Biog. Lit.*, we find that nearly the whole of the first paragraph is taken from the *Transc. Id.* p. 113, though here the translation is not so close as usual. But the passage is remarkable, as containing a stroke which we daresay many admirers have considered peculiarly Coleridgian. Taking out of Schelling's mouth the words in which he is describing the futility of materialism, as an explanation of the phenomena of thought, Coleridge says, "When we expected to find a body, behold, we had nothing but its ghost!—the apparition of a defunct substance!" Now this illustration, and every thing connected with it, belongs exclusively to Schelling. "To explain thinking," says he, "as a material phenomenon, is only possible by making a ghost of matter." *Transc. Id.* p. 113.

After turning over a few leaves, we come to the only passage in the

* System des Transcendentalen Idealismus. Tübingen: 1800.

† Philosophische Schriften. (First volume—all ever published.) Landshut: 1809.

‡ Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur. (Second ed.) Landshut: 1803.

work which Coleridge distinctly admits to be translated, not however from Schelling, but from a "contemporary writer on the Continent." See *Biog. Lit.*, pp. 140, 141, where upwards of a page and a half are copied (omitting one insignificant interpolation) from Schelling's *Darlegung*, * pp. 154, 155. But even here he cannot admit his obligation plainly and directly; the terms in which he introduces the extract are exceedingly curious, and very much in his usual vein. See *Biog. Lit.*, p. 139, where he thus writes, in reference to p. 140, 141:—"While I, in part, translate the following observations from a contemporary writer of the Continent, let me be permitted to premise, that I might have transcribed the substance from memoranda of my own, which were written many years before his pamphlet was given to the world; and that I prefer another's words to my own, partly as a tribute due to priority of publication, but still more from the pleasure of sympathy in a case where *coincidence* (Ital. in orig.) only was possible." Now, how Coleridge could reconcile with ordinary faith his statement, that a paragraph, consisting of forty-nine lines, to which his own contribution was six, was only *in part* translated from a foreign work—how he could outrage common sense, and the capacities of human belief, by saying that he might have transcribed "the substance of it from memoranda of his own, written many years before Schelling's pamphlet was given to the world"—how he could have the cool assurance to tell us that he "prefers another's words to his own"—not, mark you, because these words belong to that other man, and not to him—but *as a tribute due to priority of publication*—and how he could take it upon him to say that in this case nothing more than coincidence was *possible*, (except on the ground that it was impossible for any human being to write any thing but what he had written before!)—how he could do all these things, entirely baffles our comprehension.

In *B. L.*, pp. 141–143, are to be found two other long sentences, cu-

riously transmogrified from the *Darlegung*, p. 156.

In *B. L.*, p. 146, Coleridge's observation about the *Noumenon* of Kant, is taken from Schelling's *Phil. Schrift*. pp. 275, 276. His words here are certainly not exactly Schelling's; but he adds nothing to the original remarks from which his observation is borrowed. For the latter part of his sentence, see also *Transc. Id.* p. 114.

In *B. L.*, p. 147, we next read—"All symbols, of necessity, involve an apparent contradiction." This is translated from the *Phil. Schrift*. p. 276.

We now pass on to the opening of Chap. X. *B. L.*, p. 157. It commences in italics thus—the introductory words being put into the mouth of an imaginary reader: "*Esemplastic!*—the word is not in Johnson, nor have I met with it elsewhere!" "Neither have I," rejoins the author, Coleridge; "I constructed it myself from the Greek words, *εις εν πλαττειν*, i. e. to shape into one." To this we, taking up the cause and character of the imaginary reader, reply—"We beg your pardon, sir; but you did nothing of the sort—you met with it in Schelling's *Darlegung*, p. 61. You there found the word *In-eins-bildung*—"a shaping into one"—which Schelling or some other German had literally formed from the Greek, *εις εν πλαττειν*, and you merely translated this word back into Greek, (a very easy and obvious thing to do,) and then you coined the Greek words into English, merely altering them from a noun into an adjective." The word is likewise to be met with in Schelling's *Vorlesungen*, † p. 313. Such, we will lay our life upon it, is the history of Coleridge's neology in the instance of the word "*esemplastic*." Readers are generally passive enough mortals in the hands of writers; but an author who ventures upon questionable freaks like this, must lay his account with sometimes catching a Tartar among them.

We now pass on to what is perhaps the most singular case of plagiarism in the whole book. We find that the whole of p. 246, and the greater part of p. 247, *B. L.*, are translated from the *Phil. Schrift*. pp. 327, 328, omit-

* *Darlegung des wahren Verhältnisses der Natur-philosophie zu der verbesserten Fichteschen Lehre.* Tübingen: 1806.

† *Vorlesungen über die Methode des Academischen Studium.*

ting three interpolations, which rather detract from than add to the sense of the paragraph. The whole paragraph is occupied with a description of the kind of mind which is unfitted for philosophical speculations; and concludes (*B. L.*, p. 247) in these terms: "To remain unintelligible to such a mind (exclaims Schelling on a like occasion) is honour and a good name before God and man." Exclaims Schelling on a like occasion!—why, this is the *very* occasion upon which Schelling utters that exclamation—the whole passage (with the slight exceptions mentioned) being a *verbatim* translation from him!! Can any thing beat that?—this is surely plagiarism out-plagiarised. Coleridge puts forth certain remarks as his own, and clenches and corroborates them by an exclamation said to be uttered by Schelling upon a like occasion. It is then discovered that not only the clenching clause, but that the whole paragraph to which it refers, is Schelling's; and that this is precisely the occasion, upon which, by way of adding force to *his own* remarks, he gives vent to the exclamation quoted. What can this mean?—is it humour, is it irony, is it dishonesty, or is it simple carelessness on the part of Coleridge? These are questions "admitting of a wide solution," and yet well worthy the attention of any student of the eccentricities of human nature.

Passing on to the middle of p. 250, *B. L.*, we fall in with translations from Schelling of much greater bulk than any that we have yet met with. At this place Coleridge thinks "it expedient to make some preliminary remarks on the introduction of *POSTULATES* into philosophy." Accordingly, he makes these remarks—and every word of them, running through pp. 250, 251, 252, 253, and part of 254, is taken *verbatim* from Schelling, with the exception of the last sentence, (top of p. 254,) which is somewhat altered from the original: *vide Phil. Schrift.*, pp. 329, 330, 331, 332. It must be admitted that at the beginning of this extract Coleridge introduces the parenthesis ("see Schell. Abhandl. zur Erläuter. des Id. der Wissenschaftslehre.") But would not a reader naturally deduce, from this reference, merely the inference that Coleridge was here referring to Schelling in support of *his own* views, and not literally

translating and appropriating the German's? Besides, if a reader had written to the Continent for this work, under the title here given to it, it is next to impossible that he could ever have procured it. For this title denotes a tract buried among a good many others in Schelling's *Phil. Schrift.*, which is the name that ought to have been given to the work referred to, if the reader was to derive any benefit from the information, or was to be put in the way of consulting the original source.

Another very long translation from Schelling commences near the foot of p. 254, *B. L.*, and is continued through pp. 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261. Throughout these, six interpolations and variations occur; but they are so very unimportant that we may say the whole of the pages are faithfully transcribed from the *Transc. Id.*, p. 1 to p. 9. In continuation of his translation, left off near the foot of p. 261, *B. L.*, Coleridge, without a break, copies the remainder of this page and pp. 262, 263, as far as the word "entities," from the *Phil. Schrift.*, pp. 273, 274. We must remark, however, that a pretty long interpolation of his occurs in p. 262, *B. L.* We have also to remark, that the quotation in p. 263, *B. L.*, *Doctrina per tot manus tradita tandem in vappam desit*, is employed by Schelling in *Phil. Schrift.*, p. 212.

At p. 264, *et seq.*, *B. L.*, certain Theses occur, which are mainly taken from Schelling, though here the sentences of the original are so garbled, mutilated, and transposed, as to be in general quite unintelligible. Some of the smaller *disjecta membra* have probably escaped us: but we may particularize the second sentence of p. 268, *B. L.*, as occurring in the *Transc. Id.*, p. 48. Then the whole of Theses vii. viii. (*B. L.*, pp. 269, 270, 271) are taken bodily from *Phil. Schrift.*, pp. 223, 224, 225, with some slight variations that add nothing to the sense. In Thesis ix., the first and fifth sentences are copied nearly *verbatim* from *Transc. Id.*, pp. 26, 27. Two full pages of Thesis x. are copied from *Transc. Id.*, pp. 27, 28, 29—a few alterations being introduced, which we may say, in Hibernian fashion, are decidedly improvements for the worse. The last instance, with which we conclude this strange catalogue of plagiarisms from Schelling, occurs in *B.*

L., p. 279, the greater part of which page is to be found in the *Phil. Schrift.*, pp. 203, 204.

On looking back over the result of our researches, we perceive that we have traced the palpable presence of Schelling in thirty-three of Coleridge's pages. From these we will deduct two—rather more than the quantity he admits to have been translated in part from a "contemporary writer of the Continent;"—thus leaving thirty-one pages faithfully transcribed, either wholly or partially, from Schelling. We perceive that the *continuous* whole pages so transcribed, amount to thirteen; that the *continuous* half-pages so transcribed amount to six; and that the smaller passages under half a page interspersed throughout the work, amount to twelve. These latter may be calculated, on a very moderate computation, at three pages. So that we have the extraordinary number of nineteen full pages, copied almost *verbatim* from the works of the German philosopher, without one distinct word of acknowledgment on the part of the transcriber—an event in the history of literature altogether unprecedented, we believe; and in reference to the party chiefly concerned, we think we may add, quite unsuspected until now.

Are our readers aware how the first volume of the *Biographia Literaria* ends? They must understand that the whole of it is intended to stand merely as an introduction to some grand theory of the "Imagination," discovered and to be propounded by Mr Coleridge. Near the end of the volume, however, when our curiosity is on the point, as we imagine, of being gratified, the work suddenly breaks down in the middle of a sentence, in consequence of Coleridge's receipt of a letter from a friend—evidently written by himself—informing him that the world is not yet ripe for his discovery; that his "Treatise on Real-idealism," (the very name by which Schelling's system is known,) "holding the same relation in abstruseness to Plotinus, as Plotinus does to Plato," would be too much for ordinary readers; and accordingly, "in consequence of this very judicious letter," Coleridge allows his work to break down as we have said. Now, our view is, that it

was not at all in consequence of the considerations conveyed in this letter that he stopped short. The way in which we account for the stoppage is this. Interspersed throughout the works of Schelling, glimpses and indications are to be found of some stupendous theory on the subject of the imagination. These shadowy intimations, we think, Coleridge expected to be able to catch and unriddle; but after proceeding a certain length in his work, he found himself unable to do so. When he came to try, he found himself incompetent to *think out* the theory which the German philosopher had left enveloped in shadows, and yawning with many hiatuses; and not being able to swim in transcendental depths without Schelling's bladders, and Schelling's bladders not being sufficiently inflated to support him here, he had nothing else for it but to abandon his work altogether, and leave his readers in the lurch. That is our explanation of the matter. Had Schelling been more explicit and tangible on the subject of the imagination, Coleridge would have been so too. Had Schelling fully worked out his theory, Coleridge would have done the same; and we should have had the discovery of the German thinker paraded, for upwards of twenty years, as a specimen of the wonderful powers of the English philosopher.

Before taking leave of the *Biographia*, we must plead, in a very few words, the cause of another German philosopher, pointed out to us by a friend, as having been very scurvily treated by Coleridge. In Vol. I., p. 107, we find the name "Maasse" (*Maasz*, it should be) once mentioned by Coleridge, without however any commentary upon it, or any hint that he lay under the smallest obligation to the philosopher of that name. On looking, however, into this author's work,* we find that all the real information and learning put forth in *Biog. Lit.*, Chap. V., is stolen bodily from him. In *B.L.*, pp. 100, 101, *et seq.*, a considerable show of learning is exhibited on the subject of the association of ideas; and of course the reader's impression is, that Coleridge is indebted for the

* Versuch über die Einbildungskraft. Halle and Leipzig: 1797.

learning here displayed to nothing but his own researches. But no such thing—he is indebted for it entirely to Maasz. He found all the quotations, and nearly all the observations connected with them, ready-made to his hand in the pages of that philosopher. “Long before,” says Coleridge, p. 100, “either Hobbes or Des Cartes, the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth by Melanchthon, Amerbach, and Ludovicus Vives, more especially the last.” Maasz says precisely the same thing, p. 343. Then follows (p. 101) Coleridge’s account of the distinction which Vives makes between *Imaginatio* and *Phantasia*. This distinction is distinctly pointed out by Maasz, p. 344. Then follow four quotations from Vives—all of which are to be found in Maasz, pp. 344, 345. In a word, all Coleridge’s learning bearing upon Melanchthon, Amerbach, and Vives, is to be found in Maasz. Passing on to Coleridge’s remarks on what Aristotle says on the subject of association, we find that here, too, his coincidences with Maasz are a good deal more than coincidences. In *B. L.*, p. 102, we read that “Aristotle’s positions on this subject (the association of ideas) are unmixed with fiction.” Maasz, p. 345, tells us that Aristotle is (*ganz aufs reine gekommen*) “as pure as possible” in his doctrines upon this point. Then Coleridge’s observation (p. 103) respecting Aristotle’s use of the word *κίνησις*, in which he informs us that Aristotle uses this word “to express what we call ideas or representations;” and that when he uses it to denote “material motion,” he invariably annexes to it “the words *ἐν τόπῳ* or *κατὰ τόπον*,”—all this is to be found distinctly brought forward by Maasz, pp. 321, 324; and finally, a good deal of what follows in *B. L.*, pp. 103, 104, may be traced to Maasz, p. 325, *et seq.*

To return for one moment to Schelling. On looking through Coleridge’s *Literary Remains*, we find that he is not contented with purloining Schelling’s philosophy, but he must also plunder him of his Aesthetics. Lecture XIII., “On Poesy or Art,” (*vide L. R.*, vol. i. p. 216, *et seq.*) is closely copied, and many parts of it are translated from Schelling’s very eloquent “Discourse upon the Relation

in which the Plastic Arts stand to Nature,” (*vide Phil. Schrift.*, 343, *et seq.*) What will Coleridge’s admirers say, upon finding it thus proved that even his notions upon poetry and the fine arts in general are mainly drawn from the profound wells of the German philosopher—that his diamonds, no less than his fuel, are dug up from Schelling’s inexhaustible mines!

We have seen, then, that Coleridge is indebted to Schelling for most of his philosophy, and for some of his profoundest views on the subject of the great art in which he most excelled—the art of poetry; but to whom is he indebted for some of the brightest gems in his poetic wreath itself? We answer, that among other sources he is indebted in particular to Schiller and to Christian Count Stolberg, some of whose most exquisite productions he has appropriated without one word of acknowledgement. His obligations to Frederica Brun for many of the leading ideas of his “Hymn before Sunrise in the vale of Chamouni,” have been already pointed out elsewhere, and are admitted, (see Preface to his *Table Talk*, p. L.) and therefore we need say no more on that subject. We proceed to particularize three other instances of the grossest plagiarism committed upon the works of the two authors just mentioned; which cases have never, we believe, been exposed till now—a very extraordinary circumstance, in so far, at least, as Schiller is concerned.

When we first read, a good many years ago, (we think in an annual,) these verses of Coleridge’s in which he at once *describes and exemplifies* the Homeric hexameter and the Ovidian elegiac metre, we remember being quite petrified with astonishment and delight. It appeared to us that words—particularly in the instance of the hexameter and pentameter distich—had never before been made to perform so exquisite and miraculous a feat. This, thought we, is certainly absolute *perfection* in the kind of thing which is attempted. The lines are these:—

“THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

“Strongly it bears us along, in swelling and limitless billows:
Nothing before, and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

"THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back."

What was our surprise and mortification, when, some years afterwards, we found that, in both instances, these lines had been copied *verbatim* from Schiller. We confess we even felt somewhat indignant at the imposition that had been played off upon us; and besides, we thought it very shameful that Schiller should have been defrauded of his own property, and of his own proper honours. *As a translation*, Coleridge's verses are certainly very admirable, because, tallying almost word for word with the original, they preserve exactly the effect which it produces: but that is no justification of his concealment. Perhaps he thought that he had improved so much upon the original that he was entitled to claim the verses as his own. But this we deny;—his lines on the Homeric metre are not *quite* so good as Schiller's; his lines on the Ovidian distich are *as good*, (with the exception of the word "silvery," which is inferior to "flüssige,") but not one whit *better* than Schiller's. But that German readers may judge of this for themselves, we subjoin the original verses.* Coleridge's translation may be seen in his own Works, vol. ii. p. 146, Ed. 1836.

We first read the following verses in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. li. p. 26; they are now embodied in Coleridge's Works, vol. ii. p. 131, Ed. 1836.

"TO A CATARACT.

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity!
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices—
The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the rock,
Which is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing:
It embosoms the roses of dawn;
It entangles the shafts of the noon;
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber—
That the sun of the rock—that the nursing of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight."

The *Quarterly Review* informs us that Mr Coleridge recited these lines "as a specimen of lyric rhythm, which he thought might satisfy the ear without rhyme;"—and he certainly establishes his point—nothing can be more exquisite than the versification here presented to us, and the ideas, too, are good; but we are under the necessity of adding this qualification—alas! he establishes his point, only by closely adopting the metre, the language, and the thoughts of another man. He is but the shadow—a glorified shadow, perhaps—but here is the substance from which it is thrown, presented before us in the person of Count Stolberg. This coincidence was pointed out to us by a friend some time ago. We thus translate, *word for word*, the

* Der epische Hexameter:—

"Schwindelnd trägt er dich fort auf rastlos strömenden Wogen:
Hinter dir siehst du, du siehst vor dir nur Himmel und Meer."

Das Distichon—

"Im Hexameter steigt des Spring-quells flüssige Säule:
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab."

—SCHILLER'S *Werke*, Vol. I., p. 262. Ed: Stuttgart und Tübingen: 1827.

Let the classical reader take up Ovid's *Heroides* or *Tristia*, and he will find in every page illustrations of the manner in which the hexameter *breaks*, as it were, and falls *back* in the pentameter—thereby adding a most exquisite grace to the rhythm. The secret genius of the metre appears to consist in this play. Here are one or two instances taken from Penelope's Letter to Ulysses:—

"Troja jacet certe, Danaïs invisa puellis.
Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit."

Again—

"Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?
Res est solliciti plena timoris amor."

Again—

"Sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab Hectore victum
Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat."

Count's "*Der Felsen strom*"—"The Cataract"—subjoining the original in a note* for the benefit of unbelievers:—

'Unperishing youth!
Thou streamest from forth
Out of the rock-cliff;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never ear heard
The babbling of the noble one in his spray-
scattering well.
The sun clothes thee
In rays of glory;
He paints with the colours of the heaven-
ly bow
The wavering clouds of the dust-flood."

Having alluded to the *Quarterly Review*, we shall here take the liberty of extracting part of a sentence, from that very able work, touching another of Coleridge's *coincidences*:—"We cannot" (says the *Quarterly*, vol. lii. p. 21)—"we cannot miss this opportunity of mentioning the curious fact, that, long before Goethe's *Faust* had appeared in a complete state—indeed before Mr Coleridge *had ever seen any part* of it—he had planned a work upon the same, or what he takes to be the same, idea." This is certainly a curious fact; but we do not think our readers will consider it so *very* curious, now that a good deal of light has been thrown upon the nature of his other "coincidences."

We have now done with our subject. We have set forth and argued the case of Coleridge's plagiarisms, precisely as we should have done that of any other person who had carried them on to the same extent. By this we mean to say, that we have accorded to him—on the plea of peculiar habits, or peculiar intellectual conformation—no privilege, or immunity, or indulgence, which we would not equally have accorded to any plagiarist of the most methodical ways and of the most common clay. And in act-

ing thus, we think we have acted rightly. For why should a man, who has been *more* highly gifted than his fellows, be therefore held *less* amenable than they to the laws which ought to bind all human beings, and regulate their relations and their dealings with one another? It is high time that *genius* should cease to be pleaded as an excuse for deviations from the plain path of rectitude, or be held up as a precedent which the leading men of future generations may avail themselves of, should they be inclined to depart from the strict standards of propriety and truth.

That Coleridge was tempted into this course by vanity, by the paltry desire of applause, or by any direct intention to defraud others of their due, we do not believe: this never was believed, and never will be believed. But still he *was* seduced into it—God knows how: he *did* defraud others of their due, and therefore we have considered it necessary to expose his proceedings, and to vindicate the rights of his victims. Perhaps we might have dwelt more than we have done upon what many may consider the extenuating circumstances of his case—we mean his moral and intellectual conformation, originally very peculiar, and further modified by the effects of immoderate opium-taking. But this would only take us out of one painful subject into another still more distressing. We therefore say no more. Our purpose will have been answered, should any future author who may covet his neighbour's Pegasus or prose-nag, and conceive that the high authority of Coleridge may, to a certain extent, justify him in making free with them, be deterred from doing so by the example we have now put forth in *terrorem*. Let all men know and consider that plagiarism, like murder, sooner or later *will out*.

* "Unsterblicher Jüngling!
Du strömest hervor
Aus der Felsenkluft.
Kein Sterblicher sah
Die Wiege des Starken:
Es hörte kein Ohr,
Das Lallen des Edlen im sprudelnden
Quell.

Dich kleidet die Sonne
In Strahlen des Ruhmes!
Sie mahlet mit Farben des himmlis-
chen Bogens
Die schwebenden Wolken der stäu-
denden Fluth."

—Vide Vol. I., p. 104, *Gesammelte Werke der Bruder Christian und Fred. Leopold Grafen zu Stolberg*. Hamburg: 1820.

ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY

B. SIMMONS.

I

Lift up your heads, ye glorious gates!
 Ye doors, by kings uprear'd, give way!
 Th' Imperial Isles' assembled States,
 By Counsel led—where Valour waits,
 And white-stoled Pomp predominates—
 Before your thresholds pause to-day,
 Presenting to a Power divine
 The Daughter of their Monarch-line,
 Of laurel'd chiefs and leaders sage,
 Wide Ocean's lords from age to age,
 Since first the Norman's brilliant mail
 Flash'd through fierce Hastings' battle hail,
 To her great Sire whose Captain died
 What time the galleys of his war
 Heaved, victory-rock'd, upon thy tide,
 Tremendous Trafalgar:
 For evermore their red-cross reign
 Without a rival on the main!
 Nor must the Sea-Kings' branch decrease,
 Nor from their hands the sceptre cease:
 To-day proud Albion's peerless child,
 Girt by the gallants of her land—
 Earth's mightiest Queen, a maiden mild—
 Shall at the altar stand,
 —And meekly pledge her spousal faith,
 And wear her hope-woven bridal wreath,
 While round the Nations—gladness-fill'd—
 The trident-arm'd and thunder-hill'd,
 Raise the rejoicing hand.
 Hark to the bursting trumpet's bray,
 As slow the gorgeous ranks unfold
 Above whose far-resplendent way,
 Guarding his banner's floating day,
 The Lion leaps in gold!

II.

Lift up your heads, ye glorious gates!
 And you, majestic doors, uncloset
 The solemn pomp no longer waits,
 But on in bright succession flows.
 No need to ask before whose train
 The stately pursuivants advance,
 Where ring gold spur and knightly chain,
 And tabards gaily glance.
 We pass thee not ungreeted by,
 Thou graceful youth, with pensive eye,

And forehead not by thought untraced,
 —Thou, with the kingly garter graced ;
 (And if, as courtly babblers say,
 Thou'st won and worn the poet's bay,
 Perchance thy collar's jewels shine

To thee with one soft ray the more,
 At thought that He, the bard divine,
 Who couch'd his lance for GERALDINE,
 That badge unsullied bore.)

Pass on—a people's blessings now
 Press like the air upon thy brow,
 And hope prays out that thou may'st be
 Undazzled by thy destiny—

For when, since empire's game began,
 Did lot so brilliant circle man ?

III.

Again that regal trumpet pealing!

And lo, yon radiant pathway down—

Her handmaids Love and Vestal Feeling,

And paged by old Renown—

Soft-gleaming through that rosy cloud,

Where youth, and grace, and beauty crowd,

Shines forth conspicuous from afar,

The white-cliff'd Island's MORNING STAR !

And now she lights the purple gloom

Within the saintly chapel shed,

Where starry chief, and woman's bloom,

And wisdom's reverend head,

From vaulted gallery to the ground

In throng compact are ranged around.

IV.

And well might some amid that throng

Claim portion of the minstrel's song

But to his eager vision fast

Far other shapes are crowding past :

Yet there is ONE—and who shall raise

The strain, unmindful of his praise ?—

The wise in council as in war,

Who shiver'd Gaul's imperial shield,

Still fancy sees each thunder-scar

Of that stern Flemish field

Upon his front, as when he hurl'd

The last red bolt that saved the world.

Long may a grateful country own

His aid to temple and to throne !

V.

That festal trump has ceased to peal

From arch and portal richly dim—

Before the mitred priests they kneel ;

And now the nuptial hymn,

While its full tide the organ pours,

With many a solemn close, in choral grandeur soars.

Far from the minstrel's vision fly

Attendant dame and sworded peer,

What shapes of mightier port are nigh ?

What coldly beauteous eyes are here ?

Bend from your clouds, ye kingly dead !
 And, crown'd, ye softer shadows bend !
 Deep-echoing swell the blessing said
 Upon the young anointed head
 Of her, in whom—as yet unwed—
 Your thousand years of glory end !
 See, 'mid your pale and awful ring,
 She bends, a fragile blooming thing !
 Like to some fair and kneeling saint
 Surrounded by cathedral glooms,
 Whom marble shadows, vast and faint,
 Are watching from the tombs.
 Stretch forth, dark Cressy's Victor-Lord,
 O'er her thy realm-protecting sword !
 And, Warrior Woman ! at the sweep
 Of whose resistless hand
 Castile's proud navies from the deep
 Were drifted like the sand,
 On her thy reign's bright years bestow,
 And all thy fortune—save its woe !
 Still round they press : that mournful Bride
 Who left, reluctant, book and bower
 To share the momentary power
 And pomp for which she died.
 The Monarch-Boy with aspect pale,
 Is there, a kindred brow to hail.
 And She who, at the moment Hope
 Prepared her glory's page to ope,
 Uncrown'd, resign'd life's gladness brief,
 And left the Isles to night and grief ;
 For her, the favour'd, long through years
 On years, shall Pity wake and Woe,
 While flow the bard's melodious tears,
 While BYRON's strains immortal flow.
 See, leaning near, her Sire, (in form
 Like to the Greek's Olympian God,)
 Before whom Pleasure's rosy charm
 Was spread where'er he trode ;
 Who lived to drain the bitterest sup
 That lurks in Joy's exhausted cup—
 Who died, and with his latest breath
 Left one dread moral, “ *This is Death,*” *
 To yon meek Maid, if handed down,
 Worth half the brilliants in her crown.

VI.

But lo ! each Shape of kingly mould—
 Each circling Form, august, has fled !
 Before the bard again unfold
 The pageant's numbers bright and bold,
 And, from the batteried cannon roll'd,
 That volley's thunder-crash has told
 The Island Queen is wed !

* His last words to the only page in attendance at the moment.—See the *Journals of the period*.

LEIGH HUNT'S LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

LEIGH HUNT is now a successful dramatist, and we rejoice in his success as cordially as his best friends can do—for he deserves it. We are about to praise, but not to flatter him; and, when we think we see occasion, shall be free in our strictures, knowing that he has an independent spirit, and that, like all men of real genius, he would prefer from a disinterested critic his sincere opinion, formed in a genial spirit, to more extravagant encomiums not bearing the unequivocal impress of the love of truth. Nor with the congratulatory acclamations of sympathizing gods and men yet ringing in his ears, will he be regardless of a voice from far-off Scotland. We seldom go to the theatre now-a-days; but when Murray brings out on the Edinburgh stage *The Legend of Florence*, Christopher North will be in No. Three, right-hand side, with his court-crutch—crimson velvet and gold—and the house, at each soul-stirring or soul-subduing hit, will time its thunders to the beck of THE BALD-HEAD.

“A word,” says Mr Hunt, in his pleasant preface, “respecting the story of my play. When I resided near Florence, some years ago, I was in the habit of going through a street in that city called the ‘Street of Death,’ (*Via della Morte*),—a name given it from the circumstance of a lady’s having passed through it at night-time in her grave-clothes, who had been buried during a trance. The story, which in its mortal particulars resembles several of the like sort that are popular in other countries, and which indeed are no less probable than romantic, has been variously told by Italian authors, and I have taken my own liberties with it accordingly.” No less probable than romantic? What! being buried alive, and undergoing resurrection! Even so. For in that country the corpse is not confined—we forget that dreadful word—and there is room for re-awakening life to breathe freely in the vault of death. But is such a strange event a fit story for a play? Yes; every popular legend is so, with hardly any exception; and

that this one is peculiarly so, is proved by the play being throughout most interesting, and the pathos towards the close profound. There needs no other proof of the fitness of the story for tragedy, than that it here affects us with terror and pity—but pity predominates, that other passion is here transient; while there is no end to our tears but “in thoughts that lie too deep” for such effusion, and that finally settle down into assured peace.

How beautiful a picture!

Colonna. I heard, as I came in, one who had seen her

Laid on the bier, say that she looks most heavenly.

Da Riva. I saw her lately, as you’ll see her now,

Lying but newly dead, her blind sweet looks Border’d with lilies, which her pretty maiden, Twixt tears and kisses, put about her hair To show her spotless life, and that wrong man

Dared not forbid, for very piteous truth; And as she lay thus, not more unresisting Than all her life, I pitied even him, To think, that let him weep or ask her pardon

Never so much, she would not answer more.

As she was buried, so did she arise.

But let us begin at the beginning, and not at the end. The play opens well with a lively and spirited colloquy between Fulvio da Riva, a poet, and Cesare Colonna, an officer of the Pope—(his Holiness being on his way to visit his native city)—who meet on the high-road from Florence to Rome. From it we get an insight into the character of Agolanti, a noble Florentine, who has been for some four years married to Ginevra—and who, it is happily said,

“Is as celestial out of his own house As he is devil within it.”

So says Da Riva, and Colonna takes up the word.

Col. The devil it is! (*Looking after him.*) Methinks he casts a blackness Around him as he walks, and blights the vineyards.

And all is true then, is it, which they tell me?

What, quite? Has he no plea? no provocation

From lover, or from wife?

Da Riva. None that I know of, Except her patience and the lover's merit. Antonio's love, you know, is old as his, Has been more tried, and I believe is spotless.

Col. Dear Rondinelli!—Well, but has this husband

No taste of good in him at all? no corner In his heart for some small household grace to sneak in?

Da Riva. Nay, what he has of grace in him is not sneaking.

In all, except a heart, and a black shade Of superstition, he is man enough! Has a bold blood, large brain, and liberal hand

As far as the purse goes; albeit he likes The going to be blown abroad with trumpets. Nay, I won't swear he does not love his wife As well as a man of no sort of affection, Nor any domestic tenderness, can do so.

Col. A mighty attaching gentleman, i'faith, And quite uxorious.

Da Riva. Why, thus it is, He highly approves her virtues, talents, beauty:

Thinks her the sweetest woman in all Florence,

Partly, because she is,—partly, because She is his own, and glorifies his choice; And therefore he does her the honour of making her

The representative and epitome Of all he values,—public reputation, Private obedience, delighted fondness, Grateful return for his unamiableness, Love without bounds, in short, for his self-love:

And as she finds it difficult, poor soul, To pay such reasonable demands at sight With the whole treasure of her heart and smiles,

The gentleman takes pity on—himself! Looks on himself as the most unresponded to And unaccountably ill-used bad temper In Tuscany; rages at every word And look she gives another; and fills the house

With miseries, which, because they ease himself And his vile spleen, he thinks her bound to suffer;

And then finds malice in her very suffering! *Col.* And she, they tell me, suffers dangerously?

Da Riva. 'Tis thought she'll die of it. And yet, observe now:—

Such is poor human nature, at least such Is poor human inhuman nature in this man, That if she were to die, I verily think He'd weep, and sit at the receipt of pity,

And call upon the gods, and think he loved her!

Col. Poor, dear, damn'd tyrant! and where goes he now?

This amiable and happy personage, who had left *Da Riva* just before *Colonna* made his appearance, is now, we are told, on his way to Florence from his country-house, hesitating about taking his fair wife to town to let her enjoy the holidays on the advent “of his most pleasant Holiness the Pope,”—for fear of the said Antonio, and still more afraid of leaving “her in the shades, love's natural haunt.” For surely the man is jealous—though, Heaven knows, without any other cause than that he knows Antonio loves her, and loved her before her husband ever saw her face. Antonio is even now in the country-house of the “sweet *Diana*,”—and the two friends agree to visit her, and accompany her and “the bright *Olympia*”—“divine widows” both, and known to them formerly at the baths of *Pisa* as “*Sunlight* and *Moonlight*”—to *Agolanti's* villa close by, partly that they may bring to Antonio

“Better news of his saint's health, Partly for other reasons which you'll see.”

Sprightly fellows—ready for any mischief!

Scene II. is a room in the villa of *Agolanti*, and we there find *Fiordilisa*, *Genevra's* maid, and *Giulio*, a page, not at this moment making love, but somewhat flurried on account of their lady's anger at “*Signor Antonio's* letter,” which they had slipped into her hand only to be sent back unopened.

Fiordilisa. Oh! she says dreadful things. She says you and I Will kill her; that we make her, or would make her, Tell falsehoods to her husband, or bring down His justice on our heads; and she forbids me, However innocent you may call or think it, Bring letters any more. She bade me give it you Back again—see—unopen'd.

Pretty innocent—with the pretty name—*Fiordilisa*! Some small flirtation ensues, and *Giulio* sings a somewhat silly stanza to his guitar—when, in no serene mood of his own mind, enters *Agolanti*. His eye catches a glimpse of the paper in *Giulio's* vest;

and he knows at once—so quick-sighted and quick-witted are the jealous—that it is a letter to Ginevra from Antonio. The page is not so much abashed as perhaps might have been expected; and, knowing his dear lady's innocence of any fault, puts on a bold face, and indulges—aside—in some rather cutting critical notices on the demeanour of his master, who on the spot dismisses him from his service without a written character. Here is the letter.

“ ‘Most harmless;—I dare to add most virtuous!’

“ And here again below:—

“ ‘I have written what I have written on the outside of this letter, hoping that it may move you to believe the possibility of its not being unworthy to meet the purest of mortal eyes.’

“ ‘Filthiest hypocrite! caught in his own birdlime. [*Opens and reads the letter.*

“ ‘As you have opened neither my first letter nor my second, written at intervals of six months each, from the moment when my name was first again mentioned to you since your marriage, I hardly dare hope that the words I am now writing shall have the blessedness of being looked upon, although they truly deserve it.

“ ‘Truly, for most piteously they deserve it. I am going to reward (may I utter such a word?) your kindness, by the greatest and most dreadful return I can make it. I will write to you no more.

“ ‘But this promise is a thing so terrible to me, and so unsupportable, except in the hope of its doing you some good, that I have one reward to beg for myself; not as a condition, but as a last and enduring charity.

“ ‘I no longer ask you to love me, however innocently, or on the plea of its being some shadow of relief to you (in the sweet thought of loving) from an unhappiness, of which all the world speaks.’

[AGOLANTI *pauses, greatly moved.*

“ ‘Is it so then? and the world speaks of me,

And basely speaks! He has been talking then,

And acting too. But let me know this *all*.

[*Reading.*

“ ‘Neither yet will I beg you not to hate me; for so gentle a heart cannot hate any body; and you never were unjust except to yourself. [*Pauses a little again.*

“ ‘But this I do beg: first, that you will take care of a health, which Heaven has given you no right to neglect, whatever be your unhappiness; and which, under Heaven, is the best support of it;—and secondly,

that when you think of the friends of whom death has deprived you, or may deprive, and whom it will give you joy to meet again beyond the grave, you may not be unwilling to behold among them the face of

“ ‘ANTONIO RONDINELLI.

“ ‘Written with prayers and tears before the sacred image of the Virgin.’”

We do not very well know what to say of this letter. It proves the perfect purity of Ginevra, and that Antonio's love was honourable as hopeless; and so far it is well. It also punishes Agolanti—and that is better; while we can easily conceive an audience interested by it, because earnestly expecting some revelation to be made towards the close. But why was it sent—and for the third time? He implores her to take care of her health; but what did she care about her health who was not only willing, but desired to die? He assures her of his devoted love; but that she well knew, and to her—a wife, but an unhappy one—it could give no true comfort. He asks her not to forget him—when he might be numbered with the dead; but—not to call such request fantastical—it was needless, and he has not the look of a dying man. Loving ones, divided by destiny on earth, hope to meet in heaven. Why, then, such a letter at all? And oh, how could he—Antonio Rondinelli—think of thus endangering the life of such a being as Ginevra? That was very, very selfish; and love like his should have recoiled in horror from the risk of subjecting his “soul's wife” to yet worse indignity and outrage from her body's husband.

In Scene III.—another room in Agolanti's house—Ginevra, Olympia, Diana, Colonna, and Da Riva are discovered sitting, Fiordilisa standing behind her lady's chair. They are talking about the approaching celebrations, and very engaging talk it is; the raillery is light and elegant, and we are in love with both the widows. But we love Ginevra. Few as her words are, and somewhat sad withal, they give a delightful impression of her character. But Agolanti enters, and light grows gloom. Say what she will—be she glad or pensive—willing to witness with her husband and friends the coming spectacle, or to keep aloof and retired from the throng, she but irritates the ill-condi-

tioned hypocrite—all she can do to find out his wishes, that they may be hers, is not only ineffectual but turned against her; and while, in an undertone, he accuses her of “insolence” and “a woman’s plot,” the savage “wrings her hands sharply;” and as they quit the room, mutters—

“Be in the purple chamber
In twenty minutes. Do you hear me *speak*?
A fair day to my courteous visitors,
And may they ever have the joy they bring.”

Curse him!—we already hate him at the close of the First Act as well as if we had abhorred him for a dozen years, and devoutly wish him at the devil, between the horns of the old dilemma.

In the First Scene of the Second Act, we are introduced to Antonio, of whom we have been predisposed to think highly, in spite—perhaps you would say because—of that letter. He is walking with his good friends Colonna and Da Riva in a garden of Diana’s villa, and they wisely seek to comfort him, not by show of condolence, but by the medicine of mirthful spirits. There is no puling sentimentalism in this play; and, though Antonio takes but small part in the merriment, yet knowing it is kindly meant, he does not discourage it either by sour or sullen looks—though gloomy he is not glum, and at the close of the scene kisses Olympia’s hand with a cheerful gallantry.

But ’tis time—though no time has been lost—that we should see husband and wife together—alone—that we may know the amount of their misery, and think if it is ever to have an end. Ginevra has obeyed the order to get her to the purple chamber—twenty minutes have crawled by her—and Agolanti is at her side. He believes that he is a pious man—with a deep sense of religion; but Da Riva, who knows him better, told us, you will recollect—

“In all,—except a heart, and a black shade
Of superstition, he is man enough.”

Well—he will surely not be incensed by the sight of superstition in another—in his wife. Ay; but hers is not a black shade, but a white light; and therefore her adoration is odious to his eyes, and he is wroth to behold her kneeling before the Madonna. The sorrowful have upward-looking eyes,

and heaven seems never so heavenly as when gazed on through tears.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A chamber hung with purple, and containing a cabinet picture of the Madonna, but otherwise little furnished. GINEVRA discovered sitting at a window.

Enter AGOLANTI.

Ago. Every way she opposes me, even with arms

Of peace and love. I bade remove that picture

From this deserted room. Can she have had it

Brought back this instant, knowing how my anger,

Just though it be, cannot behold unmoved
The face of suffering heaven? Oh, artifice

In very piety! ’Twere piety to veil it
From our discourse, and look another way.

[*During this speech, GINEVRA comes forward, and AGOLANTI, after closing the cabinet doors over the picture, hands her a chair; adjusting another for himself, but continuing to stand.*

Gin. (*Cheerfully.*) The world seems glad after its hearty drink

Of rain. I fear’d, when you came back this morning,

The shower had stopp’d you, or that you were ill.

Ago. You fear’d! you hoped. What fear you that I fear,

Or hope for that I hope for? A truce, madam,

To these exordiums and pretended interests,
Whose only shallow intent is to delay,

Or to divert, the sole dire subject,—me.
Soh! you would see the spectacle! you, who start

At openings of doors and falls of pins.
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady’s nerves;

And a good hacking blow at a tournament
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn for a stimulus

To pretty household tremblers.

Gin. I express’d

No wish to see the tournament, nor indeed
Any thing, of my own accord; or contrary

To your good judgment.

Ago. Oh, of course not! Wishes
Are never express’d for, or by, contraries;

Nor the good judgment of an anxious husband
Held forth as a pleasant thing to differ with.

Gin. It is as easy as sitting in my chair
To say, I will not go: and I will not.

Be pleased to think that settled,

Ago. The more easily
As ’tis expected I should go, is it not?

And then you will sit happy at receipt
Of letters from Antonio Rondinelli.

Gin. Return'd unopen'd, sir.

Ago. How many?

Gin. Three.

Ago. You are correct as to those three.

How many

Open'd?—Your look, madam, is wondrous logical;

Conclusive by mere pathos of astonishment;
And cramm'd with scorn from pure un-
scornfulness.

I have, 'tis true, strong doubts of your regard

For him, or any one;—of your love of power

None,—as you know I have reason;—
though you take

Ways of refined provokingness to wreak it.
Antonio knows these fools you saw but now,
And fools have foolish friendships, and bad
leagues

For getting a little power, not natural to them,

Out of their laugh'd-at betters. Be it as it may,

All this, I will not have these prying idlers
Put my domestic troubles to the blush;
Nor you sit thus in ostentatious meekness,
Playing the victim with a pretty breath,
And smiles that say "God help me!"—

Well, madam,

What do you say?

Gin. I say I will do whatever
You think best, and desire.

Ago. And make the worst of it
By whatsoever may mislead, and vex?

There—now you make a pretty sign, as
though

Your silence were compell'd.

Gin. What can I say,
Or what, alas! not say, and not be chided?
You should not use me thus. I have not
strength for it

So great as you may think. My late sharp
illness

Has left me weak.

Ago. I've known you weaker, madam,
But never feeble enough to want the
strength

Of contest and perverseness. Oh, men too!
Men may be weak, even from the magnanimity

Of strength itself; and women can take
poor

Advantages, that were in men but cowardice.

Gin. (*Aside*) Dear Heaven! what humblest doubts of our self-knowledge
Should we not feel, when tyranny can talk
thus?

Ago. Can you pretend, madam, with
your surpassing

Candour and heavenly kindness, that you
never

Utter'd one gently-sounding word, not
meant

To give the hearer pain? the pain? your
husband?

Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend
To be unlike.

Gin. I cannot dare pretend it.
I am a woman, not an angel.

Ago. Ay,
See there—you have! you own it! how
pretend then

To make such griefs of every petty syllable,
Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn?

Gin. One pain is not a thousand; nor
one wrong,

Acknowledged and repented of, the habit
Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

Ago. Of unprovoked! Oh, let all pro-
vocation

Take every brutish shape it can devise
To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,
Grind it in want, stoop it with family
shames,

Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,
Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever op-
probrium

Makes the soul swoon within its range, for
want

Of some great answer, terrible as its wrong,
And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,
Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of
lies,

This angel-mimicking non-provocation
From one too cold to enrage, and weak to
tread on!

You never loved me once—You loved me
not—

Never did—no—not when before the altar,
With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded
coldness

And lie on your lips, you took me for your
husband,

Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,
By, but not for, the man you scorn'd to
love!

Gin. I scorn'd you not—and knew not
what scorn was—

Being scarcely past a child, and knowing
nothing

But trusting thoughts and innocent daily
habits.

Oh, could you trust yourself—But why
repeat

What still is thus repeated day by day,
Still ending with the question, "Why
repeat?" [*Rising and moving about.*]

You make the blood at last mount to my
brain,

And tax me past endurance. What have I
done,

Good God! what have I done, that I am
thus

At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny,
Which from its victim demands every
virtue,

And brings it none?

Ago. I thank you madam, humbly,
That was sincere at least.

Gin. I beg your pardon.
Anger is ever excessive, and speaks wrong.
Ago. This is the gentle, patient, unprovoked

And unprovoking, never-answering she!
Gin. Nay, nay, say on;—I do deserve it—I

Who speak such evil of anger, and then am angry.

Yet you might pity me too, being like yourself

In fellowship there at least.

Ago. A taunt in friendliness!

Meekness's happiest condescension!

Gin. No,
So help me Heaven!—I but spoke in consciousness

Of what was weak on both sides. There's a love

In that, would you but know it, and encourage it.

The consciousness of wrong, in wills not evil,

Brings charity. Be you but charitable,
And I am grateful, and we both shall learn.

Ago. I am conscious of no wrong in this dispute,

Nor when we dispute, ever,—except the wrong

Done to myself by a will far more wilful,
Because less moved, and less ingenuous.

Let them get charity that show it.

Gin. (who has reseated herself.) I pray you,

Let Fiordilisa come to me. My lips
Will show you that I faint.

[*AGOLANTI rings a bell on the table;*
and FIORDILISA enters to her mistress.

Ago. When you have seen your mistress well again,

Go to Matteo; and tell him, from herself,
That 'tis her orders she be excused at present
To all that come, her state requiring it,
And convalescence. Mark you that addition.

She's getting well; but to get well, needs rest.

[*Exit.*

Fior. Needs rest! Alas! when will you let her rest,

But in her grave? My lady! My sweet mistress!

[*Applying a volatile to her temples.*
She knows me.—He has gone:—the Signor's gone.

(*Aside.*) She sighs, as though she mourn'd him.

Gin. (listening.) What's that?

Fior. Nothing, madam;—I heard nothing.

Gin. Every thing

Gives me a painful wonder;—you, your face,

These walls. My hand seems to me not more human

Than animal; and all things unaccountable.
'Twill pass away. What's that?

[*A church-organ is heard.*

Fior. Yes, I hear that.

'Tis Father Anselmo, madam, in the chapel,
Touching the new organ. In truth, I ask'd him,

Thinking that, as the Signor is so moved
By whatsoever speaks to him of religion,
It might have done no harm to you and him,
madam,

To hear it while conversing. But he's old
And slow, is the good father.

[*GINEVRA kisses her, and then weeps abundantly.*

Gin. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven and the sweet sounds! I have not

Wept, Fiordilisa, now for many a day,
And the sound freshens me;—loosens my heart.

[*Music.*

O blessed music! at thy feet we lie,
Pitied of angels surely.

Fior. Perhaps, madam,
You will rest here, and try to sleep awhile?

Gin. No, Fiordilisa, (*rising.*) Meeting what must be,

Is half commanding it; and in this breath
Of heaven my mind feels duty set erect,
Fresh out of tears. Bed is for night, not day,

When duty's done. So cheer we as we may.

[*Exeunt; the music continuing.*

There is something too absolutely painful in this scene, though it could not be helped, since such is the character the dramatist has chosen to draw in Agolanti; but it is a scene of great power—and the name of Ginevra is felt at the close to be falling in among those endeared to our heart, by the meek endurance of unmerited suffering, that serves to bring out from the concealment of its calm the strength of their native virtue. Framed by gracious nature with all holiest affections—not one of them all may she be permitted to enjoy—all of them interdicted to her even as an orphan; and the sweeter humanities frowned upon as sins against duty to him who is her deliberate destroyer. And what though she knows that she is pitied? Pity can sooth sorrow that disturbs or abates a happiness that is still, in spite of sorrow, felt to be happiness indeed—such happiness as can be beneath the skies; but when all in the heart is sorrow, sorrow without hope, what can pity do but turn away and weep!

But how fares it with Agolanti?

Why, he looks on himself as the worst used man alive.

"What have I done, *great heavens!* to be thus tortured?"

In the midst of his soliloquy he is interrupted by the intrusion of Da Riva and Colonna, which of a certainty is most inopportune.

"We kiss your hands, courteous Signor Francesco."

And then they set on to vex, tease, ruffle, fret, and banter him in a style that may be consistent with the manners of Italy during the Pontificate of Leo the Tenth, but which on the score of nature, as she shows herself in this our island, we cannot stomach. Colonna, an absolute stranger, tells him bluffly, that there is a vile talk all over the town of his jealousy and cruelty—that

"The theme is constant, both in court and market-place,

That you're a very tyrant;"

while Da Riva scoffingly pretends that 'tis all a foolish fiction, and that they laughed the absurdity out of countenance; but that they had no sooner done so, than twenty absurd grave faces were seen going about, big with wonder, and that to laugh them all down was beyond the power of human cachinnation. All this, and much more in his own house—to a noble Florentine

"With a bold brow, large brain, and liberal hand."

True, they are indignant and disgusted with his brutal conduct to Ginevra, the beloved of their friend Antonio, and they care not how insultingly they behave to the wicked tyrant, who is murdering her by inches; for our own parts we are only sorry they did not cudgel him to death. But how *can* Agolanti stand all this? Why did he not try to kick them down stairs? So far from entertaining that idea, even for a moment, he absolutely *makes an apology* to them,

"Pardon me—I'm distracted—I'm not myself,"

—begs them to believe that the stories abroad of his cruelty to his wife are exaggerations—a lie of Giulio's—

"A lie—

A boy's lie,—a turn'd-off servant's lie;"

and then asserts strenuously that his is not a worse misery than what may be found in many other families—for

example, the Strozzi, the Baldi, the Rossi, the Brunelleschi, &c.

This mean gossip makes us blush, not for Italian nobility but for human nature; and we hang down our head. Manhood — gentlemanhood — have rights, privileges, and immunities, which cannot be seen rudely broken in upon and tamely surrendered without shame; and he who submits to such violation in his own person, is felt to be without sex. The usages of society, when founded on permanent principles in humanity, are almost as sacred as a regard to the highest moral law—for they are essential; and if set at nought, civilized men would relapse into savages, or become beasts. "Patient merit of the unworthy takes" many slights, and heeds them not, nor thereby is degraded; but "impatient demerit of the worthy takes" no insults without retort or revenge. However, this is clear, that between man and wife, from the principle of "non-intrusion" there are few dissenters. All Christians are orthodox on that article—and kicking, in all cases, is the creed—not in theory only, but in practice, from count to coalheaver.

This unseemly and unnatural scene is closed by Colonna handing Agolanti a letter from Antonio, which he has all along had in his pocket, and on the strength of which poet and soldier have been so complimentary to his conjugal virtues. It runs thus:—"If Signor Agolanti values his wife's peace *and life*, he will meet the writer of this letter instantly, who will wait for him, an hour from the receipt of it, in the wood near the gate, by the roadside leading to Cortona.—ANTONIO RONDINELLI."—Agolanti now knows, for the first time, that his agreeable visitors are friends of the man he most fears, and thinks he smells a league—a conspiracy. Well may he exclaim—"This beats all boldness;" but he wears a sword, and accepts the appointment. An ugly customer is waiting for him in the wood.

"*Rond.* My bosom is so full, my heart wants air;

It fears even want of utterance; fears the man

For very loathing; fears his horrible sight, His lawless claim of lawfulness; and feels Shame at his poisonous want of shame and manhood."

The meeting at first is manly and gentlemanly; and the altercation is conducted throughout with great force and spirit. It is dramatic; and must be effective in representation. The case is for a time well argued on both sides; and as Antonio believes Ginevra to be dying, and desires but to save her life, he possesses a privilege that assuredly could in nowise belong to Da Riva and Colonna; and, sympathizing with his grief and his indignation, we are carried along with his remonstrances, and even with his oburgations; and though somewhat disturbed by his want of judgment, we more than pardon his zeal, impassioned as he is, in a righteous cause. The parties become exasperated past all bearing, and assail one another with every epithet of scorn and rage—eavesdropper—consulting doctor—beggar—impostor—coward—hands are on hilts, and the men are in attitude for the duello.

But let us consider with ourselves what may be said in defence of this scene. Antonio is in the right, Agolanti is in the wrong; and that is a great matter. The one is a good, the other is a bad man; and that is every thing. Both by birth are gentlemen; but Antonio is one of the aristocracy of nature—Agolanti a plebeian of the lowest grade. The husband has not an inch of firm ground for his big toe—the lover stands with both feet planted on a rock. Wanting presence of mind promptly to repel the first affront, and shut his accuser's mouth with his fist or sword-hilt—if not with the rapier's point sent home to the heart—the husband, once involved in a war of words, has no chance either at out or in fighting—his blows, however dexterously delivered, hit but his antagonist's briskeet; but he receives on the kidneys and on the jugular, till finally losing all temper, wild and exposed, he drops his guard, gives his head—the punishment then becomes terrible, and it would have been high time, had they been present, for his friends to take him out of the ring.

Or shall we say, rather, that holding possession to be nine points of the law, Agolanti came to the spot to enjoy Antonio's misery in his reproaches—the merciless husband to scorn the pitiful lover—and that not till he began to find the tables turning, did he discover himself to be in the

wrong box? As for any fear about his wife's life, nothing of the sort brought him there—he could not brook, base as he was, to be so bullied by these gents.—his resolution was, once for all, to put down such annoyances; so he went to the wood without trepidation, and faced Antonio boldly—but boldness in a bad cause will not carry a man through—indignities not counted upon he cannot avert, and ineffectually returns—and he protracts a “flytin,” in which he had expected to be victor, for some time after he must have been conscious that he was fast experiencing a disgraceful defeat.

But what shall we say of the part played by Antonio in all this? With every allowance for his exasperated feelings, he ought to have been more considerate. For the sake of Ginevra, was it wise—or was it not foolish—to seek to win Agolanti to reflect on the fate of his poor wife, to treat her with some humanity, and to call in medical aid, by goading him to madness till he absolutely roared like a bull? We do not demand of him that he should have been as calm as a Quaker: but he had the strongest reasons a man could have for preserving perfect self-possession. The good that might possibly be done to Ginevra, we must think, should have actuated and controlled him in a conference with her lord and master, of his own seeking, and for that sole end; whereas he is really as selfish in his own way as that cruel egöist, and in the indulgence of his own hate, is not false, but, what is almost as bad, forgetful—ceases to plead the cause of the sufferer from rage towards the criminal, and does all in his power to send the monster back to his villa, in a tempest of fury, to wreak his vengeance on his dying wife.

And what is the argument on which Antonio mainly insists to induce Agolanti to be not so barbarous to Ginevra?

Rond. Mark me, impostor. Let that saint be worse

By one hair's-breadth of sickness, and you take

No step to show that you would have prevented it,

And every soul in Florence, from the beggar Up to the princely sacredness now coming, Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall follow you,

Plucking your shuddering skirts; women forego,

For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak
 Words at you, as you pass: old friends not know you;
 Enemies meet you, friend-like; and when, for shame,
 You shut yourselves in-doors, and take to your bed,
 And die of this world by day, and the next by night,
 The nurse, that makes a penny of your pillow,
 And would desire you gone but your groans pay her,
 Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
 And count her wages!

The unhappy man had been pretty plainly told of something like this before by Riva and Colonna. True that Agolanti is throughout represented very sensitive to public opinion; and an appeal might have been earnestly and judiciously made to such disposition, not perhaps without avail, in behalf of his victim. But so far from enlisting this worthless but not weak ally, by a bribe, on the side of pity, Antonio turns it against the sufferer. His threats of exposure are so cutting and contumelious, that no man of woman born could feel them whistling about his ears without flinging them off in defiance; and Agolanti was just the man, and Antonio must have known it, to take shelter from the images of shame conjured up to appal him, in a more devilish determination of the will to adhere to his cruelty, with him at once an inveterate habit and a hungry passion.

Enter Servants in disorder.

First Serv. My lady, sir.

Ago. What of her!

Serv. Sir, she is dead.

Ago. Thou say'st what cannot be. A hundred times

I've seen her worse than she is now.

Rond. Oh horror!

To hear such words, knowing the end!—

Oh dreadful!

But is it true, good fellow? Thou art a man, And hast moist eyes. Say that they served thee dimly.

Serv. Hark, sir.

[*The passing bell is heard. They all take off their caps except AGOLANTI.*]

Rond. She's gone; and I am alone. Earth's blank—

Misery certain. The cause, alas! the cause!

[*Passionately to AGOLANTI.*]

Uncover thee, irreverent infamy!

Ago. (uncovering.) Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly

A mute-struck sorrow.

Rond. O God! to hear him talk!

To hear him talk and know that he has slain her!

Bear witness you—you of his household—you

That knew him best, and what a poison he was—

He has slain her. What you all fear'd would be, has come,

And the mild thread that held her heart is broken.

Ago. (going off with the Servants.)

Pietro, I say, and Giotto! away! away!

[*Exit with Servants.*]

Rond. Ay, ay; to justice with him!

Whither with me? [*Exeunt opposite.*]

This is all excellent. Agolanti and Antonio receive the sudden blow, each according to his own nature. Neither of them is overwhelmed; for the one, in his selfishness, has no deep feeling, and the other had familiarized his heart with fears of Ginevra's death. Grief and anger are not incompatible—bear witness Hamlet and Laertes throttling one another in Ophelia's grave. So Antonio rages against Agolanti, even while his heart must be ready to die within him at Ginevra's death—and hateful to his eyes is the living body of him who made her a corpse. Therefore it was natural that he should look with loathing and abhorrence on the head of the murderer, not uncovered at the sound of *that* passing bell. The wretch had pretended to be pious—had assumed the show of religion of which he could have had no sense; and, while formal in the worship of God, had been efficient in the murder of his fairest creature. "Irreverent infamy!" was therefore, from Antonio's wounded spirit at such a sight, a holy outcry, and he was justified in praying, even to the saints, that it might wring from the hard heart of the hypocrite a few black drops of blood.

So is Agolanti's deprecation characteristic of the man. Doubtless he was conscience-stricken at his servant's words; but his soul was incapable of a sacred anguish, and he was mute not for her sake but his own. Had it been otherwise, he who had all his life observed the ceremonial of the Church, had infallibly uncovered his head at the passing bell. Love and religion, when both sincere, obey

the same impulse; and reverencing, instinctively and habitually, the same holy usages, by them such omission is as impossible as violation, and equally would be felt as sacrilege.

The First Scene of the Fourth Act is very beautiful; and, till it is broken in upon by the bewilderment of appearances betokening life-in-death, full of a sad repose. Diana's description of Ginevra laid out for the bier you have read; and there is something at once characteristic and touching in what she and Olympia say to one another of the divine power of music, while hearkening to the *Miserere* Hymn of the choristers. 'Twas to have been a joyous week—with maskers, and serenades, and tournament; and Ginevra, had Agolanti allowed, was to have surveyed the spectacle from windows now blind!

"Farewell, sweet soul! death and thy patient life

Have so well match'd, I scarce could think thee alter'd."

Fiordilisa had noted appearances all night about the lips, and feared that her lady might be but in a trance; and Giulio, under direction of Da Riva, visits the vault, but no Ginevra is there. She has indeed arisen from the dead, and is wandering all alone by herself in her grave-clothes, through the midnight, along the silent and the noisy streets.

SCENE III.

A Room in AGOLANTI'S House in Florence. AGOLANTI discovered looking out of an open window, and then quitting it. Sound of lutes in the distance.

Ago. That sound of homeward lutes which I arose

Out of my restless bed, to feel companion'd with

For some few passing moments, was the last To-night in Florence. Not a footstep more Touches the sleeping streets; that now seem witch'd

With the same fears that walk around me still,

Ready to greet me with unbearable eyes.

All air seems whispering of me; and things visible

Take meaning in their shapes, not safe to know.

Oh, that a masculine and religious soul Should be thus feeble! And why? what should I fear?

My name has worship still; and still will have it,

If honourable wealth and sacred friends Can shield it from mad envy; and if I err'd Sometimes as husband, she I loved err'd more,

With spirit so swelling as outstrain'd her life.

Oh, every man's infirmities, more or less, Mix with his love; and they who in excess Feel not all passions, felt not love like mine, Nor knew what worlds, when my despair seem'd angriest,

I could have given for one, for but one look Of sure and heartfelt pity in her eyes.

But she is gone; and for what'er I did Not well, I have humbled me to the God of power;

And given the shrine, near which her dust is laid,

New glorious beams of paintings and of gold, Doubling its heaven to the white angelical tapers;

For which, they say, the sovereign Holiness Himself will thank me. And yet,—thus, even thus,

I feel,—a shudderer at the very silence, Which seems preparing me some angriness. I'll close the window; and rouse Ippolito To read to me in some religious book.

[Going towards the window, he stops and listens.]

What was it? a step? a voice?

Gin. *(is heard outside)* Agolanti!

Francesco Agolanti! husband!

Ago. *(crossing himself and moving towards the window)* It draws me, In horror, to look on it.—Oh God! I see it!

There is—something there—standing in the moonlight.

Gin. Come forth, and help me in—Oh help me in!

Ago. It speaks! *(very loudly.)* I cannot bear the dreadfulness!

The horror's in my throat, my hair, my brain!

Detestable thing! witch! mockery of the bless'd!

Hide thee! Be nothing! Come heaven and earth betwixt us!

[He closes the shutters in a frenzy, and then rushes apart.]

Oh God! a little life;—a little reason;— Till I reach the arms of the living.—Ippolito!

Tonio! Giuseppe! Lights! Wake Father Angelo! *[He staggers out.]*

SCENE IV.

A retired corner in Florence, in front of RONDINELLI'S House, with Garden-wall and Trees. RONDINELLI out of doors, musing.

Rond. A gentle night, clothed with the moon and silence.—

Blessed be God, who lets us see the stars;

Who puts no black and sightless gulf between

Those golden gazers out of immensity,
And mortal eyes, yearning with hope and love !—

She's now a blessed spirit beyond those lights,

With happy eternal cheek. And yet, methinks,

Serious as well as sweet is bliss in heaven,
And permits pity for those that are left mourning.

Gentle is greatest and habitual nature !

Gentle the starry space ! gentle the air !

Gentle the softly ever-moving trees !

Gentle time past and future ! both asleep,
While the quick present is loud by daylight only.

And gently I come to nature, to be worthy
Of comfort and of her, and mix myself
With the everlasting mildness in which she lives.—

Sweetest and best ! my couch a widower seems,

Although it knew thee not ; and I came forth
To join thee as I could ; for thou and I

Are thus unhoused alike, and in no home.

The wide earth holds us both.

[GINEVRA enters, and halts apart,
looking at him.

Gin. Antonio !

Rond. Oh, earth and heaven ! What art thou ?

Gin. Fear not to look on me, Antonio !

I am Ginevra—buried, but not dead,
And have got forth and none will let me in.

Even my mother is frighten'd at my voice,
And I have wander'd to thy gentle doors.

Have pity on me, good Antonio,
And take me from the dreadful streets at night.

Rond. Oh, Heaven ! Oh all things terrible and beautiful !

Art thou not angel, showing me some dread sight

Of trial and reproof ? Or art thou indeed
Still living, and may that hand be touch'd with mine ?

[She has held out her hand to him.

Gin. Clasp it, and help me towards thy door ; for wonder,

And fear, and that long deadly swoon, have made

Me too a terror to myself, and scarcely
I know how I stand thus.

Rond. (moving slowly, but eagerly,
and breathless towards her.) Infold us, air !

Infold us, night and time, if it be vision !
If not—if not—

[He touches her hand, and clasps her to his heart.

It is Ginevra's self,

And in Antonio's arms !—She faints ! Oh, sweetest !

Oh cheek, whose tears have been with mine
—She'll die !—

She'll die, and I shall have kill'd her !

Gin. (sliding down on her knees.)

Strength has risen o'er me from the depths of weakness.

Oh, Signor Rondinelli ! Oh, good Antonio,
Be all I think thee, and think not ill of me ;
Nor let me pass thy threshold, having a fear
Of the world's speech, to stain a spotless misery.

Rond. Oh rise ; and when I think
that thou canst stand

Unhelp'd of these most glad but reverent arms,

Aloof will I wait from thee, as far apart

As now I closely grasp'd thee. I was mad,
And am, with joy, to find thee alive, and near me ;

But, oh, blest creature ! Oh, lady ! Antonio's angel !

Say but the word—do—and I love thee so,
That after thou hast tasted food and wine,
Myself will bear thee to thy house, thy husband,

Laying a heav'n on his repentant heart.

Gin. Never. The grave itself has been between us ;

The hand of Heaven has parted us, acknowledged

By his own driving me from his shrieking doors :

And none but thy door, and a convent's now,

To which thy honourable haste will guide me,

Shall open to me in this world again.

Shelter me till the morn. Thou hast a mother ?

Rond. Blessed be Heav'n, I have ;—a right good mother—

Gentle, and strong, and pious. She will be yours,

So long as our poor walls boast of inclosing you,

And instantly. You scarcely shall have set
Your foot in the house, but with religious joy

She will arise, and take you to her bed,

And make a child of you, lady, till you sleep.

Gin. Blessed be Heav'n indeed. I can walk strangely.

[Exeunt.

It is not to point out the many exquisite beauties in these scenes—for that, surely, would be needless with such readers as ours—that we desire here to say a few words ; but merely to satisfy our own feelings of gratitude to the poet. The soliloquies of Agolanti and Antonio are, respectively, true to nature, and most characteristic of the men. False and how low the sentiment in the one—as the

som not altogether heartless, but as bad, or worse, intensely selfish, from which they come not of themselves in a flow of sorrow, cast up from the troubled depths—but all is shallow and superficial; and we “pity neither him nor his grief.” In the other, we hear a wounded spirit holding communion with nature, and momentarily partaking of her peace—momentarily, and no more—for the hours of his anguish will, we feel, never make up to him another year.

“Thou and I

Are thus unhoused alike, and in no home.
The wide earth holds us both.”

Dismal bewilderment of the widowed soul in the disappearance called death!

Then the behaviour of the men in the sudden presence of the apparition! Little or no love for her had there ever been in Agolanti's heart; for if there had, it would have mingled with his fear, and there would have been no *horror* of such voice calling on him in such words—

“Francesco Agolanti! husband!”

After the first affright—he would have known in his heart that *her* ghost—if ghost it were—“that something there, standing in the moonlight”—came not to harm—not even to upbraid—but to forgive and to bless. He could never have known what pity was, who recognised not the prayer of one yet mortal—

“Come forth, and help me in—Oh, help me in!”

Wicked even in his remorse for wickedness, he has no faith in Ginevra's voice.

“Detestable thing! witch! mockery of the bless'd!”

And materialist as he is, though he knows it not, he believes that he can, by bolts and bars between it and his soul, shut out an immortal spirit.

“Love casteth out fear;” and so it was with Antonio. He had been meditating on the mystery of death—and had his own vision of Ginevra, disembodied, but yet visible; and he hears her voice syllable his name as it used once to do on earth—when they were happy long ago. Whatever it is, it is something blessed—something sent from heaven. Too beautiful to be any other being but Ginevra—her mortal or her immortal self!

And to whose door first went Ginevra on her leaving the vault? She says to Antonio—

“Even my mother is frighten'd at my voice,

And I have wander'd to thy gentle doors.”

No mention of her husband. It is not till Antonio says to her—

“Myself will bear thee to thy house, thy husband,

Laying a heaven on his repentant heart;”

that she tells he had driven her from his “shrieking doors.” But she sought not refuge with Antonio's mother, till her own had been frightened at her voice—and as “none would let her in,” she came last of all to her lover's house. That is purest nature.

Ginevra exercises the most difficult, the most comprehensive, and the most efficacious of all the virtues—patience; which, for ever inwardly blessing the heart wherein it broods, for ever keeps effusing outwardly a celestial calm, of which at times troubled natures are made to partake whether they will or no, while the war of passion is subdued into noiseless peace. Did we say for ever? Nay, there is no perfection beneath sun, moon, and stars, nor yet among them; and even Ginevra's sweet, sad, submissive, and resigned self—a Christian lady indeed—an Italian Roman Catholic Christian lady—hath not perfect patience; and even in her blood, the same being purely human, we have seen—nor therefore loved her the less, but the more—that *temper* could quicken the pulse, till her pale face for a moment flushed—half-anger, half-shame, yet not even for that moment without the look of sorrow—and then fixed again into its colourless beauty, betokening, though none are to be seen there now, that few so young had shed such multitudes of unpitied tears.

The law of divorce is different in different countries; but for eighteen hundred and forty years marriage has been a holy thing in Christendom, and those whom God hath put together let no power on earth put asunder—save under sanction of conscience, the controller and the legislator whom all the peoples of the earth must obey—in order that they may not perish but have everlasting life. The grave, where husband and wife who lived in love come to lie at last,

is their marriage-bed, and its curtains will be drawn to let in the day. Their death divorces not—though for a little while there is a survivor among these our shades, waiting for the reuniting night. Burial without death, relieved not this Ginevra from bonds her husband had unhallowed; she brought them back with her from the vault—the wife walked in her grave-clothes to her husband's house, beseeching to be let in; and had not the fear that is in wickedness then dimmed Agolanti's eyes, he had seen it was a spirit yet in the flesh; and had he taken her to his bed, that bed might never again have been so unhappy—it might have been peaceful—in an awful gratitude, even blest. “Begone, thou horrid mockery!”—and Ginevra was his wife no more.

At the opening of Act Fifth, Ginevra has been five days in the care of Antonio's mother.

Rond. Five blessed days, and not a soul but we

Knows what this house in its rich bosom holds.

The man whom dear Diana bribed to secrecy For our sakes, is now secret for his own; And here, our guest is taken for a kinswomman,

Fled from a wealthy but a hated suitor, Out of no hatred, haply, to myself; For which, as well as for her own sweet sake,

The servants love her, and will keep her close.

She holds my mother's hand, and loves her eyes;—

And yester evening she twice spake my name,

Meaning another's. Hence am I most proud,

Hence potent; hence, such bliss it is to love

With smallest thought of being loved again, That, though I know not how this heav'n on earth

Can change to one still heavenlier, nor less holy,

I am caught up, like saints in ecstasies, Above the ground;—tread air;—see not the streets

Through which I pass, for swiftness of delight,

And hugging to my secret heart one bosom. I live, as though the earth held but two faces,

And mine perpetually look'd on hers.

Agolanti has discovered her retreat, and comes to claim his wife. She is *his*, and he will have her; but will

she go with him after what she said to Antonio?

“Never. The grave itself has been between us.”

Then ensues an interview in Antonio's house, between him and Agolanti; and of the husband it cannot be said that

“Consideration like an angel came, And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;”

for he is, without change of an atom, the old man. Remorse he must have felt, but he was incapable of penitence. He is as much the prey as ever of all manner of mean suspicions, nor does a single syllable of tenderness for Ginevra escape his lips. He had adorned, indeed, the shrine “with glorious beams of painting and of gold;” but no gratitude is in his heart now to the God of mercy and of judgment. He is not ashamed to declare, that he believes Antonio has dishonoured his wife, even in her grave-clothes!

Rond. 'Tis false.—Be calm. Let both be calm, nor startle

Feminine ears with words. Wait in this room,

Here, on the left, awhile; I'll bring herself

To look upon thy speech, if so it please her;

If not, my mother, sir,—you have heard of her,—

From whom, so help me God, I never yet Beheld her separate.

Agol. I demand—

Rond. This way.

[*Exeunt,*

Antonio goes to Ginevra and tells her that her husband is in the house.

* * * *

Ron. I said not *from* him. You are shaken Far more than you should be, being what you are;

And all hearts loving you.

Gin. Himself!

Ron. Himself.—

His haughty neck yet stooping with that night,

Which smote his hairs half grey.

(*She weeps.*)

Gin. (*aside.*) Alas!—Yet more

Alas, that I should say it.—Not loud then? Not angry?

Ron. Only with your vows of refuge, And those that stand betwixt his will and power;

Else humble; nay, in tears, and seeking pardon,

(*Aside.*) She's wrung to the core!—With grief is't? and what grief?

Oh, now, all riddles of the heart of love,
When 'twould at once be generous, yet most mean;

All truth, yet craft; a sacrifice, yet none;
Risk all in foppery of supposed desert,
And then be ready in anguish to cry out
At being believed, and thought the love it is,
Martyr beyond all fires, renouncing heaven
By very reason that none can so have earn'd it;—

Oh, if she pities him, and relents, and goes
Back to that house, let her yet weep for me!

Gin. When I said "Never" to that word "return,"

He had not suffer'd thus; had not shown sorrow;

Was not bow'd down with a grey penitence.
Sir—I would say, kind host—most kind of men—

My friend and my preserver—

Ron. Say no more,
So you think well of me.

Gin. I could say on,
And twenty times as much, so you would think it

Best some day hence. Speak not.

Ron. Yes, honour bids me;
Honour, above all doubts, even of poor self,
Whether to gain or lose;—bids me say bravely,

Be wise, while generous—Guard the best one's peace,

Whoe'er that is;—*her* peace—the rights of goodness

And vindication of the o'er-seeing heavens,
High above all wrong hearts,—his,—or mine own.

Gin. Although you call me "best," who am not so,

I'll write that last and noblest admonition
Within the strongest memory of my soul,
For all our sakes. The way to him.

Ron. One word.
My mother—she—will see you again sometimes

In your lot's bettering from its former state,
As surely it must, your friends now knowing all—

He sad for all.

Gin. It is a help I look for.

Ron. Her son—forgive him that at this last moment

He makes this first and only mention of him,

Since you vouchsafed to rest your troubles with us,—

His first—his last;—may he too, as a friend,

Hope—that a thought of him—a passing memory—

Will sometimes mix with hers?

Gin. To think of her

Will be to think of both.

Ron. Oh, gentlest creature,

If what I am about to say to thee
Offend thee in the least, count it such madness

As innocence may pity; and show no sign
Of thy displeasure. Be but mute; and sorrow

With as mute thanks shall resume common words.

But if, in thy late knowledge of Antonio,
Thou hast seen nought, that, under happier omens

And with all righteous sanction, might have hinder'd thee

From piecing out his nature's imperfections
With thy sweet thoughts and hourly confidence,

Reach him, oh reach, but for one blissful moment,

And to make patience beautiful for ever,
Thy most true woman's hand.

[*She turns aside, and holds out to him her hand.*

My heart would drink it.

[*He strains it with both hands against his bosom.*

Do thy worst, memory, now.—We have known each other

For twenty years in this. Your tears embolden you

Even to look at me through their glittering veil,

And set me some sweet miserable task:—

I understand; yes, we'll go quietly,
And you will let me keep this hand to the door?

We will walk thus. This little walk contains

A life!—Might you say one word to me at parting?

Gin. Antonio!—may your noble heart be happy.

[*She clasps her hands, and speaks with constant vehemence, looking towards the audience.*

Alas! alas! Why was that one word utter'd
To bear down the last patience of my soul,
And make me cry aloud to Heaven and misery?

I am most miserable. I am a creature
That now for fifteen years, from childhood upwards,

Till this hard moment, when the heavens forbid it,

Have known not what it was to shed a tear,
Which others met with theirs. Therefore mine eyes

Did learn to hush themselves, and young, grow dry.

For my poor father knew not how I loved him,

Nor mother neither; and my severe husband

Demanded love, not knowing lovingness.
 And now I cry out wishing to be right,
 And being wrong ; and by the side of me
 Weeps the best heart, which ought not so to
 weep,
 And duty's self seems to turn round upon
 me,
 And mock me ; by whose law nevertheless
 Do I abide, and will I ; so pray Heaven
 To keep me in my wits, and teach me better.
 Turn me aside, sweet saints, and let me go.

[While RONDINELLI, who has fallen
 on his knee, is stretching his
 hands towards her, the voices of
 AGOLANTI, COLONNA, and DA
 RIVA, are heard in violent quar-
 rel.

Gin. His voice ! In anger too ? Did you
 not say

That he was calm ? Heart-stricken ?

Ron. He seem'd so.

Gin. Perhaps is so, and they mistake his
 sorrow.

There's mercy in it : for when danger
 comes,

Duty cries loudest. Ay, and here's the
 friend

Will not forsake me still, but bear me on,
 Right where the trumpet of the angel calls.

[He speeds her out.

That scene is above our praise.
 What law, human or divine, forbids
 that the innocent—the religious—the
 resigned—and the unhappy—should,
 before parting for ever in this world, be
 assured from each other's lips—which
 yet meet not even for a moment—that
 since on earth love may not unite their
 lives, they hope to recognise one an-
 other in heaven ?

SCENE THE LAST.

Another Room in RONDINELLI'S
 House. AGOLANTI and COLONNA,
 in loud dispute, with their swords
 drawn, DA RIVA interposing.

Agol. I say—

Col. What say you then ?

Da Riva. Well, let him speak.

Agol. I say, that nothing upon earth, no
 insolence—

Col. House-coward !

Da Riva. Hush !

Agol. Nor prudent friend—

Col. Still, coward !

Agol. Nor talk of law, nor threats of
 church itself,

Shall move my foot one jot from where I
 stand,

Till she whom law, church, heaven and
 earth join'd to me,

Shall join me again, and quit this infamous
 house.

Da Riva. To be twice slain in thine ?

Col. And twice thrust forth,
 If she return to fright thee ?

Agol. I've seen the page here :
 Seen you ; guess at your women ; and shall
 know

What hideous trap has steep'd her soul in
 blushes,

If she come not.

Col. (going to draw his sword.) Blush
 in thy grave to say so.

Enter RONDINELLI with GINEVRA, follow-
 ed by his Mother, OLYMPIA, DIANA,
 GIULIO, FIORDILISA, and Servants.

Ron. Forbear ! an angel comes. Take
 her, and pray

Just Heaven to make her happy as thyself.

Col. Antonio, thou art damn'd to think
 it. See—

Da Riva. He shrinks from her again in
 very fear,

Which in his rage of vanity he'll avenge.

Agol. I hear not what they say, my poor
 Ginevra,

Thinking of thee alone.—Come, bear thee
 up,

And brave'y,—as thou dost. We'll leave
 this place—

This way—So—so—

Da Riva. Antonio, will you let him ?
 Think of herself.—'Tis none of yours this
 business,

But the whole earth's.

Ron. She will not have me stay him—
 I dare not—My own house too—See, she
 goes with him.

Da Riva. Call in the neighbours—

Col. Do, there's a right soul—
 Tell all.

Agol. She's with me still ! She's mine !
 Who stays us !

Olym. and Diana. Ginevra ! sweetest
 friend !

Agol. Who triumphs now ? Who laughs ?
 Who mocks at pandars ?

Cowards, and shameless women !

Gin. (bursting away from him.) Loose
 me, and hearken !

Madness will crush my senses in, or speak :—
 The fire of the heavenward sense of my
 wrongs crowns me ;

The voice of the patience of a life cries out
 of me ;

Every thing warns me. I will not return.
 I claim the judgment of most holy church.

I'll not go back to that unsacred house,
 Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish
 discord,

Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught.
 I came to meet with pity, and find shame ;
 Tears, and find triumph ; peace, and a loud
 sword.

The convent walls—Bear me to those—in
 secret,

If it may be ; if not, as loudly as strife,—

Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets ;

And there, as close as bonded hands may cling,

I'll hide, and pray for ever, to my grave.—
Come you, and you, and you, and help me walk.

Ago. Let her not stir. Nor dare to stir one soul,

Lest in the madness of my wrongs I smite ye.

Gin. (to AGOLANTI.) Look at me and remember. Think how oft

I've seen as sharp a point turn'd on thyself
To fright me; how, upon a weaker breast;
And what a world of shames unmasculine
These woman's cheeks would have to burn in telling.—

The white wrath festers in his face, and then

He's devilish.

Ron. Will you let her fall? She swoons.

[*He catches her in his arms.*]

Ago. (turning to kill him.) Where'er she goes, she shall not go there.

Col. (intercepting him with his own sword.) Dastard! Strike at a man so pinion'd?

Ago. Die then for him! (*Strikes at COLONNA,*)

Diana and Olym. Help! Help!

[*The doors fly open, enter GIULIO followed by Officer and Guard.*]

Gin. 'Tis here! Part them for mercy's sake.

Col. Die thou! (*He pierces him.*)

Da Riva. He's slain! What hast thou done?

Col. The deed

Of his own will. One must have perish'd, sir, (to Officer;)

One, my dear friend, (to DA RIVA.) Which was the corse to be?

Da Riva (looking at it.) There's not a heart here but will say, 'Twas he.

[*Curtain falls.*]

And are we satisfied with the catastrophe? Yes. Agolanti, it is manifest, would have murdered her over again in a few months. There was madness in the family—we happen to know there was—though Mr Hunt does not seem to have heard it during his stay in Florence. The greater glory to his genius for letting many an outbreak of the old hereditary taint appear in conduct attributed by him to mere perversity—but mad he was, and had he not been tickled in the midriff by Colonna, he would have ended his days in a lunatic asylum; and, in that case, Ginevra must have gone into a convent, and Antonio to the wars.

If ever woman deserved to be happy as a wife, Ginevra did; and all Italy could not have furnished a better husband than her own Antonio. And happy they were—for a few years—expiring not on the same day, but in the same week,—Antonio being of a shortlived race, and Ginevra, no wonder, having been all along in a rather delicate state of health, till one night, as her dying husband looked on her face by the moonlight, he found she was lying without breath in his bosom.

THE NAMELESS MAN.

In the little village of —, on the coast, there is an inn, the comforts of which can only be appreciated by those who have chanced to locate themselves there; but, lest it should be suspected that the writer of this sketch is only the landlord in disguise, wielding his grey goosequill to puff his man-and-horse convenience into notice, I shall not particularize further, and consequently avoid any protracted descriptions of its excellencies. I was in the habit of resorting thither of an evening, during a temporary sojourn in the village a few summers since, to smoke my cigar, enjoy the genuine decoction of malt and hops served out by the proprietor, and mingle in the general conversation of the parlour. I thus became acquainted with the following curious particulars:—One day a person of gentlemanly exterior entered the house, covered with dust, and apparently fatigued by a long pedestrian journey. His dress, a suit of elegant and fashionable make, consisted of a coat with gilt buttons, which the residuum of the road scarcely allowed to be distinguished as a blue one, black trousers, and white marcella waistcoat, in the same condition, as were also his shirt and cravat. He carried over his shoulder a small travelling-bag, which he tossed carelessly, as he entered, upon one of the parlour seats. His age might have been between thirty and forty; but some furrows, which care appeared to have wrought on his countenance, made this rather a matter of doubt. He ordered refreshments; and, having satisfied his inward man, he desired to be shown to a private room, in order to the refreshing of his outward one. All this took place without any thing extraordinary having occurred. He shortly after began to make some observations to the waiter concerning the beauty of the prospect from the room in which they were; and ultimately requested to be informed as to the charges for board and lodging, adding he might stay some days, perhaps some weeks. All his remarks were made in tones and manner of kindly, though not undignified condescension, with which the waiter was so enchanted that he flew, with more than

extraordinary speed, to execute the stranger's behests. The landlord and his lady, no less delighted with their man's account, were equally in haste to satisfy the stranger's gratifying curiosity. As the latter was retiring with his answer, the landlady ejaculated with a thankful voice, "Enquire the gentleman's name, Ben." Meanwhile the new comer had stationed himself at the window; and, with his eyes fixed upon the waste of waters, on which here and there a vessel was to be seen careering on its course, as if rejoicing in the peaceful zephyrs which were urging it onwards, he was absorbed in meditation, which at first prevented his noticing the return of the attendant, till the reiterated sound of the expressive monosyllables,— "There, sir, if you please," accompanied by the bill of charges, roused him from his reverie. He received it in his hitherto courteous manner, glanced his eye over it, and saying, "Very well, I agree to them," he motioned Ben to leave the room. Ben, however, true to his vocation, tarried while he begged to know the gentleman's name. To his amazement, the stranger's countenance instantly lour-ed, and his astonished ears were greeted with a sharp and surly exclamation of—"What the devil do you want with my name? Begone!" Ben would have explained; but perceiving something of an ill-boding cast in the expression of the stranger's looks, he hastily retreated, in the first place, to inform his master and mistress of the issue of his errand, and then to confer with his friends, ostler and boots, upon the phenomenon. Boniface received the tale with some degree of wonder and incredulity, as some tradesman-like conjectures entered his brains: he, moreover, suspected that his man, by some ill behaviour, had affronted the gentleman; perhaps all was not as it should be. Strengthened in his considerations by his spouse, he determined to investigate the matter himself; and for that purpose ascended to the room, where the gentleman was found sitting at a table with a number of papers before him, and apparently engrossed in deep reflection. At the

landlord's approach he raised his head, and gently bowed without rising. The latter made an humble obeisance—hoped he was served to his satisfaction; that he was refreshed after his fatigues—dusty roads—warm weather—a little rain acceptable—with other remarks of the same kind, which all acquainted with inns will readily conceive. To all of them Mr B. (the landlord) obtained such polite replies, that he internally threatened vengeance against Ben for his supposed misconduct. Mrs B., whom a certain well-known feminine quality had impelled to ascend likewise, at this instant made her appearance, and was received as her husband had been.

"Your good lady, I suppose?—very comfortable, I dare say?"

These common topics having been run over, Mr B. found the time was come to ascertain if Ben's tale was correct, and cunningly prefaced the question by observing—"Your honour, this is about the post time—does your honour expect any letters, because Ben shall fetch them?"

"No!" was the only answer.

"Or if any parcels arrive, how shall I distinguish them?"

"None will arrive," said the unknown, manifesting symptoms of impatience.

Mr B., finding that his insinuations were useless, resolved with some hardihood, considering the risk, to plump upon the main point at once; so, assuming his most obsequious air, he asked, "And by what name shall I attend upon your honour?"

The same astounding exclamation struck his auricular nerves which had struck those of his servant before.

"What the devil do you want with my name?" bawled the stranger in an interrogative accent, starting at the same time from the chair—a motion which caused both Mr and Mrs B., almost without their own knowledge, to progress, crab-like, nearer to the door.

Perceiving, however, that the nameless one did not move from the table, the former returned to the charge, carefully observing that the stairs were within available distance. "Because, your honour, it is convenient for booking."

"I haven't got a name—I won't have a name!" interrupted the unknown, with increasing anger. "If it suited

my convenience, I would leave your house instantly—I haven't got a name!"

"Haven't got a name?" timidly responded Mr B.

"No!" said the other. "Have you got a name?—has your wife got a name?—has your man got a name?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr B., meekly.

"Then why a'n't you satisfied with your own names—what do you want with mine?"

This was decisive; the tone and manner in which these last words were uttered, showing that the stranger was impatient of further discourse. Mr B. and his wife therefore withdrew; both sympathetically and doggedly resolving that no credit ought to be given to a man who had no name. B. entered in his daybook the nameless man so much, and was making out the bill in all expedition, intending to dispatch Ben up stairs with it, and an intimation that no credit was given; when the bell sounded to a fresh parley. As Ben was not immediately at hand, having, as I have before said, skulked off to discuss and surmise upon the matter with his friends in the stable, Mr B. was obliged to re-ascend himself. The stranger, who was still standing, received him to his surprise with his first bland demeanour, and mildly observed, "I suppose, sir, you are fearful of my solvency—it is natural. There is payment for this day's board and lodging—give me a receipt—and see that you serve me well. Mind, I am giving you credit now;" and, as he spoke these words, he pulled out a seemingly well-filled purse from one pocket, a memorandum-book from a second, a portable inkhorn from a third, and presented to Mr B. the materials for furnishing him with the desired receipt. B. felt some strange misgivings; but a reflection, something like that of Vespasian upon a certain inodorous tax, crossing his mind, he thought he might as well have the money. This business settled, the stranger added, "Send in your bill every morning, and don't trouble me;" on which Mr B. returned to his wife to inform her of what had taken place, while Ben, who had resumed his duties at the bar, listened to the particulars, occasionally joining in the talk, and all agreeing that it was very odd.

At this period I was engaged in an easy tour, with a view to recruit my health, which had been impaired by my exertions in a cause conducted by a law firm in London, of which I had lately been admitted a partner; and the long vacation having commenced, I was not much restricted as to time. On my route, the agreeable situation of the village induced me to make a lengthened stay in it, and I had been there several weeks previous to the arrival of the nameless man. As intimacy is not difficult to form in a small place, where each one knows the other. I had become tolerably sociable with Mr B., who was a very reputable character in his way, and from him I obtained the account which I have already given: in what remains I am directly concerned myself.

From his manner of acting, it was evident that the stranger had not come on a kind of Dando speculation; and further consideration afforded me no ground for believing that he was a debtor avoiding his creditors, or a rogue endeavouring to evade the hand of justice; because the least experienced in villany must have been aware, that such remarkable conduct in regard to his name, would certainly attract notice, and consequently defeat any intentions of that kind. In short, I set him down as one of those eccentric beings who seem placed on earth to show what extraordinary turns the human mind can take, and who are perhaps not inaptly to be compared to those celestial orbs whose erratic movements almost defy calculation. I have a fancy for eccentrics, whom I have always found to be a harmless class enough; and as I flatter myself with the possession of a peculiar facility in forming an acquaintance with them, I determined to exert my efforts for this purpose on the present occasion.

The first night the stranger did not show himself, and I could devise no excuse for intruding on him. On the second evening, however, he entered the parlour, where I was sitting alone; and as it was the market-day at the town a few miles off, and we were thus not likely to be interrupted by a very full attendance, I set about prosecuting my object alone. On observing me he bowed, which civility being returned by me, he took a seat at the same table, and ordered cigars

and ale. A dull, unsteady eye was strongly symptomatic of a mind diseased; nevertheless I followed his example, and after a few common observations, we commenced a more general conversation. His remarks displayed the most refined taste and sensibility, as well as much varied knowledge, and clearly evinced that he had mingled in good society. I carefully refrained from any expression which might be construed into a curiosity to learn who or what he was, and therefore said nothing concerning my own pursuits, which might have appeared as an invitation to his confidence; for I have invariably found that the only mode of becoming the confidant of an eccentric is to humour his conceits. I thought I could perceive that he was pleased with my apparent uninquisitive temper, and augured favourably of the result, as by this time I had become really and sincerely desirous of rendering him any assistance in my power, and anxious to cultivate his friendship; for he seemed worthy of my exertions to attain it. An accident brought this about sooner than I had anticipated. The evening was far advanced before we thought of parting, and when we did, he gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and an invitation to dine with him next day.

The following morning, after breakfast, as I sat at my lodgings ruminating upon the strange fellowship into which we are occasionally thrown in our progress through life, I was informed that my companion of the preceding night had been taken into custody. Startled at the news, I hastened to Mr B. to ascertain what discoveries had caused the arrest; for I instantly concluded that there must have been serious reasons for such a proceeding. From Mr B. I learned that the constable of the village had that morning called at his house, and desired to see the man who would not give his name. Whereupon Ben was dispatched to intimate to the stranger that he was wanted below. He came down accordingly, in no very agreeable mood, muttering, as he descended, "Who the d—l can want me here?" This was soon learned by the constable demanding his name; a question to which the other answered hastily, "What's my name to you?"

"Very well—you won't give your name, won't you?" rejoined the man

in authority, drawing forth his staff of office; "You are my prisoner!"

"For what?" enquired the stranger.

"For suspicion," said the first.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the nameless one, in an impatient tone of ridicule; "Begone with you,"—and was turning away, when the constable, with all the dignity of a little mind, conscious of the possession of a portion of power, exclaimed, "I charge you all in the King's name to assist," and completed the capture by collar-ing the stranger, who, desisting from any further resistance, consented to be conducted to the nearest justice, the constable meanwhile making a pompous display of handcuffs, which, however, only provoked a smile. Having received this intelligence, I directed myself to the residence of the justice, a Mr W., a retired tradesman, whose capacity was but ill adapted for the station into which he had procured admission, under a system which prevails no longer, or at least not to the extent that it did. After a little dispute with some of the domestics, I was allowed to enter the room appropriated for examination, which the justice entered at another door simultaneously with myself. As I stood purposely at some distance behind the stranger, he did not observe me among the persons present. Mr W. having taken his seat at the head of the table, and demanded, with much pomposity, "Whom have we here, constable?" the cobbler (for a cobbler was this same constable) enumerated the causes which had led him to exercise the authority of one of the mighty little conservators of the King's peace. His statement was sufficiently verbose and tautological, accompanied at frequent intervals with a complacent chuckle of self-congratulation upon his activity and discernment in his jackstick capacity. His story, divested of the extraneous verbiage with which he garnished it, was simply this. While sitting in his work-bin that morning, busily employed in making overalls for the understandings, some of his gossips brought him full confirmation of an account, whereof "he had only by parcels heard" the day before, owing to his absence at the market-town, "that a person had taken up his residence at the sign of the Bear, with the significant remark that he might stop

a few days, perhaps a few weeks, but who refused to give any name;" he therefore sagaciously inferred, by combining the words in the one case with the want of them in the other, that the stranger was at all events a suspicious character, if not a dangerous one, and hence deemed it essential to his reputation to exert his prerogative, more particularly after he had been received in the doubtful manner which marked the nameless one's behaviour on the announcement that one "in authority under the King" desired to speak with him. He added, "Your worship can tell whether I've done my duty or not," by way of a suggestion to the utterance of his worship's praise for Master Sutor's diligence. Mr W., puffed up with the consequence of a man who was sensible that he had the power of officially bestowing or withholding praise, answered "assuredly,"—an ambiguous answer, which doubtless did not meet the cobbler's expectations; and then proceeded to interrogate the stranger, who had listened with the most exemplary patience, by requiring to know "What he had to say to the charge." "What charge?" asked the *maledictus*, quietly; a counter-question which appeared rather to nonplus his worship, for in fact no direct charge had yet been made. The man of the staff looked at the justice, and the justice looked at the man of the staff, both perceiving the difficulty, but neither seeing any way of overcoming it, until at length the former desired the latter to name his charge. The constable reiterated his statement, concluding this time, very logically, that no honest man would be ashamed of his name—*ergo*, the prisoner was a rogue—a mode of reasoning with which Mr W., to judge by his affirmative nods, was satisfied; and commencing anew his interrogations, he asked, "What are you, sir?" putting on one of his sternest looks, no doubt thinking to awe the stranger. The latter, however, nothing daunted, pulled up and buttoned his coat, with the air of one thoroughly resolved not to comply with any of these inquisitorial demands, and, as coolly as before replied, "A man, sir." "Come, none of your jeers—do you know where you are, sir?" said Mr W., warming into anger. The other, most disregardingly, only responded, "Where

I have no business to be." On which the justice, becoming still warmer, exclaimed in a loud voice, "You are an old hand — not your first examination, I'll be bound. How do you live, sirrah?" "Sometimes upon one thing, and sometimes another, sir!" said the stranger; and he even smiled, as the increasing wrath of the justice became more visible at these evasive answers. "Very well, sir, very well; you can't expect to be discharged till we know something about you: so, if you don't choose, why, I may as well commit you at once—(then, checking himself)—for further examination." This covert threat did not at all shake the stranger's imperturbability; he continued to say nothing but when spoken to, and then answered indirectly; till his worship excited the examined by demanding in an accent of fury, "What is your name, sirrah?" At which the stranger burst out as before with, "What the devil do you want with my name?" "Oh, oh!" exclaimed Mr W., exultingly, "you're swearing, are you?" and, as if rejoicing that he had found some means of venting his wrath with effect, he added, "I fine you five shillings," quite forgetting the futility of fining a person whom he had already condemned, in his own mind, as one deserving of much severer punishment. The stranger, meanwhile, appeared internally vexed at this slip of the tongue; and, relapsing into his former coolness, drew forth a purse well stocked with gold, and extracting a guinea therefrom, threw it carelessly on the table, declaring that he had no change, and should be much obliged if his worship would hand him sixteen shillings. This unconcern, together with the sight of the purse, at last began to suggest some doubts to Mr W., if his humming and hawing be any criterion, as to the exact propriety of pursuing the business any further. After a pause of perplexity, with the usual obstinate reluctance of ignorant minds to acknowledge themselves in error, he announced his intention of remanding the stranger till the London officers had been written to. At this point he was interrupted by the stranger's remarking, that as they did not seem disposed to give him his change, and as he was neither bound to pay a guinea, or to have silver at a mo-

ment's notice, he might as well re-pocket it; and, suiting the action to the word, he dropped the coin into the purse, which he forthwith consigned to its breeches receptacle. While the justice was regarding his demeanour with a look, of mingled doubt and vexation, uncertain how to frame his next remark preparatory, a fisherman, whom I immediately recognised as a person with whom I had had frequent conversations in my sea-coast rambles, was ushered into the room, loudly averring that he had something of confidence to communicate concerning the prisoner at the bar,—i. e. the bottom of his worship's table. Upon his information being desired by the worthy worship of the peace, the fisher, with the expanding consequence of one whom circumstances have raised from a long insignificance into a moment of notoriety, and as though, like Simon, he had become one "to catch men," deposed that the "*culprit*," the day before, had met him on the beach, and asked, in a very particular manner, what vessels passed that coast. On hearing this evidence, Mr W. gave several sagacious nods, the commencement of which resembled the movements of a Chinese image in a grocer's shop, while the conclusion was like the motion of a knocker when plied by the experienced hand of some fashionable Johnny; then folding his arms he flung himself back in his chair, as if thoroughly satisfied as to what course he ought to adopt with the puzzling nameless one. "So, sirrah, there is reason for suspicion. Very well, many a man has been tried and hanged by a false name: we shall see if there is no means to punish a rogue without one. Vessels, indeed! you must be content with a coach this time. Make out the mittimus," addressing himself to a linen-draper's man, who acted as clerk. At these words, the stranger, losing all his self-possession, passionately roared out, "For what?" in a voice of thunder, which sounded through the very walls. "For—for—for," said the other, trying to hammer out a reply,—“for suspicion."

"Of what?" cried the unknown again. This response seemed to astound and upset the man of the peace; till at last, recollecting himself, he observed— "Now I think of it, clerk, I'll commit

him at once for six weeks, as a vagrant and vagabond—we shall see then how things turn out in the mean time.”

“As a vagabond?” will you, said the stranger, with a glance of fire. And the *aliquis quorum* was about to re-criminate, when I, impelled by an uncontrollable burst of feeling, stepped forward, and desired to offer a few remarks. His worship, upon learning that they were to be in favour of the “culprit,” was at first indisposed to listen to me, and required a proper description of myself.

Fortunately, I had credentials about me sufficient to prove that I was, as I had represented myself, a London attorney—an announcement which caused a general silence while I addressed the bench—*alias*, the man in the elbow chair. I made a few observations upon the case, gently hinting that there was such a thing as an action for false imprisonment—that there was no law to punish a man merely for refusing to tell his name; and finally, suggested that the landlord of the Bear should be sent for. This being done, Mr B. stated, in answer to some questions from me, that, excepting the gentleman’s unaccountable antipathy to having a name, he had acted as much like a gentleman as any gentleman he had ever had in his house; and moreover, that he had been talking that very morning of staying at his inn for a month. I then examined the fisherman as to his having seen me before, and, upon his reply in the affirmative, I asked him if I had not put the very selfsame question to him in regard to what vessels sailed along the coast, and receiving his answer to the same effect, I begged to know if his worship thought he would be justified in committing me. In conclusion, I urged the necessity of the acceptance of bail, and tendering a fifty-pound note, offered to become a surety for the stranger’s re-appearance. All this time the stranger had been surveying me, as I thought, with some degree of dissatisfaction. Whether I succeeded in effecting a revolution in his worship’s sentiments I cannot tell—certain it is I did in his actions; but reluctant, seemingly, to lose his object, he observed—“He has been swearing, however.”

I proffered the fine, which was accepted; and the unknown was then discharged upon my security—some

words reaching my ears from the constable about reward, and from the fisherman about expenses.

On leaving the justice’s house, we walked some distance without interchanging a word; I, in the practice of my unobtrusive system, preserving a studied silence. Presently he thrust his arm within mine, and began to address me in the style of “Pierre to Jaffier.”

“’Twas not well done.—I would have seen,” said he, “that justice and his peace blockhead at the lowest regions of Tartarus, before I would have yielded a point to them. I am too indifferent to all that can happen; however, I ought not to be the less obliged to you for your kindness—a stranger as I am; for, after all, your interference has probably saved me from the unpleasant consequence of my obstinacy. I am not insensible to the delicacy of your behaviour last night; but remember, you are to dine with me to-day; you shall then judge whether or not I have cause to hate a name, as you have perceived I do.” Upon this we parted for a few hours, leaving me, as may be supposed, anxious to learn the reasons of his extraordinary aversion to a cognomen.

I will not trouble the reader with an uninteresting detail of the various conjectures which I formed in the interim; and I have the less authority for doing so, as none of them approached the truth. If any one who may peruse this account, entertain any doubts as to the correctness of this general assertion, I pray them to lay aside this paper for a few moments, and employ themselves in arranging their ideas in as many combinations as their patience will permit. From the failure of their own fancies they will the more readily believe that I did not hit the mark. Those who are disposed to take my own word, may proceed with me at once to the stranger’s relation.

I waited on the stranger, according to invitation, in the afternoon; and, as I am not writing professedly for cooks, it will be sufficient to say that the dinner was excellent and abundant, with no want of concomitants. That affair transacted, including a few incidental remarks, he bade me select my liquor and light my cigar, and on complying with his hospitable mandates,

he disposed himself to commence his narration, which he did, as near as I can recollect, in the following words—his tones, which were at first tremulous, becoming composed as he proceeded.

“When I left the metropolis, with the intention of abiding in a spot where in all likelihood I might be perfectly unknown, I certainly imagined that I should have escaped any further annoyance; but the ridiculous scene at the justice’s this morning makes me very dubious of success anywhere. The justice was nearer the truth, perhaps, than he himself suspected, when he said that it was not my first examination; but his deductions from that supposition were altogether wrong.

‘We do but row, we’re steer’d by fate,’

says Hudibras; and it does appear to me as if the steerage were completely taken out of my hands: one name was a plague to me, half-a-dozen others did me as much disservice, and the want of one is just as troublesome. But I must resolve this enigmatical talk. You must know, then, that I am the son of—I know not whom. I will credit my senses that I am of sober flesh and blood; but to whom I owe these said attributes of humanity I am in the most profound ignorance. The first time that I may be said to be cognisant of my existence, I was under the care of an aged and respectable couple, named Smith, in a little village in Bedfordshire, who appeared to have nothing to do but to attend to me. Then I addressed by the endearing appellation of father and mother; and had their respective paternity and maternity been actual, they could not have evinced more solicitude for my welfare. It was, therefore, with the deepest sorrow that I learned, in my tenth year, that I was to be translated to a school in Oxfordshire, conducted by a Mr E., a man of spotless integrity, as I have every reason to acknowledge. There appeared to be some necessity in the case; for the guardians of my early years were as grieved as myself at the moment of separation. Be that as it may, the separation took place, and I found myself in a situation to which the comparative solitude of my former one gave additional novelty. Here I was duly docketed and classed as Master Edward Smith, the first cog-

nomen by which I was distinguished, and here my cognominal troubles began. I was of a quiet and docile disposition, and had been always more partial to reading than to those trifling amusements, a fondness for which is the usual characteristic of children; and being now placed in a more extended field of study, I was not slow in availing myself of the advantages offered by it. My consequent attention and progress procured me the good-will of principal and assistants; but unfortunately, and as if to detract from my happiness, there were six or seven other Smiths in the school, which was pretty numerous, and several of these being Edwards, in spite of the utmost vigilance, it was not always possible to avoid a confounding of names, and with them the persons who bore them. Thus, for instance, at the end of one half-year, I was inexpressibly mortified to find a parcel of black marks set down to my account for absence from prayers, neglect in attendance on the matin bell, improper disposition of the chairs and baskets in the bedrooms, with a variety of other delinquencies, which those who have been schoolboys will readily remember; and I do believe the little wretches who rejoiced in the name of Smith, which to me was a cause of torment, often wilfully contrived to throw the blame upon me. The correct performance of my tasks, however, being repeated *propria personâ*, could never be disputed. With such vexations, sometimes trifling, sometimes serious, several years glided on, till at last that which I then considered the crowning one occurred. One summer’s afternoon, a number of the boys were allowed to go out by themselves, among whom my evil genius caused me to be included. As I have already hinted, my inclination not being adapted for the rough fun which boys generally seek on such occasions, I withdrew from the rest, and reclining *sub tegmine* of some tree or other, no matter which, in the neighbouring fields, I set myself to the quiet enjoyment of a volume of Hume and Smollett which I had borrowed from the principal’s library. The exploits of our Fifth Henry so attracted my attention, that I suffered the other boys to return some time before me. When I reached the house, the footman, with an ominous formality, desired me to

proceed immediately to the schoolroom, where the first thing that struck me was *all* the Smiths congregated together in front of the principal's desk, in which Mr. E. himself was enthroned, the four teachers flanking right and left. Having obeyed Mr E.'s command to take a station foremost among the said Smiths, he began to interrogate me in a most unwonted tone, as to where I had been and what I had been doing. Alarmed as I was at such a sudden display, I gathered up nerve enough to answer him. To the next question—"Was there any one to corroborate my story?"—I was obliged to answer in the negative, as indeed I had none except Hume and Smollett, and I need tell you they were not available witnesses. The other little vagabonds held together in a tale, till, though still ignorant of these, to me, awful proceedings, I wished myself at Agincourt before I had indulged in my solitary mood. It is not improbable that they were prompted to revenge upon my accustomed disdain of their petty amusements. After a few more queries, I ventured to propose one, with a view to ascertain what was the matter; but all the answer I received was, "I am sorry appearances are so much against you, and that you probably know more than you acknowledge." This I thought very hard from Mr E., who had always shown so much partiality to me; but I now see that he was a perfect school Brutus, who suffered no private feelings to interfere with his notions of justice. Mr E. then desired the footman to usher in Mrs Smith, (Smith again,) who made her appearance accordingly, in the shape of a decrepid old woman hobbling upon a stick; but her lameness and figure were misfortunes which I am not the one to ridicule, I will therefore only say that she was very unlike the Mrs Smith of my early years. From her story, repeated at the request of Mr E., I first learned what all the parade was about. It appeared that several of the boys having been amusing themselves with gunpowder and fireworks near this old woman's cottage, one of them maliciously threw a squib into a shed at a little distance, with design doubtless only to terrify two pigs and a donkey contained in it; the squib, however, communicating with some straw, not only frightened the animals, but was the cause of their

being burned, together with the shed. A lad, who came up at the time, heard the boy nearest the shed addressed by his companions as they took to flight by the, to me, unlucky name of Smith; and this, as none of them could be recognised, was the only clue she possessed to the perpetrator of the mischief, besides being previously aware that the gang belonged to Mr E.'s school. The sight of the tears coursing each other over her aged cheeks as she detailed her losses, and the expected consequences touching my heart, rather generously constituted, made me put my hand in my pocket, always well supplied by my savings, and offer the amount to her. I glanced at Mr E., and thought I saw a smile of approbation beaming upon his features; but a whisper from a new writing-master, who had been a lawyer's clerk, gathered them up again into formidable and revengeful wrinkles, while he forbade the application of the money to the intended purpose. He then sermonized a little on the heinousness of falsehood, and required the solemn denials of the Smiths, which I gave with at least as much truth as any of them. Mr E., thus unable to discover the real actor of the deed, exhibited some of the signs of the *irritable genus*; and reasoning in this manner, that, as the Smiths of that afternoon's party could and would not make any discovery, they were all *participes criminis*, he announced his intention on the morrow, if the actual delinquent was not forthcoming, to subject *all* the Smiths of that set to a severe flogging, and to appropriate their pocket-money to a joint purse to repair the old woman's damage. With this warning we were dispatched to our beds. My growing detestation of the name of Smith was now at its full height, and I internally vowed, on the first opportunity, to put myself *hors-du-catalogue* of Smith. I found that a common name was a common pest; but I had yet to learn that a name might place a person in a yet more awkward predicament. In the bedroom, some of my school-fellows (uncursed, lucky mortal, with the name of Smith) informed me that my prolonged absence had principally fixed suspicion on me, as it was generally attributed to fear. The next morning, the required discovery hav-

ing remained unaffected, the threatened flagellation took place, and my back was punished for nothing that I could comprehend, but because I bore the thrice-devoted name of Smith! —the pocket allowances being put under stoppages to repay Mr E. the money immediately advanced to rebuild the shed, and purchase a fresh donkey and pigs. I have perhaps dwelt too long upon this story; but I really could not abstract it, warmed as I am by the recollection of my unmerited sufferings, and the remembrance of subsequent occurrences. Some two or three years after, however, I had the consolation of being acquitted of any share in the mischief, by the confession of the true delinquent after leaving the school.

“As I was so long a sojourner at — House, you may suppose I saw many bid farewell to the mansion, and many new-comers in their place. I did so; but, as I am a living man, I do not believe that the Smiths ever diminished in number. However, though I continued every now and then to experience some annoyance from that little detestable five-lettered monosyllable, none of them came up to the *striking* one of the donkey and pigs, which perhaps you as heartily execrate as I did at the time.” At this intimation of a dread on his part that he was *envenoming* me, I assured him that I was highly interested in his relation. Apparently satisfied with these assurances, he emptied his glass, replenished it, and pursued the thread of his discourse. “I was now about eighteen, when Mr E. one day called me in to his private study, and informed me that he had just received the news of the death of my supposed parents within a few hours of each other. I had visited them constantly during the holidays, and on my last visit perceived no signs of decay. I had often pleased myself with the idea of residing with them and cheering their old age, and this first disappointment shocked me extremely. ‘They were a worthy pair,’ continued Mr E., observing my agitation, ‘and I regret their loss,

not only on their own account but on yours. Why I was selected to conduct your education I do not know; but when I received you from them, they gave me to understand that they were not at liberty to divulge any particulars concerning you till your present year; the funds assigned for your maintenance were transferred to me at the time of your removal here, but their sudden decease leaves us both in the dark as to your real parentage. The principal is still in my hands, and according to their directions is to continue with me till your majority; nor do I think you will find it the worse for my management. It is now time that you should mingle in general society, that you may wear off your school rust, and be qualified for the respectable rank it will be in your power to maintain. Though you must submit to remain with me for three years longer, I am not afraid of trusting you meanwhile.’ I wept abundantly during this kind address, afflicted as I was, too, with the thoughts of my early protectors. I learned from him that I should have, chiefly from arrears of interest, and a judicious outlay of capital, an income of several hundreds a-year with which to enter the world. I was accordingly withdrawn from scholastic matters, a separate room was fitted up for me, and the servants ordered to wait on me as on himself. Pursuant to his plan, he introduced me to various parties, and at intervals I visited London; but wherever I went the execrable name of Smith met me, often as thickly packed as cages in a bird-fancier’s. I could almost have imagined at that period that the surnames of Adam and Eve were Smith,* and that the largest portion of the earth’s inhabitants were *Smithed*, particularly after reading in a newspaper that a Scotchman had been discovered domiciliated among the Red Indians of America, and that he was a Smith.† I am now, however, satisfied, that when the mind has a name strongly impressed upon it, its attention is more readily drawn to it, and hence the appearance of its being unusually common. I will not detain

* “It is a name so spread o’er ‘Sir’ and ‘Madam,’
That one might think the first who bore it Adam.”

Don Juan, Canto VII.—XXV.

† A fact.

you with any of my meditations during the three years preceding the termination of my legal infancy but to add, that first among them was the determination to drop my name as soon as my power equalled my will. My romantic imagination often raised some bright images of connubial felicity; but none of the *belles dames* whom I encountered reached my standard of female excellence, so that my attentions never exceeded respect. My time was mostly spent in study, and occasional communications with the magazines. Some of my productions met with applause which common sense would suppose I should have at least possessed alone; but the signature of Smith left me but a small portion of my earnings. There were too many Smiths communicating with the magazines. On one occasion some of my rhymes, on which I had bestowed more than common pains, appeared—as if I was to be mortified in proportion to my efforts—actually preceded and followed by some really miserable verses compared with those of your humble servant, with the very self-same signature attached to them; and on another, the editor formally requested his Smith correspondents to affix some distinguishing mark, as he had been a good deal troubled with the nominal (certainly only nominal) similarities. I should weary your patience were I to relate all the little disagreeable situations in which that every-point-of-the-compass name involved me; suffice it to say, that I at length attained my twenty-first year. Resolved to settle in London, where I imagined I could put my design into execution, I proceeded accordingly to that city, accompanied by Mr E., for the purpose of being invested by him with the sole control of my money, which was laid out in the public funds, and for every farthing of which he faithfully accounted. For a rational use of it, he had already prepared me by the admirable manner in which he had gradually accustomed me to the value of money. After a short stay, he left me with many affectionate admonitions and demonstrations of regard. In pursuance of my determination, my first letter to him contained a request that he would in future address me as Mr Jones—a name which I pitched upon by mere

accident—forgetful that this was also a travelled appellation. I assigned no reason, nor did he seek for one. You are doubtless surprised at my early sensitiveness about a name. If the motives I have mentioned will not account for it, I can give you no other, unless you suppose me afflicted with a peculiar madness which the Stoics were wont to ascribe to every one. If you are inclined to smile at it, do so; but allow me to answer in the language of Horace—

‘ Qui me deridet, caudam trahat.’

“ My first lodging, which I obtained without difficulty, from being personally known as a friend of Mr E., was in a boarding-house kept by the widow of a naval officer, whose table was frequented by a select and fashionable party, and where I consequently mingled in the best society. Though a proper degree of self-esteem restrained me from plunging into the vortex of dissipation, it did not altogether prevent my joining in some of the gay scenes of the sphere in which I was moving. The theatres, balls, masquerades, and entertainments of all kinds, were acceptable to me; not because I was really enraptured with the trifles which form the bulk of amusements at such places, but because I loved to see every one happy about me—such a sight causing a feeling of happiness to myself. I desired also to see life in all its various grades; but my timidity withheld me from going too far without a guide, and as yet I had none. I ventured once, in my eagerness, to bribe a beggar to take me to a beggar’s feast somewhere near Saffron Hill; but as I could not support the character properly, the deceit was detected, and I scarcely escaped with a whole skin by leaping through a window. The man who introduced me was expelled from their fraternity, and became very troublesome in his demands upon me, in consideration of his silence, and his loss, as the fellow had the impudence to term it. For the former, as it turned out, I owed him nothing; and the pressgang soon after rid me of any further importunity on account of the latter. This adventure increased my caution, and I confined myself to my own circle

“ Among the individuals whom I met

at one of the fashionable coffeehouses which I attended, was a Member of Parliament who had the same name as that which I had assumed—Jones—and who honoured me with his particular notice. Through his instrumentality I procured admission into the — Club-house, a source of real gratification to my literary propensities, as an extensive library and all the periodicals and new publications were at my command. On reviewing the list of names, I found the Smiths as abundant as ever, though rather sorry to find that I was not the only Jones; nevertheless, I congratulated myself on the execution of my determination. I was, of course, extremely flattered by such attention from a man of Mr Jones's rank. He singled me out on every opportunity, and I certainly enjoyed his company; for, as he had been a traveller, and was a man of intelligence, he possessed a fund of anecdote relating to the different countries he had passed through, which afforded me much information. He amused himself once or twice in endeavouring to trace a relationship; but, as may be expected, his genealogy was not very correct, seeing that he had the name of his fathers, and I one that might literally be called my own. By his means I had often the pleasure of being present at the debates in the two Houses; and learning my wishes, as our intimacy increased, to see some of the scenes of upper life, he undertook to be my mentor. Under his auspices I visited different places, and above all the various gambling-houses; but to these last I had no inducement to pay a second visit, otherwise than to gratify my conductor. Their prison-like entrances leading to a splendid interior, where, save those interested in the establishment, all the inmates appeared horribly flushed with the fire of a most tremendous and destroying anxiety, reminded me of the hall of Eblis in the tale of Caliph Vathek; and the sight of torture, whether wilful or inflicted by others, furnished no delight to my acutely sensitive mind. I, however, accompanied Jones several times, pursuant to his own wish; but somehow or other always withstood any invitations to join in any game, by insisting upon my ignorance of the subject. An early contracted aversion to gambling of every description, was not lessened

by the torments of fierce ardour depicted in the faces of those who were engaged in play. Finding my aversion unconquerable, he applauded my resolution, and related a number of instances in which poverty had ensued from too earnest a pursuit after an increase of competence at the gambling-tables. He enlightened me also as to a variety of methods by which unprincipled villains deceive the unwary, with a view, as he expressed himself, of putting me completely on my guard. I was obliged to him for his instructions; but I have since painfully experienced that no man can be capable of profiting by such lessons till his heart has become to a certain degree hardened. While the fulness of native generosity remains, he is defenceless; in proportion as this suffers abstraction, and its place is supplied by a fixed determination to credit no one without a most rigid investigation, his safety is increased. In short, he becomes secure as he becomes suspicious. But to return to my tale: Jones hinted that my talents deserved a more elevated station, and proposed that I should seek a seat in the House, offering to support me with his interest, and if necessary with his purse. In the innocence of my heart, I admired his apparently disinterested friendship; but though I promised to watch for the first favourable occasion, my spirit would not allow me to be under any pecuniary obligation.

“Thus we went on for a time, till one morning, as we were conversing together at the club-house, a letter was brought to him by the waiter. Excusing himself for his rudeness in interrupting our conversation, he proceeded to read the letter with every visible token of perturbation; and while laying it down again, he muttered, ‘I can’t help it!’ As this exclamation made me involuntarily cast an enquiring eye at him, he requested me to read the letter, which I delicately declined doing. He then insisted on informing me that the purport of it was to require the immediate payment of a balance of L.100 for election expenses in the borough which he represented, with a hint that, if the demand was not satisfied, his seat in Parliament would be endangered.

“‘If,’ said he, ‘I had not lent a large sum to Sir ——— yesterday,

one saw me give the check to the fellow, and my high sentiments of generosity had prevented my requiring an acknowledgment from the rascal at the moment. The solicitor for the prosecution then observed, that though my name were Edward Jones, the signature, under the circumstances, would amount to the *crimen falsi*; and requested a further adjournment to afford time to find the ticket-porter, after whom every search had been made but without success, and his testimony was essential to connect the chain of evidence. I was accordingly again remanded. I do not understand to this hour how the cheat was effected. I am very clear about the substitution of a *five* for *one*, but the direction remains a mystery to me. The motive was also apparent: the prosecutor had a larger fund at his banker's than I had at mine, a fact which was brought to bear against myself. Surely, I thought in my prison meditations, our laws attach too much importance to a name, or would not our legislators be usefully employed in ordaining that every man should be distinguished by some characteristic epithet, such as was common among the Celtic and other barbarous nations—squint-eyed, bow-legged, hump-backed, any thing to obviate that dreadful community of names, which had once got my back coloured with stripes, and now made my neck unwittingly twist under the fancied rope. I entirely overlooked the want of words to particularize every individual, in my abhorrence of those general ones which may bring a man to the gallows; and had this occurred to me, it would only have caused me to include the paucity of language in my curses.

"After a confinement of three days, I was discharged on my promise to appear when called on, in consequence of the prosecutor declining to proceed for fear no jury would bring in a verdict of guilty without the ticket-porter's evidence to connect me more closely with the affair, and he was not to be found. At first I was delighted with this sudden escape, but the appearance of the man would have been more satisfactory; as he could not have truly sworn to receiving a check from me, I should most probably have been honourably acquitted, and the real rogue discovered. I entertained some

idea of an action for false imprisonment to clear my character from the aspersions thrown on it; but a lawyer's opinion that the proceedings were not altogether untenable, and that a verdict was very doubtful, made me forego it, and I was thus left in the situation of the *pannels*, as they are termed in Scotland, when a jury returns 'not proven'; a verdict which, without absolute conviction, leaves the disgrace of suspicion as strong as ever.

"But the demons which haunted my course had not yet finished their work. When I presented myself at the clubhouse, the committee desired a private interview, at which they informed me that, in consequence of what had occurred, a resolution had been unanimously passed that I should be called on to establish my right to associate with them as a gentleman. I indignantly referred them to Mr E. On the third day, as I was entering the room, a letter from the chairman was delivered to me, enclosing a copy of Mr E.'s answer. The old gentleman, with all the truth and candour which marked his career, detailed all the particulars with which he was acquainted, bestowed the highest encomiums up to the time of our parting; but concluded with informing the committee, that shortly after my last arrival in London I had desired to be addressed by the name of Jones, for what reason he was ignorant. This was enough: further enquiry the committee deemed unnecessary; a plain intimation was conveyed to me that my absence would be acceptable, and in the event of my not gratifying them in this respect, regular expulsion would follow. It is difficult to conceive what my emotions were. Had I met the vagabond Jones, in my paroxysms of rage, I might actually have gone up stairs in the Old Bailey without benefit of clergy.

"I was now done with the *elite* who had composed my association. I tried one or two respectable boarding-houses; but, to say nothing of Mrs L.'s tongue, I was unable to satisfy the proprietors as to the who and what, without effectually damning myself by publishing particulars which I would rather have forgotten. A strong spirit of resentment, which Roderick Random describes, fortunately sustained me in the injustice of my situation. I now turned City-ways,

and, leaving the west, procured quiet lodgings in the east, where payment beforehand silenced all objections. I forgot to tell you that my banker had declined receiving my money in future. My mercantile knowledge, which was previously very scanty, became much improved by the intercourse I was obliged to maintain with men whose whole souls were engrossed in business. Instead of club-houses, the coffee-houses were now my resort; and, not to detain you with sketches of the company I met, at length I ventured upon speculations myself, principally in insurances, sometimes gaining, other times losing, but without much difference either way. I need scarcely mention that I had devoted the name of Jones to the fate of Smith—the next I assumed being that of Arthur Williams.

“When I analyze my feelings, I cannot detect any reason that guided me in the choice of names—mere chance, or, if you will, my evil destiny alone directed me. Do not imagine that in the name of Williams I escaped any nominal troubles. Far from it. I got into a dispute once with a merchant newly arrived from China, for opening a letter directed to him at John’s Coffee-house, to which place I was also a subscriber, and surprised him by assurances that such a mistake should never occur again, as I would instantly adopt another name. This inadvertency had nearly caused me additional annoyance. The repeated transference of my stock by myself to other names, had not escaped notice; and the subscribers began to ask, ‘What sort of man is this?’ A well-contrived story had completely sunk all traces of my former self, and I had now, in addition, assured the subscribers, that I had no one, kith, kin, or otherwise, interested in my movements. As I had always immediately paid all demands upon me, the rising tumult of their mercantile souls was soon quelled, and I was suffered to pursue my usual avocations quietly. But I will not trouble you with all the vexations I endured from the cursed ubiquity of names, from which the most fanciful combinations were unavailing to defend me; except that I became utterly hopeless of success, when, after combining a number of them in what I considered the most out-of-the-way manner, I was arrested on a *fugæ*

warrant during a short residence in Edinburgh, in mistake for another man, whom the Three Sisters had ordained should be beforehand with me. I will now mention the incident which led me to resign pursuits, which the necessity of occupation rather than pleasure had imposed upon my active mind.

“While passing along Cheapside one day, a servant in Mrs L.’s establishment made up to me, and addressing me as Mr Jones, informed me that shortly after I had left her mistress’s house, a gentleman, apparently a foreigner, had called to enquire after me. Mrs L. stated the story of the check, and added that it was believed I had gone abroad, as I had not since been heard of. Upon which the gentleman, exclaiming, “My child, my child!” unceremoniously rushed from the house. This was extraordinary intelligence indeed. My various names had involved me in many perplexities, and now were perhaps the means of preventing the discovery of a parent. I could consult with no one, without exciting suspicions which in my present situation were unknown. I tried an advertisement which, without betraying me, might guide him to me, but was disappointed. I had long been growing weary of my City labours, and sighing for return to the *otium cum dignitate* of the west end, and this last occurrence completed my disgust. I had formed no friendships, because I had found none to consort with my disposition; and, since the deception practised on me by Jones, I was fearful of intimacy. I was alone in the world; and, with the power of wealth, was becoming misanthropic. My meditations alarmed myself. I at length determined upon a foreign journey; and having appointed a city banker as my agent, and provided myself with bills upon his correspondents abroad, I left the country, careless whether I returned to it or not. The name in which my passport was made out was Walter Campbell, which I was compelled to keep *nolens volens*, under the continental system of police, throughout my progress to the different capitals. With this *nom de guerre*, some irritating mistakes happened, as the Campbells are not rare, from France to Siberia, to which latter country my wanderings extended.

“Upwards of two years were spent in these travels, during which I always cherished hopes of meeting with the person who had so urgently sought after me; and at the lapse of that time, those thoughts which, without doubt, arise in the breast of every one after a prolonged absence from his native shores, arose in mine. They veered homewards, and I obeyed their direction. Sailing from Odessa to Marseilles, I thence came by land to Calais. At Dover, for the first time, I engaged a footman, I believe for the purpose, as much as any other, of checking my passion against names; for the attendance of a servant, I thought, would oblige me to adhere finally to my present one, and perhaps serve as a preventive to any more annoyances springing from a similarity of names. I once had a floating idea of resuming Smith, imagining that it might act as a guide to the unknown enquirer; but when I recollected the forest of Smiths, I easily gave it up—another cruel effort of destiny, as it eventually appeared. As it was a matter of indifference whither I turned my steps, I purchased two horses for myself and servant, and resolved to visit some of the watering-places, and ride through the country leisurely, Tunbridge Wells being the first place fixed upon. I now approach what I regard as the most important event in my life, which has in its issue left me utterly destitute of hope and desire—which has reduced me to that state of mind which can defy not merely insignificant man, but the utmost might of nature’s prodigious power. What should restrain me this instant from ‘seeking the mysteries of the eternal abyss!’”

Here the stranger’s feelings, which had latterly been evidently increasing in intensity, completely overpowered him; he paused, drank several glasses of wine with rapidity, as if some inward fever was raging, and then throwing himself back in his chair, gazed at me for a moment with a vacant stare. I felt painfully embarrassed, and at length was beginning gently to change the subject, and advert to other topics, when he interrupted me, “No, no,” said he, “I shall recover presently—I must apologize for this outbreak of emotion—you will be enabled to judge whether I have not grounds for affliction;”

another short pause ensued, and then he proceeded.

“We were within about five miles of Tunbridge Wells, when we perceived a single person scuffling with several labourers; we rode up, and, leaping from our horses, we engaged in defence of the weaker party. We were nearly worsted, when, remembering my pistols, I drew them out, and threatened to fire on the villains if they did not desist. I extricated the unfortunate victim of their brutality—the assailants immediately taking to their heels. The stranger thanked me in the most courteous manner; but it was not without much persuasion that I could induce him to mount my horse, while I walked by the side—my man also having received a smart blow—while as yet I felt no ill effects from the *mêlée*. The stranger, as he recounted to me, had lately come from Paris. The stage-coach in which he had journeyed from London had set him down within seven miles of Tunbridge Wells, the coachman representing that he was only a short distance from that place—an account which he, ignorant of the topography of the neighbourhood, never doubted till on the road. The men whom I saw had mischievously thrown mud over him, and on his remonstrating, had attempted to add robbery to insult. He was then about to join his mother and sister, who were staying in that place for the sake of the latter’s health, accompanied by an elder brother. When we arrived at an inn in the town, I was suddenly seized with a severe illness, resulting from a violent blow on the head, of which I had been hitherto unconscious, and in consequence was obliged to go to bed instantly, after ordering Samuel, my footman, to attend the stranger to his mother’s residence.

“The next morning, as I was sitting in a private room, still suffering from the conflict, the dangerous effects of which, however, had been averted by timely precaution, he entered, and with him his brother, mother, and sister. The first thanked me rather formally, the second with expressions of real gratitude, but the accents of the third seemed to thrill my very heart’s chords, as she gently assured me she should never forget my services to her brother. I may as well tell you who they were. William,

(the eldest,) Edmund, and Louisa, were the children of a gentleman of small independent fortune, the interest of which he had bequeathed to his widow, the principal to be divided, at her death, among the survivors, except William, who had already been comfortably provided for by an uncle's bequest. Edmund was a junior partner in a mercantile firm, to the foreign business of which he principally attended. During the four or five days that I was confined, the visits of one or other of them never intermitted. Edmund and Louisa sometimes came by themselves, or with their mother only, unaccompanied by William, on which occasions I could not avoid remarking that their conversation was more unrestrained. When entirely convalescent, I received an invitation to their house, with which I willingly complied, for their unaffected solicitude had worn down a great deal of the growing asperity of my disposition to its former level, and a few visits let me into their respective characters.

William was proud, imperious, and passionate, his domineering temper displaying itself on all opportunities—in fact, seeming to seek for them. He was not long in insinuating to me that he was the appointed guardian of his sister, coupling with this piece of news several significant hints, which, however, I did not pretend to understand. In spite of their efforts to the contrary, the others could not conceal the truth that his presence, unenlightened as it was by the least scintillation of rational conversational acquirements, threw a heavy cloud over their enjoyments, while a bashaw's mandates could not have required more implicit obedience than his met with, cruelly selfish as I have sometimes known them. The fellow seemed to imagine, that he had an unqualified title to any sacrifice from them. I can aver, that his absence was a source of real gratification to me, for their sakes. Edmund was quite the reverse of this picture. He had a well-cultivated mind, and was free-hearted, manly, and gay, without overstepping the bounds of reason, his absence being precisely the presence of the other. Their outward figures were as opposite; the former being short, ill-featured, and conceitedly awkward; while the latter was tall, unaffectedly

graceful, and displayed his disposition on his handsome countenance, always radiant with the beams of good-humour. Louisa was almost a female fac-simile of Edmund—a lowness of spirits, which I attributed to the depressed state of her health, excepted. Mrs. V. the mother, was an elder prototype, if I may so speak, of her daughter: and thus I have sketched them.

“Our intimacy daily increased, particularly between Edmund and myself, the first friendship I had ever contracted. His nobility of soul fairly broke down all the moody resolutions upon which I had acted for a long time past, and I cannot say that I was pained at departing from them in his favour. When freed from the freezing coldness of William's company, we were all as happy as similar habits and tastes could make us. As for the latter, I treated him with civility, and more was impossible; but often did I burn with indignation at his mode of behaviour to beings so infinitely above him in every moral point of view; and my indignation would have burst out into open remonstrance, had I not restrained myself by considerations for their welfare. He returned my civility with superciliousness, which, for the same reason, I passed by without notice; but I could perceive the glance of enmity from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

“Two or three months elapsed, and Louisa began to exhibit manifest symptoms of returning health. Pleased as her mother was at this sight, her matron judgment took the alarm. She watched—and found that these symptoms were always more clearly developed in my company. She next questioned her, and their mutual confidence procured the ready avowal that I was not indifferent to her. The next time Edmund and I were together, he observed, ‘My brother is certainly the most proper person to depute for this purpose; but my mother is so afraid of his violent temper, that the disagreeable task has fallen upon me. I have no suspicions—God knows, you have never given cause for any—but my sister's happiness is risked.’ He then explained that she had conceived a warm partiality for me, which, if not impeded, would increase to an intense passion. He therefore begged to be

informed whether I had any serious intentions, as the instant withdrawal of either from the spot might prevent any mischief. Though I had viewed Louisa with admiration, I had not yet said to myself, 'I love her.' Edmund's words aroused me to the perception that I should be pained at parting from her—in short, that I was in love. My resolution was immediately taken. I represented to him, that, averse as I should have been at any time to throw an obstacle in the way of her complete restoration to health, which unsuccessful love was certainly not calculated to promote, I now felt, in addition, that my own happiness was concerned, and therefore, with his permission, I would at once assume the character of his sister's intended. I instructed him in so much of my life as related to my unknown birth and education; with the offer of reference to prove that I was qualified to maintain her in comfort, if not in splendour; fully purposing, at another opportunity, to have given him a relation of all my adventures, but one thing or other delayed it. Better, perhaps, would it have been for me had I entered upon it at the moment, but—I did not. Edmund expressed himself satisfied, as did also Mrs. V. William alone remained to be consulted, and he, after several growls of remonstrance, declared that he should act as he thought fit, and that they were at liberty to do the same. The motives for his demeanour I could not fathom, unless it was that he looked upon me as a restraint, to a certain degree, upon his brutal freedom of action. However, as none but himself had any objection, Louisa and myself were closeted, and from her own lips I heard a warm confirmation of the fact. Though Edmund, with that unsuspicious generosity almost peculiar to himself, had refrained from the enquiries I courted, William was not so slack, but as yet he discovered no means of mischief; however, from some hints which my servant dropped, I found that he had condescended to tamper with him, and, though fearless of any reports which he could make, I was indignant at the idea of having such a spy upon me, and therefore discharged him.

"Not to trouble you with matters of trifling import, suffice it to say, that at

length we all departed for London; and now my story draws to a close. Ecstasied with my felicity, no gaunt images of the past were permitted to intrude upon my imagination, the occurrences which marked my early residence in the metropolis being, as I imagined, consigned to oblivion. Taking up my abode for a few days in a tavern, I employed myself in furnishing a house in the outskirts of town, and visiting my Louisa, who became more and more endeared to me every hour: Edmund, meanwhile, having gone to Paris, promised to return to be present at our marriage. But my dream of pleasure lasted not quite a week. A fiend of earth was now in union with those invisible demons who had previously persecuted me. William alone appeared dissatisfied at the approaching nuptials, which, however, he had yet devised no means to impede: and I now trace his motions to chagrin at the impending loss of superintendence and command over his sister and the funds assigned for her support, and perhaps a fear of being called to account. Be that as it may, on the evening of Tuesday week he came into the room where I was sitting at tea with Mrs. V. and my beloved, and eyed me with a look of silent exultation, that disconcerted me, though I knew not why. Some unseen monitors—such, perhaps, as Defoe alludes to—bade me prepare for some cursed exigency, and not without reason.

"The following morning, as I was at breakfast in my new habitation, on which, by-the-by, I had entered only a couple of days, who was shown into the room but the identical Mr T. with whom I had such unpleasant communications on a former occasion? He seemed to recognise me directly; and, in answer to my queries, produced a warrant to apprehend Walter Campbell on a charge of swindling. I was thunderstruck; and some minutes passed before I could regain self-possession, though naturally convinced that there was another error of person. I entreated Mr T. to give me some information. The officer, whose performance of his painful duties was remarkable for an absence of unnecessary harshness, drew a paper from his pocket, and pointed my attention to a paragraph, warning the public—by

Heavens! will you believe me?—against a person named Walter Campbell. The concluding sentence ran thus:—‘He has a very gentlemanly and prepossessing address, is generally dressed in a blue coat, dark trousers, and light waistcoat, and is sometimes attended by a man servant, no doubt a partner in his villainies, and has hitherto given the name of Walter Campbell.’ The perusal of this paragraph rather cooled me, since I was conscious that, save the again fatal similarity of names, and some particulars of dress, it was not applicable to me. I willingly acceded to Mr T.’s request to search the house; and, this done, proceeded with him to the police-office. On entering the justice-room I was surprised to see William and my quondam footman; when the whole truth flashed vividly on my mind. He was the informer—he had taken advantage of the similarity of names to gratify his malice by the infliction of this disgrace on me. The triumph was greater than even he had anticipated. He might have intended to make the fact of my apprehension a ground for insisting on a separation between me and his family; but he did not expect that I should have been pointed out as having been at that office several years before, in the name of Jones, on an accusation of forgery. What end the man was to have served, is a secret; for, before he could be called on, I was discharged in consequence of the respective tradesmen who had been sent for, unanimously deposing that I was not the individual who had defrauded them. I hastened from the office to Mrs V. The instant Louisa saw me she rushed to my embrace, passionately declaring that she could not and did not give any credit to the assertion that I was guilty of any thing wrong, my appearance at large assuring her that I had been wrongfully accused. She had been informed of what had taken place by one of my servants. This was the *acmé* of love. She believed me not merely innocent of the present charge, but incapable of any dereliction from honour and honesty. I was uttering my protestations to the same effect, and was about to commence a further explanation, when William entered. He, having doubtless lingered behind to obtain some particulars concerning the check affair, now in a loud voice com-

manded me to leave the room. I demurred. Too cowardly himself to attempt to part us, he called assistance, and I was ejected by force. In an ecstasy of anguish I ran home—wrote to Louisa that I relied on her affection that she would not desert me; but had scarcely dispatched my letter, before one was delivered from her. There it is, read it yourself—I cannot trust myself with it.” Saying this, he pulled some papers from his pocket, handed the one in question to me, and then relapsed into a silent fit of melancholy. The letter was couched in these terms:—

“ ‘SIR,

‘Is it possible that you, whom I have regarded as deserving of the love which I have cast away upon you, should have imposed upon my affection under a fictitious name—have been branded as a forger, declared unworthy the society of gentlemen, and be now suspected as a common swindler? Though my confidence has, indeed, been miserably deceived, my family shall never be disgraced by me; and I, therefore, here declare all connexion ended between yourself and your once affectionate

‘LOUISA.’ ”

The inferences which I drew from this epistle I will presently mention. They were somewhat different from those of the unfortunate object of it. When he perceived that I had read the letter, he resumed.

“Scarcely knowing how I acted, I returned to their lodgings—they were denied to me. I determined to watch the house. I did so till evening, when the patrol compelled me to leave the spot. I passed the night in a keen fever of agitation; and the next morning I again called at the house, but was informed that they had gone away without leaving a direction as to their future abode. I was distracted, and remained at home some hours, completely stupified at this violent breaking up of my hopes; and perhaps had not recovered from my temporary lunacy when I hurried to the bank, converted all my stock into cash, and, leaving my house and its contents to their fate, ascended the first stage-coach which crossed my

path, with the full determination, in the language of Iago,

‘ To have no *name*, since *names* give such offence.’

“ The coach stopped about thirty miles from this place, to which I pursued my way on foot, regardless of whither my random steps conducted me, till sheer fatigue compelled me to desist. I am not arrived here eighteen hours before the want of a name involves me again in trouble. My indifference made me act as I did ; but you know the rest.”

Here he concluded his narrative. I could not but admire the singularities of his adventures, though easily perceiving, as I doubt not my readers have perceived, that his own sensitiveness had a considerable share in his afflictions. I hinted to him my opinion that Louisa's letter did not contain a real portraiture of her feelings, and, moreover, that it was a forced one. My reason for this supposition was founded on the curious style in which it was indited ; for I considered it impossible that any woman, possessed of those burning sentiments of love which she entertained, should write freely without betraying some lingerings of affection. His countenance brightened for a moment at the idea. He then shook his head mournfully, and remarked, “ However that may be, she is now beyond my reach. Her heart will be broken, and I care not to survive. I will write to Edmund, and implore his calm consideration. I will meet him if I can ; and then—if the worst befalls—the universe may collapse and crush me without extracting a groan.” His mind was wrought up, even in its appearance of quiet, to a pitch of almost ungovernable excitement. I proffered my services to him. He replied, “ When I came here, it was with the intention of holding myself at variance with all—to doubt every one and trust none, so that what share of tranquillity time might bestow might be entirely at my own command—to have associated only as it were at a distance ; but your generosity has defeated the execution of this design, and obliges me to believe that you are sincere in your offers of personal exertions in elucidating the matter ; and, though dubious of your success,

I am equally grateful to you. Pardon me for saying that I have no anxiety on the subject. The keenest agony that fate can inflict I have suffered ; and, as it has deadened me to all sense of pleasure, so it has prepared me against any farther pain, by making me insensible to either.” He then added that he should go abroad again ; but promised, at my earnest desire, to inform me of his movements.

A day or two subsequently, Mr Campbell, if so I may call him, took advantage of a Dutch lugger, which had been driven into the bay, and nearly stranded by stress of weather, to engage a passage with the captain to Rotterdam. We applied to arrange with Mr W., the magistrate, who had written to the London officers as he had threatened, and received for answer that the description corresponded to that of a person who had been in their hands, but that they had no further business with him. My deposit was forthwith reconsigned to me, the justice congratulating himself upon his discernment ; and having seen this high-minded but singularly unfortunate individual depart, I prepared for my own return, with the full determination to use the most strenuous exertions to clear up, and if possible dispel, the mystery which hung over him.

The very next morning, as I was sitting in Mr B.'s parlour, duly accounted for the journey, and awaiting only the conveyance that was to take me part of the distance, a post-chaise drove rapidly to the door, and two ladies descended from it, both young and handsome, but an ashy paleness overspread the beautiful features of one of them, which denoted very considerable mental exhaustion. She was conducted by her companion and Mrs B. into the parlour, in an almost insensible condition—I, of course, not being slack in any assistance I could afford. When she was restored a little, the two ladies communed awhile between themselves, and then the other, addressing the landlord, asked if a stranger named Campbell had been at his inn. Mr B. made the only reply that he could make, that a person who refused to give his name, and was angry at being urged on the point, had certainly been there ; but he dared say that gentleman (meaning

me) could tell them something. On being thus directly alluded to, I begged to know if I had the honour of speaking to Miss Louisa V., apologizing for my rudeness on account of the urgency of the occasion. They were startled at the question, and Miss V., for her it certainly was, being too much agitated to reply, her friend, coldly overcoming her own timidity, answered in the affirmative. In truth, they were now alarmed at the step they had taken. Having requested the favour of their company to a private room, and waiving every idea of departing for the present, I entered into such particulars as I considered necessary, my fair auditors listening with tearful attention; but when I mentioned that Mr Campbell had set off for Rotterdam, Louisa, suddenly starting up, energetically exclaimed, "Then we must go to Rotterdam directly, love." With considerable difficulty I gently calmed her, but principally by pledging myself that the first letter which I received, pursuant to his promise, should be put into her own hands, and that I would take care to forward any communication she might wish to send him. This relieved her in some degree from the weight of anxiety and uncertainty under which she had laboured, and she consented to leave the affair to me, with the most enchanting expressions of gratitude.

We remained that night at the inn, greatly to the satisfaction of Mr B., who charitably pleaded "that the young ladies would be much the better for it"—and himself. The ensuing morning we commenced our journey homewards, both my charming and unexpected companions committing themselves to my charge. During our progress, and in the course of conversation, which, as might be supposed, was almost confined to the subject of Mr C., they favoured me with a detail of the means by which they had obtained a clue to the place of his retreat. For several days after the abrupt dismissal of her betrothed, Louisa V. had been rigidly secluded by her brother William, by whose barbarous threats she had been compelled to write the letter inserted above, and by whose orders the hasty removal had been effected. All the liberty allowed her was to apprise

Edmund of the occurrence. She contrived, however, to evade his vigilance, and her first impulse was to run to Mr C.'s house, where the domestics were still remaining; but from them she ascertained no more than that Mr C. had not been there, to their great wonder, for some days past. Her next step was to the police-office, where she fortunately met Mr T., who politely informed her that he was ignorant of Mr C.'s present residence; but that a letter had been sent from a magistrate at —, giving an account of a stranger, whom he had thought proper to detain till he heard from him, (Mr T.) the description very closely applying to Mr C. Her determination was at once fixed. Fearful of detention if she went home, she proceeded to her cousin and intimate friend Miss M., her present companion, to seek her assistance. With the devotion of sincere friendship, Miss M. instantly assented, and a note having been posted to Mrs V., with the least possible delay these two amiable ones set out on their love expedition.

We pursued our way without any remarkable accident, except when about halfway observing a post-chaise dashing by us at full speed, towards the quarter we were leaving. On reaching London I escorted Miss V. to her home, in which, however, were neither her mother nor William. Edmund had joined them from Paris, and all three, as the servants told us, had hurried after her to —, William heaping the bitterest imprecations upon her for the trouble she was giving him. It was arranged, in consequence, that I should not communicate with her directly, but only through the medium of Miss M., as in all probability she would be again doomed to strict seclusion when in the power of her brother, which happened in a very few hours after.

In the mean time I devoted myself to my promised efforts. My first object was to find the clerk who cashed the check, and in this I had little difficulty, as also in inducing him to accompany me in looking after the ticket-porter above mentioned. While thus engaged, a desponding letter arrived from Mr C. at Rotterdam, stating that he had written to Edmund;

path, with the full determination, in the language of Iago,

‘To have no *name*, since *names* give such offence.’

“The coach stopped about thirty miles from this place, to which I pursued my way on foot, regardless of whither my random steps conducted me, till sheer fatigue compelled me to desist. I am not arrived here eighteen hours before the want of a name involves me again in trouble. My indifference made me act as I did; but you know the rest.”

Here he concluded his narrative. I could not but admire the singularities of his adventures, though easily perceiving, as I doubt not my readers have perceived, that his own sensitiveness had a considerable share in his afflictions. I hinted to him my opinion that Louisa’s letter did not contain a real portraiture of her feelings, and, moreover, that it was a forced one. My reason for this supposition was founded on the curious style in which it was indited; for I considered it impossible that any woman, possessed of those burning sentiments of love which she entertained, should write freely without betraying some lingerings of affection. His countenance brightened for a moment at the idea. He then shook his head mournfully, and remarked, “However that may be, she is now beyond my reach. Her heart will be broken, and I care not to survive. I will write to Edmund, and implore his calm consideration. I will meet him if I can; and then—if the worst befalls—the universe may collapse and crush me without extracting a groan.” His mind was wrought up, even in its appearance of quiet, to a pitch of almost ungovernable excitement. I proffered my services to him. He replied, “When I came here, it was with the intention of holding myself at variance with all—to doubt every one and trust none, so that what share of tranquillity time might bestow might be entirely at my own command—to have associated only as it were at a distance; but your generosity has defeated the execution of this design, and obliges me to believe that you are sincere in your offers of personal exertions in elucidating the matter; and, though dubious of your success,

I am equally grateful to you. Pardon me for saying that I have no anxiety on the subject. The keenest agony that fate can inflict I have suffered; and, as it has deadened me to all sense of pleasure, so it has prepared me against any farther pain, by making me insensible to either.” He then added that he should go abroad again; but promised, at my earnest desire, to inform me of his movements.

A day or two subsequently, Mr Campbell, if so I may call him, took advantage of a Dutch lugger, which had been driven into the bay, and nearly stranded by stress of weather, to engage a passage with the captain to Rotterdam. We applied to arrange with Mr W., the magistrate, who had written to the London officers as he had threatened, and received for answer that the description corresponded to that of a person who had been in their hands, but that they had no further business with him. My deposit was forthwith reconsigned to me, the justice congratulating himself upon his discernment; and having seen this high-minded but singularly unfortunate individual depart, I prepared for my own return, with the full determination to use the most strenuous exertions to clear up, and if possible dispel, the mystery which hung over him.

The very next morning, as I was sitting in Mr B.’s parlour, duly accounted for the journey, and awaiting only the conveyance that was to take me part of the distance, a post-chaise drove rapidly to the door, and two ladies descended from it, both young and handsome, but an ashy paleness overspread the beautiful features of one of them, which denoted very considerable mental exhaustion. She was conducted by her companion and Mrs B. into the parlour, in an almost insensible condition—I, of course, not being slack in any assistance I could afford. When she was restored a little, the two ladies communed awhile between themselves, and then the other, addressing the landlord, asked if a stranger named Campbell had been at his inn. Mr B. made the only reply that he could make, that a person who refused to give his name, and was angry at being urged on the point, had certainly been there; but he dared say that gentleman (meaning

me) could tell them something. On being thus directly alluded to, I begged to know if I had the honour of speaking to Miss Louisa V., apologizing for my rudeness on account of the urgency of the occasion. They were startled at the question, and Miss V., for her it certainly was, being too much agitated to reply, her friend, coldly overcoming her own timidity, answered in the affirmative. In truth, they were now alarmed at the step they had taken. Having requested the favour of their company to a private room, and waiving every idea of departing for the present, I entered into such particulars as I considered necessary, my fair auditors listening with tearful attention; but when I mentioned that Mr Campbell had set off for Rotterdam, Louisa, suddenly starting up, energetically exclaimed, "Then we must go to Rotterdam directly, love." With considerable difficulty I gently calmed her, but principally by pledging myself that the first letter which I received, pursuant to his promise, should be put into her own hands, and that I would take care to forward any communication she might wish to send him. This relieved her in some degree from the weight of anxiety and uncertainty under which she had laboured, and she consented to leave the affair to me, with the most enchanting expressions of gratitude.

We remained that night at the inn, greatly to the satisfaction of Mr B., who charitably pleaded "that the young ladies would be much the better for it"—and himself. The ensuing morning we commenced our journey homewards, both my charming and unexpected companions committing themselves to my charge. During our progress, and in the course of conversation, which, as might be supposed, was almost confined to the subject of Mr C., they favoured me with a detail of the means by which they had obtained a clue to the place of his retreat. For several days after the abrupt dismissal of her betrothed, Louisa V. had been rigidly secluded by her brother William, by whose barbarous threats she had been compelled to write the letter inserted above, and by whose orders the hasty removal had been effected. All the liberty allowed her was to apprise

Edmund of the occurrence. She contrived, however, to evade his vigilance, and her first impulse was to run to Mr C.'s house, where the domestics were still remaining; but from them she ascertained no more than that Mr C. had not been there, to their great wonder, for some days past. Her next step was to the police-office, where she fortunately met Mr T., who politely informed her that he was ignorant of Mr C.'s present residence; but that a letter had been sent from a magistrate at —, giving an account of a stranger, whom he had thought proper to detain till he heard from him, (Mr T.) the description very closely applying to Mr C. Her determination was at once fixed. Fearful of detention if she went home, she proceeded to her cousin and intimate friend Miss M., her present companion, to seek her assistance. With the devotion of sincere friendship, Miss M. instantly assented, and a note having been posted to Mrs V., with the least possible delay these two amiable ones set out on their love expedition.

We pursued our way without any remarkable accident, except when about halfway observing a post-chaise dashing by us at full speed, towards the quarter we were leaving. On reaching London I escorted Miss V. to her home, in which, however, were neither her mother nor William. Edmund had joined them from Paris, and all three, as the servants told us, had hurried after her to —, William heaping the bitterest imprecations upon her for the trouble she was giving him. It was arranged, in consequence, that I should not communicate with her directly, but only through the medium of Miss M., as in all probability she would be again doomed to strict seclusion when in the power of her brother, which happened in a very few hours after.

In the mean time I devoted myself to my promised efforts. My first object was to find the clerk who cashed the check, and in this I had little difficulty, as also in inducing him to accompany me in looking after the ticket-porter above mentioned. While thus engaged, a desponding letter arrived from Mr C. at Rotterdam, stating that he had written to Edmund;

but the latter's silence convincing him that he was deserted by them all, he urged me to cease to trouble myself about a person who had no longer any thing to gain from the world's opinion. He of course was not aware of Edmund's absence. This letter I forwarded to Louisa by Miss M., who was still allowed intercourse with her. Through the same channel I obtained one from her, which I enclosed in my own reply, in which I entreated him to sustain himself a short time longer; and I have no doubt Louisa's letter encouraged him to do so.

My search after the ticket-porter being at length successful, by promises of reward for the benefit of his testimony, I procured a description of the individual who sent him with the draft—a description as unlike that of my unfortunate client as is the similarity of a greasy Hottentot to a Chinese. He said the gentleman in question had given him, besides money, employment in Wales, where he had remained three or four months, so that the man was effectually precluded from knowing what had transpired in London. To make “assurance doubly sure,” I next tried to find out Jones, but here I failed; he no longer had a seat in the House, and had fled from the country to avoid arrest. Satisfied, notwithstanding, that I could now prove Mr C.'s innocence, I called on Mrs V., and before the redoubtable William and Edmund, whom I now saw for the first time, Louisa and Miss M., I related my discoveries.

I need not dilate upon the gratification felt by all but William, who began to make some savage remarks, interspersed with threats; but having been used to bullies professionally, I soon quieted him by counter-threats. Mr C. having obeyed my summons to London, the magistrates kindly permitted another examination, at which the ticket-porter unequivocally declared that he was not the person who had employed him, and gave other evidence, which caused the magistrates themselves to congratulate Mr C., and to express their regret that Jones was out of their jurisdiction. His intercourse with Louisa was of course resumed, I undertaking to hold William in check. She had demonstrated that her love had never abated, and

his, though it had been damped by imagined disappointment, returned with renewed ardour. The adventures of his life were repeated, so that any chance of further misunderstanding might be removed; and I shortly had the pleasure of acting, by particular desire, as father to the excellent Louisa at the performance of their nuptials. I then, as Mr C.'s attorney, filed a bill in Chancery against William, and, as I expected, discovered that he had been making rather free with the money under his management. The solicitations of his family, however, prevented an extensive exposure of his conduct to his sister and Mr C.

My satisfaction at this fortunate issue of my endeavours, however, was not thus to be completed. I was destined to be the gratified agent of another interesting discovery. Some weeks after the marriage, whilst in my office, one of the clerks ushered into my room an elderly gentleman of foreign appearance. Save his countenance, on which the lines of grief and care were strongly drawn, he bore no signs of advanced age, the freedom of his movements being apparently unimpeded by corporeal debility. After an apologizing preface, he desired to see the gentleman who had exerted himself so much in the Jones and check transaction. My acknowledgment that I was the party, brought forth an entreaty that I would immediately lead him to that Mr C., as he had every reason to believe he was his own son. It was so. It was the father of my friend with whom I was now conversing. He was a native of France, in which country he had made a small fortune as a merchant, with which he escaped to England during the convulsions which broke out there, prompted to this course by the same terrors which led so many of his countrymen to become emigrants. In this country he married an orphan against the consent of her relations, whose sanction to the match was refused, not on the score of property, for she had none, but because their John Bull pride resented the connexion with a Frenchman. He lived in Hertfordshire, in the utmost enjoyment that love and domestic comfort could afford, till left a sorrowful widower by the death of his wife, a few months

after the birth of a boy, when the unrelenting hostility of his wife's relations seemed to increase. Before twelve months had elapsed, they procured, under the arbitrary and indiscriminate system pursued by Government at that period towards aliens, a peremptory official order to him to leave the kingdom within an assigned time. Reluctant to expose his child to the hardships of a voyage, and trusting to be enabled to return soon, he determined on consigning him to the care of two of his wife's friends, who alone had remained attached to her, with further directions as to Mr E., in whose integrity he had every confidence, as the reader is already aware, in case any thing serious should happen to himself. His desire for the concealment of the father's name arose from a fear lest his foreign extraction should operate against the child while under the protection of strangers. Having provided the requisite funds for these purposes, he departed with a heavy heart for America, taking with him a portion of his property. On the passage, the vessel was captured by a French privateer, in which he was carried to Guadeloupe, where he was robbed of his money, and compelled, under a threat of instant death, for being found on board an enemy's ship, to enter the army. For years he endured innumerable privations in the progress of the war, till at length he effected his passage to America. Reduced to poverty, his only consolation was that he had provided for his son, on whose account he repeatedly wrote to London, but without gaining any intelli-

gence; his letters probably never arrived. His active mind, however, found means of subsistence, and he at last again accumulated a moderate independency, and, on the final declaration of peace in 1815, Le L. directed his whole attention to the recovery of his son, and this search had engaged him in various parts for the last several years. While at Paris, sick at heart, and despairing of ever beholding his child, he overheard some Englishmen in a coffeehouse discoursing about the affair of the check. Of them he immediately made enquiries, the result of which was his visit to me.

The reader will believe me that my joy was not inferior to that of the father or son at the interview which immediately followed the father's visit to me. All, (except William, who was unregrettedly absent,) including Miss M., were deeply affected at this consummation of their happiness; while my feelings were such that I internally hoped for such another opportunity of rescuing worth from unmerited opprobrium.

Mr C. obtained the proper legal permission to assume his father's name, Le L. And now my tale is ended, unless some of my very inquisitive readers may wish to know what became of Miss M. I will gratify their curiosity at the risk of the charge of egotism. Her merits and affection displayed on behalf of her friend were not lost on me. I solicited her hand. She is my wife; and I for one can solemnly aver, that I have no cause to regret my encounter with the NAMELESS MAN.

LITERATURE IN THE JUNGLES.

ONE great argument against the immortality of the soul, which we have never seen advanced by any philosopher, ancient or modern, is the existence of the practice of coursing. It seems barely compatible with any theory of a reasoning and thinking principle, that three, or four, or any indefinite number of men, should ride with the gravity of a judge's procession across sundry fields and meadows, in a bitter day of December, up one furrow and down another, for the purpose of putting to death a timid creature with long hind-legs; and calling this dismal occupation by the honoured name of sport. The only rational excuse for it is the excellence of hare soup; but this, we submit, is a justification of the act of killing the unfortunate ingredient in that delectable concoction, but can surely be no argument in favour of the *modus in quo*. Mutton broth—not the miserable extract of nothingness which the English dignify with that name, but the true genuine Scottish dish, inferior only to hodge-podge—mutton broth, we repeat, is also a viand of extraordinary merit; and yet, though we hear metaphorically of gentlemen killing their own mutton, we never read in tale or history of any gentleman killing his own sheep. Imagine a multitude of individuals, booted and spurred, proceeding into a meadow, with half a score of bull-dogs or mastiffs, and at sight of the short tail and simple physiognomy of a Southdown, hallooing and careering with all their might, till the woolly victim was metamorphosed into mutton by the teeth of the aforesaid dogs: and then imagine them returning after this achievement, not exactly perhaps in triumph, but with the lesser honours of an ovation; and having imagined these and other incidents of a similar kind, inform us—not forgetting the prepayment of the penny postage—in what material respect sheep-coursing would differ from hare-coursing. The animals, to be sure, differ; but not in a very great degree. Both unresisting, both cowardly to a proverb, both harmless, and both seen to best advantage in a tureen. It is a strong proof of the innate worthlessness even

of hare-hunting, that the best known song in its praise has recourse to the heathen gods to eke out the scantiness of its subject. Whenever an author brings in Jupiter and Apollo, you may depend upon it he is reduced to his last shifts; and as George Alexander Stevens empties the whole of Lempriere's Dictionary into his chant on "Hunting the Hare," we may feel pretty sure that his inspiration is false, and his raptures affected. The best that can be said for it is contained in a song of which we can recall only one stanza; but that stanza contains a simple confession in the second line, which, so far from being counterbalanced in the remainder, receives a dreadful corroboration in the finale.

"Are we to shiver here all day?

Zounds! there is no pleasure in it.

Hark, hark! away! Give her fair play!

Dull for an hour, and mad for a minute."

A charming state of existence this, where the chief end of man is declared to be the chance of first starting a March hare, and then for one minute equalling it in insanity.

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare—

The pack full opening various, the shrill horn

Resounded from the hills, the neighing steed

Wild for the chase, and the loud hunter's shout

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature,—all Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy!"

So that we hope we have effectually proved from every consideration, human and divine, prosaic and poetical, that coursing the hare is the enjoyment of a madman, and hunting the hare the base gratification of a savage.

What shall we say of the fox? A little better, but not much. We grant that the mere excitement of careering on a good horse through a "level champaign," not undiversified with hedge and ditch, is itself a fine thing—the hounds in cry, the huntsman's hollo, and the consciousness of speed and power, are very stirring appeals—but yet, after all, what are we all assembled for? The morning is raw and cold; the cover is fifteen miles from home—down from every

muddy lane come one or two sportsmen; halls and parks disembody their inhabitants as we pass—orators, magistrates, legislators, tend onwards to one point; and we think we perceive, on steady brown horses, two or perhaps three uncommonly sedate-looking gentlemen, not altogether unlike chaplains, to the hunt.

Neither age nor sex is spared, as we read in the accounts of captured cities; old men and boys, young men and maidens—all obey the call; and at last, by half-past ten, a couple of hundred people—of all ranks, classes, and degrees of men—are collected at the place of meeting, and anxious for the commencement of the sport. The dogs are thrown into a small plantation—the huntsmen and whippers-in glance momentarily at the end of the different alleys, as they watch how the hounds are working—all eyes are directed to the plantation, all bridles are held tight in hand—and at last, after one or two ineffective barks, a loud clear voice bursts out from an old dog; the huntsman gives the hollo, spurs are clapped into the flanks of every steed, a great rush—a dash through the nearest hedge—and away! away o'er field and fallow, goes the whole multitude, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but tearing on—on—on, as if it were a race, wherein it was an arranged thing that the devil should take the hindmost. In half-an-hour how different is the face of the country!—Dotted here and there a few red-coats are still to be seen, like stragglers from an advancing army—silence and solitude resume their ancient sway over the cover at the hill's side; and far off as the eye can reach, in one compact mass, which you could cover with a tablecloth, are the hounds, the huntsmen, and seven or eight of the foremost riders. On they go—breaking into quiet domains with their loud holloes, miles from where they started. The peasantry, following the plough or harrows, look on them amazed, as thundering forward they present themselves for a moment close beside them, and the next are at the other side of the meadow. Horses now begin to tire—one repose in a ditch—another enjoys the rural amusement of swinging on a gate, though, as several of the top spikes are run into its bowels, you can't help won-

dering at its selection of such an occupation. The run has now lasted three hours—the riders have displayed incredible ardour in chasing an invisible object; for not one in twenty has caught a single glimpse of the fugitive—and four men, including the huntsman, at last ride up to the neighbourhood of a windmill in a different county, and with some difficulty rescue a small bushy substance covered with red hair from the throats of the dogs, which have swallowed all the other component parts of the defunct Reynard. And with the full persuasion that this is ample compensation for time, money, and labour, they betake themselves as rapidly as possible to their respective homes, to prepare for a similar occupation on the following day. This is fox-hunting. We grant there is something in it, and, to those who enter into the science of it, that it almost rises to the dignity of a reasonable pursuit. Besides, the fox is noxious, and has few good qualities to recommend him; but still, how tame, how poor, how unexciting, compared to what we read of in other lands! But some jolly fox-hunting squire will say, "Read of!—who cares what you read of?—a little thing looks very well in a book." We are not quite so sure of that. It would be a mighty clever book that would make a review in Hyde Park as magnificent as Waterloo. We rather believe that books never give half vivid enough impressions either of hunts or battles. As far as we are concerned, we would rather see a donkey race than read of Eclipse; rather see a skirmish with the new police than read of Thermopylæ;—but all we at present contend for is, the wonderful inferiority of all accounts of fox-hunting to the descriptions of other and nobler sports; and this by no means arises from a deficiency in the recorders of such home incidents. The sporting magazines, Old and New, contain some of the best writing of the present day—Nimrod himself is an admirable author; and the followers of Nimrod, who are no inconsiderable number, handle the pen as knowingly as the bridle. But all their talent and all their enthusiasm won't do. Fox-hunting kicks the beam, and, as compared with nobler doings, is scarcely indeed to be distinguished from hare-hunting. We are not going to speak of Lloyd

and his field sports; for, in our own private opinion, fox-hunting is infinitely superior. Nothing can be more desolate or less inspiring than one of his campaigns against the bears—no trusty horse, no rattling gallop, no socialty, no enthusiasm—we should prefer shooting 'coons and 'possums with our friend Colonel Crockett. Nor are we going to allude to Charles Waterton, and his exploits with the alligators. Unpleasant as fox-hunting would be in a country full of stone walls, with a runaway horse, and the scent breast-high, we should consider it the pleasantest of all enjoyments, compared to the rough trot of the Yorkshire squire. Nor are we going to inflict on our readers the pompous descriptions of Hungarian or Bohemian hunting, where wolves are attacked by actual régiments in full military array, commanded by colonels, and led on according to the rules of war. We lay it down as a rule at starting, in the comparison we make, that the sportsmen shall be English gentlemen, and that the sport shall be conducted in the noble and generous spirit that only English gentlemen seem qualified to bring into their amusements, as well as into their loftier pursuits. They shall relate their adventures in their own language; and, before we are done, we doubt not that Nimrod will have to look sharp to his laurels. We go to our own gallant countrymen in the three presidencies; desiring it to be understood that from the epithet *gallant*, we by no means exclude the civilians of the service. High courage flourishes in a jacket of any colour. Luckily for our purpose, our friendly neighbour Colonel W., before returning to India, left us his favourite book—three neatly bound, thin volumes—no name on the back, but withal of a certain indescribable appearance, which told us at a glance that they neither contained criticisms nor sermons. We opened one, and on the title-page we saw—

“ THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Bombay: Printed for the Proprietors, at the Courier Press, by Shreeerustna Jagonathjee Prabhoo, Hindoo, of No. 15, Pallow Street, without the Fort.”

And very well printed it is, O Jagonathjee Prabhoo! considering that you are probably ignorant of Tattersall's

and Newmarket, and that your mother would certainly have been somewhat surprised, if, some fifty years ago, any one had told her that her young Shreeerustna would be compositor in an English press, and set up in types the hair-breadth 'scapes of certain young Britons, whose fathers, perhaps, had quite as little expectation that Jack and George and Tom would go bagging tigers, as yours had of your fingering pica. These, our amiable Hindoo friend! are some of the odd coincidences that our Indian empire gives rise to; and if it is always as beneficial as it has been to you, your remotest posterity will have cause to bless the tight little island. Your press, our good Prabhoo! will put an end to the press of Juggernaut; and as to your widows, for Heaven's sake mention to the young ones, (especially if they have good jointures,) that a lot of us young fellows are coming out by the next steam-boat, and we beg they will put off their absurd intention of killing themselves till their beautiful black eyes have had an opportunity of killing us: and with this reasonable request we turn to the body of your Magazine.

No European magazine—not Maga herself—can show a more unexceptionable set of contributors—all jolly, dashing young fellows, souls made of fire, and children of the sun; excellent soldiers, we have no manner of doubt, and unexceptionable residents and judges. However, it is only in their literary and venatorial character we have any thing to do with them; and we pronounce that they give irresistible proofs of the inseparable union that exists between pluck and talent. Caesar's Commentaries, Napoleon's Bulletins, the Duke's Despatches, do not more completely exemplify the united triumphs of the pen and of the sword, than do some of the graphic descriptions of the Oriental sportsmen those of the pen and spear. The rifle, too, comes in for its share of imperishable renown, as well as of unerring practice; and we know of no individual in our western regions who is so perfectly master of the very difficult art of fighting his battles over again, without inflicting disgust upon the listener. The whole of Oriental sporting seems, according to the Magazine, to divide itself into two great branches: hunting the lion and tiger, on elephants, or, when those movable towers are

not attainable, from trees and hillocks ; and hunting the boar with horse and spear. Of these we shall give various specimens, interspersed with a few songs on the delights of such noble sporting, that must for ever put an end to our miserable *io pœans* over the hare or fox. When we divide Oriental sporting into those two branches, imagine not, *O lector benevole !* that all other varieties are excluded. By no manner of means—all is considered as very good fish that comes into the net ; not unfrequently you come across a magnificent bear-hunt in the midst of a *battue* of tigers ; ferocious panthers glare out on you from a bush into which you have chased a boar ; and, in fact, there is no description of hunting that does not flourish in unbounded profusion in the hills and jungles of the Deccan.

Here is a contribution dated, "*Dharwar, March 16 :*"—

"The people sent out yesterday in search of tigers returned without success, but marked down two bears in the hills at daylight this morning. No beating was required ; they were lying sound asleep under a high rock, and, as soon as we had taken up our stations so as to surround them, a stone was dropped upon them from above, and away they went at an awkward gallop. I never saw a bear charge before ; but the largest of the two, which was hit by the first that fired, turned short round and made straight at the man nearest him, rolling down the hill at the rate of twenty miles an hour. He was stopped by a ball just as he appeared over the head of his intended victim, and scrambled off after his companion, most fortunately for the gentleman whom he intended to favour ; for, after firing both barrels, his foot had slipped, and he was tumbling down the rocks straight before the bear, at the moment a lucky shot turned the latter. We gave chase, and after firing, I am ashamed to say how often, the brute got weary of life, and saved us further trouble by lying down to die under a shady bush. Next day, a bear and her cub were marked into the same place, and after being driven from point to point for half an hour, were finished at last. I say at last, for I verily believe fifty shots were fired, and the operator who examined her carcass reported that thirteen balls

had taken effect. The cub was burked by the beaters.

"June 20.—Joined R.'s party ; they have been out three days, and have had very little sport yet—a hyæna, a cheeta, and one solitary hog, being the amount of their bag. A savage man-eating tigress, with cubs, that had been playing the devil lately, was marked into a date thicket, and we began beating after breakfast, two elephants in the field. The natives told us one of her cubs had been killed by a dog a few days ago, and that she had been very savage ever since. We expected, therefore, that she would show good sport.

"The cover was beat for hours without success ; she had been twice seen and once fired at from a tree, but the elephants had not yet come into action, when we observed a fresh track leading from the nullah to the plain. It was evident she had stolen away, and our only chance was to follow her up instantly. The ground was soft and the tracks plain ; it did not require the eye of a bheel to point them out, for we could see them distinctly from the howdah ; and, after urging them forward about a mile, we suddenly came on the tigress in an open field, where there was hardly cover to conceal a hare.

"She crouched to receive the elephant, with her head towards him, and, just as she was rising, a ball hit her in the spine, and quite disabled her. We walked up both elephants within three yards ; and I never saw such an expression of devilry as her head presented when she found herself quite helpless in the middle of her enemies. Although her back was broken and she was unable to rise, she tried to die game, and it took at least ten deliberate shots to finish her, for we purposely avoided hitting her in the head.

"June 21.—Moved on ten miles to a village where tigers had been doing a great deal of mischief, upwards of a hundred head of cattle having been destroyed by them. A more difficult covert could hardly be imagined. The date-grove in which the tigers had taken up their abode, extended for miles. The trees were so close that an elephant could hardly force his way through them, and the underwood was so thick as to form a covert almost impenetrable of itself. Beating this

seemed a hopeless case; but we went to work. The date-trees crashed as the elephants forced their unyielding sides between the rugged stems, and many were levelled to the ground by their heads when a passage could not otherwise be effected. For two days we persevered in wading through the endless mazes of dates, meeting at every step with skeletons of bullocks and goats, relics of former feasts, but without getting a fair view of a single tiger, although once or twice a glimpse was obtained and a snap-shot taken. During the first day's beating a tiger bolted, but immediately returned into covert, after clawing a fat Banian on a prominent part of his person where wounds are seldom dangerous; and this is all that had been seen or done in two days' hard fagging. On the third day the greater number of the party gave it up in disgust; but four of us, having no faith in odd numbers, determined to try once more; and perseverance was rewarded, for five minutes after putting the elephants in, we heard that two tigers had broken away across country, and just killed a man.

"We were soon at the spot where they were last seen, and found the dead man, although considerably clawed, and very raw and uncomfortable from the stinging application, yet very far from dead, and able to show us the exact spot from which the tiger charged him. A pair of bright green eyes were observed gleaming among the thick branches of a stunted date-tree, and a ball straight between them 'put out the light.' We dragged out the carcass and found it to be a small tigress—she had been wounded in four places by the shots fired during the preceding days, which we thought had missed.

"*Dec. 10.*—We mustered about two hundred beaters this morning, to beat up a tiger which we were told always frequented a hill close to our encampment; put them in line at daybreak, and by nine o'clock the tiger was marked down, and surrounded. As we had no elephant, trees were the substitutes; but although there were some 'high enough to hang a lizard on,' not one could be found out of reach of a tiger's spring if he should charge; however, there was no help for it, so we took to our perches, and the tiger was on foot

presently. He was fired at and hit as soon as he broke covert; but instead of making off, as tigers generally do, he turned back and charged slap at the tree from which the shot was fired. Whether he felt weak from his wound, or suddenly lost courage, I know not; for just as he appeared ready to make his spring into the tree, he stopped, turned sharp round, and sneaked away into that covert from which he never moved again. The first man who went up to the spot to see how matters were going on, got severely mauled for his pains. The tiger's teeth met in his arm, but luckily did not break the bone, and he was carried off more sick from fright than his wounds. A second adventurous wight took a peep about half an hour after, and saw the tiger lying on his back very dead indeed. It is quite unaccountable how one tiger is killed by a single ball, even when hit in a spot not considered vital, and another walks away with balls beautifully placed in the shoulder, chest, and other mortal spots, as if invulnerable. This tiger was hit by one ball only, and that passed through the hind quarters. On the 25th, a tiger was announced, marked down, and surrounded in a thick date grove. We took up our station in a tree directly over his path, and a shower of rockets and other combustibles soon bolted him. From a distance of four hundred yards we saw him descend from the bank into the bed of the nullah, and walk slowly towards us, glancing suspiciously from side to side at every step. He appeared greatly distressed by the heat, and we could plainly hear his laboured breathing, and even see his sides heave as he sulkily approached. Directly under us was a thick brab-tree, and we had agreed not to fire till he passed it. Some rustle attracted his attention just as he reached this spot; he halted for an instant, looked up, and seeing us, drew back his head, with a loud growl, so rapidly under cover of the branches, that only one ball touched him. He cantered back roaring towards the beaters, keeping so close to the bank that it was almost impossible to cover him, and I did not believe that one of the shots fired after him reached its mark. We now mounted the elephant, and after a search in the strongest parts of the covert, the mahout saw him stretched

at full length on a bare spot within thirty yards of us, quietly surveying our proceedings. The contents of two barrels were into him in an instant; but away he dashed, as if nothing was the matter. He appeared to have gone some distance; and we were quite taken by surprise to find him again within ten paces close under the elephant. Here he made a cowardly irresolute attempt at a charge, and walked off with some nine balls in him, without staggering or showing any signs of weakness, although some of them were well planted. We found him, and bit him again repeatedly, driving him from bush to bush, till sunset, when we began seriously to fear we should lose him. He at last grew desperate, and made a charge, in which he was dropped close to the elephant, dying at the eleventh hour, as he ought to have done at first. Although a fine large tiger, he was one of the *worst bred* I ever saw.

"While following the fresh tracks of a boar this morning, one of the people marked a tiger into the same nullah where we killed the other day. Fire-works, &c., were immediately sent for from the tents, and in the mean time we pugged up the boar, which gave a beautiful run over ground intersected by nullahs, and did four miles in very fair time, before he was blown and came to the charge. Unfortunately, a spear in the shoulder-blade disabled him from showing so good a fight as he promised to have made. We then returned to the tiger, which in his last moments afforded a scene of which I can convey but a faint idea. I have been at the death of a good many tigers; but never till this day did I see one in perfection. We were seated on a low tamarind-tree, which hung over the nullah, and the tiger galloped under us within ten feet. The first volley dropped him at the root of the tree, where he lay struggling for some time, and ended by rolling into the nullah, which was full of water. Here he suddenly recovered himself, and catching sight of us, who were just out of reach, commenced the most desperate exertions to get at us, roaring and dashing about the water in his struggles. He was a large male tiger, and his enormous head, with his glaring eyes fixed upon us, so attracted our attention, that not one of us could look at his gun while reloading; and before we

had finished, the tiger, finding that he could not reach us, had climbed the opposite bank, which was nearly on a level with our seat. Although the breadth of the nullah kept him at safe distance, a thick date-tree, with branches to the ground, concealed him here, and he sat watching our motions and roaring incessantly for several minutes, while we crawled from branch to branch to get a view of him. A Pariah dog, which began barking at him, made him more furious than ever. He crashed through the bush, stood for one instant with tail erect, mad with rage, and the next was dropped dead within five paces of us."

These are detached extracts from the sporting journal of a gallant soldier, who gives the initials L. T.; and better written descriptions, or glowing with a more adventurous spirit, it has never been our good fortune to meet with. It does indeed seem extraordinary, as L. T. has remarked, the difference of vitality between different tigers. Some would positively seem to be endowed with the nine lives which no philosopher will deny are characteristic of the domestic cat; while others expire under a dose of blue-pill that would scarcely administer the *quicquid* to a rabbit. Yet, on the whole, though some die so easily, we hold the tiger to be somewhat of the nature of an annuitant—a species of animal well known to be more invulnerable than Achilles, and warranted against battle, murder, and sudden death. We have lost a great portion of our respect for the lion; in many instances he turns out a rank coward, with as copious a display of white feather as a Spanish aide-de-camp; his surly look is the mask of Captain Bobadil, as the owl's wise expression always reminds us of a mathematician. Our gallant friends of the Deccan seem to have no great awe of the forest chief;—tiger, hog, panther, cheeta, and even the bison, are very often preferred to that dim dis-crowned king, who, though he calls himself a lion, we fear is nothing but a pretender. It is only "on Afric's burning shore" that he is an actual potentate, hedged in with the divinity that proves his right divine. In India—we blush to apply the word to a lion of four legs, however applicable it is to the species who strut on drawing-room carpets on two—he is a hum-bug! But as a student of natural his-

tory, who takes the humble name of "Bob," justly remarks in a letter to the editor, the animal kingdom in Hindostan seems under a very ineffective police, as it is the easiest thing in the world to pass one's-self off under an "alias." "In the pages of your magazine," he says, "I find the words tiger, panther, leopard, and cheeta applied indiscriminately to designate the same animal. S. Y. S., who ought to know better, gives the two first names in one page to a panther—why not call it a lion at once? Another correspondent in your last number, writing evidently of a panther, calls it a leopard. I believe I am correct in stating that only one species, and that not a true leopard, has been discovered in India, viz. the *felis jubata*, hunting leopard or cheeta. The rose spot of the panther sufficiently distinguishes him from the leopard, whose marks are either single dots, as those of the hunting cheeta, or clusters of dots, as found on the skin of the African leopard. It is perhaps incorrect to call the cheeta a leopard; for his figure and habits, so different from those of the other cats, and his claws, only semi-retractile, seem to separate him from that family, and make him the connecting link between the genus *felis* and *canis*. The bison, found along the range of the western ghauts, is generally described as a buffalo, although as distinct from a buffalo as that animal is from an ox. The sambar, which does not bear the most distant resemblance to an elk, is commonly mentioned under the latter name. There are no elks in India."

This we think a judicious letter, and that in future the distinctions between the different animals ought to be more strictly attended to. And yet it is hardly to be expected that each gay *Sub.* should carry a Buffon or Cuvier at his saddle-bow; and, for all the practical purposes of sport and enterprise, we are prepared to contend that it is sufficient if the animal pursued and conquered be generally known by the name of a leopard, whether it is really a panther or a cheeta. But, however this may be, our impressions of the identity of the various victims of the spear and rifle have received such a shock from the scientific epistle of Bob, that it will be with some diffidence that we shall hereafter, if we have space for it, quote a description

of a lion-hunt—for who can feel certain but that the animal so-called may not be the real Simon Pure after all? And, under these circumstances, we beg to retract any disparaging observations we may have made on the cowardice and pretension of lions in the abstract, and to confine our remarks entirely to the individuals, falsely so called, in the southern territories of the Honourable Company. After this apology, we shall be able to look on Wallace without a blush. But in the case of the tiger there seems to be no mistake. Courage, power, ferocity—jaws of enormous size, the speed of a race-horse, and a spring of forty feet, mark this animal too distinctly to allow him to be mistaken for any other. Once roused—for it requires a little stirring up to put him on his mettle—there is no flinching. Wounded in fifty places, writhing with pain, the great passion of revenge inflates his brutal heart, and he dies with foam covering his hideous lips, and rage gurgling in his horrid throat. We have attended the execution of several cats in the days of our youth. Their expression when wounded, and showing fight against the terrier was sufficiently savage; but imagine what it would be in a monster a hundred times the size, that had never had the slightest taste of civilized life—never fallen asleep on a hearth-rug, nor lapped milk out of a saucer!—a scoundrel whose whole existence was a scene of murder, and whose natural good disposition, if he had been born with the temperament of a Howard or a Heber, must have yielded to the influences of undying hunger and unquenchable thirst! Accidents are, of course, not uncommon in tiger-hunting, and many admirable descriptions of them occur in the Magazine. We have only room for the account of the misfortune of Khundoo, the chief of the bheels, in a certain hunting expedition in Candeish:—

"Poor Khundoo, the leader of this choice band, had gone in pursuit of an immense brute, the terror of the neighbourhood, and the very animal which but last year dreadfully mauled one of a party of officers who had gone after him on foot, and killed a bheel beside him dead on the spot. The haunts of this immense brute were well known, and but the day before he had killed, close to each other, two very large buffaloes in the Moolleir Valley. Poor

Khundoo was accompanied by one or two of his own men, and a few village bheels; and whilst hot on the track of the tiger, one of the latter pointed to what he supposed to be it, concealed in a large bush. Khundoo, doubting the eye of any one but a practised hand like himself, scarce looked to the bush at the time, but taunting his companion with his want of knowledge of what a tiger was, went deliberately up to the edge and stooped to look in. Alas! it was too clearly proved that his game was there, for in the twinkling of an eye, a rush, and the fall of poor Khundoo, discovered the tiger. The whole thing was instantaneous; but an instant under the jaws of a tiger is an age. A litter was procured, and while the most part watched down the tiger, the rest bore the wounded man to Moolleir. While this was happening, we were killing a bear in an opposite direction, and on our return to the tents were apprised of what had occurred. Every thing that could be of use was sent to the sufferer, and on our way to avenge his loss we proceeded to the huts where he was lying. At his request we left him to be attended by the native doctors, and proceeded to the elephants; and a short time sufficed to find the tiger. The jungle was extremely thin, in fact scarcely deserving the name of cover; the ground level, with here and there a small nullah; a road ran close by, and in addition to two or three men whom he had killed outright upon it, not a few have been half-dead with terror on hearing his growl within a few feet of them. The natives, who at last well knew his haunts, declared that, contrary to the practice of tigers in general, he would never move off at the near approach of man, but warned him of his danger by a deep growl, which signal was, it may be supposed, readily taken. In some few cases, however, where the warning was either not heard or disregarded, the death or severe wounding of the unfortunate traveller immediately followed, though in no instance had he been known to eat the

smallest portion of his victim. As I said above, he was soon found, there being nothing to conceal him, and powder and ball came briskly into play. Whenever he had the opportunity he charged furiously, but was each time luckily stopped. Game to the last, when, surrounded by the elephants, he charged gallantly up a steep bank for Hyder, the guns in whose howdah were by no means idle. Six or eight barrels saluted him in succession from that howdah alone, besides others from the opposite side; a shake of the head and a growl told full true each time that the lead had reached its mark. Still determined, he dragged his bleeding body to the charge, and had with tremendous efforts reached within a few steps of the top of the bank, when a finishing shot from the opposite side took him in the back, and down he rolled dead. A finer specimen of a tiger could not be, either as regards size, beauty, or ferocity.

"We returned to our sick patient: his wounds had been dressed, and all that human aid could do was tried; but what art could save a man in the centre of whose shoulder the teeth of such a monster had actually met? The whole of the bones, from the point of the shoulder to the very neck, were almost I may say *ground to pieces*, and another awful bite through the neck itself would alone have decided his fate. The whole of these tremendous wounds were the work of an instant, and entirely affected by the teeth; he was untouched by the paws. Unremitted attention from master and doctor proved unavailing, and poor Khundoo, after showing symptoms of delirium, expired at ten on the night of the following day." This, as may be supposed, was a damper to the spirits of the party, though it is equally probable that it increased the enjoyment of flooring the next tiger they came across. It is not an ordinary game-bag that would suffice for such sport, as may be seen by the following measurements given of a tiger and tigress killed near Dharwar:—

	Tiger.		Tigress.	
Length from the nose to the end of the tail,	9 ft.	5 in.	8 ft.	4 in.
Shoulder to toe,	3	11	3	2½
Girth of body,	5	3	3	6
Ditto of foreleg at elbow,	2	7	1	4½
Ditto of head,	3	3	2	2¾
Ditto of neck,	3	0	2	1½."

If any one will have the kindness to mention a more disconsolate animal than a lieutenant in a garrison-town—even in Edinburgh Castle—we shall be much obliged to him. The peripatetic philosophy is not imbibed by mere walking, or Prince's Street might be made a school of wisdom. What are the occupations he must have recourse to?—for it is impossible he can exist without some sort of occupation, good or bad. He probably either breaks a bloodvessel in playing on the flute, or smokes himself into a consumption. He goes occasionally to a ball—he is asked out to dinner in families where the daughters are either all married or all in the nursery. He attends parade—he sees the same faces at mess—he goes the same dull jog-trot round from one year's end to the other, till at last he is only saved from vague ideas of suicide or colonization, by being marched to some other quarters, where the same scene is to be enacted in all its parts. Take, by way of a contrast, a "spurt" taken one day from the camp at Sholapore, by a couple of jolly Subs., and mark how splendid an enjoyment it is to hunt the bristly boar, even though you have no relish for pork-chops. "Intelligence was received of hog about forty miles from camp, and as there was every hope of good sport for one day only, we determined on having that one day; and every thing having been arranged for that purpose, and two of the party, with all the horses, &c., having gone on ahead, the remaining two (of whom I was one) got into our palankeens on the night of the 4th October, and at half-past three on the following morning found ourselves at Mohol, twenty miles distant from camp. We slept till daybreak, and then got into a nibbs to go the remaining twenty miles by breakfast. By having a fresh horse laid halfway, we contrived to do it by half-past eight, and reached the tents at the village of Marah, an hour and a half sooner than our friends who had gone in advance had anticipated. The *khabur* on our arrival we found to be *puckha*; the hog had been seen there the day before, and we were in the highest possible spirits. A hasty breakfast—for we were too eager for the sport to eat much—having been dispatched, by half-past nine we were

on our tats, on the road to the hunting-ground, which was still three miles distant, and which we reached as nearly as possible by ten o'clock.

"The jungle is as pretty looking a patch as one would wish to see. It stands on the banks of a small river; is about three hundred yards long by a hundred and fifty deep, the rear protected by the river; in front is a fine plain for about four hundred yards, when the ground becomes rather rocky, but still may be considered good. To the right and rear it is much worse; but as we arranged the beaters so that the hog were not likely to take in either of these directions, we were not under any apprehensions on this point. To the left also the ground is good. On looking about us, we began to be sensible that our trouble in coming thus far would be rewarded with success. The large *pugs* in the bed of the river, and the rooting up in various parts at the borders of the jungle, convinced us that there were not only hog there, but some *prime ones*. The jungle was composed of baubul bushes and grass, in some parts very thick, though not very high; and from all we could gather, we felt convinced it was to be a certain find.

"About ten o'clock the beaters were all in line, with their right brought a little forward, to prevent the hog from taking to the bad ground there—as I have before mentioned. On the extreme right, on the verge of the jungle, were stationed a couple of beaters on an elevated piece of ground, on the look-out, and ready to give us the signal by waving cloths so soon as the hog should start. Immediately opposite to these, but on the left flank, were stationed the hunters, four in number; and our position was such that we were almost certain of seeing the hog as soon as they should clear the thick jungle. These arrangements having been effected, we were waiting in that state of suspense when every minute seems an hour, when the report of a pistol, and the dashing of the beaters into the jungle with a shout that might have been heard for miles around, and must have made the hog prick up their ears a few, made us take a good grip of our bridles, and arrange our seats to be ready for them whenever they should break cover.

"The effects of their shouting were soon evident, and five fine hog were

seen breaking cover. We were immediately at their heels, but the thing was not well managed: it would take up too much time to explain *how* it was;—but to the fact: only one large sow was killed, and one, after having been twice speared, escaped into a sugar-cane field. One of them reached the jungle again, but where the rest went we could not discover. On returning to the jungle, one hog was perceived about a mile off, taking across a fine plain. We gave chase, and were rapidly closing in on her when she took refuge in a sugar-cane field; it served, however, only to give her ten minutes' breathing-time, at the expiration of which we turned her out. She had not half a mile to go to reach the jungle, and was on the point of entering it, when she was speared through, and dropped dead on the edge.

"The day was exceedingly hot, and while the beaters were being put in their original position, we retired under a tree for a sup of grog; and having soon taken up our former station, had not been there five minutes before our friends on the right waved their cloths. On coming up to them, we found that two hogs were coming out, but stopped short on the edge of the jungle: they soon started, but turned back into the thicket. We were sending the beaters back to beat it again, and had retired to our post, when we perceived a large hog, who, having crossed the river, was now cantering along the banks. We had heard that there was a large boar there, and now made sure that we had got him. We dashed across the river after him, and perceived him making straight for a small patch of bajjeree. This he reached without being speared; but remained in it only long enough to allow the huntsmen to surround it, when he again took away over a fine plain, and was almost immediately killed; but to our disappointment, instead of being a boar, as we had expected, it was a sow. [Our gallant friend, we can hardly doubt, has spent the greater part of his youth within a few miles of the hill of Howth.]

"We again returned to the jungle, and had not even commenced beating when we saw another single hog taking away in front, at a rapid pace: we were all after her in a twinkling, and after a run of about a mile she was

killed. We had now had no less than five runs, in which all hands were engaged, the day, as I have before mentioned, being extremely hot; and having only two horses each, completely out of training, and not at all in condition for such violent exercise, we began to find that both men and horses had had nearly enough for one day. However, we knew that there were more hog in the jungle; and as long as our nags could go, (though they had been already twice changed,) we had no idea of giving in. Accordingly, each mounting our freshest horse, we again took post in our old place, and on beating the jungle were again successful; a *souder* of twelve now broke out, of which three were killed, and three more lost in the jungle and sugar-cane field after having been speared. With the death of one other ended the sport of the day, and we wound up with eight killed and four more lost after being speared. Our horses were ridden to a stand-still, and besides, two of us were obliged to be at Mohol, halfway back to camp, by sunset, and it was now three o'clock, so we mounted our tits and cantered to the tents. On arriving there we found the dinner ready, and after a hasty meal got into the nibbs at four o'clock, and reached Mohol exactly at half-past six—in the palankeens by seven—reached camp at half-past two on the following morning, and were on parade at gunfire."

This is what we call a very praiseworthy specimen of pluck and bottom; for nibbises are not made by London coachmakers, nor are the roads macadamized. The thermometer was probably at 95°, and galloping after a souder of twelve hog is not quite an occupation adapted for the dog-days. But glory is a wonderful support in the hottest weather: we doubt not that it is nearly as inspiring as the sup of grog we find so modestly alluded to; and greater glory or more rapacious excitement is nowhere to be met with than in standing the rush of a huge brown boar, and planting your spear right in his bristly neck when his tusk is within a foot of your horse's breast—cutting down a cuirassier is perhaps more exhilarating still, or splitting the turban of a Thug; but, in a quiet way, we are not sure that we should not prefer transfixing the *iracundus aper*. And, while we are about it, we

must quote one or two most admirable staves,—for the boar-hunters of the Deccan are not unknown to song. This strikes us to have the genuine “birr.”

HUZZA FOR A HUNTING MORNING !

Awake ! up, up, and away to the wood,
Where the grizzly sounder's sleeping ;
Where the panther prowls, and the wild-wolf howls,
And the dun-deer watch is keeping !

Yes, awake and away ! all your dreamings dismiss,
And away with all snobbish adorning ;
There never was ground of such promise as this :
Then huzza for a hunting morning !

O ! who'd the glorious chase forsake,
When the grey bear's track we follow
O'er the mountain top, through the thorny brake,
Or down the steepy hollow ?
Then awake and away, &c. &c. &c.

Though the bowl may yield some joy to the heart,
Of rapture, too, partaking ;
Yet it never can rival the sounder's *start*,
Or the crash of the grey boar breaking.
Then awake and away, &c. &c. &c.

Though some still swear no charm can vie
With beauty's glance and tone,
Yet give ME the flash of the boar's brown eye,
And the roar of his dying groan.
Then awake and away, &c. &c. &c.

Parodies are generally poor enough things. They are something like a practice, very common among the smaller fry of wits, of making ludicrous quotations of Scriptural expressions. “A good man,” quoth Samuel Johnson, “dislikes it for its profanity, and a clever man despises it for its facility.” But an imitation is a very superior thing to a parody ; and what may be called a parallelism is a finer thing still. There are few songs finer, in their way, than “Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue.” The tune, to be sure, is a great help to the words, for it stirs the heart of a Borderer like the notes of a trumpet ; and, in a foray to Carlisle gates, there is no saying what might be the effect of so dashing a chorus among a set of wild reavers, devoted to pillage and song. “Et mihi, mehercle !” as old Lowth exclaims in a paroxysm of minstrel ardour—“plus valuisset unum *Ἀρμίδι μίλος* quam omnes Philippicæ orationes !” And we cannot for an instant doubt, that, if the ven-

erable professor had known the tune of one of those ballads as well as the words, he would have carried his enthusiasm to a still higher pitch. Nothing can be better than the rapid roll of the music ; and as we ourselves wear a blue bonnet, we are not ashamed to confess, that when we hear that *μίλος* sung with suitable spirit, very absurd ideas slip into our head of the iniquity of laws against sheep-driving, house-burning, and harrying the English, which we know were the favourite occupations of our forefathers. The “Blue bonnets over the Border” is another dangerous ballad, and ought to be bound over in its own recognisances, as tending to a breach of the peace. Now, what these and similar ditties are on the Border, are some of the songs by our gallant young huntsmen in the Jungles of Hindostan. We should like to see the man whose heart doesn't dance when he listens to such a stave as this :—

HURRAH FOR THE SPUR AND THE SPEAR!

Here's a bumper to spur and to spear!
 A bumper to challenge a song!
 A bumper to those, who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along!
 'Tis good to be steady and cool,
 'Tis better to dare than to doubt,
 'Tis best to keep clear of the snobs in the rear,
 And be always thrown in than thrown out!
 Then hurrah for the spur and the spear!
 Hurrah for the zest of my song!
 Hurrah for all those, who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along!

Here's a cheer for the charms of the chase!
 A cheer for a glorious burst!
 And who wouldn't cheer, when the bold win the spear;
 For the fearless are always the first.
 There are some ever in the right place—
 There are some who just toddle and trot—
 There are many who love every danger to face—
 And many, I swear, who do not!
 Then hurrah for the spur and the spear!
 Hurrah for the zest of my song!
 Hurrah for all those, who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along!

There's a joy when the boar makes his rush—
 There's a joy when the monster first bleeds—
 There's a joy though *to-day* has now glided away;
 For to-morrow shall double our deeds!
 Here's a sigh for the sportsman afar,
 A welcome to those who are here—
 A health to the whole, who, in spirit and soul,
 Are friends of the spur and the spear!
 Then hurrah for the spur and the spear!
 Hurrah for a jovial song!
 Hurrah for all those, who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along!

The stormy joy of the chase in the morning, and the convivial enjoyments of music such as this, and iced Lafitte at night, are some slight alleviations to the pangs of absence from merry England, the slowness of promotion, and the hot climate of the gorgeous East. Hunting those tameless savages of the wood is a fine preparation for an active campaign; and we will venture a slight wager that not a few of the foremost of the stormers of Ghuznee were heroes of the spur and the spear.

Be it remembered that the view we have here taken is furnished to us, not by the hands of the Mundys and Bacons, and other gentlemen of liter-

ary reputation—they are the unpremeditated sketches of gay young men, who had no ambition of authorship; but were only inspired by a strong love of sport, and had probably a far more intimate acquaintance with Dundas than with Lindley Murray. The hot sun ripens mere boys into good soldiers and brave huntsmen, much more rapidly in the great plains of Hindostan, than we could imagine possible in our native land, the stormy north. A youth goes out as a cadet at sixteen or seventeen, with a strong predilection for barley-sugar and penny tarts; a dreadful awe of his pedagogue haunts his dreams; he finds the apron-string of his mother

a cord of as binding force as the chains recorded in the *Prometheus Vincitus*, which he read the last half-year; and, in short, he is a puling white-faced, hobbledehoy; a non-descript, intolerable in the eyes of the whole human family—from very old men down to very young ladies. Before he has been six months in India, he is as much a man as his grandfather—holds up his head at parade as if he were a field-marshal—has no dread of schoolmasters, or of any living thing, beast or man, or mixture of both—and heads a party of gallant spearmen in their rush upon a white-tusked boar, without its ever entering into his head to enquire whether “his mother knows he’s out.” As to the feelings of that venerable matron when she finds out that Tommy has more stirring amusements than playing cricket—that he has actually looked a royal Bengal tiger in the face, and discharged a bullet with unblenching cheek and unquivering hand right into the monster’s forehead, she will hardly believe it can be the same dear Tommy that she remembers one little year before, with no higher ambition inflating his little heart than to have a gun of his own, and to be allowed to kill crows. Oh! mothers of innumer-

able Tommies—whose hearts leap up whenever you hear the word India mentioned—lay this soothing unction to your souls, that the mortality is as great in the heart of old England itself as in Hindostan—that more lives are lost in one season galloping after a fox, than in a century by teeth or paw of boar or tiger—and finally, that your darling will return at the end of the first ten years, with an epaulet on each shoulder, a liver sound and whole, and a cargo of shawls and turbans that will make you and his sisters the envy of the whole neighbourhood! We therefore conclude, after the example of the Rev. Dr Poundtext, with this practical exhortation—stir up “the governor,” by all the means in your power, to send out to the aforesaid Tommy a new rifle, and an extra supply, to enable him to sport a good horse; for unless these two instruments be of the best quality, we cannot answer for the consequences—old rifles are apt to burst, and old horses to fall down—a disagreeable incident, you will allow, within fifty feet of a tiger, or a couple of yards of a boar—and what a pity it would be if Tommy’s beauty should be injured, all for the want of an additional hundred pounds!

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of thy song enthralls the ear,
 And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
 Of vanish’d nations rolls thy music-tide.
 No light from history’s starlike page illumines
 The memory of those nations. They have died.
 None cares for them but thou:—And thou mayst sing
 Perhaps o’er me, as now thy song does ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world’s turmoil and never-ceasing din,
 Where one from other’s woe existence weaves,
 Where the old sighs, the young turns grey and grieves,
 Where misery gnaws the maiden’s heart within:
 And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,
 Where with thy soul of music thou dost win
 Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes
 Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
 Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
 Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
 Goes floating through the tangled passages
 Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
 A multitudinous melody, like a rain
 Of glassy music under echoing trees,
 Over a ringing lake. It wraps the soul,
 Even as a gem is wrapp'd, when round it roll
 Thin waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
 With very excess of deep pleasure, dumb,
 And pant, like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love
 (Even as men love light) the song of birds:
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
 To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove
 Amid the woods, what time the snowy herds
 Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun
 Into the depths of heaven's heart, as words
 That from the poet's lips do fall upon
 And vanish in the human heart; and then
 I revell'd in those songs, and sorrow'd when,
 With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
 Alone with nature—but it may not be.
 I have to struggle with the tossing sea
 Of human life, until existence fades
 Into Death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
 Through the thick woods and shadow-chequer'd glades,
 While thought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
 The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,
 As now, my garmenting of pain and care,
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferr'd
 Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with gloom!
 Still, Joy's rich music is not all unheard—
 There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird!
 To welcome me within my humble home:—
 There is an eye with Love's devotion bright,
 The darkness of existence to illumine!
 Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
 Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
 Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling breast,
 O'er them thy song shall pour, like a rich flood of light.

ALFRED PIKE—ARKANSAS.

MALACHI.

THE final predictions of this Prophet are well known for their powerful and lofty threatenings of national ruin. Yet the condition of his country at the moment, was unquestionably the last which could have justified any human conjecture of its dissolution by Divine vengeance. The people had but lately rebuilt their Temple, had conformed to the renewed law of their fathers, had received the recovered Scriptures, and had commenced a new and purified polity. That there

were remnants of the habits and corruptions of Babylonish life among them, is obvious from his rebukes, and those of Zechariah and Ezra. But those were slight stains, and the error which was predicted as the final source of their ruin—a ruin, too, at the distance of four hundred years—was of a wholly opposite character,—the national disdain of contact with the Gentile world, the national pride in the exclusiveness of their religion, and the national vindictiveness against that

Mightiest of all Teachers, and Supreme of all Sovereigns, who came to announce the admission of mankind into the privileges of Israel. Independently of our direct knowledge of the universal inspiration of Scripture, this utter dissimilarity to human conclusions must make us feel that this awful denouncement of the matured vices of a land, then in their first period of regeneration, was the work of a knowledge above man. Malachi is said to have died young, after assisting the members of the Great Synagogue in the re-establishment of the law of the nation.

“The day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.

“But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.

“And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts.

“Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.”

MALACHI, ch. iv.

A sound on the rampart,
A sound at the gate;
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate.
In the thicket at midnight,
They roar for the prey
That shall glut their red jaws
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,
When all shall be flame;
When, Zion! the sackcloth
Shall cover thy name;
When thy bark o'er the billows
Of Death shall be driven;
When thy tree, by the lightnings,
From earth shall be riven:
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn;
And like chaff thou shalt glow
In that furnace of woe;
And, dust as thou wert,
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul!
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll.
No starlight shall pierce
Through that life-chilling haze;
No torch from the roof
Of the Temple shall blaze.
But, when Israel is buried
In final despair,
From a height o'er all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Her Sun shall arise—
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparkles of flame,
From his chariot-wheels hurl'd,
Shall smite the crown'd brow
Of the God of this world!
Then, captive of ages!
The trumpet shall thrill
From the lips of the seraph
On Zion's sweet hill.
For, vested in glory,
Thy monarch shall come.
And from dungeon and cave
Shall ascend the pale slave:
Lost Judah shall rise,
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven?
The angel of wrath;
The whirlwind his wing,
And the lightning his path.
His hand is uplifted,
It carries a sword:
'Tis ELIJAH! he heralds
The march of his Lord!
Sun, sink in eclipse!
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,
When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of thy kings?
Woe, woe to the ocean,
Woe, woe to the land!

'Tis the day long foretold,
'Tis the judgment begun;
Gird thy sword, Thou most Mighty!
Thy triumph is won.
The idol shall burn
In his own gory shrine:
Then, daughter of anguish,
Thy dayspring shall shine!
Proud Zion, thy vale
With the olive shall bloom,
And the musk-rose distil
Its sweet dew on thy hill;
For earth is restored,
The great kingdom is come!

JERUSALEM.

VAST as is the period, and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Judea still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world. Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region. With less to attract an invader than any other conspicuous land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin by the Romans in the first century did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of the neighbouring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Amrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Kaliph Omar. On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes—the dagger—the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem vice-roys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting their crimes for their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the 12th century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the Desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1187, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns, took possession of Palestine. After another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the

Ottoman, until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of all Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt,—a dreary period of 500 years, under the most desolating government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the Scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications, that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may colour the future to us too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable, and splendid display of Providence in favour of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics towards Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre; and the Israelite himself the especial agent of those high-transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of the earth, and make man, what he was created to be—only “a little lower than the angels.”

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people. Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon, never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its popula-

tion within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Judea, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statisticians, who are generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:—

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 5700.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?

'Twas e'er on Jerusalem!

Glorious its glow

On the vine-cover'd plain,

On the mount's marble brow,

On the Temple's broad grandeur,

Enthroned on its height

Like a golden-domed isle

In an ocean of light;

And the voice of her multitudes

Rose on the air,

From the vale deep and dim,

Like a rich evening hymn.

But whence comes that cry?—

'Tis the cry of despair!

What form stands on Zion?—

The prophet of woe!

His frame worn with travel,

His locks living snow.

His hand grasps a trumpet;

The heart's-blood runs chill

At its death-sounding blast:

All the thousands are still—

All fixing their gaze,

Where, like one from the tomb,

The shroud seems to swim

Round the long, spectral limb,

And the lips pour in thunder

The terrors to come!

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem!

Lovely, yet stain'd;

Thou'rt a lion's whelp, Judah,

Yet thou shalt be chain'd.

Thou'rt magnificent, Zion!

Yet thou shalt be lone;

The pilgrim of sorrow

Shall see thy last stone.

"Hark, hark to the tempest—

What roar fills my ear?

'Tis the shouting of warriors,

The crash of the spear.

The eagle and wolf

On that tempest are roll'd—

Twin demons of havoc,

To ravage thy fold.

"They rush through the land

As through forests the fire;

Woe, woe to the infant,

Woe, woe to the sire!

Rejoice for the warrior

Who sinks to the grave;

But weep for the living—

A ransomless slave.

"But, veil'd be mine eyeballs!

The red torch is flung,

And the last dying hymn

Of the temple is sung!

The altar is vanish'd,

The glory is gone;

The curse is fulfill'd,

The last vengeance is done!

"Again all is darkness:

Year rolls upon year;

I hear but the fetter,

I see but the bier,

But the lions are coming !
 They roar from their sand :
 'Tis Amrou and his Saracens—
 Curse of the land !

“ Like the swamp-gender'd hornets,
 They rush on the wing
 By thousands of thousands,
 With death in their sting.
 Like vultures, they sweep
 O'er Moriah's loved hill,
 And the corpse-cover'd valleys
 By Kedron's red rill.

“ Where, where sleeps the thunderbolt?
 Heaven ! hear the cries
 Of the Ishmaelite slave
 To his Prophet of lies.
 Hear the howl to his demons,
 His frenzy of prayer ;
 Mix'd with Israel's lament
 Of disdain and despair !

“ It has come ! and the throne
 Of the robber has reel'd ;
 And the turbans are floating
 In gore on the field.
 I see the proud chiefs
 Of the West in their mail ;
 And my soul loves the standard
 They spread to the gale.

“ Stay, vision of splendour !
 On Jordan's rich marge
 They rush to the battle,
 Earth shakes with their charge.
 Like lightning the blaze
 From their panoply springs :
 I see the gold helms
 And crown'd banners of kings.

“ Yet evil still smites thee,
 Thou daughter of tears !
 No trophy is thine
 In the strife of the spears.
 The stately Crusader
 And Saracen lord,
 But give thee the choice
 Of the chain or the sword.

“ Again all is silence !
 The long grass has grown
 Where the crossbearer sleeps
 In his rich-sculptured stone ;
 And the land trod by prophet
 And chanted by bard,

Is left to the foot
 Of the wolf and the pard.

“ But who ride the whirlwind ?
 The drinkers of blood !—
 From the summit of Lebanon
 Rushes the flood.
 'Tis the Turcoman ravening
 For slaughter and spoil :
 Oh, helpless gazelle !
 Thou art now in the toil.

“ King of kings ! on our neck
 Sits the slave of a slave,
 As wild as his mountains,
 As cold as our grave.
 All his sceptre the scourge,
 All our freedom his will ;
 Yet thy children must linger—
 Must agonize still.

“ Fly swift, ye dark years !
 Still the savage is there—
 The tiger of nations
 Is couch'd in his lair.
 The field is a thicket,
 The city a heap,
 And Israel on earth
 Can but wander and weep.

“ King of kings ! shall she die ?
 Hark ! a trumpet afar—
 It thrills through my soul,
 Yet no trumpet of war.
 I hear the deep trampling
 Of millions of feet ;
 And the shoutings of millions,
 Yet solemn and sweet.

“ Now—the voices of thunders
 Are rolling on high ;
 The pomp has begun,
 The redemption is nigh.
 I see thy crown'd fathers,
 Thy prophets of fire,
 And the martyrs, whose souls
 Shot to heaven from the pyre.

“ Who comes in his glory,
 Pavilion'd in cloud ?
 Judah, cast off thy shame !
 Israel, spring from thy shroud !
 Thy King has avenged thee—
 He comes to his own,
 With earth for his empire,
 But Zion his THRONE !

ETHICAL SONNETS.

1.

THE SPRING AND THE BROOK.

It may be that the Poet is as a Spring,
 That, from the deep of being, pulsing forth,
 Proffers the hot and thirsty sons of earth
 Refreshment unbestow'd by sage or king.
 Still is he but an utterance—a lone thing—
 Sad-hearted in his very voice of mirth,—
 Too often shivering in the thankless dearth
 Of those affections he the best can sing.
 But thou, O lively Brook! whose fruitful way
 Brings with it mirror'd smiles, and green, and flowers—
 Child of all scenes, companion of all hours,
 Taking the simple cheer of every day,—
 How little is to thee, thou happy Mind,
 That solitary parent Spring behind!

2.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

FAIR thoughts of good, and fantasies as fair!
 Why is it your content to dwell confined
 In the dark cave of meditative mind,
 Nor show your forms and colours otherwhere?
 Why taste ye not the beautiful free air
 Of life and action? If the wintry wind
 Rages sometimes, must noble growth be pined,
 And fresh extravagant boughs lopt off with care?
 Behold the budding and the flowering flowers,
 That die, and in their seed have life anew;
 Oh! if the promptings of our better hours
 With vegetative virtue sprung and grew,
 They would fill up the room of living Time,
 And leave the world small space to nourish weeds of crime.

3.

GRAVE TEMPERAMENTS.

To live for present life, and feel no crime—
 To see in life a merry-morrice craft,
 Where he has done the best who most has laugh'd,
 Is Youth's fit heaven, nor thus the less sublime:
 But not to all men in their best of prime,
 Is given by Nature this miraculous draught
 Of inward happiness, which, hourly quaff'd,
 Seems to the reveller deep beyond all time.
 Therefore encumber not the sad young heart
 With exhortations to impossible joy,
 And charges of morose and thankless mood;
 For there is working in that girl or boy
 A power which will and must remain apart—
 Only by Love approach'd and understood.

4.

ACTION AND THOUGHT.

THERE is a world where struggle and stern toil
 Are all the nurture of the soul of man—
 Ordain'd to raise, from life's ungrateful soil,
 Pain as he must and pleasure as he can.
 Then to that other world of thought from this
 Turns the sad soul, all hopeful of repose ;
 But round in weirdest metamorphosis,
 False shapes and true, divine and devilish, close.
 Above these two, and resting upon each
 A meditative and compassionate eye,
 Broodeth the Spirit of God : thence evermore,
 On those poor wanderers cast from shore to shore,
 Falleth a voice, omnipotent to teach
 Them that will hear—" Despair not ! it is I."

5.

PRAYER.

IN reverence will we speak of those that woo
 The ear Divine with clear and ready prayer ;
 And, while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
 Know their bright thoughts are winging heavenward too.
 Yet many a one—" the latchet of whose shoe"
 These might not loose—will often only dare
 Say some poor words between him and despair—
 " Father, forgive ! we know not what we do."
 For, as Christ pray'd, so echoes our weak heart,
 Yearning the ways of God to vindicate ;
 But worn and wilder'd by the shows of fate,
 Of good oppress'd and beautiful defiled,
 Dim alien force, that draws or holds apart
 From its dear home that wandering spirit-child.

6.

LESSON TO POETS.

TRY not, or murmur not if tried in vain,
 In fair rememberable words to set
 Each scene or presence of especial gain,
 As hoarded gems in precious cabinet.
 Simply enjoy the present loveliness ;—
 Let it become a portion of your being ;
 Close your glad gaze, but see it none the less,
 No clearer with your eye, than spirit, seeing.
 And, when you part at last, turn once again,
 Swearing that beauty shall be unforgot :
 So in far sorrows it shall ease your pain,
 In distant struggles it shall calm your strife,
 And in your further and serener life,
 Who says that it shall be remember'd not ?

R. M. MILNES.

PROPOSED GALLERIES FOR PICTURES AND STATUES AT THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

WE rejoice greatly that the University of Oxford will, in the course of the year, probably in the spring, commence building a Picture and a Statue Gallery. We sincerely congratulate the lovers of art and of literature, and indeed we may say all ranks of the community, upon this occasion, persuaded as we are that a deep study of the fine arts will engender a taste which has been long wanted, and which must tend to make every other study more effectual. But before we enlarge upon the advantages, let us lay before the public some slight statement of the plan proposed.

After much trouble, the University has succeeded in obtaining, after M. A. Taylor's death, the wreck of Sir R. Taylor's fortune bequeathed to it, subject to the life-interest of M. A. Taylor. This legacy amounts to about £63,000 three per cent consols; and the purposes specified by the donor, who was an architect, are, in the first place, to *erect an edifice* within the precincts of the University with the proceeds, (*i. e.* the interest thereof;) and afterwards, with the same interest, to pay teachers or professors of some European languages. The first object will absorb all the proceeds for some years to come. This is the whole case, as far as Sir R. Taylor's benefaction is concerned, excepting that a purchase has been made for the site of the edifice. But this bequest and purchase is connected with picture and statue galleries in the following manner:—The University have purchased ground spacious enough to embrace an object long entertained, *viz.* statue and picture galleries, and have advertised for plans *embracing both objects*. We understand that the plans sent in have been submitted to Sir R. Smirke, that is, five out of the number; set apart by a committee of gentlemen. About the year 1790, a Dr Randolph left £1000, to accumulate in order to aid the University in building a *picture-gallery*; and this benefaction, which has increased to about L.5000, constitutes the immediate occasion for the additional purchase. The University, we are glad to hear, hope, from the sources within their control, to add consider-

ably to this sum, and to be able to erect galleries which shall not be discreditable to them. It is contemplated, therefore, that the two buildings—that to arise from Sir R. Taylor's bequest, and the gallery—should be combined in external appearance, though totally distinct in their internal arrangement, and supported by distinct funds. It is said that Sir R. Smirke has given the preference to the plan of Mr Cockerell, and that it is in the Italian Palladian style.

As the buildings are not yet commenced, we venture to throw out one or two remarks, which may practically be found useful. That external appearance is of great importance, we would by no means deny; but in galleries that have been erected, the purpose of their erection seems to have been forgotten in attempts to make fine exteriors, which attempts have nevertheless woefully failed. The great object should be unquestionably the entire fitness of the galleries for the exhibition of pictures and statues. We will therefore begin with the picture-gallery, and state its requisites. And here it will be manifest at the first, that as pictures vary in size and character, they must require to be seen at different distances and lights; and that therefore one gallery will not suffice. For however the eye may be gratified by the long range and general display, this of itself may be said to be but *one picture*, to which it is absurd to sacrifice the rest. We would, if possible, have for every picture of great value and of striking interest, but one room; this may not be very practicable, but still a building may be judiciously erected with this view. One great advantage in single rooms is the capability they afford of adapting the light to the picture, and of even toning it. To those who are only accustomed to see filled galleries or private rooms, the effect of a good picture transferred to a single room, and its peculiar light and position, would be quite magical. A picture probably never looks so well as upon the painter's easel. He has chosen his light, subdues or modifies it to his purpose, and has placed his picture

where his eye can best direct his hand. Now, if this be so, it must be that we should study and imitate this art of the painter; we say art, for with him it is an art. We have some old pictures of painters' rooms—of Ostade, we remember, and others, and it is curious to note their management of the light. Artists now attend to the same thing. They do not allow cross and distracting lights; and we believe the old masters painted in very low lights, (we mean not in position, for they were from above,) reduced even by blinds. Their finest works were for churches and chapels, and to be seen in that “dim religious light;” and not only on this account were they painted in such, but because by this management a greater power was acquired, a greater strength in the lights and shades to bring them out; and it will be observable, that the Italian schools particularly are actually more seen in reduced than in strong lights.

We think there is a great error in the modern views of this matter. The object of making rooms as light as possible, is neither advantageous to pictures, nor agreeable nor conducive to that repose which the eye requires for pleasurable continuance in a room. If these observations are just, the management of light, and power of varying it, must be of great importance; and it will likewise follow that an appropriate management can only be perfectly attained, for pictures of the highest value especially, in single rooms. The size and proportions of such rooms will likewise be a subject of much consideration. There is an old practice, likewise to be avoided—the hanging one picture above another; sometimes, indeed, we see them three or four deep, in which case they all suffer. We maintain that no picture is seen to advantage when the spectator is obliged to strain his neck into a most uncomfortable position to look at it: the looking at a picture is, or should be, a continuous action, not like the survey of a building, in which case the eye without fatigue changes, and at a moment receives the impression, and passes on. To place the spectator in an uncomfortable position, is injudicious, and not only indisposes him to that calm and constant survey which the work requires; but by making him uncomfortable in himself, removes from

him much of his capability of receiving pleasure, and therefore his true judgment and relish. And besides this, the eye is subjected to a light to which it is by no means accustomed. When it sees objects upon a level with it, it is under the softening shelter of the brow, the eyelids, and the delicate sieve-like curtain of the eyelashes; and when it is forced to look upwards, especially for a continuance, it receives a shock and a painful sensation which the mind may unreasonably refer to the object surveyed as the cause. We would therefore lay it down as a general rule, that pictures should be hung rather *below* than above the eye. It will be said that many fine works are too large so to be treated, and that many have been painted expressly for high positions, even ceilings and cupolas. As to the first objection, we would rather have the spectator raised than the picture; as to the latter, it is and has been the great defect, and consequence of degrading art to the merely ornamental, by which pictures became mere accessories, adjuncts, and not the principal objects. Let us take, for example, the large Sebastian del Piombo in the National Gallery. Is it not evident that that picture cannot be justly seen?—the horizontal line of the picture being one, and that of the spectator's eye another. Could that picture be brought down, and the spectator be upon a platform, so that his eye should be on the horizontal line in the picture, we are quite persuaded that the effect would be wonderfully heightened, and the whole picture more immediately taken in, comprehended in one view, than it can possibly be in its present or indeed any other position. And then, as we before observed, could it have a managed and subdued light, so that no raw rays should bodily interpose between the eye and the picture, the grand and solemn awfulness of the picture would be, as it should be, of the miraculous.

In the examination of the architect of the New National Gallery before the Committee of the House of Commons, we remember it was stated what space a picture should be raised above the floor, and what space should terminate it below the ceiling. This we considered absurd, and not the result of any rule. As much as may

be possible, let the picture give out the rule, and its horizontal line direct. Take the fine Claudes in the National Gallery; let each be in its own room, regulate the light, and let them be hung with the eye of the spectator seated (for there is something in that quiet continuous position) upon the horizon; and what magic would there be in the sunset!—all the lines would verge to their proper perspective—the illusion would be complete. You may be sure that Claude so looked at his pictures on his easel; and we scarcely do him justice, in hanging them as those wonderful marine pieces are now hung. We have often been struck with the insignificant appearance of pictures, whose beauty and value were previously well known, when we have seen them raised in the auctioneer's stand; and have been surprised that some better contrivance for exhibiting them had not been adopted. Pictures, like other beauties, should “stoop to conquer.” It may be said that these hints may be well thrown out when the pictures are first collected, and the gallery then to be built, but of little practical use before any collection is formed. There is some truth in this, but of less force than might at first be imagined. It would not be very difficult to calculate the different dimensions of pictures likely to form a collection; and single rooms may accordingly be arranged of every variety of size—afterwards, adaptation could not be very difficult. That such arrangements would require great architectural skill we are quite aware; but “*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,” we are not architects. Nearly all these observations will apply likewise to a statue-gallery. We have never yet seen one perfectly satisfactory: neither the Apollo Belvidere, nor the Venus de Medicis are well lodged. Some seem to think statues are to be put in niches, as if walls had eyes, and could admire: but a statue should be seen all round; indeed, if possible, it should be so movable as to be raised or lowered; it should be capable of being viewed in every possible position—then would one statue be made, as it were, so many pictures. To *fix* a statue, so that you may walk round it, will not be enough, unless you have the power of varying the lights, so that they should come from any direction. Take that beautiful frieze

of the Elgin Marbles; let the light come from behind the figures, and the horsemen seem chasing their own shadows; let the light come from the opposite direction, and how the speed is increased by the shadows thrown behind them! They are different things: let the light be above them—then beneath them—what variety! and as every form is in itself beautiful, and as the complication of forms is throughout beautiful, so by varying the power of viewing them, you multiply beauties to the eye, which, though they existed, and must exist, in the art, were lost to the spectator who had but the power of *one* light. The endless variety of position in which statues may be viewed, renders attention to lights in statue-galleries even more important than in picture-galleries. The painter, in a great degree, determines his own light and shade, and one character of it; the sculptor no less attends to light and shade in attending to the roundness, the massiveness, and largeness, or the contrary, of the parts; but in so doing is unlimited, and thus in making one makes many statues—the painter makes but *one* picture.

The University having determined to erect picture and statue galleries, the next consideration is—how are they to be filled, and to what purpose if they are filled? We will assume that the University see the advantages of connecting the arts with literature. The advantages are indeed many. But as the advantages must be supposed to arise from the really fine things these galleries are to hold, we should wish to know what works the University at present possess, available, and what means of acquiring others. We are not aware that the University have *any* of much merit in possession, nor even that the colleges, could they contribute what they have, could supply largely. To purchase, would, we fear, require larger funds than could be raised. Something may be acquired, in the course of time, by liberal bequests, and perhaps this is the only source to be much relied upon. There can be no doubt but that the probability of ultimately possessing a fine gallery, will greatly depend upon the interest first excited upon the subject; and to create this interest a very inexpensive beginning may suffice. Let a portion of the

building be set apart for prints and casts—they are easily obtained, and will serve well the purpose of general lectures upon art. And this leads directly to the use to which such galleries may be applied. There should be at least one professorship of painting and sculpture in the University. Lectures ought to be publicly given.

We are aware that there is here a great difficulty. From what funds can such a professorship be maintained? Why may we not look to the generosity of wealthy men, educated at Oxford, who are likewise lovers of art, for a liberal donation for this purpose? Let us consider what amount would be necessary—we want not large funds. The professorship would confer honour, and would be an object of high ambition. It would mainly exalt the rank and dignity of art; but it would impose important duties, much devotion of time and abilities, and therefore, like other professorships, should have something of honour substantial besides the name attached to it. What, then, would be a competent endowment? To reply to that question we should ascertain the duties. We would have no term pass without lectures. The professor should have rooms, perhaps, for practical illustrations; it would therefore be desirable that he should have a residence in the building. With this extended beneficent view, the endowment should be liberal. But let us take it at its lowest—supposing that additional lectures may be assisted by gratuities from attendants. Suppose the duties attached to the endowment to be limited to one course of lectures in the year; in that case, one hundred pounds per annum might be sufficient. The last instituted professorship was that of Political Economy, by H. Drummond, Esq., with one hundred pounds a-year; the duties being, to deliver a definite number of lectures in the year, and to publish certain of them. It is holden only for five years. The professorship of Moral Philosophy is founded also with the same endowment; and that of Anglo-Saxon Literature with somewhat more. The professorship of Ancient History, instituted by Camden, is worth only one hundred and twenty pounds a-year—there is none, perhaps, more efficient; the professor delivers a course at least twice in the year, and

has generally above one hundred persons in his class. The professorship of Experimental Philosophy is worth about one hundred and thirty pounds a-year—the course of lectures is well attended. This professor, and some others, not all, receive a sum of one or two pounds from each person attending. The practice of receiving a fee is seemingly optional, and not founded upon any principle. If the professorship of Painting were two hundred pounds per annum, it might be thought proper that no fee should be required; but if less, it might be desirable. If, then, one hundred pounds would endow a professorship of painting and sculpture, (for we suppose we must at present take them together,) and if two hundred pounds would be a handsome endowment, we would not think so ill of the lovers and patrons of art and of literature as to suppose, that such an endowment as the largest might not be easily raised if the thing were properly taken up. Many may not wish to come forward, under an impression that the University are adverse to such an endowment, thinking that, were it not so, a professorship of the kind would have been established long ago; but the public should know that the ease is quite otherwise. It should be known that all, or very nearly all the funds of the University are *appropriated* to their several purposes, and that the University, as trustee, has only to *distribute* them. The University has no means of *funding* a readership. A few years ago, some members, wishing to promote the study of mathematics, exerted themselves to obtain subscriptions in order to found exhibitions for that purpose; and recently (last year) the University restored some funds which had been applied to other purposes for the endowment of a professorship of Logic. Even these funds the University has obtained by a *tax* upon their own members. It is, therefore, from inability, and not from disinclination on the part of the University, that such a professorship has not been established. Let this be well known—some leading persons in or out of the University take an active interest in the matter, and we entertain little fear. Such an endowment would do great honour. There are many individuals to whom the amount would be no object—were subscriptions re-

sorted to, surely the sum would be easily raised; or why should it be hopeless to obtain a grant for the purpose, by petition to Parliament through the University member? There are no politics in this, and one would hope there would be but little opposition. This is not the first time that we have urged this upon the public notice; and we cannot now resist the temptation, offered by the intention of the University immediately to build galleries, again to excite the public attention to the subject. Should we have to encounter the jealousy of the Royal Academy? We think not. The "*liberal arts*" should engender a generous wish for extension—for diffusion of the best principles of taste. There is no place so fit as our Universities for their establishment. The advantages are too numerous to mention. Besides the immediate connexion of the arts with literature, especially with the Greek, of which they are the very soul—for all Greek poetry is picture, vivid, distinct, and particular—besides the relish, and taste, and elucidation, which literature and the arts would lend to each other, and thereby render the grace of education perfect, we do think that the endowment of a professorship, with galleries and facilities of giving effective lectures, would be the means of rescuing many from idleness, and its usual accompaniments dissipation and ruinous expenditure. It would engender a taste where none existed, and by making one study at least agreeable, lead to a habit of study and of thought, and to a desire, through taste, of intellectual improvement. It would be the means of providing, not a mere light and passing pleasure, but a passion for life. We have ourselves induced some young men, upon entering on life, to take up painting as an amusement, and they have expressed unbounded gratification from the pursuit. It is one that makes the dulllest days—the days that are heavy to the listless idler—days of busy delight. But it is not our purpose to eulogize the art; there is little need. We would only most earnestly recommend the endowment of professorships at both our Universities. A few words might be said upon the choice of professors; and here we expect that many (perhaps the general opinion) will not agree with our view,

A friend to whom we have proposed the plan, states as a first difficulty, that "no *endowment* would be sufficient to keep away from London a painter of first-rate eminence: for though we might meet with an accomplished amateur, whose talents and reputation might secure ample credit to such an appointment; yet we should ordinarily, perhaps, have to look to a professional artist, who, however excellent in his own department, might be wanting in literary attainments to give effect, or even secure attention, to a course of lectures. Much, indeed, could be done, were a first-rate person merely to deliver once a-year, in the University of Oxford, a series of lectures, having his usual residence still in London." We cannot in any way agree with our able friend. For though we are satisfied that he very much underrates the literary attainments of artists, for the proof of whose attainments we need but refer to the lectures of Reynolds, Fuseli, Barry, and Phillips, we very much doubt if it would be desirable to look for professors to the quarter he recommends. It may seem very strange, but it has been very often observed by those most conversant with the arts, that professional painters are not the best judges of works of art. There may be many reasons given for this: perhaps the truest is, that art has an unlimited scope; the artist a limited scope. He chooses but one field in which to spend his days—to which to devote all his time and genius. To this particular walk he is partial—his whole thought is directed to one practice. If high finish, laborious execution be his taste, he will but badly understand the dash and vigour of another school. We should not value the criticism of a Denner upon Michael Angelo. The eye of a Wynantz would be but ill tutored for the wild and more general beauties of Salvator Rosa. Nay, not even a Claude, perhaps, would be quite qualified to see the beauties of a grander and more free pencil. Artists there are, without doubt, so gifted by nature and study with such an exquisite sense, that they are in all perceptions of taste superior to the rest of mankind, and are without the necessity of divesting their minds of their own practice, and have an immediate perception of all beauties within the range

of art: But the gift is rare—much more so than may be generally imagined. We should almost go the length of saying, that professional artists should not be selected. If they were, it would be but a transfer of lectures from the Academy to the University. A professor of this class would not be sufficiently free from his own academical connexion and bias. The University would require one who could point out existing errors, and deviations from the true principles of taste, and more particularly, one versed in general criticism and literature of the most poetical class. He should have had the advantages of an academical education, and be a Master of Arts of one of the Universities. It may be said that still a practical knowledge would be desirable. Certainly it would, to a certain extent; but we by no means think it necessary. Take away all the technicality of the art from the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and they would still contain principles of taste which would improve the general scholar, though he never contemplated the handling a pencil. It is a great thing to learn to see and to feel the beauties of nature, taking nature here in its largest signification. Without any technical knowledge whatever, the otherwise well-educated man is already half an artist. And we will venture to affirm, that an artist who aims at rising in his profession by studies confined to the technical and practical part of it, is greatly mistaken—it is the *mind* that should direct the hand. It is the mind that should be cultivated, enlarged, and purified—schooled to discard all that is low, mean, and trifling, and to be above all vulgar enticements. Practice may then be well directed, and the mechanical labour will be, comparatively speaking, of easy acquirement, comparatively easy still, “*nulla dies sine lineâ*.” There are few artists that in their practice have not as much to unlearn as to

learn. Most practise too much, before they have acquired any sure principles—before they have qualified the imagination and the judgment to direct the hand. Hence the mere imitation of more *obvious* nature, or flashy unmeaning effects, is in our own school too often substituted for design and poetical conception. Professorships once established, there would be no lack of teachers of the practical part of the art, to initiate the students in the craft and mystery of mixing colours, and of using the pencil; though we do not see why it should be taken for granted that a professor such as we have described should not likewise have sufficient knowledge to give much practical instruction. We have known many unprofessional gentlemen perfectly qualified—many, as the term is, amateurs, who, by scholarship and knowledge of and devotion to the arts, are competent to lecture, and indeed fulfil all the duties that may be reasonably required, and whose fitness, we verily believe, would be acknowledged by the best professional artists. We leave the subject, being unwilling to go to greater length than may serve the purpose, to the best of our power, of directing the public attention to the subject—more particularly the attention of the patrons of art in general—as we think a field is open to them, both of raising art to its proper station and dignity, and of elevating the minds of our academical students—of supplying a worthy pursuit where one is most needed, and of rescuing them from idleness, dissipation, and the woeful consequences too often felt through life. If this opportunity be not seized in any other quarter, we earnestly entreat the influential members of the Universities to take themselves such measures as may publicly bring forward the advantages to be attained by the endowment of professorships of painting and sculpture in those ancient seats of learning.

WAR WITH CHINA, AND THE OPIUM QUESTION.

"WHAT great events from little causes spring," was never exemplified in a broader light, or on a grander scale, in the history of the world, than at this moment. The mightiest as the most ancient of empires, has yoked its destinies with a fiscal question and a pretence of morals, and the fate or fortunes of three hundred millions of people, concentrated under one and the same rule, have become vitally entangled with an issue of money damage, of which somewhere about three hundred millions sterling is the amount recited in the declaration, apart the costs of judgment, execution, and example. The grandeur of the sum may seem of itself almost a stake large enough to warrant the strife of empires; but magnificent as the scale in which conceived, never was public robbery perpetrated under circumstances attendant of fraud, falsehood, cowardice, and treachery, more revolting. For China, therefore, the die is cast—for external war develops internal revolution. The seeds of revolution, once sown, may germinate but too rapidly; and the fabric of an empire, of proportions so unwieldy and almost unmanageable already, may stagger under the first shock from without, until finally, in years not far distant, after a succession of external assaults and convulsions within, which must surely follow upon the first patent exhibition of the overgrown weakness by which they are invited, it dissolves into a thousand detached portions, parceled out among ravenous competitors for the spoil, attracted from afar, like vultures by the instinct of prey, to the carrion carcass of the once mighty, but fallen. During the progress of ages, numberless are the nations which have appeared, which have flamed out their meteor course, and then have been effaced so fully as not to "leave a wreck behind" of all their greatness, save as a dream of history. Invincible conquerors have swept over the earth, and the revolutions of empires have almost kept pace with those on its own axis; once in each thousand years the great map of the world has had to be refaced, and geography reconstructed with names, and nations, and demarcations before

unknown and undreamt of, whilst the old nomenclature is consigned to the musty records of the things that were; but in all this "wreck of matter and crash of worlds," the Chinese empire alone has stood firm, immovable, permanent, for thousands of years—scarcely ruffled by dynastic changes, giving the law even to its Mantchew Emperors, who wisely merged the claims of conquest in those of adoption, and sank their own nationality in that of the vast country, pure, homogeneous, unmixed, and uncontaminated alone of all the earth in its people and lineage. Let us take classic Asia, as delineated by D'Anville or any other geographer; and we shall find, on comparison with the more recent maps of that quarter of the globe by other geographers, that scarcely has a single place or territory retained its denomination excepting China: and not of Asia alone may this be said. Where are the powerful red tribes, which once figured with local habitation and a name on the maps of North America? Where the gallant Saracens, who sustained the renown of the Caliphate of Haroun el Rashid, who carried conquest, chivalry, and civilisation from Asia to Africa, and from Africa to Spain? In the modern atlas we search for them in vain; whilst China alone remains the stereotyped impression of every map, and the enduring monument of every age. She alone substantially connects all the various and ever-varying phases of the past with the present, from all time unchanging, as still unchanged herself, amidst change and revolution all around her. But the day may come when the empire boasting its thousands of years shall reach the term of its immortality—when, invulnerable on all points but one, like the Grecian, on that point a formidable and outraged power shall press and inflict the first wound—a wound which, once open, will become the standing sore for future mark by one or other foe or rival, until a final break-up of the system be accomplished. The cackling of geese once saved an empire; the incident, almost as trivial, of opium-smoking or eating, instead of

tobacco—a mere matter of taste—may chance to ruin one. The doom of China is staked, and may come to be determined by a cause so really insignificant, if the real cause, as the intemperance of opium-eaters or opium-smokers. High Commissioner Lin may congratulate himself on the immortality achieved for his name; but it may be, like the melancholy immortality of the last of the Romans, founded on the expiring glories and the liberty of his country; or like the notoriety, not less immortal, of him who daringly fired that temple of wondrous proportions, which to create was equally beyond the range of his genius, as the elevation of his soul to feel all its grandeur. In one evil hour the rule, hitherto almost unvarying, of Chinese policy, has been violently over-set by Imperial Commissioner Lin; and insolence, before confined chiefly to external forms, and petty vexations, and therefore repulsive and annoying more than deeply hurtful, has been exchanged for overt aggression, with circumstantial aggravation of injuries so atrocious, as no longer to leave open one avenue by which peace can be preserved even for the sake of profit, and by the sacrifice, too long submitted to, of national honour.

In our trading relations with China—for political we have had none—we have been content to crouch to tyranny in its pettiest and most degrading shapes—to invite oppression by slavish submission in every conceivable form. And we have found that submission the most patient, and endurance the most passive, under insult and insolence accumulated for centuries, have not sufficed either to purchase friendship or to conciliate forbearance. The Celestial Empire, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, remains unchanged and unchangeable ever; and the barbarians of the “evil eye,” in return for prostration the most abject, to caprice and exactions the most outrageous and despotic, reflected with concomitant circumstances of offensive exaggeration from the precincts of the Imperial Court by subordinate provincial delegation, are spurned with the same apparent contempt, and trampled on with as little ceremony, as when Great Britain was no otherwise known in China than by a few straggling traders, whose traffic in detail and amount was compara-

tively that of hucksters rather than of merchants. The consummation and climax of all have been reached at length, in the wholesale spoliation of British merchants—the imprisonment of British subjects like the vilest of felons—the unheard-of violation of all international rights, in the forcible detention of the person, and threats against the life, of the British representative—and, finally, in overt acts of hostility against British shipping, and the murder of British seamen. Such is the final catastrophe which prolonged perseverance, in one uniform course of conduct, as mean as mercenary, has not succeeded in averting. It was long foreseen by every man of common sagacity, and would have been effectively provided against, and remedied on the instant, by any government of the slightest pretensions to ability and patriotism. After a course of wanton aggression, continued unremittingly by the Chinese, and ending, as described, in the persecution, the loss of liberty, the robbery, and, lastly, in the bloodshed of British subjects, one British ship of war was found by chance in the Chinese waters, as the ineffectual messenger of protection and vengeance, disgracefully chased off by a few war-junks, and thus inflaming the arrogance which was meant to be chastised or over-awed. At the eleventh hour, indeed, we are told that the sleeping thunders of Great Britain are arousing, and the bolts of vengeance in preparation; that Lord Minto is refurbishing old ships long in ordinary—starving other stations by recalling ships in service extraordinary, and, in striving to patch up one hole in the far East, leaving and making other gaps in the West or the South. For six months bygone the ports have resounded with the busy hum of warlike armament; but as yet we know of two or three men of war only, as indicated by a flourish of trumpets which of yore would have been held to signal thirty or forty at the least. So poor and impoverished have we become, that not only are we forced to borrow ships from one service for another, but even a corps of a few hundreds of marines cannot be furnished for China without first dismantling Passages.

The opium trade between the East Indies and China, is not so recent of origin as commonly believed; although

its increase of late years may be said to have kept pace to a certain extent with that of the consumption of tobacco, gin, and other spirits or narcotics in this country, to which, in its effects, it may be most nearly likened. Before the year 1767, says an Indian journalist, quoted in the *Chinese Repository*, the import into China rarely exceeded 200 chests; in that year it reached 1000, and so continued for several years, the traffic being wholly in the hands of the Portuguese. It was in 1773 that the East India Company first made a small adventure in opium to China, and in 1780 a depot of the article was established in Lark's Bay, south of Macao. The trade does not then appear to have been carried on to any advantage, although it was still continued. The following is a portion of the returns of the produce of Bengal, so far as verified by the sales of the India Company at Calcutta, commencing with 1798-99 to 1836-37; the return, year by year, would take up too much space, nor is it necessary.

Chests. Value in Sicca Rupees.

1798-9,	4172	1,731,161
1807-8,	4538	6,854,157
1817-18,	3692	8,043,197
1827-28,	6650	11,228,416

So far the return is taken from the *Chinese Repository*, which proceeds to 1836-7, but the accuracy of the account cannot be entirely relied upon. In a circular of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, and a petition of the Calcutta merchants, the statement is thus given, for—

Chests. Value in Rupees.

1837-8,	19,600	21,292,386
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The exports from Bombay and Damaun to China, from 1821 to 1836, are thus stated in the *Chinese Repository*:—

Chests. Value per Chest in Rupees.

1821,	2,278	2,024
1831,	9,333	1,450
1836,	11,724	958

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce return the total value of the export from thence, for—

1836-7, at 24,249,821 rupees.
1837-8, — 11,242,325 do.

A proportion of the opium thus exported from India was directed to other parts besides China; and of the

whole quantity produced in Bengal in 1830, about one-third was thus shipped to ports in the Eastern Archipelago.

In the opium districts of Bengal, the plant is cultivated by the Ryots on account of the India Government, and equitably paid at a certain rate of remuneration. At Bombay, it is taxed in a duty of 125 rupees per chest. It is sufficient for the present to say, that the total revenue derived from it, which, in 1832, was equal to £1,000,000, exceeded £2,000,000 in 1837, and in the year following may be taken to have reached to nearly £3,000,000.

With these preliminary remarks, we may now proceed to a concise historical sketch of the arbitrary proceedings of the past year, and down to the present time, which the Chinese Government have had recourse to for putting a final stop to the introduction of opium, if not to its consumption; with the causes ostensibly alleged, or the pretexts fraudulently advanced in vindication; with the real but less notorious grounds which lie at the bottom of all. On the 10th of March, the Imperial Commissioner Lin made his appearance at Canton, and on the 17th issued an edict to the Hoppo, to the effect that, "pending the stay of the High Commissioner in Canton, and while the consequences of his investigations, both to foreigners and natives, were yet uncertain, *all foreign merchants were forbidden to go down to Macao*;" that is, they were detained prisoners at Canton. On the following day, the 18th, Lin addressed a proclamation to "Foreigners," of which, as the basis of all subsequent measures, the more important points are extracted as follow:—

Proclamation to Foreigners, from the Imperial Commissioner, H. E. Lin, (dated 18th March 1839.)

"Lin, a high officer of the Chinese empire, now specially appointed an imperial envoy, a president of the board of war, and viceroy of Hoo Kwang, hereby proclaims to the foreigners of every nation, that they may thoroughly know and understand. Whereas ye, the said foreigners, coming to Canton to trade, have usually reaped immense profits: therefore it is that your ships, which in former years amounted annually to no more than several tens, now exceed a hundred and several tens, which arrive here every year,

“Your import goods, no matter what they be, with us find a consumption: and respecting the cargo which you may wish to purchase in return, there is nothing in which you may not adventure.

“I would like to ask you, if, in the wide earth under heaven, you can find such another profit-yielding market as this is?

“Our great Chinese Emperor views all mankind with equal benevolence; and therefore it is that he has thus graciously permitted you to trade, and become, as it were, steeped to the lips in gain. If this port of Canton, however, were to be shut against you, how could you scheme to reap profit more? Moreover, our tea and rhubarb are articles which ye foreigners from afar cannot preserve your lives without: yet year by year we allow you to export both beyond seas, without the slightest feeling of grudge on our part. Never was imperial goodness greater than this!

“Formerly the prohibitions of our empire might still be considered indulgent, and therefore it was that from all our ports the sycee leaked out as the opium rushed in: now, however, the great Emperor, on hearing of it, actually quivers with indignation, and before he will stay his hand, the evil must be completely and entirely done away with.

“Respecting our own subjects, he who opens an opium-shop, or who sells opium, is immediately put to death; and it is also in agitation whether or not the mere smoker may not be accorded the extreme penalty of the law; and ye foreigners who come to our central land to reside, ought in reason to submit to our statutes, as do the natives of China themselves.

“I find that ye have now anchored at Lintin and other places many store-ships, in which are several tens of thousands of chests of opium.

“Your intention is to dispose of them clandestinely; but ye remember not how strict we are in making captures at this port: how, then, will ye find people who will convey it for you any more? And, seizures being made with equal severity through every province of the empire, what other place have ye where ye dare to sell it off? *This* time opium is indeed prohibited, and cannot circulate; every man knows that it is a deadly poison; why, then, should ye heap it up in your foreign store-ships, and keep them there long anchored on the great sea; not only thereby wasting much money by their heavy expenses, but exposing them to the chance of storms, of fire, and other accidents which no man can foresee?

“I, therefore, uniting all these circumstances, now issue this my edict, and, when it reaches the said foreigners, let them immediately, and with due respect, in conformity thereto, take all the opium in these said store-ships and deliver it up to the officers of Government, and allow the Hong merchants to examine clearly which man by name gives up so many chests; the total weight, so many catties and taels; and let (the Hong merchants) make out a distinct list to that effect, and hand it up to the officers to be checked, that these officers may openly take possession of the whole, and have it burned and destroyed, so as to cut off its power of doing mischief; a single atom must not be hidden or concealed; and, at one and the same time, let a duly prepared bond be drawn up, written in the Chinese and foreign character, stating clearly that the ships afterwards to arrive here shall never, to all eternity, dare to bring any opium. Should any ship after this bring it, then her whole cargo on board is to be confiscated, and her people put to death; and that they will willingly undergo it as the penalty of their crimes: all this to be stated clearly in the said bond.

“Upon this occasion, I, the Imperial Commissioner, being at Peking, in my own person received the Emperor's commands: the law, when once uttered, must be put in force: moreover, having brought with me these orders, and this great irresponsible authority for prevention, they must be executed to the benefit of public business, and may not be compared with that careless examination and mode of acting that belong to ordinary matters. If the stream of opium cannot be cut off, I cannot return from this. I am sworn to have the same beginning and end (*Anglice*, to stand or fall) by the opium question. There is no such thing as suspending my labours in the middle. Moreover, I find that the indignation of the people of the inner land is almost to a man roused against you; and if ye foreigners will not reform and repent—if profit continues to be your sole object—then it is not only with the majesty of our troops, and the abundance of our forces by land and water, that we may sweep you off, but we have merely to call upon the common people of the land to rise, and these would be more than sufficient utterly to annihilate you. Further, we should, as a temporary expedient, close the ships' holds, and as a final one, shut up the port; and what difficulty would there be in cutting off your commerce for ever? Our Chinese empire covers many tens of thousands of miles in extent; every sort of produce is there heaped up and running

over, we have no occasion to borrow any thing from you foreigners; but, I fear, that were we to stop the intercourse, the plans for doing business (and obtaining profit) of every one of your countries would at that moment come to an end! Ye foreign traders, who have come from distant countries, how is it that you have not yet found out the difference between the pains of toil and the sweets of ease?—the great distance betwixt the power of the few and the power of the many?

“In reference to those vagabond foreigners who reside in the foreign hongs, and are in the habit of selling opium, I already know their names full well; and those good foreigners who do not deal in opium, I am no less acquainted with them also. Those who can point out the vagabond foreigners, and compel them to deliver up their opium—those who first step forward and give the bond before spoken of, these are the good foreigners, and I, the imperial envoy, will speedily bestow upon them some distinguishing mark of my approbation. Woe and happiness, disgrace or honour, are in your hands! It is ye yourselves who select for yourselves.

“I have now ordered the Hong merchants to go to your factories and explain the matter to you; and I have limited three days, within which they must let me have a reply, and at the same time produce the duly prepared bond afore mentioned.

“Wait till I have consulted the viceroy and fooyen, when we shall clearly proclaim the time within which the opium must be delivered up.

“Do not indulge in idle delay and expectation, which will only lead to a vain repentance.—A special edict.—Taoukwang, 19th year, 2d moon, 4th day.”

On the 22d of March, Superintendent Elliot, with these facts before him, ordered all the “ships of her Majesty’s subjects at the outer anchorages” to “proceed forthwith to Hong Kong, and, hoisting their national colours, be prepared to resist any act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government.” On the 28d, he issued another public notice, enjoining all British subjects to make preparations for removing their property on board certain vessels at Whampoa; to transmit him a list of all claims and debts against Chinese subjects, with estimates of loss and damage incurred; and stating that he should demand passports for all such persons as thought fit to proceed outside (Canton) within the space of ten days,

(they were at the time all actually prisoners.) On the 24th of March the Superintendent went in person to Canton, and, to use his own words—

“Immediately proposed to put an end to the state of difficulty and anxiety then existent, by the faithful fulfilment of the Emperor’s will; and he respectfully asked that he and the rest of the foreign community might be set at liberty, in order that he might calmly consider and suggest adequate remedies for the great evils so justly denounced by his Imperial Majesty. He was answered by a close imprisonment of more than seven weeks, with armed men by day and night before his gates, under threats of privation of food, water, and life. ‘Was this,’ he adds, ‘becoming treatment to the officer of a friendly nation, recognised by the Emperor, and who had always performed his duty peaceably and irreproachably, striving in all things to afford satisfaction to the provincial government?’”

For the prevention of “some shocking catastrophe” on the “person of an imprisoned foreign officer and two hundred defenceless merchants,” he required, moreover, the delivery of all the opium in their possession, on board ships either within or without the harbour, to be surrendered to Commissioner Lin. The opium was accordingly given up, under *duresse* and threats of forfeiture of life, to the amount of 20,283 chests, and to the value of between two and three millions sterling. The order for delivery during this imprisonment contained the following guarantees for damage, and recourse on the Government at home, with a statement of the horrible indignities to which he and all held in bondage with him were subjected; and “under the force of which, and the fear of worse, his consent was wrung to the surrender of the opium.”

“I, Charles Elliot, Chief Superintendent of the trade of British subjects in China, presently forcibly detained by the provincial government, together with all the merchants of my own and the other nations settled here, without supplies of food, deprived of our servants, and cut off from all intercourse with our respective countries, (notwithstanding my own official demand to be set at liberty, so that I might act without restraint,) have now received the commands of the High Commissioner, issued directly to me, under the seals of the honourable officers, to deliver into his

hands all the opium held by the people of my country.

"Now I, the said Chief Superintendent, thus constrained by paramount motives, affecting the safety of the lives and liberties of all the foreigners here present in Canton, and by other very weighty causes, do hereby, in the name and on the behalf of her Britannic Majesty's Government, enjoin, and require all her Majesty's subjects now present in Canton, forthwith to make a surrender to me, for the service of her said Majesty's Government, to be delivered over to the Government of China, of all the opium under their respective control, and to hold the British ships and vessels engaged in the trade of opium subject to my immediate direction; and to forward to me, without delay, a sealed list of all the British-owned opium in their respective possession. And I, the Chief Superintendent, do now, in the most full and unreserved manner, hold myself responsible for and on the behalf of her Britannic Majesty's Government, to all and each of her Majesty's subjects surrendering the said British-owned opium into my hands, to be delivered over to the Chinese Government. Now I, the said Chief Superintendent, do further specially caution all her Majesty's subjects here present in Canton, owners of or charged with the management of opium, the property of British subjects, that, failing the surrender of the said opium into my hands, at or before six o'clock this day, I, the said Chief Superintendent, hereby declare her Majesty's Government wholly free of all manner of responsibility or liability in respect of British-owned opium.

"And it is specially to be understood, that proof of British property, and value of all British opium, surrendered to me agreeably to this notice, shall be determined upon principles and in a manner hereafter to be defined by her Majesty's Government.

"Given under my hand and seal of office, at Canton, in China, this 27th day of March 1839, at six of the clock in the morning."

On the surrender of the opium, the following rigorous conditions were imposed by Lin, for the more stringent fulfilment of the compact, and ratified by Captain Elliot, as announced by himself:—

"The undersigned has now to announce,

that arrangements have been made for the delivery of the opium lately surrendered to him for her Majesty's service, by which his Excellency the High Commissioner has stipulated that the servants shall be restored, after *one-fourth* of the whole shall have been delivered; the passage-boats be permitted to run, after *one-half* shall have been delivered; the trade opened, after *three-fourths* shall have been delivered; and every thing to proceed as usual, after the whole shall have been delivered, (the signification of which last expression the undersigned does not understand.)

"Breach of faith is to be visited, after three days' loose performance of engagements, with the cutting off of supplies of fresh water; after three days more, with the stoppage of food; and, after three days more, with the last degree of severity (*i. e.* DEATH) on the undersigned himself."

The "ultimate satisfactory solution," adds the Superintendent, "of the recent difficulties, need give no man an anxious thought." The terms and conditions were, notwithstanding, faithlessly and arrogantly broken by Lin, although the surrender of the opium was accomplished with the strictest fidelity; placed, nevertheless, as it was, on board receiving ships and other vessels, as Mr Warren observes, "one hundred miles distant from the port of Canton; and though within the Chinese waters, yet as utterly beyond the reach of Chinese power as if it had lain on shipboard at Spithead."* "The servants," says Captain Elliot, in his indignant remonstrance, dated the 21st of June 1839, addressed to the Chinese authorities, were "*not* faithfully restored when *one-fourth* of the opium had been delivered up; the boats were *not* permitted to run when *one-half* had been delivered up; the trade was *not* really opened when *three-fourths* had been delivered; and the last pledge, that things should go on as usual when the *whole* should have been delivered, has been falsified by the reduction of the Factories to a prison, with one outlet; the expulsion of sixteen persons, some of them who never dealt in opium at all, some clerks, one a lad; and the proposing of novel and intolerable regulations." The trade, in consequence, remained

* See pamphlet on "The Opium Question, by Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law,"—a name, we may add, justly endeared to the readers of *Maga*—as to whom is it not?

as before, suspended. On the delivery of the opium, according to the quantities separately verified by each of the proprietors or merchants representing the distant proprietors, Captain Elliot delivered to each a certificate for the amount to be claimed against the Treasury, to the following effect:—

“ I, Charles Elliot, H. M. Chief Superintendent of the trade of British subjects in China, hereby acknowledge to have received from ———, being British subjects, trading in Canton, ——— chests of ——— opium for her Majesty's Government, in terms of my public notice to British subjects, dated 27th March 1839, hereunto annexed.

“ The amount of indemnity for the said opium to be held to the order of the said

No. of Chests.	Kind of Opium.	Ship's Name.

“ In witness whereof, I have affirmed to four documents, all of this time and date, one of which being made good, the others to stand void.”

Here, having defined the broad facts of the great opium case, we shall stay our hand for the present from following up the connected series of minor but accessory acts of violence with which it has been followed up to the present day, purposing to wind up with them hereafter. For it is fitting now to enquire, whether the opium trade were in reality that traffic vigorously forbidden by the Chinese Government, or not; what were the stringent means adopted for its extirpation; and whether the deleterious effects of the drug on health, and therefore on its consumption by the people, were the *one sole*, or only a concurrent, or *not the moving cause at all*, of the various nominal prohibitions launched against it; and of the final catastrophe by which, as we have seen, the interdict has finally been attempted, if not consummated. We have already adverted briefly to the history and origin of the opium trade. It was not till 1799 that Keikhing, the then governor of Canton, presented a memorial to the Imperial Court of Peking for its interdiction, which was complied with; but, among the reasons assigned, we find none on the score of injury to health or morals, in the philanthropic sense. His argument is only to this extent:—“ Regarding it as a subject

of deep regret, that the vile dirt of foreign countries should be received in exchange for the commodities and *money* of the empire; and fearing lest the practice of smoking opium should spread among all the people of the inner land, to the waste of their time and the destruction of their property;” he prayed a prohibition of the drug, and the punishment of offenders. In 1809, and subsequently to 1837, various imperial or provincial edicts were issued enforcing the prohibition, with much the same formality, in the same general terms, and with the same absence of vigorous and special provisions in aid, as in this enlightened country proclamations against vice and immorality are pompously and emptily paraded, as part and parcel of the regalia of a new reign. The ceremony was occasionally gone through by the viceroy, of sending a message, mostly oral, by the Hong merchants, to remove the opium ships, which quietly dropped down to a more distant anchorage for a few days, and then resumed their former stations undisturbed. As an American merchant wrote to his consignees in 1821,—“ As to driving the opium ships from Whampoa, it is nothing more than what takes place almost every year, only later in the season.”

Indeed, in that same year, the Americans, now so cringing and consequently admitted to favour, were the objects of most special reprobation, as we learn from an edict of Yuen, then Viceroy of Canton, in which it is said—“ The American captains are emboldened to bring opium, because they have no king to rule them.” Without recurring to former more distant periods, it is necessary only to consult the more important documents of the last few years, to be satisfied, that humane consideration for the health and lives of the subject has been only the ostentatious pretext for imperial denunciations against opium. In 1836, it became a subject of anxious deliberation in the Emperor's Cabinet, whether its introduction should not be legalized, and made an object of revenue. The case was debated in the way usual at Peking, by memorial and counter-memorial to the heads of the Sacrificial Court. The first whose opinion was thus given is named Hew Naetse, Vice-President of the Sacrificial Court, an officer of great dignity. He thus commences:—

"I would humbly represent, that opium was originally ranked among medicines; its qualities are stimulant; it also checks excessive secretions, and prevents the evil effects of noxious vapours. In the *materia medica* of Le Schechin, of the Ming dynasty, it is called *afooyung*. When any one is long habituated to inhaling it, it becomes necessary to resort to it at regular intervals; and the habit of using it, being inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life. Of those who use it to great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the face sallow, the teeth black: the individuals themselves clearly see the evil effects of it, yet cannot refrain from it. It is indeed indispensably necessary to enact severe prohibitions, in order to eradicate so vile a practice."

And further—

"It will be found, on examination, that the smokers of opium are idle, lazy vagrants, having no useful purpose before them, and are unworthy of regard, or even of contempt. And though there are smokers to be found who have overstepped the thresholds of age, yet they do not attain to the long life of other men; but new births are daily increasing the population of the empire, and there is no cause to apprehend a diminution therein; while, on the other hand, we cannot adopt too great or too early precautions against the annual waste which is taking place of the resources, the very substance of China."

But here he shows the real sore place in respect of the import of opium:—

"The number has now increased to upwards of 20,000 chests, containing each a hundred catties. The 'black earth,' which is the best, sells for about 800 dollars, foreign money, per chest; the 'white-skin,' which is next in quality, for about 600 dollars; and the last, or 'red-skin,' for about 400 dollars. The total quantity sold during the year amounts in value to ten and some odd millions of dollars; so that, in reckoning the dollar at seven mace standard weight of silver, the *annual waste of money* somewhat exceeds *ten millions of taels*. Formerly, the barbarian merchants brought foreign money to China, which, being paid in exchange for goods, was a source of pecuniary advantage to the people of all the sea-board provinces; but latterly the barbarian merchants have clandestinely sold opium for money, which has rendered it necessary for them to export foreign silver. Thus foreign money has been going out of the country, while none comes into it."

Again, we have the grievance of the export of silver, and the means of preventing it, by rendering the trade legitimate.

"Now, to close our ports against [all trade] will not answer; and as the laws issued against opium are quite inoperative, the only method left is to resort to the former system, and to permit the barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine; and to require that, after having passed the customhouse, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants only in exchange for merchandise, and no money be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duties to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will also gladly comply therein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with *sycee* silver, and the exportation of it should be equally prohibited. Offenders, when caught, should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them."

The remarkable document, from which the foregoing are extracts, was ordered by the Emperor to be submitted to the opinion of the Hong merchants, and of Tang the Governor of Canton. In the laboured reply of the first, the export of "*sycee* silver," and the mode of its prevention, is still the great burden of the argument, as, like sagacious men, knowing where the Imperial shoe really pinched. In upwards of four quarto pages of this document, scarcely one word about the immoral or deleterious effects of opium is to be found, the whole being occupied with the discussion of modes by which a balance of trade—that is, of commodities imported and exported—might be arranged, so as to prevent *sycee* silver from "*oozing out*." Their opinion was for opening the opium trade at fixed rates of duty. So also the report of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. They lay it down as a principle, that in "*framing regulations*, it is of the first importance to suit them to the circumstances of the times. . . . If in removing one evil, an evil of greater extent is produced, it then becomes the more imperative to make a speedy change, suited to the circumstances of the occasion." The evils of the prohibition of opium are shown in striking colours, such as the increase of the crime of smuggling, the desperation of smugglers, and that although the punish-

ments of the traffic and use of opium had been gradually increased, until made "death by strangling," yet the desire of gain and the desire of the drug was superior to the fear of death. They recommend, therefore, that the prohibition be removed. "*The object*," say they, "*in repealing the interdiction on opium, is to prevent the loss of specie occasioned by the sale of the drug for money.*" They go further, moreover, and recommend that the cultivation of the poppy may be encouraged at home. "Opium, it is said, possesses soothing properties, but is powerful in its effects. . . . To shut out the importation of it by foreigners, there is no better plan than to sanction the cultivation and preparation of it in the empire."

Against any relaxation of the law we have the counter-memorials of two fellow-ministers of Hew Naetse. Choo Tsun, member of the Council and the Board of Rites, recapitulating after Hew Naetse the history of the trade, argues vehemently against the removal of the prohibitions, and the encouragement of home cultivation, which, he asserts, would fail to stop the export of silver. And he concludes with recommending the adoption of the most rigorous measures for putting an end to the contraband traffic in opium and the drain of money. In the course of eight quarto pages, to which his memorial to the Emperor reaches, about one page only (two paragraphs) is devoted to showing the immoral and deteriorating action of the drug. The corruption and enervation of the people, he argues, are the chief objections against opium; and this, he insists, is the object of its importers. Hew Kew, sub-censor over the military department, next follows on the same side of the question, but with somewhat more of moderation. He notices the "present scarcity and increased value of silver;" the cause, "its exportation chiefly in payment of opium;" the annual loss to the country, "ten and some odd millions of money." This is the strain of six and a half quarto pages of his memorial; with the exception of half a page of argument against opium on the ground of morality and policy, and one page and a half on the "illegalities" and "violence" of foreigners. We need not state, that the Celestial Emperor preferred the counsel of Hew Kew and Choo Tsun to the more sage exposi-

tions of Hew Naetse, the Hong merchants, and Tang, the Viceroy of Canton; that he issued his edicts accordingly; and finally dispatched Lin to stop the "oozing out of sycee silver," which, and not the demoralizing and devastating influence of opium upon his people, as Lin would have us believe, made the great Emperor "actually quiver with indignation."

We entertain a sincere respect for those honourable and truly benevolent persons who have been duped by such incidental professions, as have here been fairly and impartially collated, of excessive paternal regard for the morals and the health of the people on the part of the Chinese Government. The fact is, that this apparently thrilling philanthropy is a pure affair of money, just as much as the levy of revenue in this country on the consumption of gin; only in another form. Convince the Chinese Emperor that a free trade in opium would at once stay the "leakage outwards of sycee silver," and he too would scruple as little to enrich his exchequer by customs and excise-duties upon the import and consumption of the drug—notwithstanding the health and morals of the people. But if, argue the political economists of the Celestial region, sycee silver continued to "ooze" out, with a free trade and the levy of duties on it, the empire would be drained of money, and wealth as well as revenue come to an end. When we reflect that infanticide, with abominations which cannot be mentioned, are all but tolerated in China—for the most horrible practices, as those know who have been resident there, almost openly prevail—this "humanity-mongering" of the Government about opium can inspire only feelings of disgust for the hypocrisy, or of ridicule for the pretence. The learned there, in deference to imperial humour, can dissert as doggedly and as plausibly about the effects of opium, as philanthropists in this country, real or showy, do about ardent spirits; and assuredly, we shall not deny, with too much of truth in both cases. As a clever specimen of the kind, we insert here a Chinese document of this sort, not we believe commonly known.

"The ten observations made upon Opium by the Scholar KOO KING-SHAN, a native of the district of Keang-ning, in the province of Keang-soo.

“ On the deadly poison Opium.

“ Opium is a poisonous drug, which comes from beyond sea. When asked what are the good qualities produced by it, it is answered, ‘ it raises the spirits, so as to be insensible to weariness ; ’ therefore it is that so many of us Chinese have constantly fallen into its bewitching snare. At first it is begun to be used, merely from a wish to follow the fashion of the day ; afterwards, when its poisonous influences have pervaded the system, continual *renovation* is required ; its unhappy victim sleeps like a corpse, and grows lean and meagre like a ghost ; this is the manner in which it insidiously carries on its attacks against human life ! Moreover, it is a very expensive article, the price of it is high, it cannot be obtained except by giving for it its weight of silver ; at first it dissipates a man’s substance ; finally it utterly empties his house : of all the calamities ever visited upon mankind, none in magnitude can be compared to this ! I say that it is ten times more fatal than arsenic ! For the wretch who betakes himself to this poison has commonly lost the respect of his fellow-men, his affairs cannot be retrieved, he is without resource, so he drains the fatal cup and expires ! But he who takes delight in smoking opium, receives one calamity on the back of another in deadly succession. I have been asked to give my sentiments on the subject, for the warning of the people against its snare, and they are as follows :— The opium-smoker exposes himself—

“ In the *first* place, to have his animal spirits quickly and completely destroyed. When he at first commences the smoking of opium, he feels his spirits wonderfully elevated ; but he ought to know that his animal spirits take not their rise *externally* but *internally*, and that he is merely using *unnatural* means to raise them above their *natural* level. I compare it to a lamp which you are continually trimming ; and reason tells us that if we do so, the oil will soon be burned out, and the lamp speedily extinguished. Thus, then, young people, who delight in opium, must die prematurely ; they cannot leave posterity behind them ; and their wives, fathers, and mothers, must be left exposed to cold and want. Middle-aged and old people, who smoke opium, must shorten the period of existence that nature would otherwise have allotted them—a circumstance which truly calls forth our compassion.

“ In the *second* place, to have his profession or lawful calling go to wreck and ruin. He who is in authority and smokes opium, cannot have time to attend to his public business himself, however important it may be ; the merchant who smokes

it, delays and loses the opportunity of making money, and all his affairs get in arrear. For losing one’s time and for dissipating one’s estate, never was there a drug so fatal as this !

“ In the *third* place, to have his own flesh and blood waste away before his eyes ! If a robust man smokes it, his beef insensibly falls from him, and his skin hangs about him like a bag. If a delicate person smokes it, his face becomes black as charcoal, his bones lean as laths : those who see him know well that he must speedily take up his abode in the churchyard.

“ In the *fourth* place, to impoverish himself. If a rich person smokes it, his estate must soon be spent. To smoke opium, it is necessary for two persons to lie beside each other on the couch : there they puff and chat away, and thus their enjoyment is at the full. Day by day they spend several pieces of silver in buying this hateful drug ; they invite friends and halloo to comrades who are birds of a feather ; their money melts away very fast ; and do you, reader, say that this state of matters can last long ?

“ In the *fifth* place, to have his appearance changed to an aspect most hideous to behold ! He who smokes this drug for a length of time, feels a constant loathing and laziness ; he cares not for his meals, and finds difficulty in responding to the common courtesies of life. When the period for renovating his system with a fresh dose of the poison comes round, he cannot desist from taking hold of his opium pipe ; rheum and snot flow apace—his whole frame seems withered and rotten, and the by-standers, on seeing him look so funny, cannot refrain from shouts of laughter !

“ In the *sixth* place, to have reports spread abroad unfavourable to his good name. If a man has been long in the habit of smoking opium, his wife naturally follows the bad example ; if they smoke to excess, the night is turned into day, and no distinction made between the outer and inner apartments ; out of this state of matters may spring a great many scandalous occurrences that we dare do no more than hint at ; truly, then, it may be said that such a state of things is much to be regretted.

“ In the *seventh* place, to have his secrets blazed abroad ; among opium-smokers, without distinguishing between the noble and the base—they all lie upon the same couch and puff away. While in this state (*in vino veritas*) they talk about whatever is uppermost in their minds without any reserve. Truly does the proverb say, if a man speak *too* much, some of his words *must* come amiss ; if an honourable man hear him it may perhaps be no great

matter, but if a mean man hear him, it is hard to secure that he wont suffer for it afterwards!

"In the *eighth* place, to be involved in the net of the law. Whether he be buying it or smoking it, should he meet with any base blackguards, these make use of it as a pretext to squeeze him, or extort his money. Should the affair get wind, he will then be brought up before the mandarins for trial and punishment, when he who opens a shop for the sale of opium will be strangled, and he who smokes it will be transported. And mayhap you would like to make a trial of the laws in your own persons, would you?

"In the *ninth* place, to have the poison enter his very marrow and vitals! He who has been in the habit of smoking it long, has his viscera and glands full of hairy worms or insects; these send up their poisonous breaths and attack the intestines,—the stomach and bowels are wounded in consequence, and Loo Peen himself (the Chinese Esculapius) could do nothing in his behalf! Look now at those short-sighted people who wish to put an end to their existence! They mix up a little opium in its raw state, and the moment they swallow it, their bowels burst, the blood gushes out from their seven orifices, their whole body becomes livid and putrid, and they die! There is no medicine known that can cure the effects of this deadly poison. I myself, while travelling along the banks of Yang-tsze-keang, saw a fellow who was an opium-smoker. The time of renovation came round, and he was short of the drug; so, having no means to satisfy the (horseleech-like) craving, he sought a way to destroy himself. He caught up by mistake a cup of chainam oil, (imagining it to be poison,) and drank it off; when he was seized with an unceasing vomiting, and in the end he spewed up a whole heap of these insects!—Their heads were red and variegated, their whole body was covered with hair, they were upwards of an inch in length, and when they were spewed upon the ground they kept wambling about, to the great fear and astonishment of the spectators!!

"In the *tenth* place, to lose his life, (by *external* causes induced by this vice.) The poor man who smokes it, must soon pawn every article he has in his house—when he must sit down and cross his hands in despair! Being now perfectly out at elbows, and being unable to get over the *renovating* period, the infallible consequence is, that he will be led to sell or pawn his wife and children!! I, with my own eyes, saw this in the case of a person surnamed Chin—a native of the province of Ganhwny. He had no sons, so he bought a concubine, whom he managed to get with

child. Afterwards his purse became quite empty through opium-smoking, his vitals were being gnawed for want of *renovation*, he could not get over it at all; so, having no other way of satisfying the disease, he took his pregnant concubine and sold her for several tens of taels! When this money was all spent, he went (like another Judas) and hanged himself! and is there any thing more lamentable than this?

"Now, in reference to the ten foregoing observations made upon the evils resulting from opium, every one knows distinctly that they are the consequences to which opium-smoking must inevitably lead. If the depraved hear me, and still will not awake from their depravity, there is nothing in this that a man may feel astonished or offended at. But I sincerely pity those refined and talented men, who have been gradually falling into its bewitching snare, which threatens to lead them to poverty, and afterwards an untimely end! If ye hear me, and yet refuse to leave off the evil habit, is not this indeed to be pitied? With a sincere feeling of compassion for those unhappy victims who have, under a wrong impression of its qualities, commenced opium-smoking, and gone on till they require the *renovating* drug, who repent of their folly, but who cannot get rid of their bane, I, looking up to the goodness of Mercy, and feeling anxious like her to do something in behalf of the human race, have taken a secret prescription of wonderful efficacy in curing the said evil habit of opium-smoking, and had it engraved and printed in order that it be disseminated over the whole empire. Hoping that it may serve as pointing out the ford or ferry to the foolish man, I have had it annexed to this same document."

With all its ingenuity, and even unquestionable truths in some degree, there is no more here than can be urged against ardent spirits or tobacco taken in excess. Accum acquaints us, if he has not proved to us, that poison lurks in every dish, and death in every bowl; and the same alarming doctrine was patronised once by a higher authority still, in the Brunonian philosophy, once so much in vogue on the Continent. If we mistake not, Mr Brotherton, the member for Salford, who is not a fellow of the "Beefsteak Club," although accustomed to officiate at what is vulgarly and derisively called a beefsteak chapel, teaches that flesh-meat is an abomination to health and morals, and vegetable sustenance the only salvation for both.

The poppy, after all, is extensively cultivated, and opium prepared in

several of the Chinese provinces, and especially in Fukheen, Kwantung, Chekeang, Shantung, Yunnan, Kweichow, &c. ; in proof of which various representations to the Government might be quoted, and especially the most recent one of a censor named Shaon Chinghwick. But it does not appear that the ire of the Celestial Emperor was moved, or his tender cares extended to root out the culture, and extirpate dealers and consumers notwithstanding ; but the reverse.

But whether the prevalent use of opium be noxious or not—as no one will be found to deny that it is, in excess or habitual indulgence—that is not the matter in debate. Nor will any one question the right of the Chinese Government to thunder its anathemas against the introduction of opium any more than of cottons or woollens, if it so please ; ay, and to carry out its interdiction to the extremity of the recognised laws by which all nations are bound. Smugglers detected in the act of breach of the law, were rightfully amenable to all its severities, as those on our own coasts or on shore, when discovered clandestinely engaged in the landing or sale of articles subject to the payment of heavy duties. But is it to be tolerated that on suspicion, even on grounds of suspicion so probable as to amount almost to certainty, such as may be granted to exist, the Chinese commissioner was entitled to demand the unreserved surrender of property, of opium, on board vessels distant one hundred miles from the seat of his authority—on the high sea, beyond his jurisdiction—and so protected that the whole naval force of China could not have seized it ? Is it to be endured that a body of British merchants on shore, following their peaceful pursuits, and reposing under the safeguard no less of the laws of a friendly and unoffended state, than of those international laws which are absolute upon all states ; that the Superintendent, a high officer, representing the person of the Sovereign and the majesty of the British empire, should be held in custody, outraged, maltreated, and threatened with execution like the vilest of felons, to extort from them the surrender of property beyond the control and out of the reach of their treacherous oppressors ? Of property infringing no law, for it was neither on the coast nor in the act of being smuggled ; and of

which, if destined to be smuggled, the Chinese and Chinese officials themselves would have been the actual smugglers. If such be law, be justice, or equity, with how much more show of all and each might we seize, incarcerate in Newgate, and heap the most cruel and cowardly indignities upon French and Dutch ambassadors, with all their resident countrymen, on the well-grounded plea that French lace, silks, brandies, and Dutch hollands, were notoriously smuggled ; and there to hold them in durance vile, until every craft and lugger known or suspected to be in the Channel with contraband articles on board, were surrendered without reserve ? The apology put forth on behalf of High Commissioner Lin, that in the demand and seizure of the opium he was acting according to the letter of Chinese law, and unknowing of the infraction of public law or private rights, will not hold, and is disposed of by the fact, that—“ the Chinese themselves knew they had no right to seize it ; that they were conscious of wrong and injustice in the matter, is proved by their subsequent offer of a paltry remuneration of five or six pounds of tea for each chest surrendered.” Here we have meanness and insolence in aggravation of injury. Should we suffer injustice at the hands of the Spaniards, when, as every body knows, and the fact is as glaring as the sun at noonday, five-sixths of all the British goods entering Spain are introduced by contraband ? Why should we be more lenient to China, the highest officials of which have encouraged the trade in opium, and the trade itself so openly carried on for nearly half a century, that all Peking, to the Emperor himself, was cognisant of the fact, and indirectly, if not silently, tolerated its existence. The best informed Chinese about Canton, as we are credibly informed, state that the military secretary, the Quongship, received 13,000 taels per month from the commander of each Chinese smuggling boat, (a tael is about six shillings and eightpence sterling,) and the Chinese dealers paid to the authorities from 60 to 80 dollars per chest for license to carry on their trade unmolested ; the rate previous to the appointment of Tang, the present Viceroy, having been from 16 to 30, but never exceeding 40 dollars. The Viceroy, of course, participated largely for him-

self. As foreigners could have no communication with the Emperor or his ministers, how should they be aware of infractions of the law, in bringing a commodity to be purchased under authority of the highest functionaries?

The sin of the opium trade, if sin there be, rests not with British merchants, but is divisible, in about equal proportions, betwixt the Chinese and British Governments and the East India Company. Mr Jardine fairly placed this in the clearest point, as noticed in a Sydney paper, from which we make the extract:—

“ Mr Jardine (the senior partner in the firm of Jardine, Matheson, & Co.) being about to bid a final adieu to Canton, the foreign resident merchants invited him to a public dinner; and the resident Parsee merchants presented him with an address expressive of their respect, and their intention to request his acceptance of a service of plate of the value of a thousand guineas. Mr Jardine says:—

“ I hold, gentlemen, the society of Canton high: it holds a high place, in my opinion, even among the merchants of the East; yet I also know that this community has often heretofore and lately been accused of being a set of smugglers. This I distinctly deny; we are not smugglers, gentlemen! *It is the Chinese Government, it is the Chinese officers who smuggle, and who connive at and encourage smuggling; not we:* and then look at the East India Company—*why, the father of all smuggling and smugglers is the East India Company.*”

The East India Company first carried on the trade in opium on their own account. On their discontinuance of the direct export, the drug was still grown on their lands by their tenants, and on their behalf. They made public sale of it to merchants, well knowing it was destined for export to China, where almost alone its consumption lay. The British Government and Legislature sanctioned the trade for the sake of revenue, as did the East India Company, which gained 300 per cent by it, for profit. Opium was a necessary exchange for tea, which furnishes about £3,500,000 to the Exchequer; and in default of opium for payment, bullion must have inconveniently “oozed out” from the United Kingdom. And yet the certificates of Superintendent Elliot, when presented at the Treasury, have been

dishonoured, as the following protest would seem to imply:—

“ *Treasury Chambers, 11th Nov. 1839.*

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ Having laid before the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury your letter, in which you apply for a settlement of certain claims for opium delivered to the Chinese Government, and transmit certificates signed by Captain C. Elliot, I have received their Lordships' commands to acquaint you, that Parliament has placed at the disposal of this Board no funds out of which any compensation could be made, and that the sanction of Parliament would be required before any such claim could be recognised and paid.

“ To prevent any misconception of the intentions of this Board, my Lords have felt it necessary to direct me further to state, that the subject has been under the attentive consideration of her Majesty's Government; and to add, that her Majesty's Government do not propose to submit to Parliament a vote for the payment of such claims.

(Signed) “ R. GORDON.”

The justice of the claim we shall not attempt to discuss in the legal point of view; but it is disposed of triumphantly in the masterly argument of Mr Warren, to whose pamphlet we refer our readers. The honour and interests of British merchants could not have been in better keeping. That the trade was formally sanctioned by the British Government and Legislature, is conclusively demonstrated by the fact, that its contraband character was the subject of open discussion in Parliament.

“ On the 13th June 1833, Mr Buckingham made it the prominent subject of invective; stigmatizing, in particular, the fact that it was a trade of smuggling, and contrary to the law of China, (*vide Hansard*, vol. xviii. page 770.) On the 12th July following, Lord Glenelg, then President of the Board of Control, declared the subject of the opium and salt monopolies in India was UNDER THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF GOVERNMENT, (*Hansard*, vol. xix page 618;) and after this serious consideration, on the 22d July he stated in the House of Commons, as its conclusive result, that it was *not to be forgotten that those monopolies, salt and opium, produced a revenue of £2,500,000!*”

The material importance of the opium trade cannot indeed be disputed, if the argument of the merchants rested there alone for the claim to compensation for property delivered

up for the "service of the British Government," on the requisition, and under the guarantee of its agent for payment. A short but pithy letter, entitled "*A Voice from the East*," places this in a striking point of view.

"From the opium trade the Honourable East India Company have for years derived an immense annual revenue; and through them the British Government and nation have also reaped, from the same trade, an incalculable amount of advantages, both political and financial. Its profits have not only tended to turn the balance of trade between Great Britain and China in favour of the former, and draw an abundant stream of capital from India, which thus became enabled to increase tenfold its consumption of British manufactures: but they have contributed directly to support the vast fabric of British dominion in the East, to defray the expenses of her Majesty's, as well as the Company's, judicial, military, and naval establishments in India; and, by the operations of exchange and remittances in tea and other Chinese produce, to pour an abundant revenue into the British exchequer, and benefit the British nation to the extent of six millions annually, (as shown in Count Bjornstjerna's work,) without impoverishing India or draining bullion from England.

"Hence," says that author, in his work on the British empire in India, 'we find that England's gain from its East India possessions amounts to no less than 6,500,000 pounds sterling a-year; a sum which would in the end completely ruin this colony, (or, more properly speaking, drain it of its bullion,) if it were remitted in this form. But such is not the case; it comes to England in the following manner:—East India opium is sent to China, and is there exchanged for tea; this is taken to England, and covers all the exchange. Such are the *phenomena of trade*; what the one country gains is not lost by the other: they both gain.'

The claim of the merchants to indemnity in full for the opium surrendered to order, not under promise of payment only, but against actual bills or certificates drawn on the Treasury by its accredited agent, and passed by the payees to account, rest not however on, and have no necessary connexion with, the profit-and-loss calculation of the opium trade, as it affects the Government and the nation. Whether its continuance be wise or unwise, be honourable or disgraceful, be gainful or prejudicial, may be a fair subject for present or future

deliberation; but the determination, whatever it be, cannot be brought to bear, like an *ex post facto* law, upon the past in this case; for here the Government and the India Company stand in the relation of principals, by whom former laws were made, or the trade under which carried on licensed, so far as they were concerned: the merchants were only the accessories after the fact, that is, the license to trade. The Government, therefore, cannot make advantage of its own wrong, and, after taking the lion's share of the spoil, refuse protection and withhold indemnification to those who have in person and purse done ample suit and service for both. For, to say nothing of the revenue from tea, the profits of the India Government, which is but a branch of the general revenue in the trade in opium, have been equal to 300 per cent; whilst those of the merchant or factor have averaged the usual rates of mercantile operations, from ten to fifteen per cent only. How, moreover, could the merchants refuse credit to the assurances, and not the assurances only, but the letters of credit, of Superintendent Elliot, given by the Government itself? The public law, no less than the commercial, binds the principal by the acts of the recognised agent; and to re-assure the merchants, if re-assurance were necessary, he himself had called attention to the vast extent of his powers, by stating in a public notice at Canton, that "he took that occasion to *re-publish* that part of the *Act of Parliament*, and the Orders in Council, on which his instructions were founded—which latter, however, it was out of his power to publish."

For our own parts, however, we are inclined to believe, with the *Courier*, which has enforced this view of the subject, that ambiguous and unsatisfactory as may be the response of the Treasury oracle, the Government really meditate no such flagrant wrong as to repudiate their own acts, and surcharge the suffering merchants with their own responsibilities. The larger proportion of the opium sequestered, was the property of native merchants of Hindostan. The consequences would indeed be disastrous to our Indian empire—an empire founded and reposing in public opinion only—were it to be seen or suspected that the obligations of common honesty were sought to be

evaded, or that we feared to enforce the right, and shrunk ignominiously from conflict for the right, with the Chinese empire. Against that empire the Government may judge it more seemly to proceed with a bill of wrongs and damage on behalf of the subject, than to mix up its dignity with an account-current of pecuniary injury on its own account. The money sum of mercantile damage is not confined, moreover, only to the confiscated opium. The Co-Hong corporation of Canton stand indebted to foreign merchants, almost entirely British, in 3,000,000 of dollars more, and the Celestial Emperor is the self-constituted guarantee of the Hong.

Later events have complicated our relations with China still more. More national outrages have been superadded to the scandalous violations of private rights under national protection. Blood has been wantonly shed, as well as treasure feloniously abstracted. A small British vessel, the *Black Joke*, has been boarded at night; and the crew, all unsuspecting and asleep in the security of peace, savagely murdered. A Spanish brig, the *Bilbaino*, supposed to have British property on board, was burned to the water's edge, and many of the crew, who cast themselves desperately overboard, were drowned. By the last arrival of the overland mail from India, (on the 11th of February,) with dates to the middle of November from Canton, we learn that after a temporary arrangement had been concluded for the partial resumption of trade between Commissioner Lin or his authorized agents and Captain Elliot, it was of a sudden perfidiously cancelled. The agreement was to the following effect:—

“PUBLIC NOTICE.

“*To her Britannic Majesty's Subjects.*

“Macao, Oct. 20, 1839.

“It has been agreed between their Excellencies the High Commissioner and Governor upon the one side, and the Chief Superintendent of the trade of British subjects upon the other, that, under existing circumstances—

“1. The British trade may be carried on outside the *Bucca Tigris*, without any necessity of signing the bond of consent to Chinese legislation, (to be handed to Chinese officers,) upon the condition that the ships be subjected to examination.

“2. That the place of resort shall be

the anchorage between Anunghoy and Chumpee.

“3. It is fully understood that the vessels, while discharging their cargoes outside the Bogue, shall pay the measurement charge in the same manner as if they went up to Whampoa. The pilots' charges shall also be paid as usual. The linguists' fees shall be paid in like manner.

“4. The vessels proceeding to Anunghoy will transport their cargoes by means of *chop* boats, and will undergo search by the officers.

“By order of the Chief Superintendent,

“EDWARD ELMSLIE,

“Sec. and Treasurer to the Superintendents.”

The reason was the unexpected entry of the *Thomas Coutts*, merchant ship, into the river, and arrival at Whampoa, after subscribing the humiliating bond, so long resisted and refused by all the rest of the trade, in compliance with the urgent representations and request of Captain Elliot himself. The captain and supercargo, overgreedy of gain, thought to steal a march, and secure a monopoly of profit over their countrymen. The biter in this instance, as in others, was bit; and crew and vessel were both left at the mercy of the exasperated Chinese. Lin, however, on the strength of this, and concluding that the whole of the British shipping would follow the lead of the *Thomas Coutts*, subscribe the bond, and throw themselves into his power, scrupled not to break the treaty so made. What followed we shall state from the *Bombay Courier* of December 24:—

“CHINA.—Every successive event in this quarter seems to deepen the crisis at which affairs have arrived, and to complicate our relations with the empire. We had scarcely issued an *extra* on Thursday evening, announcing to our readers that the Imperial Commissioner had broken off the convention which he had concluded with the Superintendent for carrying on a trade outside the Bogue, had renewed his demand for the surrender of the murderer of Lin-wei-he, and threatened all the shipping at Hong Kong with destruction unless they either entered the port, or took their departure from the coast within three days, when intelligence was brought by the *Cornwallis*, that her Majesty's ships of war, *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, had an engagement with a fleet of war-junks off Chumpee!—ending, as might be expected, in the entire discomfiture of the latter, who, it appears, were the first to assume the offensive. The facts, as stated in private correspond-

ence, are as follow :—Captain Elliot had proceeded on board of the *Volage*, with the *Hyacinth* in company, to Chumpee, to deliver a *chop* to the Commissioner, when a fleet of twenty-nine war-junks sailed out with the manifest intention of surrounding the two ships of war, and continued to close round them, regardless of repeated and urgent warning as to consequences, until it became necessary to open fire upon them; this was promptly returned by the junks, when a regular engagement ensued, and in less than half an hour five of the junks were sunk, another was blown up, and the remainder, many of them in a disabled state, crowded all sail to escape. This they were permitted to do; the example that had been made of them having been deemed sufficient—or rather, as it is said, Captain Smith of the *Volage*, having yielded to the entreaties of Captain Elliot to discontinue the destructive fire from the ships, and to permit the escape of the fugitives. It is allowed that the Chinese fought pretty well; but the only damage sustained on our side is stated to be a 12 lb. shot in the mizen-mast of the *Hyacinth*. The prudence of Adm. Kwan must have deserted him ere he thought of measuring his strength with the barbarian ships; and there probably never was an occasion in which he stood so much in need of the guardian aid of his deified progenitor—the Mars of China—whose protecting influence he boasted had been so often shed over him in hours of peril! Report said that the admiral had resigned his command; and that the Commissioner complained, that, in ordering the attack, he had been deceived by the representations of the former into a belief that he would be completely successful in his attempt on the British men-of-war. If this be all he had to complain of on the occasion, we are by no means sorry that he has been taught a very different lesson.”

Thus, then, the die is cast—the war has commenced in good earnest—the sword is drawn, and the scabbard thrown away. Option of peace there is none, unless we consent to drink the cup of degradation and infamy to the very dregs, so deeply drained during a century almost of prostrate meanness and abject submission. Our resources for war, indeed, are none of the brightest, according to the undisputed statement of Mr Herries, in the Commons’ House, on the 12th ult.

“Who (said he) did not feel, judging of things abroad and at home, that the finances of the country were in—inconvenient was too light a word—in a deplorable condition? The right honourable gentleman

proceeded to exhibit what he considered the present state of our finances. The amount of the deficiency at the close of 1838, was £1,166,000. In the year 1839, there was a deficiency of £1,512,000; making together, at the close of 1839, a sum of £2,678,000. With respect to the charges on the country, there would be an increased charge on the navy estimates this year of £500,000. Adding this to the deficiency of 1839, would make it £2,000,000. Supposing, then, no further increase to the charge, or any other deficiency, the amount at the end of the year 1840, would be £4,678,000. He had said nothing as to the probable deficiency of the Post-Office. He was himself to some extent acquainted with the Post-Office, and he thought there would be there a loss of revenue of from £1,200,000 to £1,400,000. If they added £1,200,000 to the other deficiency, the amount at the close of 1840 would be nearly *six millions*.”

At the last accounts, the only vessels of war off Canton were the *Volage*, a small frigate of twenty-eight guns, and the sloop *Hyacinth*, notwithstanding the Government were fully aware of the critical position of affairs there in the month of July last. If we may trust the Government prints now, mighty are the preparations, and mightier the projects in hand. The *Hampshire Telegraph* is even grandiloquent in the strain, as may be judged from the following passage :—

“There is no doubt whatever that the Government, though taxed with tardiness, have been most actively at work in preparing a serious demonstration against the Chinese; and that it will be vigorously made. It has long been determined to send a land force to compel these besotted celestials to listen to a little reason—not only for the benefit of this country, but all the world; and the delay has been solely caused by the prudence of ascertaining what description of force can be best sent from India. The native army will be employed on the occasion, and not less than 16,000 will be embarked, of which a large proportion will be cavalry, horses for which force can be obtained at the island of Hainan, at the southern extremity of that empire; and having put the city of Canton under contribution, or destroyed it if necessary, and drawn thereby all the Chinese from the northward for the defence of their empire, they will suddenly embark, and, taking advantage of the southerly monsoon, dash on to the Gulf of Petecheelee, and, landing the forces at Takoo, which is within 100 miles of Peking, they will exact

decency of behaviour in future from the Emperor himself. All this may appear chimerical, but it is all possible. In addition to the force from England, ships will be sent from the Cape station and from the Pacific station, and great good must result from the enterprise. If a satisfactory establishment for the future cannot be secured at Canton, the China trade will be removed to some island off the coast further north, possessing a good harbour, to which the Chinese must resort, our cruisers taking care, if necessary, that the Chinese war-junks do not interfere with, or attempt to stop such trade."

We shall see. The Yellow Sea is full of shoals and shallow of water. Where are the steam-vessels of war to come from to transport troops and *materiel* of war over the shallows? or where the pilots to be procured to steer ships of war drawing deeply through the practicable channels? It is with difficulty that steamers are found to carry the ordinary mails from Bombay to Suez at present.

Here we close the circumstantial narrative of Chinese aggression and British supineness. We have exposed the spurious pretence of Chinese humanity, alleged as the moving cause of the suppression of the opium trade. We have shown its real origin in the baser motive of the prevention of the export of sycee silver. We have upheld, and we hope demonstrated, the righteousness of the claim of our oppressed merchants, British and Chinese, to indemnity in full for loss, damage, confiscation of property, and deprivation of personal liberty. We have not pretended to dispute the abstract right of the Chinese to suppress the opium trade, or the positive justice of enforcing the laws against illicit traffic and contrabandists. Nay, more, we shall not deny their clear right to close all dealings, whether in tea, or cottons, or silks, or woollens, upon due notice given and time allowed for the liquidation of accounts and affairs—a period of years and not days; provided always that ample indemnification—indemnification beyond perhaps even the means of China—be proffered and paid for the countless millions of capital embarked in property afloat, or on shore, fixed or moveable, little of it elsewhere available, embarked on the faith of ancient stipulations, and the rights established of commercial intercourse for cen-

turies. If that commerce is hereafter to be carried on, and that intercourse maintained, it must be, it can only be, upon covenants fresh drawn, consented, signed, sealed, and lastly ratified with salvoes of British thunder.

Let no one fall into the mistake that war is referable only to opium or sycee silver. The Chinese have long viewed the progress of British arms and British conquest in Central India, in Burmah, in Nepaul, and in the Eastern Archipelago, with secret alarm and wakeful apprehension, which all the external affectation of contempt at Peking for the light-haired "barbarians" could ill disguise. Long have the Celestial Emperors been preparing silently for defence and for the catastrophe, which, according to an ancient prophecy of one of the race, is to visit the Celestial Empire in the shape of the barbarians so outwardly despised. As British conquest extended to the frontier of Nepaul, the astute Chinese overran Thibet, and secured in its mountains, among the most lofty and inaccessible in the globe, a commanding rampart against British aggression and the hostile interference of Sepoys and Europeans. As the pride of the Burmese was humbled before the victorious arms of British India, the observant and stealthy Chinese covered and subdued Cochin-China with their numberless hosts, and by this extension secured their natural frontier on the south more strongly against contact or invasion. So that China has not remained stationary so far, whilst the world was in motion around her; but has long been arming for the inevitable fight, and preparing for the hour of fate. Could war by any honourable effort be yet shunned—and shunned it can only be by indemnity for the past and security for the future—far from us be the repetition of that policy which dictated the march to Afghanistan—a policy we deprecate not less strongly than the Great Duke himself—by which Russia has been attracted already to the shores of the Oxus, equidistant from Cabul on one side and the frontier of British India on the other; and by which she has been taught that the roads of Cabul and the passes of Candahar, before reckoned impracticable and impassable, are open to a Russian as they were to a British army.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART V.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem lude e pertinax
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo invidentem: SI CELERES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

WHILE the lofty door of a house in Grosvenor Street was yet quivering under the shock of a previously-announced dinner-arrival, one of the servants who were standing behind a carriage which approached from the direction of Piccadilly, slipped off, and in a twinkling, with a thun-thun-thunder-under-under, thunder-runder-runder, thun-thun-thun! and a shrill thrilling whir-r-r of the bell, announced the arrival of the Duke of —, the last guest. It was a large and plain carriage, but perfectly well known; and before the door of the house at which it had drawn up, had been opened, displaying some four or five servants standing in the hall, in simple but elegant liveries, half-a-dozen passengers had stopped to see get out of the carriage an elderly, middle-sized man, with a somewhat spare figure, dressed in plain black clothes, with iron-grey hair, and a countenance which, once seen, was not to be forgotten. That was a great man; one, the like of whom many previous centuries had not seen; whose name shot terror into the hearts of all the enemies of old England all over the world, and fond pride and admiration into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

"A quarter to eleven!" he said, in a quiet tone, to the servant who was holding open the carriage door—while the bystanders took off their hats; a courtesy which he acknowledged, as he slowly stepped across the pavement, by touching his hat in a mechanical sort of way with his forefinger. The house-door then closed upon him; the handful of on-lookers passed away; off rolled the empty carriage; and all without was quiet as before. The house was that of Mr Aubrey, one of the members for the burgh of Yatton, in Yorkshire,

—a man of rapidly-rising importance in Parliament. Surely his was a pleasant position—that of an independent country gentleman, with a clear, unincumbered rent-roll of ten thousand a-year, and already become the spokesman of his class! Parliament having been assembled, in consequence of a particular emergency, at a much earlier period than usual, the House of Commons, in which Mr Aubrey had the evening before delivered a well-timed and powerful speech, had adjourned for the Christmas recess, the House of Lords, being about to follow its example that evening: an important division, however, being first expected, to take place at a late hour. Mr Aubrey was warmly complimented on his success by several of the select and brilliant circle then assembled, and who were in high spirits—ladies and all—on account of a considerable triumph just obtained by their party, and to which Mr Aubrey was assured, by even the Duke of —, his exertions had certainly not a little contributed.

While his Grace was energetically intimating to Mr Aubrey his opinion to this effect, there were two lovely women listening to him with intense eagerness—they were the wife and sister of Mr Aubrey. The former was an elegant and interesting woman, of nearly eight-and-twenty; the latter was a really beautiful girl, somewhere between twenty and twenty-one. She was dressed with the utmost degree of simplicity that was consistent with elegance. Mrs Aubrey, a blooming young mother of two as charming children as were to be met with in a day's walk all over both the parks, was, in character and manners, all pliancy and gentleness; about Miss Aubrey there was a dash of spirit that gave an infinite zest to her

beauty. Her blue eyes beamed with the richest expression of feeling—in short, Catharine Aubrey was, both in face and figure, a downright English beauty; and she knew—truth must be told—that such she appeared to the Great Duke, whose cold aquiline eye she often *felt* to be settled upon her with satisfaction. The fact was, that he had penetrated at a first glance beneath the mere surface of an arch, sweet, and winning manner, and detected a certain strength of character in Miss Aubrey which gave him more than usual interest in her, and spread over his iron-cast features a pleasant expression, relaxing their sternness. It might indeed be said, that before her, in his person,

‘Grim-visaged war had smooth’d his wrinkled front.’

’Twas a subject for a painter, that delicate and blooming girl, her auburn hair hanging in careless grace on each side of her white forehead, while her eyes were fixed with absorbed interest on the stern and rigid countenance which she reflected had been, as it were, a thousand times darkened with the smoke of the grisly battle-field. But I must not forget that there are others in the room; and amongst them, standing at a little distance, is Lord De la Zouch, one of Mr Aubrey’s neighbours in Yorkshire. Apparently he is listening to a brother peer talking to him very earnestly about the expected division; but Lord De la Zouch’s eye is fixed on you, lovely Kate—and how little can you imagine what is passing through his mind? It has just occurred to him that his sudden arrangement for young Delamere—his only son and heir, come up the day before from Oxford—to call for him about half-past ten, and take his place in Mrs Aubrey’s drawing-room, while he, Lord De la Zouch, goes down to the House—may be attended with certain consequences. He is speculating on the effect of your beauty bursting suddenly on his son—who has not seen you for nearly two years; all this gives him anxiety—but not painful anxiety—for, dear Kate, he knows that your forehead would wear the ancient coronet of the De la Zouches with grace and dignity. But Delamere is as yet too young—and if he gets the image of Catharine Aubrey into his head, it will, fears his father, instantly

cast into the shade and displace all the stern visages of those old poets, orators, historians, philosophers and statesmen, who ought, in Lord De la Zouch and his son’s tutor’s judgment, to occupy exclusively the head of the aforesaid Delamere for some five years to come. That youngster—happy fellow!—frank, high-spirited, and enthusiastic—and handsome to boot—was heir to an ancient title and great estates; all he had considered in looking out for an alliance was—youth, health, beauty, blood—here they all were;—*fortune*—bah! what did it signify to his son—but it’s not to be thought of for some years.

“Suppose,” said he aloud, though in a musing manner, “one were to say—twenty-four”——

“*Twenty-four!*” echoed the Earl of St Clair with amazement, “my dear Lord De la Zouch, what do you mean? Eighty-four at the very lowest.”

“Eh! what? oh—yes, of course—I should say ninety—I mean—hem!—*they* will muster about twenty-four only.”

“Yes, there you’re right, I dare say.” Here the announcement of dinner put an end to the colloquy of the two statesmen. Lord De la Zouch led down Miss Aubrey with an air of the most delicate and cordial courtesy; and felt almost disposed, in the heat of the moment, to tell her that he had arranged all in his own mind—that she was to be the future Lady De la Zouch. He was himself the eleventh who had come to the title in direct descent from father to son; ’twas a point he was not a little nervous and anxious about—he detested collateral succession—and he made himself infinitely agreeable to Miss Aubrey as he sat beside her at dinner. The Duke of —— sat on the right hand side of Mrs Aubrey, seemingly in high spirits, and she appeared proud enough of her supporter. It was a delightful dinner-party, elegant without ostentation, and select without pretence of exclusiveness. All were cheerful and animated, not merely on account of the over-night’s parliamentary victory, which I have already alluded to, but also in contemplation of the coming Christmas; how, and where, and with whom each was to spend that “right merrie season,” being the chief topic of conversation. As there was nothing

peculiar in the dinner, and as I have no time for describing such matters in detail—the clatter of plate, the jingling of silver, the sparkling of wines, and so forth—I shall request the reader to imagine himself led by me quietly out of the dining-room into the library—thus escaping from all the bustle and hubbub attendant upon such an entertainment as is going on in the front of the house. We shall be alone in the library—here it is; we enter it, and shut the door. 'Tis a spacious room, all the sides covered with books, of which Mr Aubrey is a great collector—and the clear red fire (which we must presently replenish or it will go out) is shedding a subdued ruddy light on all the objects in the room, very favourable for our purpose. The ample table is covered with books and papers; and there is an antique-looking arm-chair drawn opposite to the fire, in which Mr Aubrey has been indulging in a long reverie till the moment of quitting it to go and dress for dinner. This chair I shall sit in myself; you may draw out from the recess for yourself, one of two little sloping easy-chairs, which have been placed there by Mrs and Miss Aubrey for their own sole use, considering that they are excellent judges of the period at which Mr Aubrey has been long enough alone, and at which they should come in and gossip with him. We may as well draw the dusky green curtains across the window, through which the moon shines at present rather too brightly.—So, now, after coaxing up the fire—I will proceed to tell you a little bit of pleasant family history.

The Aubreys are a Yorkshire family. Their residence, Yatton, is in the north-eastern part of the county, not above fifteen or twenty miles from the sea. The hall is one of those old structures, the sight of which throws you back nearly a couple of centuries in our English history. It stands in a park, crowded with trees, many of them of great age and size, and under which some two hundred head of deer perform their capricious and graceful gambols. You strike off the great North road into a broad by-way; after going down which for about a mile, you come to a straggling little village called Yatton, at the further extremity of which stands an aged grey church, with a very tall thin

spire; an immense yew-tree, with a kind of friendly gloom, overshadowing, in the little churchyard, nearly half the graves. A little behind the church is the vicarage-house, snug and sheltered by a line of fir-trees. After walking on about eighty yards, you come to the high park-gates, and see a lodge just within, on the left hand side, sheltered by an elm-tree. You then wind your way for about a third of a mile along a gravel walk, amongst the thickening trees, till you come to a ponderous old crumbling-looking red brick gateway of the time of Henry VII., with one or two deeply-set stone windows in the turrets, and mouldering stone-capped battlements peeping through high-climbing ivy. There is an old escutcheon immediately over the point of the arch; and as you pass underneath, if you look up you can see the groove of the old portcullis still remaining. Having passed under this castellated remnant, you enter a kind of court, formed by a high wall completely covered with ivy, running along in a line from the right hand turret of the gateway till it joins the house. Along its course are a number of yew-trees. In the centre of the open space is a quaintly disposed grass-plot, dotted about with stunted box, and in the centre stands a weatherbeaten stone sundial. The house itself is a large irregular pile of dull red brickwork, with great stacks of chimneys in the rear; the body of the building had evidently been erected at different times. Some part is evidently in the style of Queen Elizabeth's reign, another in that of Queen Anne: and it is plain that on the site of the present structure has formerly stood a castle. There are traces of the old moat still visible round the rear of the house. One of the ancient towers, with small deep stone windows, still remains, giving its venerable support to the right-hand extremity of the building. The long frontage of the house consists of two huge masses of dusky-red brickwork, (you can hardly call them *wings*), connected together by a lower building in the centre, which contains the hall. There are three or four rows of long thin deep windows, with heavy-looking wooden sashes. The high-pitched roof is of slate, and has deep projecting eaves, forming, in fact, a bold wooden cornice running

along the whole length of the building, which is some two or three stories high. At the left extremity stands a clump of ancient cedars of Lebanon, feathering in evergreen beauty down to the ground. The hall is large and lofty; the floor is of polished oak, almost the whole of which is covered with thick matting; it is wainscoted all round with black oak; some seven or eight full-length pictures, evidently of considerable antiquity, being let into the panels. Quaint figures these are to be sure; and if they resembled the ancestors of the Aubrey family, those ancestors must have been singular and startling persons! The faces are quite white and staring—all as if in wonder; and they have such long legs, ending in sharp-pointed shoes—just such as were worn in the reign of Edward III., or even Richard II. On each side of the ample fireplace stands a figure in full armour; and there are also ranged along the wall old swords and lances, the very idea of wielding and handling which makes your arms ache, while you exclaim, “they *must* have been giants in those days!” On one side of this hall, a door opens into the dining-room, beyond which is the library; on the other side a door leads you into a noble room, now called the drawing-room, where stands a very fine organ. Out of both the dining-room and drawing-room, you pass up a staircase contained in an old square tower, two sides of each of them opening on the old quadrangle, lead into a gallery running all round the quadrangle, and into which all the bed-rooms open.—But I need not go into further detail. Altogether it is truly a fine old mansion. Its only constant occupant is Mrs Aubrey, the mother of Mr Aubrey, in whose library we are now seated. She is a widow, having survived her husband, who twice was one of the county members about fifteen years. Mr Aubrey is her first-born child, Miss Aubrey her last: four intervening children she has followed to the grave,—the grief and suffering consequent upon which have sadly shaken her constitution, and made her, both in actual health and in appearance, at least ten years older than she really is—for she has, in point of fact, not long since entered her sixtieth year. What a blessed life she leads at Yatton! Her serene and

cheerful temper makes every one happy about her; and her charity is unbounded, but dispensed with a most just discrimination. One way or another, almost a fourth of the village are direct pensioners upon her bounty. You have only to mention the name of Madam Aubrey, the lady of Yatton, to witness involuntary homage paid to her virtues. Her word is law; and well indeed it may be. While Mr Aubrey, her husband, was to the last stern in his temper, and reserved in his habits, bearing withal a spotless and lofty character, she was always what she still is, meek, gentle, accessible, charitable, and pious. On his death she withdrew from the world, and has ever since resided at Yatton—never having quitted it for a single day. There are in the vicinity one or two stately families, with ancient name, sounding title, and great possessions; but for ten miles round Yatton, old Madam Aubrey, the squire’s mother, is the name that is enshrined in people’s kindest and most grateful feelings, and receives their readiest homage. ’Tis perhaps a very small matter to mention, but there is at the hall a great white old mare, Peggy, that for these twenty years, in all weathers, hath been the bearer of Madam’s bounty. A thousand times hath she carried Jacob Jones (now a pensioned servant, whose hair is as white as Peggy’s) all over the estate, and also oft beyond it, with comfortable matters for the sick and poor. Most commonly there are a couple of stone bottles, filled with cowslip, currant, ginger, or elderberry wine, slung before old Jones over the well-worn saddle—to the carrying of which Peggy has got so accustomed that she does not go comfortably without them. She has so fallen into the habits of old Jones, who is an inveterate gossip, (Madam having helped to make him such by the numerous enquiries she makes of him every morning as to every one in the village, and on the estate, and which enquiries he must have the means of answering,) that slow as she jogs along, if ever she meets or is overtaken by any one, she stops of her own accord, as if to hear what they and her rider have to say to one another. She is a great favourite with all, and gets a mouthful of hay or grass at every place she stops at, either from the children or

the old people. When old Peggy comes to die, she will be missed by all the folk round Yatton. Madam Aubrey, growing, I am sorry to say, very feeble, cannot go about as much as she used, and betakes herself oftener and oftener to the old family coach; and when she is going to drive about the neighbourhood, you may always see it stop at the vicarage for old Dr Tatham, who generally accompanies her. On these occasions she always has a bag containing Testaments and prayer-books, which are distributed as rewards to those whom the parson can recommend as deserving of them. For these five-and-twenty years she has never missed giving a copy of each to every child in the village and on the estate, on its being confirmed; and the old lady looks round very keenly every Sunday, from her pew, to see that these Bibles and prayer-books are reverently used. I could go on for an hour and longer, telling you these and other such matters of this exemplary lady; but we shall by and by have some opportunities of seeing and knowing more of her personally. In manner she is very calm, and quiet, and dignified. She looks all that you could expect from what I have told you. The briskness of youth, the sedate firmness of middle-age, have years since given place, as you will see with some pain, to the feebleness produced by ill health and mental suffering—for she mourned after her children with all a fond and bereaved mother's love. Oh! how she doats upon her surviving son and daughter! And are they not worthy of such a mother? Mr Aubrey is in his thirty-sixth year; and inherits the mental qualities of both his parents—the demeanour and person of his father. He has a reserve that is not cynical, but only diffident, yet it gives him, at least at first sight, an air of hauteur, if not austerity, which is very far from his real nature, for within is, indeed, the rich “milk of human kindness.” He has the soft heart and benignant temper of his mother, joined with the masculine firmness of character which belonged to his father. Sensitive he is, perhaps to a fault. There is a tone of melancholy or pensiveness in his composition, which has probably increased upon him from his severe studies, ever since his youth. He is a man of superior intellect,

though not, perhaps, of the highest or most brilliant order; and is a most capital scholar. At Oxford he plucked the prize from a host of strong competitors, and has since justified the expectations which were entertained of him. He has made several really valuable contributions to historic literature—indeed, I think he is even now engaged upon some researches calculated to throw much light upon the obscure origin of several of our political institutions. He has entered upon politics with uncommon ardour—perhaps with an excessive ardour. I think he is likely to make a considerable figure in Parliament; for he is a man of very clear head, very patient, of business-like habits, and, moreover, has a very impressive delivery as a public speaker. He is generous and charitable as his admirable mother, and careless, even to a fault, of his pecuniary interests. He is a man of perfect simplicity and purity of character. Above all, his virtues are the virtues which have been sublimed by Christianity—the cold embers of morality warmed into religion. He stands happily equidistant from infidelity and fanaticism. He has looked for light from above, and has heard a voice saying—“*This is the way, walk thou in it.*” His piety is the real source of that happy consistent dignity, and content, and firmness which have earned him the respect of all who know him, and will bear him through whatever may befall him. He who standeth upon this rock cannot be moved, perhaps not even touched, by the surges of worldly circumstances of difficulty and distress. In manner Mr Aubrey is calm and gentlemanlike; in person he is rather above the middle height, and of slight make—too slight, perhaps, to be elegant. From the way in which his clothes hang about him, a certain sharpness at his shoulders catching the eye of an observer—you would feel an anxiety about his health, which would be increased by hearing of the mortality in his family; and your thoughts are perhaps pointed in the same direction, by a glance at his long, thin, delicate, white hands. His countenance, though not to be called *handsome*, has a serene manliness about it when in repose, and an acuteness and vivacity when animated, which are delightful to behold: it often beams with energy and intellect.

His hair is black as jet, and his forehead ample and marked.

Mr Aubrey has been married about six years; 'twas a case of love at first sight. Chance threw him in the way of Agnes St Clair, within a few weeks after she had been bereaved of her only parent, Colonel St Clair, who fell in the Peninsular war. Had he lived only a month or two longer, he would have succeeded to a considerable estate; as it was, he left his only child comparatively penniless—but Heaven had endowed her with personal beauty, with a lovely disposition, and superior understanding. It was not till after a long and anxious wooing, backed by the cordial entreaties of Mrs Aubrey, that Miss St Clair consented to become the wife of a man, who, to this hour, loves her with all the passionate ardour with which she had first inspired him. And richly she deserves his love, for she doats upon him, she studies, or rather perhaps anticipates, his every wish; in short, had the whole sex been searched for one calculated to make happy the morbidly-fastidious Aubrey, the choice must surely have fallen on Miss St Clair; a woman whose temper, whose tastes, and whose manners were at once in delicate and harmonizing unison and contrast with his own. She has hitherto brought him but two children, a boy between four and five years old, and a girl about two years old. If I were to hint my own impressions, I should say there was a probability—but be that as it may, 'tis an affair we have nothing to do with at present.

Of Catharine Aubrey you had a momentary moonlight glimpse, at a former period of this history;* and you have seen her this evening under other, and perhaps not less interesting circumstances. Now, where have you beheld a more exquisite specimen of budding womanhood?—but I feel that I shall get extravagant if I begin to dwell upon her charms. You have seen her—judge for yourself; but you do not *know* her as I do; and I shall tell you that her personal beauty is but a faint emblem of the beauties of her mind and character. She is Aubrey's youngest—his only sister; and he cherishes her with the tenderest and

fondest regard. Neither he, nor his mother—with both of whom she spends her time alternately—can bear to part with her for ever so short an interval. She is the gay, romping playmate of the little Aubreys; the demure secretary and treasurer of her mother. I say *demure*—for there is a sly humour and archness in Kate's composition, which flickers about even her gravest moods. She is calculated equally for the seclusion of Yatton, and the splendid atmosphere of Almack's; but for the latter she seems at present to have little inclination. Kate is a girl of decided character, of strong sense, of high principle; all of which are irradiated, not overborne, by her sparkling vivacity of temperament. She has real talent; and her mind has been trained, and her tastes directed, with affectionate skill and vigilance by her gifted mother. She has many accomplishments; but the only one I shall choose here to name is—music. *She* was a girl to sing and play before a man of the most fastidious taste and genius. I defy any man to hear the rich tones of Miss Aubrey's voice without being exquisitely moved. Music is with her a matter not of *art*, but of *feeling*—of passionate feeling; but hark!—hush!—surely—yes, that is Miss Aubrey's voice, I will be sworn—that is her clear and brilliant touch; the ladies have ascended to the drawing-room, and we must presently follow them. How time has passed! I had a great deal more to tell you about the family, but we must take some other opportunity.

Yes, it is Miss Aubrey, playing on the new and superb piano given by her brother last week to Mrs Aubrey. Do you see with what a careless grace and ease she is giving a very sweet but difficult composition of Haydn? The lady who is standing by her to turn over her music, is the celebrated Countess of Lydsdale. She is still young and beautiful; but beside Miss Aubrey what a painful contrast! 'Tis all the difference between an artificial and a natural flower. Poor Lady Lydsdale! you are not happy with all your splendour; the glitter of your diamonds cannot compensate for the loss of the sparkling spirits of a younger day; they pale their ineffectual fires

* See *ante*, Vol. xlv., p. 839.

beside the fresh and joyous spirit of Catharine Aubrey. You sigh.

"Now I'll sing you quite a new thing," said Kate, starting up, and turning over her portfolio till she came to a sheet of paper, on which were some verses in her own handwriting: "The words were written by my brother, were not they, Agnes? and I have found an old ballad that exactly fits them!" Here her fingers, wandering lightly and softly over the keys, gave forth a beautiful symphony in the minor; after which, with exquisite simplicity, she sung the following:—

PEACE.

1.

Where, O where
Hath gentle PEACE found rest?
Builds she in bower of lady fair?
But Love—he hath possession there;
Not long is *she* the guest.

2.

Sits she crown'd
Beneath a pictured dome?
But there Ambition keeps his ground,
And Fear and Envy skulk around;
This cannot be her home!

3.

Will she hide
In scholar's pensive cell?
But *he* already hath his bride:
Him, Melancholy sits beside—
With her she may not dwell!

4.

Now and then,
Peace, wandering, lays her head
On regal couch, in captive's den—
But nowhere finds she rest with men,
Or only with the dead!

To these words, trembling on the beautiful lips of Miss Aubrey, was listening an unperceived auditor, with eyes devouring her every feature, and ears absorbing every tone of her thrilling voice. It was young Delamere, who had, only a moment or two before Miss Aubrey commenced singing the above lines, alighted from his father's carriage, which was then waiting at the door to carry off Lord De la Zouch to the House of Lords. Arrested by the rich voice of the singer, he stopped short before he had entered the front drawing-room, and, stepping

to a corner where he was hid from view, though he could distinctly see Miss Aubrey, there he remained as if rooted to the spot. He, too, had a soul for music; and the exquisite manner in which Miss Aubrey gave the last verse, called up before his excited fancy the vivid image of a dove fluttering with agitated uncertainty over the sea of human life, even like the dove over the waters enveloping the earth in olden time. The mournful minor into which she threw the last line, excited a heart susceptible of the liveliest emotions to a degree which it required some effort to control, and almost a tear to relieve. When Miss Aubrey had quitted the piano, Mrs Aubrey followed, and gave a very delicate sonata from Haydn. Then sat down Lady Lydsdale, and dashed off, in an exceedingly brilliant style, a *scena* from the new opera, which quickly reduced the excited feelings of Delamere to a pitch admitting of his presenting himself. While this lowering process was going on, Delamere took down a little volume from a cabinet of books immediately behind him, and which proved to be a volume of the *Faery Queen*. He found many pencil-marks, evidently made by a light female hand; and turning to the fly-leaf, he beheld, in a small elegant hand, the name of "*Catharine Aubrey*." His heart fluttered; he turned towards the piano, and beheld the graceful figure of Miss Aubrey standing beside Lady Lydsdale, in an attitude of delighted earnestness—for her ladyship was undoubtedly a very splendid performer—totally unconscious of the burning eye that was fixed upon her. After gazing at her for some moments, he gently pressed the autograph to his lips; and solemnly vowed within himself, in the most deliberate manner possible, that if he could not marry Catharine Aubrey, he would never marry any body; he would, moreover, quit England for ever; and deposit a broken heart in a foreign grave—and so forth. Thus calmly resolved—or rather to such a resolution did his thoughts tend—that sedate person, the Honourable Geoffry Lovel Delamere. He was a high-spirited, frank-hearted fellow; and, like a good-natured fool, whom bitter knowledge of the world has not cooled down into contempt for a very considerable portion of it, trusted and

loved almost every one whom he saw. At that moment there was only one person in the whole world that he hated, viz., the miserable individual—if any such there were—who might have happened to forestall him in the affections of Miss Aubrey. The bare idea made his breath come and go quickly, and his cheek flush. Why, he felt that he had a sort of *right* to Miss Aubrey's heart; for had they not been born, and had they not lived almost all their lives, within a few miles of each other? Had they not often played together?—were not their family estates almost contiguous?—Delamere advanced into the room, assuming as unconcerned an air as he could; but he felt not a little tried when Miss Aubrey, on seeing him, gaily and frankly extended her hand to him, supposing him to have only the moment before entered the house. Poor Delamere's hand slightly quivered as he felt it clasping the soft lillied fingers of her whom he had thus resolved to make his wife: what would he not have given to have carried them to his lips! Now, if I were to say that in the course of that evening, Miss Aubrey did not form a kind of a sort of a faint notion of the possible state of matters with young Delamere, I should not be treating the reader with that eminent degree of candour for which I think he, or she, is at present disposed to give me credit. But Kate was deeply skilled in human nature, and settled the matter by one very just reflection, viz., that she was one year and seven months older than Delamere; and, therefore, that it was not likely that, &c. &c. &c. Besides, the son and heir of Lord De la Zouch—pooh!—pooh!—'tis a mere boy, at College—how ridiculous!—So she gave herself no trouble about the affair; exhibited no symptoms of caution or coyness, but laughed and sung, and talked, and played, just as if he had not been present.

He was a handsome young fellow, too.—

During the evening, Mr Delamere took an opportunity of asking Miss Aubrey who wrote the verses which he pointed to, as they lay on the piano. The handwriting, she said, was hers, but the verses were composed by her brother. He asked for the copy, with a slight trepidation. She readily gave it to him—he receiving it with (as he

supposed) a mighty unconcerned air. He read it over that night, before getting into bed, at least six times; and it was the very first thing he looked at on getting out of bed in the morning. Now Miss Aubrey certainly wrote an elegant hand—but as for *character*, of course it had none. He could scarce have distinguished it from the handwriting of any of his sisters, or cousins, or friends;—How should he? All women are taught the same hard, angular uniform hand—but good, bad, or indifferent, this was *Kate Aubrey's* handwriting—and her pretty hand had rested on the paper while writing—that was enough. He resolved to turn the verses into every kind of Greek and Latin metre he knew of—

In short, that here was a “course of true love” *opened*, seems pretty evident; but whether it will “run smooth” is another matter.

Their guests having at length departed, Mr Aubrey, his wife, and sister, sate before the fire gossiping over the events of the day for some twenty minutes, and then they rose to retire. He went, very sleepy, straight to his dressing-room; they to the nursery, to see how the children were going on, as far as they could learn from their drowsy attendants. Little Aubrey would have reminded you of one of the exquisite children's heads sketched by Reynolds or Lawrence, as he lay breathing imperceptibly, with his rich flowing hair spread upon the pillow, in which his face was partly hid and his arms stretched out. Mrs Aubrey put her finger into one of his hands, which was half open, and which closed as it were instinctively upon it with a gentle pressure. “Look, Kate,” softly whispered Mrs Aubrey. Miss Aubrey leaned forward and kissed his little cheek with an ardour that almost awoke him. After a glance at a tiny head partly visible above the clothes, in an adjoining bed, and looking like a rose-bud half hid amongst the leaves, they withdrew.

“The little loves!—how one's heart thrills with looking at them!” said Miss Aubrey, as they descended. “Kate!” whispered Mrs Aubrey, with an arch smile, as they stood at their respective chamber doors which adjoined. “Mr Delamere is improved—is not he?—Ah, I understand.”

“Agnes, how can you”—hastily answered Miss Aubrey, with cheeks

suddenly crimsoned. "I never heard such nonsense."

"Right, right, love, think over it!" said Mrs Aubrey, and the next moment the blooming wife had entered her bedroom. Miss Aubrey slipped into her dressing-room, where Harriet, her maid, was sitting asleep before the fire. Her beautiful mistress did not for a few minutes awake her; but placing her candlestick on the toilet-table, stood in a musing attitude.

"It's so perfectly *ridiculous*," at length she said aloud, and up started her maid. Within a quarter of an hour Miss Aubrey was in bed, but by no means asleep.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Mr Aubrey was seated in the library, in momentary expectation of his letters; and a few moments before the postman's rat-tat was heard, Mrs and Miss Aubrey made their appearance, as was their wont, in expectation of any thing that might have upon the cover, in addition to the address—

"CHARLES AUBREY, ESQ., M. P.,"
&c. &c. &c.,

the words, letters, or figures, "Mrs Aubrey," or "Miss Aubrey" in the corner. In addition to this, it was not an unpleasant thing to skim over the contents of *his* letters, as one by one he opened them, and laid them aside; for both these women were daughters of Eve, and inherited a *little* of her curiosity. Mr Aubrey was always somewhat nervous and fidgety on such occasions, and wished them gone; but they only laughed at him, so he was fain to put up with them. On this morning there were more than Mr Aubrey's usual number of letters; and in casting her eye over them, Mrs Aubrey suddenly took up one that challenged attention; it bore a black seal, had a deep black bordering, and had the frank of Lord Alkmond, at whose house in Shropshire they had for months been engaged to spend the ensuing Christmas, and were intending to set off on their visit the very next day. The ominous missive was soon torn open; it was from Lord Alkmond himself, who in a few hurried lines announced the sudden death of his brother; so that there was an end of their visit to the Priory.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, calmly, rising after a pause, and standing with his back to the fire, in a musing posture.

"Has he left any family, Charles?" enquired Mrs Aubrey with a sigh, her eye still fixed on the letter.

"I—I really don't know—poor fellow! We lose a vote for Shellington—we shall, to a certainty," he added, with an air of chagrin visibly stealing over his features.

"How politics harden the heart, Charles! Just at this moment to be!"

"It is too bad Agnes; I am—but you see—stay, I don't know either, for there's the Grassingham interest come into the field since the last!"

"Charles, I do really almost think," exclaimed Mrs Aubrey, with sudden emotion, stepping to his side, and throwing her arms round him affectionately—"that if *I* were to die, I should be forgotten in a fortnight, if the House were sitting!"

"My love, how *can* you say such things?" enquired Aubrey, kissing her forehead.

"When Agnes was born, you know"—she murmured inarticulately. Her husband folded her tenderly in his arms in silence. On the occasion she alluded to, he had nearly lost her; and they both had reason to expect that another similar season of peril was not *very* distant.

"Now, Charles," said Miss Aubrey, presently assuming a cheerful tone; "now for dear old Yatton!"

"Yes, Yatton!—Positively you must!" added Mrs Aubrey, smiling through her tears.

"What!—Go to Yatton? Why, we must set off to-morrow—they've had no warning."

"What warning does mamma require, Charles? Isn't the dear old place always in apple-pie order?"

"How you love the 'dear old place,' Kate!" exclaimed Aubrey, in such an affectionate tone as brought his sister in an instant to his side, to urge on her suit; and there stood the Lord of Yatton embraced by these two beautiful women, his own heart seconding every word they uttered.

"How my mother would stare!" said he at length, irresolutely.

"What a bustle every thing will be in!" exclaimed Kate. "I fancy I'm there already! The great blazing fires—the holly and mistletoe. We must all go, Charles—children and all."

"Why, really, I hardly know!"

"Oh! I've settled it all—and

what's more, we've no time to lose; this is Tuesday—Christmas-day is Saturday—we must of course stop a night on the way. Hadn't we better have Griffiths in, to arrange all?"—Aubrey rang the bell.

"Request Mr Griffiths to come to me," said he.

Within a very few minutes that respectable functionary had made his appearance and received his instructions. The march to Shropshire was countermanded—and hey! for Yatton, for which they were to start the next day about noon. Mr Griffiths' first step was to pack off Sam, Mr Aubrey's groom, by the Tally-ho, the first coach to York, starting at two o'clock that very day, with letters announcing the immediate arrival of the family. These orders were received by Sam, (who had been born and bred at Yatton,) while he was bestowing, with vehement sibillation, his customary civilities on a favourite mare of his master's. Down dropped his currycomb; he jumped into the air; snapped his fingers; then he threw his arms round Jenny and tickled her under the chin. "Dang it," said he, as he threw her another feed of oats, "I wish thee was going wi' me—dang'd if I don't!" Then he hastily made himself a *bit* tidy; presented himself very respectfully before Mr Griffiths, to receive the wherewithal to pay his fare; and having obtained it, off he scampered to the Bull and Mouth, as if it had been a neck-and-neck race between him and all London, which should get down to Yorkshire first. A little after one o'clock, his packet of letters was delivered to him; and within another hour Sam was to be seen (quite comfortable with a draught of spiced ale given him by the cook, to make his dinner sit well) on the top of the Tally-ho, rattling along the great North road.

"Come, Kate," said Mrs Aubrey, entering Miss Aubrey's room, where she was giving directions to her maid, "I've ordered the carriage to be at the door as soon as it can be got ready; we must go off to Coutts'—see!" She held two thin slips of paper, one of which she gave Miss Aubrey—'twas a check for one hundred pounds—her brother's usual Christmas-box—"and then we've a quantity of little matters to buy this afternoon. Come, love, quick!"

Now, Kate had spent nearly all her

money, which circumstance, connected with another which I shall shortly mention, had given the poor girl not a little concern. At her earnest request, her brother had, about a year before, built her a nice little school, capable of containing some eighteen or twenty girls, on a slip of land near the vicarage, and old Mrs Aubrey and her daughter found a resident school-mistress, and, in fact, supported the little establishment, which, at the time I am speaking of, contained some seventeen or eighteen of the villagers' younger children. Miss Aubrey took a prodigious interest in this little school, scarce a day passing without her visiting it when she was at Yatton; and what Kate wanted, was the luxury of giving a Christmas present to both mistress and scholars. That, however, she would have had some difficulty in effecting but for her brother's timely present, which had quite set her heart at ease. On their return, the carriage was crowded with the things they had been purchasing—articles of clothing for the feebler old villagers; work-boxes, samplers, books, testaments, prayer-books, &c. &c. &c., for the school; the sight of which, I can assure the reader, made Kate far happier than if they had been the costliest articles of dress and jewellery.

The next day was a very pleasant one for travelling—"frosty, but kindly." About one o'clock there might have been seen standing before the door the roomy yellow family carriage, with four post-horses, all in travelling trim. In the rumble sat Mr Aubrey's valet and Mrs Aubrey's maid—Miss Aubrey's, and one of the nursery-maids, going down by the coach which had carried Sam—the Tally-ho. The coach-box was piled up with that sort of luggage which, by its lightness and bulk, denotes lady-travelling: inside were Mrs and Miss Aubrey, muffled in furs, shawls, and pelisses; a nursery-maid, with little Master and Miss Aubrey, equally well protected from the cold; and the vacant seat awaited Mr Aubrey, who at length made his appearance, having been engaged in giving specific instructions concerning the forwarding of his letters and papers. As soon as he had taken his place, and all had been snugly disposed within, the steps were doubled up, the door closed, the windows drawn up—crack! crack! went the whips of the two postilions,

and away rolled the carriage over the dry hard pavement.

"Now that's what I calls doing it uncommon comfortable," said a pot-boy to one of the footmen at an adjoining house, where he was delivering the porter for the servants' dinner; "how *werry* nice and snug them two looks in the rumble behind."

"*We* goes to-morrow," carelessly replied the gentleman he was addressing.

"It's a fine thing to be gentlefolk," said the boy, taking up his pot-board.

"Ya-as," drawled the footman, twitching up his shirt collar.

On drawing up to the posting-house, which was within about forty miles of Yatton, the Aubreys found a carriage and four just ready to start, after changing horses; and whose should this prove to be, but Lord De la Zouch's, containing himself, his lady, and his son, Mr Delamere. His lordship and his son both alighted on accidentally discovering who had overtaken them; and coming up to Mr Aubrey's carriage windows, exchanged surprised and cordial greetings with its occupants,—whom Lord De la Zouch imagined to have been by this time on their way to Shropshire. Mr Delamere manifested a surprising eagerness about the welfare of little Agnes Aubrey, who happened to be lying fast asleep in Miss Aubrey's lap: but the evening was fast advancing, and both the travelling parties had yet before them a considerable portion of their journey. After a hasty promise on the part of each to dine with the other, before returning to town for the season—a promise which *Mr Delamere* at all events resolved should not be lost sight of—they parted. 'Twas eight o'clock before Mr Aubrey's eye, which had been for some time on the look-out, caught sight of Yatton woods; and when it did, his heart yearned towards them. The moon shone brightly and cheerily, and it was pleasant to listen to the quickening clattering tramp of the horses upon the dry hard highway, as the travellers rapidly neared a spot endeared to them by every tender association. When within half a mile of the village, they overtook the worthy Vicar, who had mounted his nag, and been out on the road to meet the expected comers, for an hour before. Aubrey roused Mrs Aubrey from her nap, to point out Dr

Tatham, who by that time was cantering along beside the open window. 'Twas refreshing to see the cheerful old man—who looked as ruddy and hearty as ever.

"All well?" he exclaimed, riding close to the window.

"Yes,—but how is my mother?" enquired Aubrey.

"High spirits—high spirits: was with her this afternoon. Have not seen her better for years. So surprised. Ah! here's an old friend—Hector!"

"Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow!—Bow-wow!"

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed the voice of little Aubrey, struggling to get on his father's lap to look out of the window, "That is Hector! I know it is! He is come to see me! I want to look at him!"

Mr Aubrey lifted him up as he desired, and a huge black-and-white Newfoundland dog almost leaped up to the window at sight of him clapping his little hands, as if in eager recognition, and then scampered and bounded about in all directions, barking most boisterously, to the infinite delight of little Aubrey. This messenger had been sent on by Sam, the groom, who had been on the look-out for the travellers for some time; and the moment he caught sight of the carriage, pelted down the village, through the park at top speed, up to the hall, there to communicate the good news. The travellers thought that the village had never looked so pretty and picturesque before. The sound of the carriage dashing through it, called all the cottagers to their doors, where they stood bowing and curtsying. It soon reached the park-gates, which were thrown wide open in readiness for its entrance. As they passed the church, they heard its little bells ringing a merry peal to welcome their arrival; its faint chimes went to their very hearts.

"My darling Agnes, here we are again in the old place," said Mr Aubrey, in a joyous tone, affectionately kissing Mrs Aubrey and his sister, as, after having wound their way up the park at almost a gallop, they heard themselves rattling over the stone pavement immediately under the old turreted gateway. In approaching it, they saw lights glancing about in the hall windows; and before they had

drawn up, the great door was thrown open, and several servants (one or two of them greyheaded) made their appearance, eager to release the travellers from their long confinement. A great wood-fire was crackling and blazing in the fireplace opposite the door, casting a right pleasant and cheerful light over the various antique objects ranged around the walls; but the object on which Mr Aubrey's eye instantly settled was the venerable figure of his mother, standing beside the fireplace with one or two female attendants. The moment that the carriage door was opened, he stepped quickly out, (nearly tumbling, by the way, over Hector, who appeared to think that the carriage-door was opened only to enable him to jump into it, which he prepared to do.)

"God bless you, Madam!" faltered Aubrey, his eyes filling with tears, as he received his mother's fervent, but silent greeting, and imagined that the arms folded round him were somewhat feebler than when he had last felt them embracing him. With similar affection was the good old lady received by her daughter and daughter-in-law.

"Where is my pony, grandmamma?" quoth little Aubrey, running up to her, (he had been kept quiet for the last eighty miles or so, by the mention of the aforesaid pony.) "Where is it? I want to see my little pony directly! Mamma says you have got a little pony for me with a long tail; I *must* see it before I go to bed; I must, indeed—is it in the stable?"

"You shall see it in the morning, my darling—the very first thing," said Mrs Aubrey, fervently kissing her beautiful little grandson, while tears of joy and pride ran down her cheek. She then pressed her lips on the delicate but flushed cheek of little Agnes, who was fast asleep; and as soon as they had been conducted towards their nursery, Mrs Aubrey, followed by her children, led the way to the dining-room—the dear delightful old dining-room, in which all of them had passed so many happy hours of their lives. It was large and lofty; and two antique branch silver candlesticks, standing on sconces upon each side of a strange old straggling carved mantle-piece of inlaid oak, aided by the blaze given out by two immense logs of wood burning beneath, thoroughly

illuminated it. The walls were oak-paneled, containing many pictures, several of them of great value; and the floor also was of polished oak, over the centre of which, however, was spread a thick richly-coloured turkey carpet. Opposite the door was a large mullioned bay-window, then, however, concealed behind an ample flowing crimson curtain. On the further side of the fireplace stood a high-backed and roomy arm-chair, almost covered with Kate's embroidery, and in which Mrs Aubrey had evidently, as usual, been sitting till the moment of their arrival—for on a small ebony table beside it lay her spectacles, and an open volume. Nearly fronting the fireplace was a recess, in which stood an exquisitely carved black ebony cabinet, inlaid with white and red ivory. This, Miss Aubrey claimed as her own, and had appropriated it to her own purposes ever since she was seven years old. "You, dear old thing!" said she, throwing open the folding-doors—"Every thing just as I left it! Really, dear mamma, I could skip about the room for joy! I wish Charles would never leave Yatton again!"—

"It's rather lonely, my love, when none of you are with me," said Mrs Aubrey. "I feel getting older"——

"Dearest mamma," interrupted Miss Aubrey, quickly, "I won't leave you again! I'm quite tired of town—I am indeed!"

Though fires were lit in their several dressing-rooms, of which they were more than once reminded by their respective attendants, they all remained seated before the fire in carriage costume, (except that Kate had thrown aside her bonnet, her half-uncurled tresses hanging in negligent profusion over her thickly-furred pelisse,) eagerly conversing about the incidents of their journey, and the events which had transpired at Yatton since they had quitted it. At length, however, they retired to perform the refreshing duties of the dressing-room, before sitting down to supper. Of that comfortable meal, within twenty minutes' time or so, they partook with hearty relish. What mortal, however delicate, could resist the fare set before them—the plump capon, the delicious grilled ham, the poached eggs, the floury potatoes, home-baked bread, white and brown—custards, mince-

pies—home-brewed ale, as soft as milk, as clear as amber—mulled claret—and so forth? The travellers had evidently never relished any thing more, to the infinite delight of old Mrs Aubrey; who observing, soon afterwards, irrepressible symptoms of fatigue and drowsiness, ordered them all off to bed—Kate sleeping in the same chamber in which she sate when the reader was permitted to catch a moonlight glimpse of her, as already more than once referred to.

They did not make their appearance the next morning till after nine o'clock, Mrs Aubrey having read prayers before the assembled servants, as usual, nearly an hour before—a duty her son always performed when at the Hall—but on this occasion he had overslept himself. He found his mother in the breakfast-room, where she was soon joined by her daughter and daughter-in-law, all of them being in high health and spirits. Just as they were finishing breakfast, little Aubrey burst into the room in a perfect ecstasy—for old Jones had taken him round to the stables, and shown him the little pony which had been bought for him only a few months before. He had heard it neigh—had seen its long tail—had patted its neck—had seen it eat—and now his vehement prayer was, that his papa, and mamma, and Kate, would immediately go and see it, and take his little sister also. Breakfast over, they separated. Old Mrs Aubrey went to her own room to be attended by her housekeeper; the other two ladies retired to their rooms—Kate principally engaged in arranging her presents for her little scholars: and Mr Aubrey repaired to his library—as delightful an old snuggerly as the most studious recluse could desire—where he was presently attended by his bailiff. He found that every thing was going on as he could have wished. With one or two exceptions, his rents were paid most punctually; the farms and lands kept in capital condition. To be sure an incorrigible old poacher had been giving his people a little trouble, as usual, and was committed for trial at the Spring Assizes; a few trivial trespasses had been committed in search of firewood, and other small matters; which, after having been detailed with great minuteness by his zealous and vigilant bailiff, were dispatched by Mr Aubrey with a “pooh, pooh!”—then

there was Gregory, who held the smallest farm on the estate, at its southern extremity—he was three quarters' rent in arrear—but he had a sick wife and seven children—so he was at once forgiven all that was due, and also what would become due on the ensuing quarter-day,—“In fact,” said Mr Aubrey, “don't ask him for any more rent. I'm sure the poor fellow will pay when he's able.”

Some rents were to be raised; others lowered; and some half dozen of the poorer cottages were to be forthwith put into good repair, at Mr Aubrey's expense. The two oxen had been sent, on the preceding afternoon, from the home farm to the butcher's, to be distributed among the poorer villagers, according to orders brought down from town, by Sam, the day before. Thus was Mr Aubrey engaged for an hour or two, till luncheon time, when good Dr Tatham made his welcome appearance, having been engaged most of the morning in touching up an old Christmas sermon.

He had been vicar of Yatton for nearly thirty years, having been presented to it by the late Mr Aubrey, with whom he had been intimate at college. He was a delightful specimen of a country parson. Cheerful, unaffected, and good-natured, there was a dash of quaintness, or roughness about his manners, that reminded you of the crust in very fine old port. He had been a widower, and childless, for fifteen years. His parish had been ever since his family, whom he still watched over with an affectionate vigilance. He was respected and beloved by all. Almost every man, woman, and child that had died in Yatton, during nearly thirty years, had departed with the sound of his kind and solemn voice in their ears. He claimed a sort of personal acquaintance with almost all the grave-stones in his little churchyard; and when he looked at them, he felt that he had done his duty by the dust that slept underneath. He was at the bedside of a sick person almost as soon, and as often, as the doctor—no matter what sort of weather, or at what hour of the day or night. Methinks I see him now, bustling about the village, with healthy ruddy cheek, a clear, cheerful eye, hair white as snow; with a small, stout figure, clothed in a suit of rusty black,

(knee-breeches and gaiters all round the year,) and with a small shovel-hat. No one lives in the vicarage with him but an elderly woman, his house-keeper, and her husband, whose chief business is to look after the little garden; in which I have often seen him and his master, with his coat off, digging for hours together. He rises at five in the winter, and four in the summer, being occupied till breakfast with his studies; for he was an excellent scholar, and has not forgotten, in the zealous discharge of his sacred duties, the pursuits of literature and philosophy, in which he gained no inconsiderable distinction in his youth. He derives a very moderate income from his living; but it is even more than sufficient for his necessities. Ever since Mr Aubrey's devotion to politics has carried him away from Yatton for a considerable portion of each year, Dr Tatham has been the right-hand counsellor of old Mrs Aubrey, in all her pious and charitable plans and purposes. Every new-year's-day, there comes from the hall to the vicarage six dozen of fine old port wine—a present from Mrs Aubrey; but the little doctor (though he never tells her so) scarce drinks six bottles of them in a year. Two dozen of them go, within a few days' time, to a poor brother parson in an adjoining parish, who, with his wife and three children—all in feeble health—can hardly keep body and soul together, and who, but for this generous brother, would not probably taste a glass of wine throughout the year, except on certain occasions when the very humblest may moisten their poor lips with wine—I mean the SACRAMENT—the sublime and solemn festival given by One who doth not forget the poor and destitute, however in their misery they may sometimes think to the contrary. The remainder of his little present Dr Tatham distributes in small quantities amongst such of his parishioners as may require it, and may not happen to have come under the immediate notice of Mrs Aubrey. Dr Tatham has known Mr Aubrey ever since he was about five years old. 'Twas the doctor that first taught him Greek and Latin; and, up to his going to college, gave him the frequent advantage of his learned experience. But surely I have gone into a very long digression.

While Miss Aubrey, accompanied by her sister-in-law, and followed by a servant carrying a great bag, filled with articles brought from London the day before, went to the school which I have before mentioned, in order to distribute her prizes and presents, Mr Aubrey and Dr Tatham set off on a walk through the village.

"I must do something for that old steeple of yours, doctor," said Aubrey, as arm in arm they approached the church; "it looks crumbling away in many parts."

"If you'd only send a couple of masons to repair the *porch*, and make it weather-tight, it would satisfy me for some years to come," said the doctor.

"Well—we'll look at it," replied Aubrey; and turning aside, they entered the little churchyard.

"How I love this old yew-tree!" he exclaimed, as they passed under it; "it casts a kind of tender gloom around that always makes me pensive, not to say melancholy." A sigh escaped him, as his eye glanced at the family vault, which was almost in the centre of the shade, where lay his father, three brothers, and a sister, and where, in the course of nature, a few short years would see the precious remains of his mother deposited. But the doctor, who had hastened forward alone for a moment, finding the church-door open, called out to Mr Aubrey, who soon stood within the porch. It certainly required a little repairing, which Mr Aubrey said should be looked to immediately. "See—we're all preparing for to-morrow," said Dr Tatham, leading the way into the little church, where the grizzle-headed clerk was busy decorating the pulpit, reading-desk, and altar-piece, with the cheerful emblems of the season.

"I never see these," said the doctor, taking up one of the sprigs of mistletoe lying on a form beside them, "but I think of your own Christmas verses, Mr Aubrey, when you were younger and fresher than you now are—don't you recollect them?"

"Oh—pooh!"

"But I remember them;" and he began,—

"Hail! silvery, modest mistletoe,
Wreath'd round winter's brow of snow,
Clinging so chastely, tenderly:
Hail holly, darkly, richly green,

Whose crimson berries blush between
Thy prickly foliage, modestly.
Ye winter-flowers, bloom sweet and
fair,
Though Nature's garden else be bare—
Ye vernal glistening emblems, meet
To twine a Christmas coronet."

"That will do, Doctor—what a memory you have for trifles!"

"Peggy! Peggy!—you're sadly overdoing it," said the Doctor, calling out to the sexton's wife, who was busy at work in the squire's pew—a large square pew in the nave, near the pulpit. "Why, do you want to hide the squire's family from the congregation? You're quite putting a holly hedge all round."

"Please you, sir, I've got so much I don't know where to put it—so, in course, I put it here."

"Then," said the Doctor, with a smile, looking round the church, "let John get up and put some of it in those old hatchments; and," looking up at the clerk, busy at work in the pulpit, "don't put quite so much up there in my candlesticks."

With this the parson and the squire took their departure. As they passed slowly up the village, which already wore a sort of holiday aspect, they met on all hands with a cordial and respectful greeting. The quiet little public-house turned out some four or five stout fellows—all tenants of his—with their pipes in their hands, and who took off their hats, and bowed very low. Mr Aubrey went up and entered into conversation with them for some minutes—their families and farms, he found, were well and thriving. There was quite a little crowd of women about the shop of Nick Steele, the butcher, who, with an extra hand to help him, was giving out the second ox which had been sent from the hall, to the persons whose names had been given in to him from Mrs Aubrey. Further on, some were cleaning their little windows, others sweeping their floors, and sprinkling sand over them; most were sticking holly and mistletoe in their windows, and over their mantel-pieces. Every where, in short, was to be seen that air of quiet preparation for the cheerful morrow, which fills a thoughtful observer with feelings of pensive but exquisite satisfaction.

Mr Aubrey returned home towards dusk, cheered and enlivened by his

walk. His sudden plunge into the simplicity and comparative solitude of country life—and that country Yatton—had quite refreshed his feelings, and given a tone to his spirits. Of course, Dr Tatham was to dine at the hall on the morrow; if he did not, indeed, it would have been for the first time during the last five-and-twenty years.

Christmas eve passed pleasantly and quietly enough at the hall. After dinner the merry little ones were introduced, and their prattle and romps occupied an hour right joyously. As soon as, smothered with kisses, they had been dismissed to bed, old Mrs Aubrey composed herself in her great chair to her usual after-dinner's nap; while her son, his wife, and sister, sitting fronting the fire—a decanter or two, and a few wine-glasses, and dessert remaining on the table behind them—sat conversing in a subdued tone, now listening to the wind roaring in the chimney—a sound which not a little enhanced their sense of comfort—then criticising the disposition of the evergreens with which the room was plentifully decorated, and laying out their movements during the ensuing fortnight. Mrs Aubrey and Kate were, with affectionate earnestness, contrasting to Aubrey the peaceful pleasures of a country life with the restless excitement and endless anxieties of a London political life, to which they saw him more and more addicting himself; he all the while playfully parrying their attacks, but secretly acknowledging the truth and force of what they said, when—hark!—a novel sound from without which roused the old lady from her nap. What do you think, dear reader, it was? The voices of little girls singing what seemed to be a Christmas hymn: yes, they caught the words—

"Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild"—

"It must be your little school-girls," said old Mrs Aubrey, looking at her daughter, and listening.

"I do believe it is," quoth Kate, her eyes suddenly filling with tears, as she sat eagerly inclining her ear towards the window.

"They must be standing on the grass-plot just before the window," said Mr Aubrey: the tiny voices were thrilling his very heart within him. His sensitive nature might be compared to a delicate Æolian harp, which

gave forth, with the slightest breath of accident or circumstance,—

"The still, sad music of humanity."

In a few moments he was almost in tears—the sounds were so unlike the fierce and turbulent cries of political warfare to which his ears had been latterly accustomed! The more the poor children sung, the more was he affected. Kate's tears fell fast, for she had been in an excited mood before this little incident occurred. "Do you hear, mamma," said she, "the voice of the poor little thing that was last taken into the school? The little darling!" Kate tried to smile away her emotion; but 'twas in vain. Mr Aubrey gently drew aside the curtain, and pulled up the central blind—and there, headed by their matron, stood the little singers exposed to view, some eighteen in number, ranged in a row on the grass, their white dresses glistening in the moonlight. The oldest seemed not more than ten or twelve years old, while the younger ones could not be more than five or six. They seemed all singing from their very hearts. Aubrey stood looking at them with very deep interest.

As soon as they had finished their hymn, they were conducted into the housekeeper's room, according to orders sent for that purpose from Mrs Aubrey, and each of them received a little present of money, besides a full glass of Mrs Jackson's choicest raisin wine, and a currant bun; Kate slipping half-a-guinea into the hand of their mistress, to whose wish to afford gratification to the inmates of the hall, was entirely owing the little incident which had so pleased and surprised them.

"A happy Christmas to you, dear papa and mamma!" said little Aubrey, about eight o'clock the next morning, pushing aside the curtains, and clambering up on the high bed where Mr and Mrs Aubrey were still asleep—soon, however, they were awake by the welcome sound. The morning promised a beautiful day. The air, though cold, was clear; and the branches of the trees visible from their windows, were all covered with hoarfrost, which seemed to line them as if with silver fringe. The little bells of Yatton church were ringing a merry peal; but, how different in tone and strength from the clangour of the London church-bells! Christmas was indeed at last arrived—and cheerful

were the greetings of those who soon after met at the bountiful breakfast table. Old Mrs Aubrey was going to church with them—in fact, not even a domestic was to be left at home that could possibly be spared. By the time that the carriage, with the fat and lazy-looking grey horses, was at the hall door, the sun had burst out in beauty from an almost cloudless sky. The three ladies rode alone; Aubrey preferring to walk, accompanied by his little son, as the ground was dry and hard, and the distance very short. A troop of some twelve or fourteen servants, male and female, presently followed; and then came Mr Aubrey, leading along the heir of Yatton—a boy of whom he might well be proud, as the future possessor of his name, his fortune, and his honours. When he had reached the church, the carriage was returning home. Almost the whole congregation stood collected before the church door, to see the Squire's family enter; and reverent were the curtsies and bows with which old Mrs Aubrey and her lovely companions were received. Very soon after they had taken their places, Mr Aubrey and his son made their appearance; objects they were of the deepest interest, as they passed along to their pew. A few minutes after, little Dr Tatham entered the church in his surplice, (which he almost always put on at home,) with a face, serious to be sure, but yet overspread with an expression even more bland and benignant than usual. He knew there was not a soul among the little crowd around him that did not really love him, and that did not know how heartily he returned their love. All eyes were of course on the Squire's pew. Mrs Aubrey was looking well—her daughter and daughter-in-law were thought by all to be by far the most beautiful women in the world—what must people think of them in London? Mr Aubrey looked, they thought, pleased and happy, but rather paler, and even a little thinner; and as for the little Squire, with his bright eyes, his rosy cheeks, his arch smile, his curling auburn hair—he was the pride of Yatton!

Dr Tatham read prayers, as he always did, with great distinctness and deliberation, so that every body in the church, young and old, could catch every syllable; and he preached, considerably enough, a very short sermon—

pithy, homely, and affectionate. He reminded them that he was then preaching his thirty-first Christmas-day sermon from that pulpit. The service over, none of the congregation moved from their places till the occupants of the Squire's pew had quitted it; but as soon as they had got outside of the door, the good people poured out after them, and almost lined the way from the church door to the gate at which the carriage stood, receiving and answering a hundred kind enquiries concerning themselves, their families, and their circumstances.

Mr Aubrey stayed behind, desirous of taking another little ramble with Dr Tatham through the village, for the day was indeed bright and beautiful, and the occasion inspiring. There was not a villager within four or five miles of the hall who did not sit down that day to a comfortable little relishing dinner, at least one-third of them being indebted for it directly to the bounty of the Aubreys. As soon as Dr Tatham had taken off his gown, he accompanied Mr Aubrey in cheerful mood, in the briskest spirits. 'Twas delightful to see the smoke come curling out of every chimney, scarce any one visible, suggesting to you that they were all housed, and preparing for, or partaking of their roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now and then the bustling wife would show her heated red face at the door, and hastily curtsy as they passed, then returning to dish up her little dinner.

"Ah, ha! Mr Aubrey!—isn't such a day as this worth a whole year in town?" exclaimed Dr Tatham.

"Both have their peculiar influences, Doctor; the pleasure of the contrast would be lost if"—

"Contrast? Believe me, in the language of Virgil"—

"Ah! how goes on old blind Bess, Doctor?" interrupted Aubrey, as they approached the smallest cottage in the village—in fact, the very last.

"She's just the same as she has been these last twenty years. Shall we look in on the old creature?"

"With all my heart. I hope, poor soul! that *she* has not been overlooked on this festive occasion."

"Trust Mrs Aubrey for that! I'll answer for it, we shall find old Bess as happy, in her way, as she can be."

This was a stone-blind old woman, who had been bedridden for the last twenty years. She had certainly pass-

ed her hundredth year—some said two or three years before—and had lived in her present little cottage for nearly half a century, having grown out of the recollection of almost all the inhabitants of the village. She had long been a pensioner of Mrs Aubrey's, by whom alone, indeed, she was supported. Her great age, her singular appearance, and a certain rambling way of talking that she had, earned her the reputation in the village of being able to say strange things; and one or two of the old gossips knew of things coming to pass according to what—poor old soul—she had predicted!

Dr Tatham gently pushed open the door. The cottage consisted, in fact, of but one room, and that a very small one, and lit by only one little window. The floor was clean, and evidently just fresh sanded. On a wooden stool, opposite a fireplace, on which a small saucepan pot was placed, sat a girl about twelve years old, (a daughter of the woman who lived nearest,) crumpling some bread into a basin, with some broth in it. On a narrow bed against the wall, opposite the window, was to be seen the somewhat remarkable figure of the solitary old tenant of the cottage. She was sitting up, resting against the pillow, which was placed on end against the wall. She was evidently a very tall woman; and her long, brown, wrinkled, shrivelled face, with prominent cheekbones and bushy white eyebrows, betokened the possession, in earlier days, of a most masculine expression of features. Her hair, white as snow, was gathered back from her forehead, under a spreading plain white cap; and her sightless eyes, wide open, stared forward with a startling and somewhat sinister expression. She was wrapped round in a clean white bedgown; and her long thin arms lay straight before her on the outside of the bed-clothes. Her lips were moving, as if she were talking to herself.

"She's a strange-looking object, indeed!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, as he and Dr Tatham stood watching her for a few moments in silence.

"Dame! dame!" said the Doctor, loudly, approaching her bedside, "How are you to-day? It's Christmas day—I wish you a merry Christmas."

"Ay, ay—merry, merry! More the merrier! I've seen a hundred and nine of them!"

"You seem very happy, dame."

"They won't give me my broth—my broth."

"It's coming, granny," called out the shrill voice of the girl sitting before the fire, quickening her motions.

"Here's the Squire come to see you, dame, and he wishes you a happy Christmas," said Dr Tatham.

"What! the Squire? Alive yet? Ah, well-a-day! well-a-day!" said she, in a feeble, mournful tone, slowly rubbing together her long, skinny, wrinkled hands, on the backs of which the veins stood out like knotted whipcord. She repeated the last words several times, in a truly doleful tone, gently shaking her head.

"Granny's been very sad, sir, to-day, and cried two or three times," said the little girl, stirring about the hot broth.

"Poor Squire! doth he not look sad?" enquired the old woman.

"Why should I, dame? What have I to fear?" said Mr Aubrey.

"Merry in the hall! all, merry! merry! But no one has heard it but old blind Bess. Where's the Squire?" she added, suddenly turning her face full towards where they were standing—and it seemed whitened with emotion. Her staring eyes were settled on Mr Aubrey's face, as if she were reading his very soul.

"Here I am, dame," said he, with a great deal of curiosity, to say the least of it.

"Give me your hand, Squire," said she, stretching out her left arm, and working about her talon-like fingers, as if in eagerness to grasp Mr Aubrey's hand, which he gave her.

"Never fear! never, never! Happy in the hall! I see all! How long?"

"Why, dame, this is truly a very pleasant greeting of yours," interposed Dr Tatham, with a smile.

"Short and bitter! long and sweet! Put your trust in God, Squire."

"I hope I do, granny," replied Mr Aubrey seriously.

"I see! I hear!—my broth! my broth!—where is it?"

"Here it is, granny," said the girl.

"Good-day, dame," said Mr Aubrey, gently disengaging his hand from hers; and before they had left the cottage she began to swallow very greedily the broth with which the little girl fed her.

"This is the sort of way in which this old superannuated creature has frightened one or two of" —

"Is it indeed?" enquired Mr Aubrey, with a sort of mechanical smile. Dr Tatham saw that he was in a very serious humour.

"She's alarmed you, I protest!—I protest she has!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a smile, as they walked along. Now he knew the disposition and character of Aubrey intimately; and was well aware of a certain tendency he had to superstition.

"My dear Doctor, I assure you that you are mistaken—I am indeed not *alarmed*—but at the same time I will tell you something not a little singular. Would you believe that a month or two ago, when in town, I dreamed that I heard some one uttering *the very words* this old woman has just been uttering!"

"Ah! ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor; and, after a second or two's pause, Aubrey, as if ashamed of what he had said, echoed the laugh, and their conversation passed on to political topics, which kept them engaged for the remainder of their walk, Mr Aubrey quitting his companion at the door of the vicarage, to be rejoined by him at five o'clock, the dinner hour at the hall. As Mr Aubrey walked along the park, the shades of evening casting a deepening gloom around him, his thoughts involuntarily recurred to the cottage of old blind Bess, and he felt vague apprehensions flitting with darkening shade across his mind. Though he was hardly weak enough to attach any definite meaning or importance to the gibberish he had heard, it still had left an unpleasant *impression*, and he was vexed at feeling a wish that the incident—trifling as he was willing to believe it—should not be mentioned by Dr Tatham at the hall; and still more, on recollecting that he had *purposely abstained* from requesting the good Doctor not to do so. All this implied that the matter had occupied his thoughts to a greater extent than he secretly relished. On reaching, however, the hall door, this brief pressure on his feelings quickly ceased; for on entering he saw Mrs Aubrey, his sister, and his two children at high romps together in the hall, and he heartily joined in them.

By five o'clock the little party were seated at the cheerful dinner-table, covered with the glittering old family plate, and that kind of fare, at once substantial and luxurious, which be-

fitted the occasion. Old Mrs Aubrey, in her simple white turban and black velvet dress, presided with a kind of dignified cheerfulness which was delightful to see. Kate had contrived to make herself look more lovely even than usual, wearing a dress of dark blue satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde, and which exquisitely comported with her lovely complexion. Oh that Delamere had been sitting opposite to, or beside her! The more matured proportions of her blooming sister-in-law appeared to infinite advantage in a rich green velvet dress, while a superb diamond glistened with subdued lustre in her beautiful bosom. She wore no ornaments in her dark hair, which was, as indeed might be said of Kate, "when unadorned, adorned the most." The greyheaded old butler, as brisk as his choicest champagne, with which he perpetually bustled round the table, and the three steady-looking old family servants, going about their business with quiet celerity—the delicious air of antique elegance around them,—this was a Christmas dinner after one's own heart!—Oh the merry and dear old Yatton! And as if there were not loveliness enough already in the room, behold the door suddenly pushed open as soon as the dinner is over, and run up to his gay and laughing mother, her little son, his ample snowy collar resting gracefully on his crimson velvet dress. 'Tis her hope and pride—her first-born—the little squire; but where is his sister?—where is Agnes? 'Tis even as Charles says—she fell asleep in the very act of being dressed, and they were obliged to put her to bed; so Charles is alone in his glory. You may well fold your delicate white arm around him, mamma.

His little gold cup is nearly filled to join in the first toast: are you all ready? The worthy Doctor has poured Mrs Aubrey's glass, and Kate's glass, full up to the brim:—"Our next Christmas!"

Yes, your next Christmas! The vigilant eye of Dr Tatham alone perceived a faint change of colour in Mr Aubrey's cheek as the words were uttered; and his eye wandered for an instant, as if tracing across the room the image of old blind Bess; but 'twas gone in a moment—Aubrey was soon in much higher spirits than usual. Well he might be. How could man be placed in happier circumstances

than he was? As soon as the ladies had withdrawn, together with little Aubrey, the Doctor and Mr Aubrey drew their chairs before the fire, and enjoyed a long hour's pleasant chat on matters domestic and political. As to the latter, the parson and the Squire were stout Tories; and a speech which Aubrey had lately delivered in the House, on the Catholic claims, raised him to a pitch of eminence in the parson's estimation, when he had very few men in the country to keep him company. The Doctor here got on very fast indeed; and was just assuring the Squire that he saw dark days in store for Old England from the machinations of the Papists; and that, for his part, he should rejoice to "seal his testimony with his blood," and would go to the stake not only without flinching, but rejoicing—(all which I verily believe *he* verily believed he would have done,)—and coveting the crown of martyrdom, when Aubrey caught the sounds of his sister playing on the organ, a noble instrument, which a year or two before, at her urgent request, he had purchased and placed in the drawing-room, whither he and the Doctor at once repaired. 'Twas a spacious and lofty room, well calculated for the splendid instrument which occupied the large recess fronting the door. Miss Aubrey was playing Handel, and with an exquisite perception of his matchless power and beauty. Hark! did you ever hear the grand yet simple recitative she is now commencing?

"In the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East, to Jerusalem,

"Saying—Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

The Doctor officiated as chaplain that evening. The room was almost filled with servants, many of whose looks very plainly showed the merry doings that had been going on in the servants' hall; some of them could scarce keep their eyes open; one or two sat winking at each other, and so forth. Under the circumstances, therefore, the Doctor, with much judgment, read very short prayers, and immediately after took his departure.

The next morning, which proved as fine as the preceding, Mr Aubrey was

detained in with his letters, and one or two other little matters of business in his library, till luncheon time. "What say you, Kate, to a ride round the estate?" said he, on taking his seat. Miss Aubrey was delighted; and forthwith the horses were ordered to be got ready as soon as possible.

"You must not mind a little rough riding, Kate, for we've got to go over some ugly places. I'm going to meet Waters at the end of the avenue, about that old sycamore—we must have it down at last."

"Oh no, Charles, no; I thought we had settled that last year."

"Pho! if it had not been for you, Kate, it would have been down two years ago at least. Its hour is come at last; 'tis indeed, so no pouting! It is injuring the other trees; and, besides, it spoils the prospect from the back of the house."

"'Tis only Waters that puts all these things into your head, Charles, and I shall let him know *my* opinion on the subject when I see him! Mamma, haven't you a word to say for the old"——

But Mr Aubrey, not deeming it discreet to await the new force which was being brought against him, started off to go round and see a newly-purchased horse, just brought to the stables.

Kate, who really became every thing, looked charming in her blue riding-habit, sitting on her horse with infinite ease and grace—a capital horsewoman. The exercise soon brought a rich bloom upon her cheek; and as she cantered along the road by the side of her brother, no one that met them but must have been struck with her beauty. Just as they had dropped into an easy walk—

"Charles," said she, observing two horsemen approaching them, "who can these be? Did you—did you ever see such figures? And how they ride!"

"Why, certainly," replied her brother, smiling, "they look like a couple of Cockneys."

"Good gracious, what puppies!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, lowering her voice as they neared the persons she spoke of.

"They *are* a most extraordinary couple. Who *can* they be?" said Mr Aubrey, a smile forcing itself into his features. One of them was dressed in a light blue surtout, with the tip of a white pocket-handker-

chief seen peeping out of a pocket in the front of it. His hat, with scarce any brim to it, was stuck aslant on the top of a bushy head of hair. His shirt-collars were turned down completely over his stock, displaying a great quantity of dirt-coloured hair under his chin; while a pair of moustaches, of the same colour, were sprouting upon his lip. A quizzing-glass was stuck in his right eye, and in his hand he carried a whip with a shining silver head. The other was nearly as much distinguished by the elegance of his appearance. He had a glossy hat, a purple-coloured velvet waistcoat, two pins connected by little chains in his stock, a bottle-green surtout, sky-blue trousers. In short, who should these be but our old friends Titmouse and Snap? Whoever they might be, it was plain that they were perfect novices on horseback, and their horses had every appearance of having been much fretted and worried by their riders. To the surprise of Mr Aubrey and his sister, these two personages attempted to rein in, as they neared, with the evident intention of speaking to them.

"Pray—a—sir, will you, sir, tell us," commenced Titmouse, with a desperate attempt to appear at his ease, as he tried to make his horse stand still for a moment—"isn't there a place called—called"—here his horse, whose sides were constantly being galled by the spurs of its unconscious rider, began to back a little, then to go on one side, and, in Titmouse's fright, his glass dropped from his eye, and he seized hold of the pummel. Nevertheless, to show the lady how completely he was at his ease all the while, he levelled a great many oaths and curses at the eyes and soul of his wayward brute; who, however, not in the least moved by them, but infinitely disliking the spurs of its rider and the twisting round of its mouth by the reins, seemed more and more inclined for mischief, and backed close up to the edge of the ditch.

"I'm afraid, sir, you are not much accustomed to riding. Will you permit me"—

"Oh, yes—ye—ye—s, sir, I am uncommon—whee-o-uy! wh-uoy!"—(then a fresh volley of oaths.) "Oh, dear—what—what *is* he going to do! Snap! Snap! 'Twas, however, quite

in vain to call on that gentleman for assistance; for he had grown as pale as death, on finding that his own brute seemed strongly disposed to follow the example of the other, being particularly inclined to rear up on its hind-legs. The very first motion of the sort brought Snap's heart (not large enough, perhaps, to choke him) into his mouth. Titmouse's beast suddenly inclined the contrary way; and throwing its hind feet into the air, sent its terrified rider flying, heads over heels, into the very middle of the hedge, from which he dropped into the wet ditch. Both Mr Aubrey and his groom dismounted, and secured the horse, who, having got rid of its ridiculous rider, stood quietly enough. Titmouse proved to be more frightened than hurt. His hat was crushed flat on his head, and half the left side of his face covered with mud—as, indeed, were his clothes all the way down. The groom (almost splitting with laughter) helped him on again; and as Mr and Miss Aubrey were setting off—"I think, sir," said he, politely, "you were enquiring for some place?"

"Yes, sir," quoth Snap. "Isn't there a place called Ya—Yat—Yat—(be quiet, you brute,)—Yatton about here?"

"Yes, sir—straight on." Miss Aubrey hastily threw her veil over her face, to conceal her laughter, spurred her horse, and she and her brother were soon out of sight of the strangers.

"I say, Snap," quoth Titmouse, when they had got a little composed, "see that lovely gal?"

"Fine girl—devilish fine!" replied Snap.

"I'm blessed if I don't think—'pon my life, I believe we've met before."

"Didn't seem to know you."

"Ah! I don't know—how uncommon infernal unfortunate to happen just at the moment when"—Titmouse became silent; for all of a sudden he recollected when and where, and under what circumstances he had seen Miss Aubrey before, and which his vanity would not allow of his telling Snap. She had once accompanied her sister-in-law to Messrs Dowlas, Tagrag, and Company's, for some small matter. Titmouse had helped her, and his absurdity of manner provoked a smile, which Titmouse a little mis-

construed; so that when, a Sunday or two afterwards, he met her in the Park, the little fool had the presumption to nod to her—she having not the slightest notion who he was—and of course not, on the present occasion, having the least recollection of him. The reader will remember that this little incident made a deep impression on the mind of Mr Titmouse.*

The coincidence was really not a little singular. To return to Mr Aubrey and his sister. After riding a mile or two further up the road, they leaped over a very low mound or fence, which formed the extreme boundary of that part of the estate, and having passed through a couple of fields, they entered the lower extremity of that fine avenue of elms, at the higher end of which stood Kate's favourite tree, and also Waters and his under-bailiff—who looked to her like a couple of executioners, only awaiting the fiat of her brother. The sun shone brightly upon the doomed sycamore—"the axe was laid at its root." As they rode up the avenue, Kate begged very hard for mercy; but for once her brother seemed obdurate—the tree, he said, *must* come down.

"Remember, Charles," said she, passionately, as they drew up, "how we've all of us romped and sported under it! Poor papa also!"

"See, Kate, how rotten it is," said her brother; and riding close to it, with his whip he snapped off two or three of its feeble silvery-grey branches—"its high time for it to come down."

"It fills the grass all round with little branches, sir, whenever there's the least breath of wind," said Waters.

"It won't hardly hold a crow's weight on the topmost branches, sir," said the under-bailiff.

"Had it any leaves last summer?" enquired Mr Aubrey.

"I don't think," said Waters, "it had a hundred all over it."

"Really, Kate, 'tis such a melancholy, unsightly object, when seen from any part of the quadrangle,"—turning round on his horse to look at the rear of the hall, which was at about eighty yards' distance. "It looks such an old withered thing amongst the fresh green trees around it—'tis quite a painful contrast."

Kate had gently urged on her horse while her brother was speaking, till

* See No. cclxxxviii, p. 506, (October.)

she was close beside him. "Charles," said she, in a low whisper, "does not it remind you a little of poor old mamma, with her grey hairs, among her children and grandchildren? *She* is not out of place amongst us—is she?" her eyes filled with tears. So did her brother's.

"Dearest Kate," said he, with emotion, affectionately grasping her little hand, "you have triumphed! The old tree shall never be cut down in my time! Waters, let the tree stand; if any thing be done to it, let the greatest care be taken of it." Miss Aubrey turned her head aside to conceal her emotion. Had they been alone, she would have flung her arms round her brother's neck.

"If I were to speak my mind," said Waters, seeing the turn things were taking, "I should say with our young lady, the old tree's quite a kind of ornament in this here situation, and it sets off the rest." [It was he who had been worrying Mr Aubrey for these last three years to have it cut down.]

"Well," replied Mr Aubrey, "however that may be, let me hear no more of cutting it down. Ah! what does old Jolter want here?" said he, observing an old tenant of that name, almost bent double with age, hobbling towards them. He was wrapped up in a thick blue coat, and his hair was long and white.

"I don't know, sir—I'll go and see," said Waters.

"What's the matter, Jolter?" he enquired, stepping forward to meet him.

"Nothing much, sir," replied the old man, taking off his hat and bowing very low towards Mr and Miss Aubrey.

"Put your hat on, my old friend," said Mr Aubrey.

"I only come to bring you this bit of paper, sir, if you please," said the old man, addressing Waters. "You said, a while ago, as how I was always to bring you papers that were left with me; and this"—taking one out of his pocket,—"*was left with me only about an hour ago. It's seemingly a lawyer's paper, and was left by an uncommon gay young chap. He asked me my name, and then he looked at the paper, and read it all over, but I couldn't make any thing of it.*"

"What is it?" enquired Mr Aubrey, as Waters cast his eye over a sheet of paper, partly printed and partly written.

"Why, it seems the old story, sir—that slip of waste land, sir. Mr Tomkins is at it again, sir."

"Well, if he chooses to spend his money in that way, I can't help it. Let me look at the paper." He did so. "Yes, it seems the same kind of thing as before. Well," handing it back, "send it to Mr Parkinson, and tell him to look to it; and at all events, take care that old Jolter comes to no trouble by the business. How's the old wife, Jacob?"

"She's dreadful bad with rheumatism, sir; but the stuff that Madam sends her does her a woundy deal of good, sir, in her inside."

"Well, we must try if we can't send you some more; and, harkee, if the goodwife doesn't get better soon, come up to the hall, and we'll have the doctor call on her. Now, Kate, let us away homeward." And they were soon out of sight.

I do not intend to deal so uncereemoniously or summarily as Mr Aubrey did with the document which had been brought to his notice by Jolter, then handed over to Waters, and by him, according to orders, transmitted the next day to Mr Parkinson, Mr Aubrey's attorney. It was what is called a "DECLARATION IN EJECTMENT;" touching which, in order to throw a ray or two of light upon a document which will make no small figure in this history, I have been to a very renowned sergeant-at-law, and have gained a little information on the point.

If Jones claims a debt, or goods, or damages from Smith, one would think that, if he went to law, the action would be "*Jones versus Smith*;" and so it is. But behold, if it be LAND which is claimed by Jones from Smith, the style and name of the cause stands thus:—"Doe, on the demise of Jones, *versus* Roe." Instead, therefore, of Jones and Smith fighting out the matter in their own proper names, they set up a couple of puppets, (called John Doe and Richard Roe,) who fall upon one another in a very quaint fashion, after the manner of Punch and Judy. John Doe pretends to be the real plaintiff, and Richard Roe the real defendant. John Doe says that the land which Richard Roe has is his, (the said John Doe's,) because *Smith* (the real plaintiff) gave him a lease of it; and Smith is then called "the lessor of the plain-

tiff." John Doe further says that one Richard Roe, (who calls himself by the very significant and expressive name of a "*Casual Ejector*,") came and turned him out, and so John Doe brings his action against Richard Roe. I am informed that whenever land is sought to be recovered in England, this anomalous and farcical proceeding must be adopted. It is, it seems, the duty of the *real* plaintiff (Jones)

to serve on the *real* defendant (Smith) the queer document which I shall proceed to lay before the reader; and also to append to it an affectionate note, intimating the serious consequences which will ensue upon inattention or contumacy. The "*Declaration*," then, which had been served upon old Jolter, was in the words, letters, and figures following—that is to say:—

" IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

" *Michaelmas Term*, —th Geo. III.

" YORKSHIRE, to-wit—Richard Roe was attached to answer John Doe of a plea wherefore the said Richard Roe, with force and arms, &c., entered into two messuages, two dwelling-houses, two cottages, two stables, two out-houses, two yards, two gardens, two orchards, twenty acres of land covered with water, twenty acres of arable land, twenty acres of pasture land, and twenty acres of other land, with the appurtenances, situated in the parish of *Yatton*, in the County of Yorkshire, which TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, Esquire, had demised to the said John Doe for a term which is not yet expired, and ejected him from his said farm, and other wrongs to the said John Doe there did, to the great damage of the said John Doe, and against the peace of our Lord the King, &c.; and Thereupon the said John Doe, by OILY GAMMON, his attorney, complains,—

" That whereas the said TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, on this —th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1813, at the parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, had demised the same tenements, with the appurtenances, to the said John Doe, to have and to hold the same to the said John Doe and his assigns from thenceforth, for and during, and unto the full end and term of twenty years from thence next ensuing, and fully to be completed and ended: By virtue of which said demise, the said John Doe entered into the said tenements, with the appurtenances, and became and was thereof possessed for the said term, so to him thereof granted as aforesaid. And the said John Doe being so thereof possessed, the said Richard Roe afterwards, to wit, on the day and year aforesaid, at the parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, with force and arms, &c., entered into the said tenements, with the appurtenances, which the said TITTLBAT TITMOUSE had demised to the said John Doe in manner and for the term aforesaid, which is not yet expired, and ejected the said John Doe from his said farm; and other wrongs to the said John Doe then and there did, to the great damage of the said John Doe, and against the peace of our said lord the now King. Wherefore the said John Doe saith that he is injured, and hath sustained damages to the value of £50, and therefore he brings his suit, &c.

" LEATHERHEAD, for the Plaintiff. } Pledges of } John Den.
TITTIWITTY, for the Defendant. } Prosecutor. } Richard Fenn.

" MR JACOB JOLTER,

" I am informed that you are in possession of, or claim title to, the premises mentioned in the Declaration of Ejectment mentioned, or to some part thereof: And I, being sued in this action as a *casual ejector* only, and having no claim or title to the same, do advise you to appear, next Hilary Term, in His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, by some attorney of that Court; and then and there, by a rule to be made of the same Court, to cause yourself to be made defendant in my stead; otherwise, I shall suffer judgment to be entered against me by default, and you will be turned out of possession.

" Your loving friend, " *Richard Roe*.

" Dated this 8th day of December 18—."

You may regard the above document in the light of a deadly and destructive missile, thrown by an unperceived enemy into a peaceful citadel, attracting no particular notice from

the innocent, unsuspecting inhabitants—amongst whom, nevertheless, it presently explodes, and all is terror, death, and ruin.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN XII.

1.

O'ER throngs of men around I cast mine eyes,
While each to separate work his hand applies ;
The mean who toil for food, the proud for fame,
And crowds by custom led, with scarce an aim.

2.

Here busy dwarfs gigantic shadows chase,
As if they thus could grow a giant race ;
Unknowing what they are, they fain would be
Such empty dreams as in their sleep they see.

3.

There lives, like glittering bubbles mount the sky,
Contemning earth, from whence they rose on high,
A moment catch the stars' eternal rays,
And burst and vanish in the moon's clear gaze :

4.

Or torn by passion, swoln with falsest pride,
Betray'd by doubt that mocks each surer guide,
The rebel heart, in self-enthroned disdain,
Its lawless weakness boasts, and penal pain.

5.

Alone it loves to bleed and groan apart,
And scorn the crowd who stir the seething mart,
Who each will own, befool'd by ease and pelf,
Nor earth nor heaven beyond his shrivell'd self.

6.

And yet, O God ! within each darken'd soul
Is life akin to thy creation's whole,
That needs but will to see, and straight would find
The world one frame for one pervading Mind,

7.

In all things round one sacred Power would know,
From Thee diffused through all thy works below ;
In every breath of life would hear thy call,
And All discern in Each, and Thee in All.

8.

A truth too vast for spirits lost in sloth,
By self-indulgence marr'd of nobler growth,
Who bear about, in impotence and shame,
Their human reason's visionary name.

9.

Oh ! grant the crowds of earth may read thy plan,
And strive to reach the hope design'd for man ;
Though now, shorn, stunted, twisted, wither'd, spent,
We dare not dream how high thy love's intent.

10.

Oh, God! 'twere more than life to mouldering dust,
The hour that kindled men to thoughtful trust—
That taught our hearts to seek thy righteous will,
And so with love thy wisdom's task fulfil.

11.

Redeem'd from fear, and wash'd from lustful blot,
By faith we then might rise above our lot;
And like thy chosen few, restored within,
By hearts as morning pure might conquer sin!

HYMN XIII.

1.

THE stream of life from fountains flows,
Conceal'd by sacred woods and caves;
From crag to dell uncheck'd it goes,
And hurrying fast from where it rose,
In foam and flash exulting raves.

2.

But straight below the torrent's leap,
Serenely bright its effluence lies,
And waves that thunder'd down the steep
Are hush'd in quiet, mute and deep,
Reflecting rock, and trees, and skies.

3.

And 'mid the pool, disturb'd yet clear,
The noisy gush that feeds it still
Is seen again descending sheer,
A cataract within the mere,
As bright as down the hill.

4.

A living picture, smooth and true,
Of headlong fight and restless power,
Whose burst for ever feeds anew
The lake of fresh and silver dew
That paints and drinks the stormy shower.

5.

So Thought, with crystal mirror, shows
Our human joy, and strife, and pain;
And ghostly dreams, and passion's woes,
The tide of failures, hates, and foes,
Are softly figured there again.

6.

Do Thou, who pourest forth our days,
With all their floods of life divine,
Bestow thy Spirit's peaceful gaze,
To still the surge those tumults raise,
And make thy calm of being mine!

HYMN XIV.

1.

ETERNAL MIND! Creation's Light and Lord!
 Thou trainest man to love thy perfect will,
 By love to know thy truth's obscurest word,
 And so his years with hallow'd life to fill;
 To own in all things round thy law's accord,
 Which bids all hope be strong to vanquish ill;
 Illumined thus by thy diffusive ray,
 The darken'd world and soul are bright with day.

2.

In storm, and flood, and all decays of time,
 In hunger, plagues, and man-devouring war;
 In all the boundless tracts of inward crime—
 In selfish hates, and lusts that deepliest mar,
 In lazy dreams that clog each task sublime,
 In loveless doubts of truth's unsetting star;
 In all—thy Spirit will not cease to brood
 With vital strength, unfolding all to good.

3.

The headlong cataract and tempest's roar,
 The rage of seas, and earthquake's hoarse dismay,
 The crush of empire, sapp'd by tears and gore,
 And shrieks of hearts their own corruption's prey—
 All sounds of death enforce thy righteous lore,
 In smoothest flow thy being's truth obey,
 And heard in ears from passion's witchery free,
 One endless music make—a hymn to Thee!

4.

But most, O God! the inward eyes of thought
 Discern thy laws in all that works within;
 The conscious will, by hard experience taught,
 Divines thy mercy shown by hate of sin;
 And hearts whose peace by shame and grief was bought,
 Thy blessings praise, that first in woe begin,
 For still on earthly pain's tormented ground
 Thy love's immortal flowers and fruits abound.

5.

Fair sight it is, and med'cinal for man,
 To see thy guidance lead the human breast;
 In life's unopen'd germs behold thy plan,
 Till 'mid the ripen'd soul it stands confest;
 From impulse too minute for us to scan,
 Awakening sense with love and purpose blest;
 And through confusion, error, trial, grief,
 Maturing reason, conscience, calm belief.

6.

This to have known, my soul be thankful thou!—
 This clear, ideal form of endless good,
 Which casts around the adoring learner's brow
 The ray that marks man's holiest brotherhood:
 Thus even from guilt's deep curse and slavish vow,
 And dreams whereby the light was long withstood,
 Thee, Lord! whose mind is rule supreme to all,
 Unveil'd we see, and hail thy wisdom's call.

HYMN XV.

1.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.

2.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

3.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds approach his face :
One glory fills each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

4.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his no less than yonder spheres ;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamp'd by his immediate hand.

5.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power
That spring from one Almighty will,
Whate'er his thought conceives, fulfil.

6.

And is this all that man can claim ?
Is this our longing's final aim ?
To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore ?

7.

Can man, no more than beast, aspire
To know his being's awful Sire ?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest ?

8.

Not this our doom, thou God benign !
Whose rays on us unclouded shine :
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome ;
But Man is most thy favour'd home.

9.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair ;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord !
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN MINISTERS.

THE late Debate on the Vote of Want of Confidence in Ministers, is not to be regarded merely as a party struggle between one class of statesmen and another. It is in truth an exposition of the action and effects of the antagonist principles which for fifteen years have distracted the state, and by the ascendancy of one of which to supreme power during the last ten, all the elements of strength in the British empire have been wellnigh dissolved. These solemn and portentous events give a nobler character to the debates of party than they have ever yet assumed in this country; they become the exposition not of the strife of men, but of the contest of principles; and to them future ages will turn for contemporary evidence of the effects of those democratic principles, which in all ages have been loudly contended for by a large portion of mankind, and will probably never cease to agitate the world, so long as their pristine nature shall descend to the children of Adam.

This debate forms a fit opening for a new *decade* in the history of the nation. The lapse of such a period—a long space in the lifetime of an individual, no inconsiderable one in the annals of a nation—naturally recalls us to deliberate thought; it leads us to compare the past with the present state of our country, and to enquire what we have gained—what we have lost during the ten years that liberal principles have ruled the Cabinet; and to examine how many of the expectations of the advocates of change have been realized by time, and how many of the predictions of its opponents have been now placed beyond the reach of doubt by the results of experience. Such an examination will both best demonstrate the tendency of the course which the nation has adopted, and throw an important light upon the merits of the memorable debate which has just been concluded in Parliament.

It was uniformly held forth by the movement party, at the commencement of the Reform agitation, that the grand object which they had in view, essential to the country, was to restore

the confidence of the people in Parliament, and to revive that cordial spirit of obedience to the laws, which can only be obtained in a free country by their being enacted by a legislature whose sentiments are in unison with those of the great body of the people. The old Parliament, it was acknowledged, possessed the confidence of the aristocracy and the holders of large property, whose representatives were the members for the close and nomination boroughs. But then it was said these representatives had entirely forfeited the regard of the middle classes of the community, who found themselves possessed of great real importance, but no deliberative voice in the legislature. This state of things, it was strongly urged, could not last—if it continued, it would render the constitution the mere mockery of a representative government; and therefore the great object was to put the sentiments of the legislature in harmony with those of the great mass of the people. No danger, it was said, need be anticipated from such a change; the people will be perfectly satisfied by the great addition to their power which they will receive; and even if it should prove otherwise, the middle classes, now become the real rulers of the state, will unanimously rally round a government which represents their feelings and attends to their wishes; and the waves of extreme democracy will beat in vain against the ramparts of a constitution founded in the wishes, and supported by the interests, of the whole middle and higher classes of the community.

Such were the predictions on which the advocates for change based the new constitution, and succeeded in establishing their power. How have these anticipations been realized? Is there any one interest in the community which possesses confidence in Government, as they are at present constituted, and as they have been moulded by the principles of innovation? Does the existing Government possess the confidence even of the Parliament elected in Great Britain according to the franchise which they themselves bestowed, and the boundaries of con-

stituencies which they had curiously framed, so as to render their power immortal? Does the Government really possess the confidence of any one class in the community? Have they the confidence of the landholders? have they the confidence of the merchants? have they the confidence of the operatives? have they the confidence of the Conservatives? have they the confidence of the Chartist Revolutionists? have they the confidence of the Church of England? have they the confidence of those who are members of the Romish persuasion? In short, has any one class of the nation the slightest trust in them as sincerely attached to their interests, and willing to peril a social conflict to maintain them? And has the nation at large, as a whole, any reliance upon either their ability or their inclination to defend the country from foreign aggression, and uphold the interest and honour of the empire? It is in the answers to these questions that the solution of the real question at issue between the Conservatives and Revolutionists is to be found; and it is by pondering on them that the best commentary on the late debate in Parliament is to be got. And strange to say, while it will at once appear from the decisive evidence of the votes of their own Parliament, and the official admissions of their own Administration, that the revolutionary party neither possess the confidence of the nation, nor of any one interest, party, or persuasion in it; yet, by a strange but not unprecedented combination of circumstances, they have hitherto succeeded in maintaining themselves in power even on the basis of popular representation, while respected by no one class of the state; they continue to exercise all the functions of government just because they have been proved incapable of exercising any of them, and are now immovable in their seats, precisely because they are the objects of universal contempt.

The Liberal party will ridicule these propositions, and exclaim against the possibility of such a state of things existing in a democratic community. Before joining in the cry, let them ponder upon, and answer if they can, the following considerations:—

If Ministers possess the confidence of the British House of Commons, of

course that confidence must be demonstrated in a country in which the elective franchise has been so widely extended, and carved out according to their own wishes, and the system of representation which they themselves have laid down for their own purposes in the returned members of Parliament. The present Parliament was assembled under circumstances of unparalleled good fortune to the Liberal party. Not only had the Legislature been recently elected according to a system devised by themselves, and supported by all the fervour and gratitude of a large newly enfranchised class, but they had had the unparalleled good fortune of having had the existing Parliament elected amidst the transports immediately consequent on the accession of a youthful Queen, with the whole weight of government at their command, and the cordial support of the reigning Monarch in every step of their career. What, then, was the result of such a Parliament, elected under such circumstances, when first seriously called upon to declare whether they had or had not confidence in the Movement Ministry?

Let the following Table, compiled with great accuracy by the *Morning Herald*, answer the question, which brings out both the actual majority of twenty-one in their favour, and the elements of which it was composed:—

FOR THE MOTION.

<i>England.</i>	
Counties,	92
Boroughs,	131
Universities,	3
	— 226
<i>Wales.</i>	
Counties,	12
Boroughs,	5
	— 17
<i>Scotland.</i>	
Counties,	14
Boroughs,	1
	— 15
Total, Great Britain,	258
<i>Ireland.</i>	
Counties,	18
Boroughs,	9
Universities,	2
	— 29
Total for the motion,	287

AGAINST THE MOTION.

<i>England.</i>			
Counties,	. . .	40	
Boroughs,	. . .	169	
Universities,	. . .	0	
		—	209
<i>Wales.</i>			
Counties,	. . .	2	
Boroughs,	. . .	8	
		—	10
<i>Scotland.</i>			
Counties,	. . .	9	
Boroughs,	. . .	20	
		—	29
Total, Great Britain,	. . .		248
<i>Ireland.</i>			
Counties,	. . .	36	
Boroughs,	. . .	24	
		—	60
Total against the motion,	. . .		308

By the above statement it will be seen, that England, Wales, and Scotland, give a majority in favour of the motion of TEN.

Thus it appears, that out of the members of Great Britain, a majority of ten of the Parliament created by themselves, under circumstances of unparalleled good fortune, voted against the Movement Ministry. And *this* is the manner in which the regeneration of the empire has restored the confidence of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament, and the Ministry whom the Reform tempest wafted into power!

Of whom, then, was the majority of twenty-one, who voted *for* Ministers, composed? Entirely of themselves, or of O'Connell's Tail. If you deduct the eight-and-thirty placemen, who were voting for their own offices, there will remain a majority of *seventeen* for Sir J. Yarde Buller's motion. If, from the forty-two Catholic members for Ireland, returned by O'Connell, you make the same deduction, there remains a majority of *twenty-four* who declared that they had no confidence in the Ministry. Had, then, either of these classes who composed the majority, the Ministry themselves, or O'Connell's Popish Tail, any confidence whatever in the present Administration? Their own acts and words will furnish the best answer to the question.

The Ministry resigned in a body on the 5th of May last, in consequence of having been left in a majority of only *five* upon the Jamaica question, upon the express admission of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, and Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords, that they felt they *did not possess* the confidence of either House of Parliament. Here, then, is the best possible evidence that the Ministry do not, in their own opinion, possess the confidence of the nation, viz. their own deliberate words, that they were convinced they did not do so, and their own deliberate acts testifying the reality of that conviction.

Has, then, the Government the confidence of the Member for all Ireland and his Popish Tail? Let his own words form the answer. He has told us, not once, but hundreds of times, that they are "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs;" that their government is worse than even that of the Tories; that he only supports them because he contrives to squeeze instalments of concession out of their hands; that he well knows that England is irrevocably hostile to the interests of Ireland; and that on that account he will never to his dying day cease to agitate for the repeal of the Union. And, suiting the action to the word, he has already renewed the repeal agitation in Dublin, and is laying the foundation of an extended agitation on that subject, which he tells us will ere long dismember the empire as effectually as a similar effort carried through Catholic emancipation. Here, then, we have the best possible evidence that O'Connell and the Popish Tail have no confidence in Ministers, viz. his own words, that they are "base, bloody, and brutal"—expressions not peculiarly characteristic of confidence—and his own strenuous deeds, calculated to withdraw himself, his supporters, and country, for ever from their government.

And so much for the confidence which their own darling Reform House of Commons has in the Government as at present constituted, and the real motives by which the majority of twenty-one who support them are, by their own admission, actuated. If, then, Parliament as a whole has no confidence in them, have any particular class or interest in the *community* that confidence;

or is there any one section of the community who really, and sincerely, think that their interests may be safely intrusted to their keeping?

Do the Conservatives trust them? This question hardly needs an answer. If it did, it would be decisively replied to in the minority of 308, including pairs, who voted against them in the late division. And it is the constant complaint of the Ministry and their few remaining partisans in the press, that they have for years been the subject of a relentless and systematic opposition from the Tories, unparalleled even in the long annals of British faction.

Have they the confidence of the House of Peers and the aristocracy? This question is easily answered. There is a majority of ninety-one, which has been more than once recorded against them in that assembly, notwithstanding the creation of no less than fifty-two peers in the short space of nine years, or more than double the number that ever were created in a similar period before by any Tory administration. Indeed, so far from pretending that they possess the confidence of the Upper House, it is the unceasing complaint of Ministers that they are exposed to the utmost difficulty in maintaining their ground there; and they expressly admitted that the carrying of Lord Roden's motion for an enquiry into the administration of justice in Ireland, was felt by them to be a direct vote of censure upon their own conduct.

Have Government the confidence of the landed proprietors? This, too, is at once answered by the decisive majority of one hundred and ninety in the last Session of Parliament, against the now hardly-disguised project of abolishing the Corn-Laws. This project, indeed, Lord Melbourne, in the Upper House, justly styled "the most insane that ever yet entered into the mind of man;" but, notwithstanding this, a large proportion of the Cabinet members in the Lower House not only strenuously argued for it in Parliament, but vigorously agitate for their total repeal, by striving to move the gigantic masses in the great towns; and Mr Poulett Thompson, the member for Manchester, as a reward for his long and great services in that career of

Anti-Corn-Law agitation, has been recently rewarded by the Governor-Generalship of North America. And if any further proof were required, it would be found in the fact that no less than ninety-four county members in England alone voted against Ministers, and only forty-four with them, on the late division; while even in Scotland, a majority of the county members who voted *against* the Administration was nineteen, and for them only twelve. Indeed, so far are Ministers from themselves asserting that they possess the confidence of the landed interest, that it is their constant complaint that they do not; and that, what between Tory parsons and Tory squires, it has become almost impossible to contest with advantage a Tory seat in any county.

Does Government, then, possess the confidence of the old Whig aristocracy of that great party, so long celebrated in English history, to which Fox belonged, and which Burke adorned, and of which Lord Grey, when they came into office in 1830, was the acknowledged head? Here, also, a decisive answer is to be found in the words and actions of their own acknowledged leaders. Not only have the noblest and ablest of that party seceded from their ranks, with Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, the Duke of Richmond, and a host of others, but a great part of whom are among their most determined and powerful opponents. And if any further evidence were wanting on this head, it has been furnished by the admission and acts of the son and representative of their own acknowledged leader; for Lord Howick emphatically stated in the House of Commons in the late debate, that he resigned his office in the Administration last May, because he saw clearly that Ministers were not strong enough to resist the downward progress of the Movement, and because he saw clearly that "the most respectable of their supporters were every week or month, by ones or twos," leaving their ranks, and slipping over to the benches of Opposition. After this admission from the son of the avowed leader of the old Whig party, it is unnecessary to say more as to Government as at present constituted having lost the interest and confidence of that party.

Have Ministers the confidence of

the commercial classes? So far as commercial wealth or property is concerned, unquestionably they have not. It is notorious, that at least three-fourths, probably four-fifths, of the manufacturing wealth and property of the country is not only hostile, but decidedly hostile, to their measures; and that if a majority of the representatives of the mercantile towns still support them, it is because in these constituencies the men who have no property overbalance those who have any. Fortunately, here also, *facts* altogether decisive of the question put the matter beyond a doubt. In London, the great commercial metropolis of the empire, the customs of which amount to the stupendous sum of twelve millions a-year, they were received, no further back than last November, in the annual dinner given at Guildhall by the Liberal functionaries of the city to the leading merchants and bankers of all parties, but chiefly, of course, to those of their own way of thinking, with such a pitiless storm of indignation, that, according to the admission of their own journals, the like of it was never before witnessed in English history. Liverpool, the second greatest commercial town in Great Britain, whose customs amount to £4,500,000 a-year, has actually turned the corner, and returned two staunch Conservatives to Parliament; while in Glasgow, the most magnificent banquet ever witnessed in modern Europe was given by four thousand three hundred gentlemen of respectability to Sir Robert Peel—and a majority of the Reformed Town Council, elected by the Parliamentary constituency, is composed of Conservative gentlemen.*

But, in fact, it is hardly possible to take up a newspaper from any part of the country, in which evidence will not be found of the utter want of confidence which even the liberal portion of the mercantile class—even their most strenuous liberal supporters, have in the capacity and judgment of Ministers. At all the meetings held by Mr Urquhart to discuss the commercial interests of the country, at Newcastle, at Glasgow, and Manchester, the strongest condemnation of the mercantile conduct of Government was pronounced by their own most decided political partisans. It did not require their pas-

sive acquiescence in the blockade of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, so cruelly detrimental to British interests, or of their late disgraceful and inexplicable supineness in regard to the Chinese disaster, to convince the whole mercantile world, of whatever shade of political opinions, that their interests never were intrusted to such incapable hands. This is matter of universal notoriety throughout the empire—there is not a Liberal merchant in the united kingdom who does not know that it is the case, and hardly one that will not, in the confidence of private friendship, admit that it is so.

Have Ministers, then, the confidence of the operatives and the Chartists, since they have lost that of every other interest in the community? The insurrection at Newport—the flames of Birmingham—the hardly suppressed conflagration of Sheffield—the attempts at burning of the metropolis itself, are a sufficient answer to the question. In truth, if there is any one class in society more than another to whom the present Government are an object of *utter abhorrence*, it is the Chartists; and the strength of this feeling of abhorrence itself has been one great cause of the spread of Chartism. The language with which their orators and journals constantly assail the conduct of Ministers is such, that we never have, and never will, pollute our pages with it. It is not surprising, however much it is to be lamented, that they should have fallen into these expressions of language and conduct. In their case, the violence of party has been inflamed with the virulence of disappointment. The Chartists say, that they have not only been disappointed by the Ministry, but deceived. They feel that they have been made the mere instruments for the ambitious designs of others, and that, when their passions and expectations had suited the purposes of the authors of the Movement, they were thrown aside as useless. Thence the rise and virulence of Chartism, and the awful fact, not only of millions of the community being united in support of an absolute democratic form of government, and of hundreds of thousands being leagued together in an infernal conspiracy for the destruction of life and property.

If the one extreme of society—that of the ignorant Chartists—is decidedly

hostile to Ministers, is the opposite extreme—that of the learned, the thoughtful, and the meditative—better disposed to their support? Are the clergy, the universities, the learned professions, more favourable to them than the incendiaries of the Bull-ring, or the conspirators of Newport? Confessedly they are, if possible, still more hostile; though their hostility, founded on deeper feeling, and based on nobler principle, is more measured in its expression. The fact of the whole university members being returned by the Conservative interests, by immense majorities, and of the established clergy being everywhere, notwithstanding all the influence of Government, in decided hostility to them, is but a slight indication of the all but universal and profound feeling of indignation which pervades all the highly educated classes at the reckless and unprincipled system which Government have for ten years pursued. All the influence of Ministers, and of the Whig bishops whom they have appointed, has been unable to prevent an overwhelming majority of the Church from resolutely opposing their principles; and all the multiplication of commissions and endless Whig legal jobs, has been unable to hinder an overwhelming majority of the bar, both in England and Scotland, from passing over to the Conservative ranks. Decisive evidence of this has recently been afforded by the strong language in which the petition was drawn, signed by five hundred and fifty barristers, for the liberation of the Sheriffs of Middlesex, imprisoned by order of the House of Commons.

Destitute of support from any other interest in the community or class of politicians, it may perhaps be said that the conduct of Ministers is at least approved by their stanch friends, the low Radicals. Let the sentiments of this section, of which Mr Wakley and Mr Ward are the representatives, be judged of by their words. The former of these gentlemen said last autumn, that "the conduct of Ministers had excited one universal feeling throughout the country, which was that of disgust;" while the latter, in his address to his constituents in Sheffield, stigmatized in yet stronger terms the depth of political baseness to which they had descended. Observe, we use the language of the *strongest supporters*

of Ministers—of that small section of the Liberal party which they have, *par excellence*, in a manner appropriated to themselves. We have no wish to stain the pages of honest independent warfare either by the application of such epithets, or the imputation of such motives.

Are the colonies more favourable to the Government as at present constituted? Let Canada answer, which has twice broken out into a fierce and fatal revolt, without material grievances of any kind, or any peculiar cause to have inflamed the present frightful spirit of discontent, but the supercilious haughtiness of the Colonial-Office, and the total disregard by Government of all the interests and remonstrances of the colonists. Let the West Indies answer, whose discontents, arising from their protracted injuries and sufferings, have long been so excessive, that nothing but the state of impotence to which they have been reduced by ten years of Whig legislation, has prevented them from breaking out into open revolt. The Cape of Good Hope, Australia, the Mauritius, are all convulsed with grievances of their own, for which they can get no redress from Government, and which have laid the foundation of a discontent which, when they become more powerful, will assuredly cause them to break off from the empire. The East India merchants are perfectly frantic at the enormous confiscation of their property which has taken place in the Chinese Seas, and the unpardonable tardiness of Government either to assert the dignity of the empire or prepare the means of resistance. It is notorious that such was the discontent excited in the Indian army by the Whig cry for economy, and the ruinous consequences of the reductions of Lord William Bentinck, that it shook our Indian empire to its foundation, and excited a spirit of discontent in the East which provoked the intrigues of Russia for our suppression, and rendered unavoidable the perilous chances of the Afghan-istan expedition. Even the Ionian Islands have evinced such a refractory spirit, that the Lord High Commissioner was obliged suddenly to dissolve the House of Representatives; and the Maltese became so obstreperous, that the Governor of the island was obliged to suspend altogether the liberty of

the press. In short, one of the Cabinet correctly described the condition of the colonies after nine years of Whig government, when he said that *Heligoland was the only colony we had which was in a state of quiescence.*

Nor is it surprising that there should be such an universal feeling of contempt for the Whig Government through every party, interest, and colony of the British empire. There is not one of them which has not in turn been sacrificed by them to the Moloch of mob-popularity, or the cravings of revolutionary passion. The aristocracy they have bereaved of their just and necessary influence in the state, and in lieu of the ancient, self-poised, and admirably adjusted British constitution, substituted a strange compound of royalty and democracy, checked by an aristocratic veto, which they themselves confess is incapable of carrying on the business of the country, and under the government of which, useful legislation has for the last five years, by the admission of all parties, been brought to an absolute stand-still. They have taken every opportunity of degrading and insulting the Church, not merely by strenuously resisting every attempt at its enlargement to keep pace with the rapid increase, enormous spiritual destitution, and fearful augmentation of crime among the people; not merely by taking part on every occasion, both in and out of Parliament, with its enemies and maligners; not merely by supporting with the whole weight of Government a scheme of education avowedly framed for the purpose of confounding religious truth with falsehood, obliterating all the old landmarks on the subject, and leaving no possibility of avoiding the inference, that their principles are, in the words of Gibbon, that to the "vulgar all religions are equally true, to the philosopher all equally false, and to the legislator all equally useful;" but by having attacked religion in its very cradle, and social happiness in its birthplace. They have not only made no attempts to check, or discourage, the abominable licentious sect who have recently made such progress through the land under the name of Social-

ists, whose leading principle is the irresponsibility of all men for crime, whose leading maxim the division of all property, and leading passion the promiscuous concubinage of all men with all women; but they have actually gone the length of patronizing and promoting this very sect, whose tenets are too well calculated to inflame the human heart, ever to want numerous and active supporters in every highly civilized and corrupted society. Their avowed head was ushered into the presence of the Queen by the Prime Minister, to present an address to the Virgin Princess from this band of "rational religionists;" while a leading member of the fraternity has been appointed by the Home Secretary to the important and responsible situation of Registrar of *Marriages* at Birmingham. Is it surprising that a Government evincing such a total disregard not merely of that faith which has hitherto proved the blessing and salvation of the empire, but of those institutions which all nations, even the most barbarous and uncivilized, have invariably regarded as the bond and cement of society, should have awakened the most intense feelings of alarm, not merely among all persons attached to the Church of their fathers, but all who feel an interest in the purity of manners, the salvation of property, or the existence of their country?

Turn to the landholders. Have they any more reason to feel confidence in the Ministry who have now for above nine years swayed the sceptre of the British empire? Truly, if they measure their attachment to, or interest in their welfare, by their deeds, they have little cause to repose with confidence on their exertions. Not only has the land been despoiled, by their organic change in the constitution, of its just share in the direction of government, by giving 364 members to the boroughs in Great Britain, while the counties have only 189, being nearly two to one, although the annual produce of the land is nearly double that of the whole commerce and manufactures of the united kingdom put together, and the hands employed in agriculture* are more nume-

* Produce of agriculture in all its branches,	L. 246,000,000
Of manufactures in all their branches,	148,000,000

—*Pebrer's Statist. Tables*, 350.

rous than those employed in manufactures; but on every occasion on which it was possible to show a preference, they have evinced their predilection for the urban masses in preference to the rural interests. They have left the *Corn-Laws an open question*; and every body knows what open questions mean—it is *leaving the door open to let the spoiler come in*. The agricultural interest of the empire, therefore, have good cause for the decided hostility which they have evinced to our present rulers; for they first forced upon them—by pushing the nation, as they now themselves admit, to the very verge of insanity—a constitution which did not give them a half of the weight in the legislature to which they were entitled by their numbers, nor a fourth of what was due to them by their annual addition to general wealth; and they are now taking advantage of the power thus unjustly conferred upon their opponents, to leave their dearest interests in jeopardy, and expose them to the imminent hazard of having a vast legislative change thrust upon them, which avowedly will throw a third of the lands of the kingdom out of cultivation, and reduce half the landholders to a state of bankruptcy.

Nor can the British landholders, in the imminent hazard to which they are now exposed, lay the flattering unction to their souls, that on occasion of the division on the Corn-Laws they had an overwhelming majority in their favour, and that it is impossible to suppose that any government could be so utterly reckless and insane as to lay their suicidal hands on the first and greatest interest of the empire. They have only to look at the West Indies, and there they will behold what may be done, even against a once-overwhelming majority in Parliament, by the persevering efforts of a single party, acting on the generous though deluded

feelings of the urban masses. From the accounts now presented to Parliament, and given in the last number of the *Colonial Magazine*, it appears that the produce of the West India islands has fallen off, since the emancipation question was agitated, considerably above a *THIRD*; and as the year 1838 was the one in which the idleness consequent on total emancipation first commenced, and sugar-canes require two years to come to maturity, it may with confidence be anticipated, that next year the defalcation will be at least a half. As this is a matter of the very highest importance, and in which the authentic evidence of the effects of Negro emancipation has for the first time become apparent, we make no apology for their insertion in this place.

Deliveries of Sugar and Rum from the West Indies into the British Islands :—

	Sugar. Hhds.	Rum. Puncheons.
1829,	271,700	61,700
1830,	259,500	58,300
1831,	266,600	71,800
1834,	Emancipation passed.	
1835,	230,350	48,700
1836,	225,850	44,750
1837,	204,150	41,100
1838,	228,300	42,900
1839,	179,800	43,400 *

Thus it distinctly appears that sugar and rum, the staple produce of the West Indies, has fallen off just a *third* since the Emancipation Bill passed; and as it is only next year that the great effect of the idleness consequent on the total emancipation of 1838 will appear, it may with confidence be expected that then the defalcation will be a half. Now, the average value of West India produce before the emancipation was £22,000,000 yearly; consequently a loss of above £7,000,000 a-year has already been inflicted by

Agricultural families in 1831, Great Britain,	961,134
Ireland,	884,339
Total agricultural,	1,845,473
Manufacturing families, Great Britain, in 1831,	1,434,873
Ireland,	252,672
Total manufacturing,	1,687,545

—Porter's Progress of the Nation, I. 57, 59.

the Liberal Ministry on the West India proprietors, which next year will be £11,000,000 annually. Thus the whole compensation they received, which was not at the time half the value of the negro property they lost, was not equal to two years' loss inflicted on them by the difference between free and compulsory Negro labour. This memorable example of successful spoliation should always be in the view of the British landholders in estimating the way in which a great agricultural interest may be effectually destroyed by the efforts of the urban masses, urged on by political agitation in the dominant island of Great Britain; and unquestionably, if the Corn-Law abolition is carried, at least a third will be cut off from the produce of British agriculture, or above *eighty millions a-year* from the income of the British empire.

Has Canada any reason to repose more confidence in the present Ministry than the West India proprietors, who have been the victims of this unparalleled spoliation? Truly, when the statistical documents come in to establish the consequences of their actions in that unhappy colony, it may with confidence be expected, that losses fully as great as those already sustained by the West India interest, will be proved to have resulted from the mischievous effects of Whig management and government on the banks of the St Lawrence. In the mean time, two great sources of Canadian prosperity have been almost dried up by the Liberal Government. It appears from the official accounts of emigration published, that the number of British subjects who landed at Quebec and Montreal in the year 1837, preceding the insurrection, was 28,340; and in the following year 2100! Thus the stream—the prolific golden stream—of emigration, which was flowing with so rich a current to the shores of North America, has been almost entirely turned aside by that fatal insurrection; and as it has now been diverted to New Zealand and Australia, it is all but certain that the loss thus incurred has been rendered irreparable. The diminution of a third in the produce of the West Indies has, to a proportional extent, reduced, of course, the lumber trade coastwise to those islands, which hitherto has been a staple branch of Canadian industry; while the re-

maining source of their property, the wood trade to Britain, is openly threatened with destruction by the equalization of the duty on Baltic and Canadian timber. To show the people of that colony how much they have that great change at heart, and to prepare them, it must be supposed, in some degree, for its speedy announcement, they have made Mr Poulett Thompson Governor-General of the North American provinces; a gentleman long connected, it is well known, with the Baltic trade, and who has uniformly advocated with as much energy the equalization of the duties on foreign and Canadian timber as the total withdrawing of the Corn-Law protection from the British farmer. Thus, in addition to having had two fearful insurrections breaking forth in their once peaceable and happy territory, and seeing their frontier every where threatened and ravaged by American sympathizers, the inhabitants of the British province in North America find themselves suddenly deprived of the prolific and enriching stream of British emigration, stripped of a third of their timber trade to the West Indies, and threatened with a total loss of the grand artery of their prosperity—the export of their timber on the favourable duties adequate to compensate the remoteness of their situation to the British empire.

All these dreadful evils the Canadians charge, and rightly charge, to the account of the present Ministry of Great Britain. It was they who, by first exciting when in opposition the senseless and premature cry for Negro freedom, rendered the public mind absolutely insane on the subject; and afterwards, as Ministers, in 1834, carried through the awful measure of general emancipation of men utterly unfit for freedom; and again, in 1838, forced on the West India proprietors the immediate termination of the apprenticeship, even a year before the short period allowed by the contract of 1834 for its termination. It was they who, by promoting sedition, patronizing agitation, dallying with treason, and evincing imbecility in command, for years before the insurrection broke out, rendered rebellion inevitable in the North American provinces; and it was they who, by reducing the military force in North America, when they knew or should have known that

general resistance was organizing in the lower province, to three thousand five hundred men, both provoked rebellion, paralysed resistance, and brought the existence of our empire in North America to depend on the accidental mildness of the season, which, contrary to all former experience, enabled reinforcements to reach the capital from the coast in the depth of winter. It is the liberal Ministry who have deprived them, by their monstrous legislation in the West Indies, of nearly a half of their lumber trade; it is the panic which the rebellion which their disregard of all rational principles of government in the North American provinces necessarily produced, which has turned aside, probably for ever, the fertilizing stream of British emigration: and it is their culpable and blind subservience to the urban masses, and the cry for cheap wood at home, which now threatens them with the loss of the only remaining source of their prosperity, the timber trade with Great Britain. Truly, it is not surprising that the British race in Canada have need of all their hereditary loyalty to withstand such rude shocks to their feelings and their interests; and that that noble colony, an empire in the cradle, with its six hundred thousand tons of shipping, and boundless ultimate blessings to Britain, hangs by a thread from the British crown.

The Negro race of Africa, unhappily, are not represented in the British Parliament, save by the members for the populous towns, who to their sorrow have cursed them by their pernicious patronage, and raised all the delusive cry in their favour. But if they had such representatives, and could give vent to their feelings, curses, loud, deep, and universal would be uttered by them, against the men whose weak compliance with popular delusion has brought on them the hideous and unheard-of calamities which now afflict their race. By the admission of Mr Clarkson, the humane advocate of the abolition of the Slave-Trade, the Negro captives who now annually cross the Atlantic, amount to the stupendous number of Two HUNDRED THOUSAND, or double the number which were transported across when

Wilberforce began his enlightened efforts to stop that infernal traffic, and four times the amount of those who were annually torn from their homes when Brissot and *les Amis des Noirs*, in 1789, originally commenced the agitation at Paris, which led to the frightful atrocities of the St Domingo revolt.* This awful multiplication of captives, this heart-rending increase of suffering, is evidently owing to that monstrous innovation, which, blasting the *stationary* negro race in the British West India Islands with indolence and impotence, has left the gap thus made in the tropical productions of the globe, to be filled up by foreign slave-states, and the foreign *slave-trade*. The hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar, and thirty thousand puncheons of rum, by which the produce of the British West India Islands has been diminished by Negro emancipation, has given so prodigious an impetus to foreign slave sugar, and the foreign slave-trade, that it has more than doubled in amount within these few years; and as the sugar in our islands still further declines, and, as has occurred in St Domingo, becomes extinct, it will ultimately come to monopolize the whole sugar market of the globe. Thus, this fatal change has at once destroyed our own colonies, where the Negroes were comparatively happy, enormously augmented the foreign slave-states, where they are utterly wretched, and doubled the horrors of the mid passage, and the slave-trade throughout the globe! This effect was distinctly foreseen—it was foretold again and again, during the emancipation mania, in the pages of this miscellany; but the Ministry were deaf to all argument—they yielded to their masters, who cannot err, the urban masses—and these have been the results of their obedience.

Have the East India merchants any better reason than those of the West Indies to feel confidence in the wisdom and energy of the Whig Administration? We will allow the holders of East India Company stock, the East India Directors, and the free traders at Bombay to answer the question. Never, perhaps, did our Indian empire go through so perilous a crisis, as on occasion of the late expedition to Afghanistan—with

* Clarkson on the Slave-Trade, 1839, p. 27;

a secret hostile league uniting almost all the independent Indian princes in their rear, Russian intrigue organizing the hostility of the Birmans and the Nepaulese on their frontier, and thirty thousand men, projected a thousand miles from their magazines and their resources into the heart of Asia, in their front. The fearful perils of that crisis, when a single check, one false step was ruin, are clearly to be ascribed to the timorous policy which has on all previous occasions succumbed to Russian influence in the East; which brought their armies to Constantinople and their fleets to Navarino; which abandoned Persia to their arms and the Euxine to their ambition; which destroyed the British naval force at Bombay, and nearly halved the military force of Hindostan, until their emissaries, encouraged by long impunity, had crossed the Himalaya barrier, and gave us no means of maintaining our empire in the East, but by the enormous cost, and not yet terminated perils, of the Afghanistan expedition.

But what shall we say to the confidence which the British mercantile interest in the East can have in this Government? Was there ever such a disgrace heard of—ever such a proof of national degradation evinced, as the late confiscation of British property in China? We do not now wish to enter into the opium question. What we rest upon is the decisive proof, which the conduct of the Chinese on this occasion affords, of how completely the English character, once so renowned, has sunk in the eastern world. The Chinese—the most pacific and unwarlike race on the globe—have ventured to imprison the representative of Great Britain, and confiscate four millions' worth of British property! What would the shades of Hawke and Rodney, of Blake and Nelson, say to such an indignity? The Chinese, with impunity, brave the British lion; they imprison our merchants, lay in irons our naval officers, shut out our merchantmen from their harbours, and actually besiege our frigates with flotillas of junks! Truly this is the ass giving the last kick to the dying lion.

Lord Melbourne says it is impossible to have fleets every where, and that a nation possessing a commerce so widely spread as England, must at

some points find its merchantmen unprotected by men of war. Most true: but did it never occur to his lordship that there is such a thing as NATIONAL CHARACTER, which never leaves the members of a great country, and throws its *ægis* round the unarmed person of the humblest of its citizens? There was a time when, in Mr Canning's words, "the meanest Englishman could not walk the streets of Paris without being considered as the compatriot of Wellington—as a member of that community which had humbled France and rescued Europe." Whither are those days fled? What has become of that halo of glory? The greatest Englishman cannot now walk the streets of Canton without being reviled and insulted, imprisoned, and his goods confiscated. These are the doings of the Liberal Administration—of the successors of Canning and Wellington—of the men who sought power only to abuse, and retain it only to degrade it; and thus far has mob-ascendancy paralysed and prostrated the once-awful power of England. And so utterly unprepared were our improvident rulers for any disaster of the kind, that they had no force whatever in the Chinese seas capable of asserting the honour of our flag, or protecting the vast mercantile interests there at stake. The Chinese, like all Asiatics, were provoked to insolence by the proof afforded of our imbecility; a serious contest is now entailed upon the empire, destructive alike to the revenue at home and the commercial interests of the East, which a vigorous demonstration of an adequate force at the outset would at once have prevented; and now, more than ten months after the rupture has commenced, and the disgrace been incurred, we have not yet been able to fit out a *single ship of the line* or frigate at Portsmouth or Plymouth, to avenge in those distant seas the outraged honour of the British flag!

But, in truth, the evil lies much deeper than is generally imagined, and the Liberal party are more closely wound up with this disgrace and disaster in the Chinese empire than the public has yet been made aware of. The smuggling of opium is the pretence, not the cause of the rupture. The Celestial rulers care much too little for the drugging or debasement of the inhabitants of a small corner of their

immense dominions, to hazard for it a considerable portion of their revenue, and a large branch of industry, if political considerations of a higher kind did not interfere to rouse them to this unwonted act of vigour. It is the opening of the trade which is the real cause of the disaster: it is the jealousy of the Celestial authorities at the increasing frequency of our commercial intercourse with their subjects which has prompted them to such a rupture. Every one practically acquainted with the jealous and irritable character of the Chinese, and the extraordinary vigilance and precautions by which alone the Company's servants were able to keep on good terms with them, predicted when the trade was opened that it would be ruined; and that the incessant efforts of private traders to insinuate their goods into the empire, contrary to the general policy of the Government, would speedily induce a rupture which would prove fatal to the whole commercial intercourse. This is, accordingly, exactly what has happened; and it is the jealousy of the Chinese at the footing which our private traders were getting along their coast towns, coupled with the defenceless condition of these insulated traders, without the Company's shield around them, which is the real motive for their determination to rid themselves of our presence. Herein, then, lies the gross neglect, the culpable *imprévoyance* of the Liberal Government: that they first urged on, in defiance of the opinion of all persons practically conversant with the subject, by the clamour which they raised in the great towns against the East India Company's monopoly of the China trade, the throwing down the whole barriers which had hitherto kept matters quiet in the Celestial empire, and deprived the commercial interest there of the name and the protection, so redoubtable in the East, of the East India Company; next exposed the insulated British free traders, naked and defenceless, without any naval force whatever to protect them, to the insults and caprice of a jealous and arbitrary Asiatic Government; and, in the end, were found so utterly unprepared for a contest, which their combined rashness in innovation and negligence in precaution had rendered unavoidable, that to this hour not a single frigate has been able to sail from the British har-

hours to restore the credit of the British flag in the Eastern seas.

But this proved inability of Portsmouth and Plymouth, after three months' hard labour, night and day, to get out even a single ship of the line and couple of frigates for the Eastern warfare, suggests materials for further and still more important considerations. Thirty years ago, England, without raising the blockade of a single harbour from the North Cape to Gibraltar, fitted out in six weeks thirty-nine sail of the line and forty frigates for the Walcheren expedition. We are always told in Parliament, by the supporters of Ministers, that the navy never was in so good a condition as at this moment; that it is equal to an encounter with any enemies who might threaten British naval supremacy; and that, if any of the "pasteboard fleet" of Nicholas were to near the British shores, dozens of ships of the line would issue forth to renew the terrors of "Nelson and the North" against these Baltic pirates. True, we have only seventy-eight ships of the line in all in the British navy; true, this is just *one-half* of what we had in 1792, when the British empire, with half its present population, and a third of its present wealth, had not half its present colonial empire to defend; true, there are only seventeen ships of the line in commission to counterbalance Russia's forty-five: but what then?—we could equip a fleet at a week's notice, and would do so at once if the "pasteboard fleet" approached our shores. Well, the time of trial has come, and that in the way and from the power of all others most favourable for displaying to advantage the admirable state of preparation of the British navy. We are assailed, not by the "pasteboard fleet" of Nicholas, but the gossamer flotilla of Cheriton; not by the most powerful ^{which} ^{he} on earth, but the most despicable; not by the lion, but the ass. Even the ass, however, is more than a match for the lion, when debilitated by ten years of Liberal regimen. After three months' incessant labour, night and day, Sunday and Saturday, in the British dockyards—after unheard-of activity at Portsmouth and Plymouth ever since the disgraceful news arrived, *one sail of the line and two frigates have not yet been fitted out from the whole of Great Britain*; our merchant vessels, with

property to the value of twenty millions on board, are lying clustered together, without any prepared defence, save their own valour, from the Chinese fireships; and it is owing to the accidental appearance of a frigate and a sloop of war in those latitudes that a single royal pendant has been seen, or that noble fleet has been saved from conflagration by the junks of Canton! If this is the way we are able to resist the flotilla of the Celestial empire, what should we say to the thirty ships of the line of Nicholas, or the twenty of Louis-Philippe? The one attack will, if the present Ministers continue at the helm, find us just as unprepared as the other; the disgrace which has befallen us in the Eastern will overtake us in the Western Seas; and the extraordinary spectacle will be exhibited of the *three* guard-ships, which form Sir Charles Adam's boasted protection for England, striving to save London and Woolwich from a tenfold greater European force.

In the debates in Parliament on this subject, the Opposition have never taken the proper ground. They have always allowed themselves to get involved in a sea of details, which the nation don't understand and don't care about; and amidst endless discussions about this flag-lieutenant and that two-decker, this cut-down fifty-gun ship and that steamer of war, the one thing needful—the *equipment of a force adequate to the defence of the British empire*—is totally forgotten. The case lies in a nutshell, and has nothing to do with these details, in which Admiralty clerks or naval officers alone take an interest. Have we a fleet in the British harbours capable of combating the Russian, which could be fitted out *at a week's notice*? That is the question: all ~~five~~ ^{four} ~~others~~ are insignificant in comparison. ~~four~~ ^{four} in the Russians have one we all know. Wh thirty ships of the line and as many frigates are constantly ready for sea at Cronstadt. What have we, on the statement of the present Admiralty, to meet them? *Three guard-ships*, each with a third of their crews on board, to protect the British isles! What protection have we then for London or Woolwich, Portsmouth or Plymouth—our commerce, our riches, or our liberties? Nonewhatever. These are the questions which it imports the people of England to have answered; not whether the Tories in former days

had one or two sail of the line more or less than are now afloat, or whether Lord This or the Hon. Mr That should have been made such an admiral's flag-lieutenant. It is no answer to our present disgraceful state of weakness to say—we are now at peace with Russia; still less that we have recently concluded a treaty with that empire for the adjustment of the affairs of the East. The withering alliance of such a power is not less perilous than its open hostility. Amity with the Czar is admirable: but it should be not the amity of the subsidiary rajahs in India with the English empire; it should be an equal alliance—an alliance breathing no hostility, but fearing no danger—with the olive branch in one hand and the sword in the other; and, till we again sharpen the edge of the sword, we never shall either be respected abroad or in safety at home.

Look at the army, and the means we possess of maintaining our land empire abroad, or holding together the various and discordant parts of our immense dominions. Has any thing commensurate to the dangers with which we are environed been done in that department? That our situation at home and abroad is full of peril, and such as calls in a voice of thunder for vigilant watchfulness and unceasing preparation, is evident, and admitted on all hands. We have on one side Canada, teeming with a fierce revolutionary alien population, in which two frightful revolts have only been suppressed by a deplorable loss of human life, an incredible amount of human suffering, and an enormous waste of British treasure: we have the West Indies, with the sword of Damocles—a St Domingo revolt suspended by a thread over our heads, and a sullen spoliated white population to resist it: we have the East lowering with a triple war—the Chinese engaged in actual hostilities—the Russians *already at Khiva*, that is, on the high-road to Asterabad and the Indus—and the whole rajahs in the south of India leagued in a vast confederacy, ready to break out like the Tugendbund of Germany, the moment a serious disaster happens to the British arms; in England, we have several hundred thousand Chartists, armed, organized, and prepared, at a moment's warning, to renew the fires of

Birmingham and the insurrection of Newport over the whole manufacturing districts of Britain; while in Ireland, O'Connell, by his own admission, has "seven hundred thousand fighting men" in the leash, ready to let slip the moment that the fitting time has arrived for turning loose the dogs of war. What, then, have Ministers done during the last year to guard against such a host of perils at home and abroad—in the East, in the West, and in the South—above us, around us, in the midst of us? Why, they have added ten thousand five hundred men to the army, of which seven thousand are for the service of the East India Company, and *three thousand five hundred* for Canada, the West Indies, and the British Islands! The whole British army is only 91,000 strong; of whom at least 50,000 are required for the garrisons abroad, leaving hardly 40,000 to preserve peace amidst a distracted population of 27,000,000 in the British Islands. Was ever such infatuation heard of? Three ships of the line, and 40,000 men to guard Great Britain and Ireland! Why, Russia has 100,000 veterans within a day's march of St Petersburg; France 80,000 within cannon-shot of Paris, and 300,000 between Calais and the Pyrenees. Even Prussia has 160,000 in arms in her dominions: and this is the way in which we uphold the empire of Nelson and Wellington—the state which thirty years ago had eight hundred thousand men in arms, and two hundred and forty ships of the line in her service—which beat down Napoleon, and rescued Europe!—*Quos Deus perdere vult prius dementat.*

Doubtless, however, since the army and navy is in so miserably reduced a condition, as compared with the existing dangers which threaten the empire, the Government will be able to exhibit a favourable set-off in other quarters; and the *quantity of debt they must have paid off* during the last ten years must have taken a load off the springs of the state, and enabled us, with renewed resources, to prepare for any fresh dangers which may arise. Yet, marvellous to narrate, here too the inveterate vice of the whole system of Government is apparent; and so far from having paid off one farthing of debt in the last ten years, all that the Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer can now assert is, that no addition has been made to the debt during that period! Is this the result to which the efforts of all the talents—the condensation of Whig wisdom, Radical economy, and Liberal legislation during ten years, have brought us? We have added nothing to the debt in that time! True, it has been a period of profound foreign peace; true, there was no extraordinary cause of expenditure till the Canada revolt broke out; true, the first four years of it were fine years of unexampled agricultural produce, and the next three of unparalleled commercial and manufacturing prosperity. All this is true; but somehow or other we could not pay off any debt during all that time. Be thankful—we have contracted none! This is Whig-Radical administration—this the conduct of the economical Government which succeeded the profuse and profligate Tories, who, in fifteen years, from 1815 to 1830, had paid off £82,000,000 of the public debt—in three years, from 1827 to 1830, no less than twenty millions!—and who left their successors a clear admitted surplus of £2,900,000 a-year. At the same rate, from 1830 to 1840, the Tories would have paid off SIXTY-FIVE MILLIONS, and liberated the country *for ever* from three millions of yearly taxes—and the economical Liberals have not discharged a farthing!

But attend a little more closely to the state of the revenue, as it at present stands, and the condition to which this Ministry, in whom the House of Commons have such confidence, have brought the British finances. It appears from the official documents now laid before Parliament, that not only has no debt whatever been paid off for the last three years, but there has been a yearly deficit which has stood as follows:—

1837—	£726,000
1838—	440,000
1839—	1,512,000

In three years, £2,678,000
It is hardly necessary to say, that the estimates for 1840 amount to less than those for 1839; in addition to which, the loss by the Penny Postage, it is now admitted, will be little short of £1,500,000 a-year: so that, for the service of 1840, the shortcoming will be at least £3,000,000!—a state

of things unheard of in peace in the whole annals of the British empire.

It was in this disastrous and unprecedented state of matters, of which they were well aware, (for, even if they had shut their eyes to it themselves, we had clearly pointed out the whole matter in our article on Whig and Tory Finance, in October last,*) that the Ministry in whom the House of Commons have such confidence proposed and carried the Penny Postage system—that disgraceful tub to the whale of Popularity, which they well knew, for all their own servants in the Post-Office had told them so, would at one blow sacrifice nearly a million and a half of revenue, and double the already fearful deficit in the finances of the country. We doubt if any thing so monstrous and absurd ever was proposed at such a time by any administration, in any country; or any thing so utterly ruinous ever assented to by any people fit to be allowed to walk at large out of Bedlam. Post-Office Reform, which was loudly called for, had nothing whatever to do with it; it was easy to have made all the changes demanded in the rate of postage, without destroying the revenue, or charging a letter the same which travelled twenty yards or seven hundred miles. But the state of the Ministry imperiously called for some holocaust to mob-popularity. They had hardly escaped from the rude shock of May 1839; they were still sheltered only behind the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber. Something must be done to retrieve their sinking credit with their supporters; and the Penny Post system was that something; and the revenue of the country—the sheet anchor of the empire, that holocaust.

Having thus sacrificed the revenue, starved the army, ruined the navy, surely the Ministers must have done something to give them the recorded confidence of the House of Commons—surely they must have conciliated the working-classes, and put an end to the heart-burnings between the manufacturers and their operatives, and brought the House of Commons into that state of “harmony with the people,” which was held forth as the grand result to be anticipated from

Parliamentary Reform. Have they done this? Are the masses quiet? Are there no Chartists in the land? Is rebellion unheard of?—treason unknown? Are the jails empty? Has general disaffection, amidst the sinking power, defences, and revenue of the state, died a natural death? Alas! the very reverse of all this is the case. So far from disaffection having died a natural death, it never was so rife since the days of the Great Rebellion. So far from the jails being empty, they are crammed with convicted rebels. So far from treason being put down, it has recently in many different quarters reared its hateful head—so far from property being safe, conflagration and ruin are daily bursting forth from Chartist revenge—so far from the people being quieted and the waves of faction stilled, they are in an unheard-of state of excitement, and an inexplicable Whig blunder has alone saved a Whig magistrate and two Radical allies from the death of traitors on a public scaffold! This is the result of the grand experiment for bringing the legislature into a state of harmony with the people—this the issue of the great Liberal nostrum for quieting the masses—this the way in which, by conceding to public clamour, they have brought all ranks in the state into cordial unanimity with the House of Commons! Why, the Reformed Parliament is now the object of more inveterate hostility with the masses than the national representatives ever were under the old constitution. The language which daily is poured forth on the liberal Government by their old supporters and correspondents in the Birmingham Political Union, far exceeds in virulence all that the Tory press ever uttered; and so far from the House of Commons, as constituted by our present rulers, possessing the confidence of the masses, it is their uniform and fundamental principle, that it is altogether incurable, and that social regeneration need never be looked for till universal suffrage is everywhere established.

Lord Melbourne admits all this. He allows that it is desirable to have a surplus revenue, and that we have no surplus. He allows it is bad to have a deficit, and that we have a

* See Vol. xlv. p. 494.

deficit. He allows that the state of the country is alarming, and that it is in vain to expect any reduction in the estimates or expenses for the current year. He allows that the Reform Bill has failed in quieting the people, and that the strongest heads in Europe say, "Your new constitution is a very good fair-weather constitution, but show us how it will stand a storm." He admits that it is a grave and serious question how far the new and liberal system of allowing the public mind to be daily drenched with the, to them, uncontradicted falsehoods of a press "which never utters one word of truth, and never utters a falsehood without a motive," can long exist without dissolving and destroying society. Lord John Russell admits in the House of Commons that the state of the manufacturing districts is alarming—that enormous masses of men have grown up in different quarters, having no connexion or sympathy with the higher orders, and exhibiting a "deplorable want of education, and *above all, religious education.*" These are the admissions of the leaders of Ministry themselves; and what remedy have they proposed for such acknowledged evils? They are these: impunity to incipient and organizing treason—stern refusal of any religious instruction to the people—and the system of open questions in the Cabinet.

The "National Convention" began its sittings in London in November 1838. Delegates in September and October had previously been elected over the whole manufacturing districts, all of whom were sent there with the avowed purpose of organizing the most effectual means of carrying through by "agitation, intimidation, and if necessary, force," the people's Charter. This illegal and seditious assembly was allowed to continue its sittings for six months, in London, under the very eye of the Home-Office; every night spouting sedition, and recommending arming; not unfrequently organizing treason. Ministers appointed the Radical leader and *quondam* Chartist treasurer at Birmingham, Lord Mayor of the town; they had previously made Frost, the Chartist delegate, a magistrate of Monmouthshire; and having thus allowed sedition and treason to acquire consistency and effect organization as it were under their very eyes, and

with their apparent if not real approbation, they naturally, and, as every man foresaw, unavoidably, brought about, unintentionally we believe, but really and effectually, the Birmingham burnings, the Newport rebellion, the Sheffield insurrection. So completely were the Chartists deluded as to the ability or inclination of Government to resist them, that they expected, we are persuaded, any thing rather than punishment from the success of their effort; and never were words spoken with more sincerity than those of Frost to Jones, when he was setting out for transportation, "We little expected this when we set out on the 4th of November."

The next *panacea* of the Ministry, for the admitted and hourly increasing depravity of the manufacturing districts, and the frightful anti-religious and anti-social doctrines which have spread amongst them, is the profuse distribution of the power of reading, and the stern denial of all extended religious instruction; that is, the means of perusing the obscenity of the Socialists and the sedition of the *Northern Star*, but none for hearing the words of salvation or the Gospel of Christ. They know that crime is increasing with a rapidity, in the manufacturing districts, unprecedented in any other age or country. They know, that under the combined operation of intellectual cultivation, spiritual destitution, Socialist meetings, halls of science, labourers' institutes, penny magazines, mechanics' reading-rooms, and deserted churches, felonies in the manufacturing districts are advancing at the rate of *fifty per cent* every three years, or DOUBLING EVERY SIX YEARS, while population is doubling in the same districts in 36 years; in other words, advancing in the manufacturing districts as the *square of the population*. They are so conscious of this that they have not yet printed even the criminal returns for 1838, far less 1839; they know that the returns show *three* educated for one uneducated criminal; and knowing this, they have set abroad the cry, that these their darling returns, which they expected were to show the superior innocence of the sons of Adam who had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge to those who had not, are, in M'Culloch's words, "*entirely delusive, and fitted more to mislead than in-*

struct."* They know all this, and what remedy do they propose for these enormous and unheard-of evils? Why, they make Mr Pare, the noted Socialist, Registrar of Marriages at Birmingham; they obstinately resist one farthing to Church-Extension, though in Glasgow alone the report of their own Commissioners showed 66,000 persons for whom there is no room in any place of worship, established or dissenting; and their remedy for all these evils is a grant of £30,000 a-year to Education Commissioners, *apart from and at variance with the Church*, and where a sort of nondescript morality is to be taught, which the Papist, the Socinian, the Dissenter, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian can equally swallow. What is this but a system which will clearly aggravate the very evils which they themselves acknowledge to be now dissolving society, and, if generally adopted, bring forth a nest of young infidels—a brood of moral vipers into the world, who will speedily join the cry of "community of goods and women," and, giving full swing to their passions, overwhelm the state with horrors far exceeding those of the French Revolution?

The last *panacea* for a distracted state is the system of *open questions*. Of all means of hastening the dissolution of an empire that ever were devised this is the most effectual. What is the open question system? Why, it is just an abdication by Government, on certain subjects, of its vital functions—an abandonment of the great interests of society to the efforts of faction—an open proclamation of the principle, "Here are the wealth and property of the state! Huzza for the strongest!" Government, doubtless, do not intend this, when they go into this short-sighted policy, but they do a thing which will unquestionably have this effect. The subjects which are now to be left as open questions in the Cabinet are the Corn-Laws and the Ballot, to which it is easy to see, at no distant period, the Extension of the Suffrage will be added. To proclaim the open question system on such subjects, in such times as the present, is evidently to deliver over the empire to the hands

of the Revolutionists. What is it but saying,—Government is so weak that it cannot maintain any opinion of its own, even on subjects the most vital to the national existence; it cannot control the opinion of the masses, even when they are conscious they are urging the state to perdition; therefore all it can do is to let the opposite factions fight it out, and turn them like wild beasts into the great arena of Parliament, when the state and all its incalculable interests are to be the prey of the strongest?

Lord Melbourne tells us that the idea of abolishing the Corn-Laws is the "most insane imagination that ever yet entered into the mind of man." Lord John Russell says, in the House of Commons, that the Ballot will prove fatal to public morality—that it will inevitably lead to the extension of the suffrage; and that again to a republican government and a division of property. Yet, entertaining these opinions—seeing these dangers—aware of these perils—these noble lords, as a convenient way of avoiding the difficulty at the moment, make these vital matters *open Cabinet questions*; in other words, leave the door open for the Revolutionists to work out, by the destruction of agriculture, the aristocracy, and the constitution, the ruin of the empire. What is this but a captain, when drifting on the breakers, proclaiming it an open question whether or not they shall put about the helm or furl the sails; or Wellington at Waterloo declaring it an open question, on which his generals may follow their own opinion, whether they will fight or retreat?

How, then, has it happened that a Ministry, possessing, as their words demonstrate, the confidence of no interest, section, or party in the state; whose acts have outraged, injured, or endangered all the vital interests of the empire; and whose avowed principles are alike ruinous to public morality and destructive to public safety, should still command, as they unquestionably do, when matters come to a crisis, a majority of the House of Commons? This is the question which it behoves England to answer—this is the question on which history will dwell with

* Will no Conservative move for the Criminal Returns of 1838-1839?—*Verbum sapienti.*

astonishment. In our apprehension nothing is so plain as how it has happened: we always foresaw and predicted it: so far from being surprised at the result which has occurred, we should have been astonished if any other had happened.

Although all the great interests of the empire, that is, all persons *having an interest* in our institutions or possessions, are adverse to Ministers, yet there is an immense number of persons, even in those different sections of the community, who have not only no sympathy with them, but have decidedly adverse wishes. The empire is composed not only of the holders of property, but the holders of no property; not only of the house of Have, but the house of Want; not only of the good, but the bad; not only of the religious, but the infidel; not only of the industrious, but the prodigal; not only of the lovers of their country, but the haters of its institutions. Every class of society has numbers of such men in its bosom; every interest it contains, swarms with their ranks; every year that is added to the national age adds something to their numbers. There are abundance of insolvent landholders, bankrupt tenants, ruined merchants, labouring manufacturers, profligate publicans, indigent tradesmen, destitute operatives, not to mention the whole "host of abandoned and profligate moral characters;" the covetous, the sensual, the selfish, to whom the grandeur of the empire is an object of hatred, and the success of their compeers a matter of envy. "As many," says Bacon, "as there are overthrown fortunes, are there votes for innovation;" and to that class nothing will ever be so attractive as a government which promises to pave the way for the realization of all their dreams of plunder and enjoyment. "Community of goods and women," gin for sixpence a-bottle, ale for the asking, bread for nothing, or at your neighbour's expense, constitute a very efficient war-cry for an age far advanced in wealth and civilization, teeming with opulence, groaning under riches, abounding with wealth in some quarters and mouths in others. Nor will such a party ever want leaders: there are Catilines and Cetheguses in other ages besides that of Cicero. Without ascribing such

desperate projects to any of the British aristocracy, it is sufficient to observe, that a certain portion of the nobles will always be found in every country, who, from the various motives of spleen at rivals, disappointed hope, party violence, court vexation, Ministerial ingratitude, private profligacy, or factious ambition, will put themselves at the head of such a coalition; and a few honest men in inferior station who will, from deluded philanthropy or private resentment, follow its ranks.

It is this vast party, which the Reform Bill warmed into political life, by which the Whig-Radical Ministry have from first to last been sustained. We do not say that the whole Whig-Radicals are persons of the sort we have named. There are some of their number whom we esteem and love, though we consider them as labouring on this subject under monomania; but we do most confidently say, that the vast majority of this hideous coalition is actuated by these motives, and that it is to carry them out that they support the Ministry. They dread the Conservatives, because they will put a period to the progress of the Movement: they support the Administration just because they see they are incapable of resisting it. The announcement of the open-question system is sufficient to set the whole Liberal camp in a tumult. However much they may abuse and despise Ministers, they will never fail to support them, and rally cordially round their banners at an election. The eloquence of Peel or Graham, of Stanley or Colquhoun, only confirms them in their opinions: by convincing their judgment that Ministers are incapable, you determine them to give them their most strenuous support. The Irish Papists, with O'Connell at their head, exclaim—"Huzza for the Incapables! They are the men for our money—they will soon prostrate the strength of the empire—they will render the 700,000 fighting men unnecessary—they will avenge the wrongs of seven centuries—they will reinstate the Gael over the Sassenach—they will place the Church of Rome above the Protestant heresy! Huzza for the Incapables!" The Radicals say—"Huzza for the Squeezables. They cannot resist the Movement—the Ballot is already an open

question—the Corn-Laws are going—the land and the House of Peers are falling—Universal Suffrage is in prospect!—Huzza for the Squeezables!” The Chartists and Socialists exclaim—“Huzza for the Intellectuals! They care nothing for religion or sects—all faiths are alike to them—all establishments are equally useful, all creeds equally false—they will open the door for universal reading of Socialist books—halls of science will be seen in every street—the Church is falling—Christianity expiring—all property will soon be common—Huzza for the Intellectuals!”

Thus this hideous coalition, composed of such jarring and frightful materials, is yet held together by the common bond of *anticipated ruin to the state*; and, while openly professing these doctrines, and urging on these principles, give their cordial support to the present Ministers, from the belief that by so doing they will best promote their dissolving and anti-national projects.

They, in fact, make no disguise of their designs; they openly say that they support Ministers because they are “squeezable,” and because instalments may more easily be extracted from their hands than those of their opponents. We do not say the members of the House who support the Cabinet are actuated by any desire of effecting these objects, or bringing about the ruin of their country; but we say that the course they pursue is calculated to produce that effect, and that their supporters in the constituencies are for the most part actuated by these motives. In fact, they don’t disguise them; they are everywhere proclaimed in the streets and on the house-tops; and therefore it is that they always have and always will rally round the Whig-Radical Administration. They make their representatives vote they have confidence in Ministers, precisely because they themselves have none.

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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART VI.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem : SI CELERES QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

MR PARKINSON, Mr Aubrey's solicitor, who resided at Grilston, the post-town nearest to Yatton, from which it was distant about six or seven miles, was sitting on the evening of Tuesday the 28th December 18—, in his office, nearly finishing a letter to his London agents, Messrs Runnington and Company—one of the most eminent firms in the profession—and which he was desirous of dispatching by that night's mail. Amongst other papers which have come into my hands in connection with this history, I have happened to light on the letter Mr Parkinson was writing; and as it is not long, and affords a specimen of the way in which business is carried on between town and country attorneys and solicitors, here followeth a copy of it:—

"Grilston, 28th Dec. 18—.

"Dear Sirs,

"*Re Middleton.*

"Have you got the marriage-settlements between these parties ready? If so, please send them as soon as possible; for both the lady's and gentleman's friends are (as usual in such cases) very pressing for them.

"*Puddinghead v. Quickwit.*

"Plaintiff bought a horse of defendant in November last, 'warranted

sound,' and paid for it on the spot £64. A week afterwards, his attention was accidentally drawn to the animal's head; and, to his infinite surprise, he discovered that the left eye was a *glass eye*, so closely resembling the other in colour, that the difference could not be discovered except on a very close examination. I have seen it myself, and it is indeed wonderfully well done. My countrymen are certainly pretty sharp hands in such matters—but this beats every thing I ever heard of. Surely this is a breach of the warranty. Or is it to be considered a *patent* defect, which would not be within the warranty?—Please take pleader's opinion, and particularly as to whether the horse could be brought into court to be viewed by the court and jury, which would have a great effect. If your pleader thinks the action will lie, let him draw declaration, *venue*—Lancashire (for my client would have no chance with a Yorkshire Jury.) *Qu.*—Is the man who sold the horse to defendant a competent witness for the plaintiff, to prove that when he sold it to defendant it had but one eye?

"*Mule v. Stott.*

"I cannot get these parties to come to an amicable settlement. You may

remember, from the two former actions, that it is for damages on account of two geese of defendant having been found on a few yards of Chatmoss belonging to the plaintiff. Defendant now contends that he is entitled to common, *par cause de voisinage*.

Qu.—Can this be shown under a plea of leave and license?—About two years ago, also, a pig belonging to plaintiff got into defendant's flower-garden, and did at least L.3 worth of damage—Can this be in any way set off against the present action? There is no hope of avoiding a third trial, as the parties are now more exasperated against each other than before; and the expense (as at least fifteen witnesses will be called on each side) will amount to upwards of L.250.—You had better retain Mr Cacklegander.

“ Re. Lords Oldacre and De la Zouch.

“ Are the deeds herein engrossed? As it is a matter of magnitude, and the foundation of extensive and permanent family arrangements, pray let the greatest care be taken to secure accuracy. Please take special care of the stamps ”—

Thus far had the worthy writer proceeded with his letter, when Waters made his appearance, delivering to him the declaration in ejectment which had been served upon old Jolter, and also the instructions concerning it which had been given by Mr Aubrey. After Mr Parkinson had asked particularly concerning Mr Aubrey's health, and what had brought him so suddenly to Yatton, he cast his eye hastily over the ‘ Declaration ’—and at once came to the same conclusion concerning it which had been arrived at by Waters and Mr Aubrey, viz. that it was another little arrow out of the quiver of the litigious Mr Tomkins. As soon as Waters had left, Mr Parkinson thus proceeded to conclude his letter :—

“ Doe dem. Titmouse v. Roe.

“ I enclose you Declaration herein, served yesterday. No doubt it is the disputed slip of waste land adjoining the cottage of old Jacob Jolter, a tenant of Mr Aubrey of Yatton, that is sought to be recovered. I am quite sick of this petty annoyance, as also is Mr Aubrey, who is now down here. Please call on Messrs Quirk, Gammon,

and Snap, of Saffron Hill, and settle the matter finally, on the best terms you can ; it being Mr Aubrey's wish that old Jolter (who is very feeble and timid) should suffer no inconvenience. I observe a new lessor of the plaintiff, with a very singular name. I suppose it is the name of some prior holder of the little property held by Mr Tomkins.

“ Hoping soon to hear from you (particularly about the marriage-settlement,) I am,

“ Dear Sirs,

“ (With all the compliments of the season,)

“ Yours truly,

“ JAMES PARKINSON.

“ P.S.—The oysters and codfish came to hand in excellent order, for which please accept my best thanks.

“ I shall remit you in a day or two £100 on account.”

This letter, lying among some twenty or thirty similar ones on Mr Runnington's table, on the morning of its arrival in town, was opened in its turn ; and then, in like manner, with most of the others, handed over to the managing clerk, in order that he might enquire into and report upon the state of the various matters of business referred to. As to the last item in Mr Parkinson's letter, there seemed no particular reason for hurrying ; so two or three days had elapsed before Mr Runnington, having some other little business to transact with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, bethought himself of looking at his Diary to see if there was not something else that he had to do with them. Putting, therefore, the Declaration in *Doe d. Titmouse v. Roe* into his pocket, it was not long before he was at the office in Saffron Hill—and in the very room in it which had been the scene of several memorable interviews between Mr Tittlebat Titmouse and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. I shall not detail what transpired on that occasion between Mr Runnington and Messrs Quirk and Gammon, with whom he was closeted for nearly an hour. On quitting the office his cheek was flushed, and his manner somewhat excited. After walking a little way in a moody manner, and with slow step, he suddenly jumped into a hackney-coach, and within a quarter of an hour's time

had secured an inside place in the Tallyho coach, which started for York at two o'clock that afternoon—much doubting within himself, the while, whether he ought not to have set off at once in a post-chaise and four. He then made one or two calls in the Temple; and, hurrying home to the office, made hasty arrangements for his sudden journey into Yorkshire. He was a calm and experienced man—in fact, a first-rate man of business; and you may be assured that this rapid and decisive movement of his had been the result of some very startling disclosure made to him by Messrs Quirk and Gammon.

Now, let us glide back to the delightful solitude which we reluctantly quitted so short a time ago.

Mr Aubrey was a studious and ambitious man; and in acceding so readily to the wishes of his wife and sister, to spend the Christmas recess at Yatton, had been not a little influenced by one consideration, which he had not thought it worth while to mention—namely, that it would afford him an opportunity of addressing himself with effect to a very important and complicated question, which was to be brought before the House shortly after its re-assembling, and of which he then knew scarcely any thing at all. For this purpose he had had a quantity of Parliamentary papers, &c. &c. &c., packed up and sent down by coach; and he quite gloated over the prospect of their being duly deposited upon his table, in the tranquil leisure of his library, at Yatton. But quietly as he supposed all this to have been managed, Mrs Aubrey and Kate had a most accurate knowledge of his movements; and resolved within themselves, (being therein comforted and assisted by old Mrs Aubrey,) that, as at their instances Mr Aubrey had come down to Yatton, so they would take care that he should have not merely nominal, but real holidays. Unless he thought fit to rise at an early hour in the morning, (which Mrs Aubrey, junior, took upon herself to say *she* would take care should never be the case,) it was decreed that he should not be allowed to waste more than two hours a-day alone in his library. 'Twas therefore in vain for him to sit at breakfast with eye aslant and thought-laden brow, as if meditating a long day's seclusion:

somehow or another, he never got above an hour to himself. He was often momentarily petulant on these occasions, and soon saw through the designs of his enemies; but he so heartily and tenderly loved them—so thoroughly appreciated the affection which dictated their little manoeuvres—that he soon surrendered at discretion, and, in fact, placed himself almost entirely at their mercy; resolving to make up for lost time on his return to town; and earnestly hoping that the interests of the nation would not suffer in the mean while. In short, the ladies of Yatton had agreed on their line of operations: that almost every night of their stay in the country should be devoted either to entertaining their neighbours or visiting them; and, as a preparatory movement, that the days (weather permitting) should be occupied with exercise in the open air; in making "morning" calls on neighbours at several miles' distance from the Hall, and from each other; and from which they generally returned only in time enough to dress for dinner. As soon, indeed, as the leading county paper had announced the arrival at Yatton of "Charles Aubrey, Esq., M.P., and his family, for the Christmas recess," the efforts of Mrs and Miss Aubrey were most powerfully seconded by a constant succession of visitors—by

"Troops of friends,"

as the lodge-keeper could have testified; for he and his buxom wife were continually opening and shutting the great gates. On the Monday after Christmas-day, (*i. e.* the day but one following,) came cantering up to the Hall Lord De la Zouch and Mr Delamere, of course staying to luncheon, and bearing a most pressing invitation from Lady De la Zouch, zealously backed by themselves, for the Aubreys to join a large party at Fotheringham Castle on New-Year's eve. This was accepted—a day and a night were thus gone at a swoop. The same thing happened with the Oldfields, their nearest neighbours; with Sir Percival Pickering at Luthington Court, where was a superb new picture-gallery to be critically inspected by Mr Aubrey; the Earl of Oldacre, a college friend of Mr Aubrey's—the venerable Lady Stratton,

the earliest friend and schoolfellow of old Mrs Aubrey, and so forth. Then Kate had several visits to pay on her own account; and, being fond of horseback, she did not like riding about the country with only a groom in attendance on her; so her brother *must* accompany her on these occasions. The first week of their stay in the country was devoted to visiting their neighbours and friends in the way I have stated; the next was to be spent in receiving them at Yatton, during which time the old hall was to ring with merry hospitality.

Then there was a little world of other matters to occupy Mr Aubrey's attention, and which naturally crowded upon him, living so little at Yatton as he had latterly. He often had a kind of levee of his humbler neighbours, tenants, and constituents; and on these occasions his real goodness of nature, his simplicity, his patience, his forbearance, his sweetness of temper, his benevolence, shone conspicuous. With all these more endearing qualities, there was yet a placid dignity about him that chilled undue familiarity, and repelled presumption. He had here no motive or occasion for ostentation, or, as it is called, popularity-hunting. In a sense it might be said of him, that he was "monarch of all he surveyed." It is true, he was member for the borough—an honour, however, for which he was indebted to the natural influence of his commanding position—one which left him his own master, not converting him into a paltry delegate, handcuffed by pledges on public questions, and laden with injunctions concerning petty local interests only—liable, moreover, to be called to an account at any moment by ignorant and insolent demagogues—but a member of Parliament training to become a statesman, possessed of a free will, and therefore capable of independent and enlightened deliberations; placed by his fortune above the reach of temptation—but I shall not go any further, for the portraiture of a member of Parliament of those days suggests such a humiliating and bitter contrast, that I shall not ruffle either my own or my reader's temper by touching it any further. On the occasions I have been alluding to, Mr Aubrey was not only condescending and generous, but practically acute and dis-

criminating: qualities of his, these latter, so well known, however, as to leave him at length scarce any opportunities of exercising them. His quiet but decisive interference put an end to a number of local unpleasantnesses and annoyances, and caused his increasing absence from Yatton to be very deeply regretted. Was a lad or a wench taking to idle and dissolute courses? A kind, or, as the occasion required, a stern expostulation of his—for he was a justice of the peace moreover—brought them to their senses. He had a very happy knack of reasoning and laughing quarrelsome neighbours into reconciliation and good-humour. He had a very keen eye after the practical details of agriculture; was equally quick at detecting an inconvenience, and appreciating—sometimes even suggesting—a remedy; and had, on several occasions, brought such knowledge to bear very effectively upon discussions in Parliament. His constituents, few in number undoubtedly, and humble, were quite satisfied with and proud of their member; and his unexpected appearance diffused among them real and general satisfaction. As a landlord, he was beloved by his numerous tenantry; and well he might—for never was there so easy and liberal a landlord: he might at any time have increased his rental by £1500 or £2000 a-year, as his steward frequently intimated to him—but in vain. "Ten thousand a-year," said Mr Aubrey, "is far more than my necessities require—it affords me and my family every luxury that I can conceive of; and its magnitude reminds me constantly that hereafter I shall be called upon to give a very strict and solemn account of *my* stewardship." I would I had time to complete, as it ought to be completed, this portraiture of a true Christian gentleman!

As he rode up to the Hare and Hounds Inn, at Grilston, one morning, to transact some little business, and also to look in on the Farmer's Club, which was then holding one of its fortnightly meetings, (all touching their hats and bowing to him on each side of the long street as he slowly passed up it,) he perceived one of his horse's feet limp a little. On dismounting, therefore, he stopped to see what was the matter, while his groom took up the foot to examine it.

"Dey-vilish fine horse," exclaimed the voice of one standing close beside him, and in a tone of most disagreeable confidence. The exclamation was addressed to Mr Aubrey; who, on turning to the speaker, beheld a young man—'twas Titmouse—dressed in a style of the most extravagant absurdity. One hand was stuck into the hinder pocket of a stylish top-coat, (the everlasting tip of a white pocket-handkerchief glistening at the mouth of his breast-pocket;) the other held a cigar to his mouth, from which, as he addressed Mr Aubrey with an air of provoking impudence, he slowly expelled the smoke that he had inhaled. Mr Aubrey bowed with a cold and surprised air, without replying, at the same time wondering where he had seen the ridiculous object before.

"The horses in these parts ar'n't to be compared with them at London—eh, sir?" quoth Titmouse, approaching closer to Mr Aubrey and his groom, to see what the latter was doing—who, on hearing Titmouse's last sally, gave him a very significant look.

"I'm afraid the people here won't relish your remarks, sir!" replied Mr Aubrey, hardly able to forbear a smile, at the same time calmly scanning the figure of his companion from head to foot.

"Who cares?" enquired Titmouse, with a very energetic oath. At this moment up came a farmer, who, observing Mr Aubrey, made him a very low bow. Mr Aubrey's attention being at the moment occupied with Titmouse, he did not observe the salutation; not so with Titmouse, who acknowledged it by taking off his hat with great grace! Mr Aubrey followed in to the house, having ordered his groom to bring back the horse in an hour's time. "Pray," said he mildly to the landlady, "who is that person smoking the cigar outside?"

"Why, sir, he's a Mr *Brown*; and has another with him here—who's going up to London by this afternoon's coach—this one stays behind a day or two longer. They're queer people, sir. Such dandies! Do nothing but smoke, and drink brandy and water, sir; only that t'other writes a good deal."

"Well, I wish you would remind him," said Mr Aubrey, smiling, "that, if he thinks fit to speak to *me* again, I am a magistrate, and have the power

of fining him five shillings for every oath he utters."

"What! sir, has he been speaking to *you*? Well, I never—he's the most forward little upstart I ever seed!" said she, dropping her voice; "and the sooner he takes himself off from here the better; for he's always winking at the maids and talking impudence to them. I've box his ears, I warrant him, one of these times!" Mr Aubrey smiled, and went up stairs.

"There don't seem much wrong," quoth Titmouse to the groom, with a condescending air, as soon as Mr Aubrey had entered the house.

"Much you know about it, I don't guess!" quoth Sam, with a contemptuous smile.

"Who's your master, fellow?"—enquired Titmouse, knocking off the ashes from the tip of his cigar.

"A gentleman. What's *yours*?"

"Curse your impudence, you vagabond"—The words were hardly out of his mouth before Sam, with a slight tap of his hand, had knocked Titmouse's glossy hat off his head, and Titmouse's purple-hued hair stood exposed to view, provoking the jeers and laughter of one or two bystanders. Titmouse appeared about to strike the groom; who, hastily giving the bridles of his horses into the hands of an ostler, threw himself into boxing attitude; and, being a clean, tight-built, stout young fellow, looked a very formidable object, as he came squaring nearer and nearer to the dismayed Titmouse; and on behalf of the outraged honour of all the horses of Yorkshire, was just going to let fly his *one-two*, when a sharp tapping at the bow-window overhead startled him for a moment, interrupting his warlike demonstrations; and, on casting up his eyes, he beheld the threatening figure of his master, who was shaking his whip at him. He dropped his guard, touched his hat very humbly, and resumed his horse's bridles; muttering, however, to Titmouse, "If thou'rt a man, come down into t' yard, and I'll make thee think a horse kicked thee, a liar as thou art!"

"Who's that gentleman gone up stairs?" enquired Titmouse of the landlady, after he had sneaked into the inn.

"Squire Aubrey, of Yatton." Tit-

mouse's face, previously very pale, flushed all over. "Ay, ay, thou must be chattering to the grand folks, and thou'st nearly put thy foot into 't at last, I can tell thee; for that's a magistrate, and thou'st been a-swearing afore him." Titmouse smiled rather faintly; and entering the parlour, affected to be engaged with a county newspaper; and he remained very quiet for upwards of an hour, not venturing out of the room till he had seen off Mr Aubrey and his formidable Sam.

It was the hunting season; but Mr Aubrey, though he had as fine horses as were to be found in the county, and which were always at the service of his friends, partly from want of inclination, and partly from the delicacy of his constitution, never shared in the sports of the field. Now and then, however, he rode to cover, to see the hounds throw off, and exchange greetings with a great number of his friends and neighbours, on such occasions collected together. This he did the morning after that on which he had visited Grilston, accompanied, at their earnest entreaty, by Mrs Aubrey and Kate. I am not painting angels, but describing frail human nature; and truth forces me to say, that Kate knew pretty well that on such occasions she appeared to no little advantage. I protest I love her not the less for it—but is there a beautiful woman under the sun who is not aware of her charms; and of the effect they produce upon our sex? Pooh! I never will believe to the contrary. In Kate's composition this ingredient was but an imperceptible alloy in virgin gold. Now, how was it that she came to think of this hunting appointment? I do not exactly know; but I recollect that when Lord De la Zouch last called at Yatton, he happened to mention it at lunch, and to say that he and one Geoffrey Lovel Delamere—but however that may be, behold, on a bright Thursday morning, Aubrey and his two lovely companions made their welcome appearance at the field, all superbly mounted, and most cordially greeted by all present. Miss Aubrey attracted universal admiration; but there was one handsome youngster, his well-formed figure showing to great advantage in his new scarlet coat and spotless cords, that made a point of challenging her special notice,

and in doing so, attracting that of all his envious fellow-sportsmen; and that was Delamere. He seemed, indeed, infinitely more taken up with the little party from Yatton than with the serious business of the day. His horse, however, had an eye to business; and with erected ears, catching the first welcome signal sooner than its gallant rider, sprung off like light, and would have left its abstracted rider behind, had he not been a first-rate seat. In fact, Kate herself was not quite sufficiently on her guard; and her eager filly suddenly put in requisition all her rider's little strength and skill to rein her in—which having done, Kate's eye looked rather anxiously after her late companion, who, however, had already cleared the first hedge, and was fast making up to the scattering scarlet crowd. Oh, the bright exhilarating scene!

"Heigh ho!" said Kate, with a slight sigh, as soon as Delamere had disappeared—"I was very nearly off."

"So was somebody else, Kate!" said Mrs Aubrey, with a sly smile.

"This is a very cool contrivance of yours, Kate,—bringing us here this morning," said her brother, rather gravely.

"What do you mean Charles?" she enquired, slightly reddening. He good-naturedly tapped her shoulder with his whip, laughed, urged his horse into a canter, and they were all soon on their way to General Grim, a friend of the late Mr Aubrey's.

The party assembled on New-Year's eve at Fotheringham Castle, the residence of Lord De la Zouch, was numerous and brilliant. The Aubreys arrived about five o'clock; and on their emerging from their chambers into the drawing-room, about half-past six—Mr Aubrey leading in his lovely wife and his very beautiful sister—they attracted general attention. He himself looked handsome, for the brisk country air had brought out a glow upon his too frequently sallow countenance—sallow with the unwholesome atmosphere, the late hours, the wasting excitement of the House of Commons; and his smile was cheerful, his eye bright and penetrating. There is nothing that makes such quick triumphant way in English society as the promise of speedy political distinction. It will supply to its happy possessor the want of family and fortune

—it rapidly melts away all distinctions; the obscure but eloquent commoner finds himself suddenly standing in the rarefied atmosphere of privilege and exclusiveness—the familiar equal, often the conscious superior, of the haughtiest peer of the realm. A single successful speech in the House of Commons, opens before its utterer the shining doors of fashion and greatness, as if by magic. It is as it were Power stepping into its palace, welcomed by gay crowds of eager obsequious expectants. Who would not press forward to grasp in anxious welcome the hand that, in a few short years, may dispense the glittering baubles sighed after by the great, and the more substantial patronage of office, which may point public opinion in any direction? But, to go no further, what if to all this be added a previous position in society? such as that occupied by Mr Aubrey! There were several very fine women, married and single, in that splendid drawing-room; but there were two girls, in very different styles of beauty, who were soon allowed by all present to carry off the palm between them—I mean Miss Aubrey and Lady Caroline Caversham, the only daughter of the Marchioness of Redborough, both of whom were on a visit at the castle of some duration. Lady Caroline and Miss Aubrey were of about the same age, and dressed almost exactly alike, viz. in white satin; only Lady Caroline wore a brilliant diamond necklace, whereas Kate had not a single ornament.

Lady Caroline was a trifle the taller, and had a very stately carriage. Her hair was black as jet—her features were refined and delicate; but they wore a very cold, haughty expression. After a glance at her half-closed eyes, and the swan-like curve of her snowy neck, you unconsciously withdrew from her, as from an inaccessible beauty. The more you looked at her, the more she satisfied your critical scrutiny; but your *feelings* went not out towards her—they were, in a manner, chilled and repulsed. Look, now, at our own Kate Aubrey—nay, never fear to place her beside yon supercilious divinity—look at her, and your *heart* acknowledges her loveliness; your soul thrills at sight of her bewitching blue eyes—eyes now sparkling with excitement, then languishing with softness, in accord-

ance with the varying emotions of a sensitive nature—a most susceptible heart. How her sunny curls harmonize with the delicacy and richness of her complexion! Her figure, observe, is rather fuller than her rival's—stay, don't let your eyes settle so intently upon her budding form, or you will confuse Kate—turn away, or she will shrink from you like the sensitive plant. Lady Caroline seems the exquisite but frigid production of skilful statuary, who had caught a divinity in the very act of disdainfully setting her foot for the first time upon this poor earth of ours; but Kate is a living and breathing beauty—as it were, fresh from the hand of God himself.

Kate was very affectionately greeted by Lady De la Zouch, a lofty and dignified woman of about fifty; so also by Lord De la Zouch: but when young Delamere welcomed her with a palpable embarrassment of manner, a more brilliant colour stole into her cheek, and a keen observer might have noticed a little, rapid, undulating motion in her bosom, which told of some inward emotion. And a keen observer Kate at that moment had in her beautiful rival; from whose cheek, as that of Kate deepened in its roseate bloom, faded away the colour entirely, leaving it the hue of the lily. Her drooping eyelids could scarcely conceal the glances of alarm and anger which she darted at her plainly successful rival in the affections of the future Lord De la Zouch. Kate was quickly aware of this state of matters; and it required no little self-control to appear *un-aware* of it. Delamere took her down to dinner; in doing which he defied the laws of etiquette in a little point of precedence; and he seated himself beside her, and paid her such pointed attentions as at length really distressed her; and she was quite relieved when the time came for the ladies to withdraw. That she had not a secret yearning towards Delamere, the frequent companion of her early days, I cannot assert, because I know it would be contrary to the fact. Circumstances had kept him on the Continent for more than a year between the period of his quitting Eton and going to Oxford, where another twelvemonth had slipped away without his visiting Yorkshire: thus two years had elapsed—and behold Kate had become a

woman, and he a man ! They had mutual predispositions towards each other, and 'twas mere accident which of them first manifested symptoms of fondness for the other—the same result must have followed, namely (to use a great word) reciprocation. Lord and Lady De la Zouch idolized their son, and were old and very firm friends of the Aubrey family; and, if Delamere really formed an attachment to one of Miss Aubrey's beauty, accomplishments, talent, amiability, and good family—why should he not be gratified? Kate, whether she would or not, was set down to the piano, Lady Caroline accompanying her on the harp—on which she usually performed with mingled skill and grace; but, on the present occasion, both the fair performers found fault with their instruments—then with themselves—and presently gave up the attempt in despair. But when, at a later period of the evening, Kate's spirits had been a little exhilarated with dancing, and she sat down, at Lord De la Zouch's request, and gave that exquisite song from the *Tempest*,—"Where the bee sucks,"—all the witchery of her voice and manner had returned; and as for Delamere, he would have given the world to marry her that minute, and so for ever extinguish the hopes of—~~as he imagined~~—two or three nascent competitors for the beautiful prize then present.

That Kate was good as beautiful, the following little incident, which happened to her on the ensuing evening, will show. There was a girl in the village at Yatton, about sixteen or seventeen years old, called Phoebe Williams; a very pretty girl, and who had spent about two years at the Hall as a laundry-maid, but had been obliged, some few months before the time I am speaking of, to return to her parents in the village, ill of a decline. She had been a sweet-tempered girl in her situation, and all her fellow-servants felt great interest in her, as also did Miss Aubrey. Mrs Aubrey sent her daily, jellies, sago, and other such matters, suitable for the poor girl's condition, and about a quarter of an hour after her return from Fotheringham, Miss Aubrey, finding one of the female servants about to set off with some of the above-mentioned articles, and hearing that poor Phoebe was getting rapidly worse, instead of retiring to her room to undress, slipped on an additional

shawl, and resolved to accompany the servant to the village. She said not a word to either her mother, her sister-in-law, or her brother; but simply left word with her maid where she was going, and that she should quickly return. It was snowing smartly when Kate set off; but she cared not, hurried on by the impulse of kindness, which led her to pay perhaps a last visit to the humble sufferer. She walked alongside of the elderly female servant, asking her a number of questions about Phoebe, and her sorrowing father and mother. It was nearly dark as they quitted the Park gates, and snowing, if any thing, faster than when they had left the Hall. Kate, wrapping her shawl still closer round her slender figure, and her face pretty well protected by her veil, hurried on, and they soon reached Williams's cottage. Its humble tenants were, as may be imagined, not a little surprised at her appearance at such an hour, and in such inclement weather, and so apparently unattended. Poor Phoebe, worn to a shadow, was sitting opposite the fire, in a little wooden arm-chair, and propped up by a pillow. She trembled, and her lips moved on seeing Miss Aubrey, who, sitting down on a stool beside her, after laying aside her snow-whitened shawl and bonnet, spoke to her in the most gentle and soothing strain imaginable. What a contrast in their two figures! 'Twould have been no violent stretch of imagination to say, that Catharine Aubrey at that moment looked like a ministering angel sent to comfort the wretched sufferer in her extremity. Phoebe's father and mother stood on each side of the little fireplace, gazing with tearful eyes upon their only child, soon about to depart from them for ever. The poor girl was indeed a touching object. She had been very pretty, but now her face was white and wofully emaciated—the dread impress of consumption was upon it. Her wasted fingers were clasped together on her lap, holding between them a little handkerchief, with which, evidently with great effort, she occasionally wiped the dampness from her face.

"You're very good, ma'am," she whispered, "to come to see me, and so late. They say it's a sad cold night."

"I heard, Phoebe, that you were

not so well, and I thought I would just step along with Margaret, who has brought you some more jelly. Did you like the last?"

"Y-e-s, ma'am," she replied, hesitatingly; "but it's *very* hard for me to swallow any thing now, my throat feels so sore." Here her mother shook her head and looked aside; for the doctor had only that morning explained to her the nature of the distressing symptom which her daughter was alluding to—as evidencing the very last stage of her fatal disorder.

"I'm very sorry to hear you say so, Phœbe," replied Miss Aubrey. "Do you think there's any thing else that Mrs Jackson could make for you?"

"No, ma'am, thank you; I feel it's no use trying to swallow any thing more."

"While there's life," said Kate, in a subdued, hesitating tone, "there's hope—they say." Phœbe shook her head mournfully. "Don't stop long, dear lady—it's getting very late for you to be out alone. Father will go!"

"Never mind me, Phœbe—I can take care of myself. I hope you mind what good Dr Tatham says to you? You know this sickness is from God, Phœbe. He knows what is best for his creatures."

"Thank God, ma'am, I feel resigned. I know it is God's will; but I am very sorry for poor father and mother—they'll be so lone like, when they don't see Phœbe about." Her father gazed intently at her, and the tears ran trickling down his cheeks; her mother put her apron before her face, and shook her head in silent anguish. Miss Aubrey did not speak for a few moments. "I see you have been reading the prayer-book mamma gave you when you were at the Hall," said she at length, observing the little volume lying open on Phœbe's lap.

"Yes, ma'am—I was *trying*; but somehow, lately, I can't read, for there's a kind of mist comes over my eyes, and I can't see."

"That's weakness, Phœbe," said Miss Aubrey, quickly but tremulously.

"May I make bold, ma'am," commenced Phœbe, languidly, after a hesitating pause, "to ask *you* to read the little psalm I was trying to read a while ago? I should so like to hear *you*."

"I'll try, Phœbe," said Miss Au-

brey, taking the book, which was open at the sixth psalm. 'Twas a severe trial, for her feelings were not a little excited already. But how could she refuse the dying girl? So she began, a little indistinctly, in a very low tone, and with frequent pauses; for the tears every now and then quite obscured her sight. She managed, however, to get as far as the sixth verse, which was thus:—

"I am weary of my groaning: every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with tears: my beauty is gone for very trouble."

Here Kate's voice suddenly stopped. She buried her face for a moment or two in her handkerchief, and said hastily, "I can't read any more, Phœbe!" Every one in the little room was in tears except poor Phœbe, who seemed past that.

"It's time for me to go, now, Phœbe. We'll send some one early in the morning to know how you are," said Miss Aubrey, rising and putting on her bonnet and shawl. She contrived to beckon Phœbe's mother to the back of the room, and silently slipped a couple of guineas into her hands; for she knew the mournful occasion there would soon be for such assistance! She then left, peremptorily declining the attendance of Phœbe's father—saying that it *must* be dark when she could not find the way to the Hall, which was almost in a straight line from the cottage, and little more than a quarter of a mile off. It was very much darker, and it still snowed, though not so thickly as when she had come. She and Margaret walked side by side, at a quick pace, talking together about poor Phœbe. Just as she was approaching the extremity of the village, nearest the park—

"Ah! my lovely gals!" exclaimed a voice, in a low but most offensive tone—"alone? How uncommon!"—Miss Aubrey for a moment seemed thunderstruck at so sudden and unprecedented an occurrence: then she hurried on, with a beating heart, whispering to Margaret to keep close to her, and not to be alarmed. The speaker, however, kept pace with them.

"Lovely gals!—wish I'd an umbrella, my angels!—Take my arm? Ah! Pretty gals!"

"Who *are* you, sir?" at length exclaimed Kate, spiritedly, suddenly

stopping, and turning to the rude speaker.

"Who else should it be but Tittlebat Titmouse. Who am I? Ah, ha! Lovely gals! one that loves the pretty gals."

"Do you know, fellow, who I am?" enquired Miss Aubrey indignantly, flinging aside her veil, and disclosing her beautiful face, white as death, but indistinctly visible in the darkness, to her insolent assailant.

"No, 'pon my soul, no; but—lovely gal! lovely gal!—'pon my life, spirited gal!—do you no harm!—Take my arm?"—

"Wretch!—ruffian!—how dare you insult a lady in this manner? Do you know who I am? My name, sir, is Aubrey—I am Miss Aubrey of the Hall! Do not think!"—

Titmouse felt as if he were on the point of dropping down dead at that moment, with amazement and terror; and when Miss Aubrey's servant screamed out at the top of her voice, "Help!—help, there!" Titmouse, without uttering a syllable more, took to his heels, just as the door of a cottage, at only a few yards' distance, opened, and out rushed a strapping farmer, shouting—"Hey! what be t'matter?" You may guess his astonishment on discovering Miss Aubrey, and his fury at learning the cause of her alarm. Out of doors he pelted, without his hat, uttering a volley of fearful imprecations, and calling on the unseen miscreant to come forward; for whom it was lucky that he had time to escape from a pair of fists that in a minute or two would have beaten his little carcass into a jelly! Miss Aubrey was so overcome by the shock she had suffered, that but for a glass of water she might have fainted. As soon as she had a little recovered from her agitation, she set off home, accompanied by Margaret, and followed very closely by the farmer, with a tremendous knotted stick under his arm—(he wanted to have taken his double-barreled gun)—and thus she soon reached the Hall, not a little tired and agitated. This little incident, however, she kept to herself, and enjoined her two attendants to do the same; for she knew the distress it would have occasioned those whom she loved. As it was, she was somewhat sharply rebuked by her mother and brother, who had just sent two men

out in quest of her, and whom it was singular that she should have missed. This is not the place to give an account of the eccentric movements of our friend Titmouse; still there can be no harm in my just mentioning that the sight of Miss Aubrey on horseback had half maddened the little fool; her image had never been effaced from his memory since the occasion on which, as already explained, he had first seen her; and as soon as he had ascertained, through Snap's enquiries, who she was, he became more frenzied in the matter than before, because he thought he now saw a probability of obtaining her. "If like children," says Edmund Burke, "we will cry for the moon, why like children we must—cry on." Whether this was not something like the position of Mr Tittlebat Titmouse, in his passion for CATHERINE AUBREY, the reader can judge. He had unbosomed himself in the matter to his confidential adviser Mr Snap; who, having accomplished his errand, had the day before returned to town, very much against his will, leaving Titmouse behind him, to bring about, by his own delicate and skilful management, a union between himself, as the future Lord of Yatton, and the beautiful sister of its present occupant.

Mr Aubrey and Kate were sitting together playing at chess, about eight o'clock in the evening; Dr Tatham and Mrs Aubrey, junior, looking on with much interest; old Mrs Aubrey being busily engaged writing. Mr Aubrey was sadly an overmatch for poor Kate—he being in fact a first-rate player; and her soft white hand had been hovering over the half-dozen chessmen she had left, uncertain which of them to move, for nearly two minutes, her chin resting on the other hand, and her face wearing a very puzzled expression. "Come, Kate," said every now and then her brother, with that calm victorious smile which at such a moment would have tried any but so sweet a temper as his sister's. "If I were you, Miss Aubrey," was perpetually exclaiming Dr Tatham, knowing as much about the game the while as the little Marlborough spaniel lying asleep at Miss Aubrey's feet. "Oh dear!" said Kate, at length, with a sigh, "I really don't see how to escape."—

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs Aubrey, looking up and listening to the sound of carriage wheels.

"Never mind," said her husband, who was interested in the game—"come, come, Kate." A few minutes afterwards a servant made his appearance, and coming up to Mr Aubrey, told him that Mr Parkinson and another gentleman had called, and were waiting in the library to speak to him on business.

"What can they want at this hour?" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, absently, intently watching an expected move of his sister's, which would have decided the game. At length she made her long-meditated descent, in quite an unexpected quarter.

"Check-mate!" she exclaimed, with infinite glee.

"Ah!" cried he, rising, with a slightly surprised and chagrined air, "I'm ruined! Now, try your hand on the doctor, while I go and speak to these people. I wonder what can possibly have brought them here. Oh, I see—I see; 'tis probably about Miss Evelyn's marriage-settlement—I'm to be one of her trustees." With this he left the room, and presently entered the library, where were two gentlemen, one of whom, a stranger, was in the act of pulling off his great-coat. It was Mr Runnington; a tall, thin, elderly man, with short grey hair—his countenance bespeaking the calm, acute, clear-headed man of business. The other was Mr Parkinson; a plain, substantial-looking, hard-headed, country attorney.

"Mr Runnington, my London agent, sir," said he to Mr Aubrey, as the latter entered. Mr Aubrey bowed.

"Pray, gentlemen, be seated," he replied, taking a chair beside them. "Why, Parkinson, you look very serious—both of you. What is the matter?" he enquired, surprisedly.

"Mr Runnington, sir, has arrived, most unexpectedly to me, only an hour or two ago from London, on business of the last importance to you."

"Well, what is it? Pray, say at once what it is—I am all attention," said Mr Aubrey, anxiously.

"Do you happen to remember sending Waters to me on Monday or Tuesday last, with a paper which had been served by some one on old Jolter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr Aubrey, after a moment's consideration.

"Mr Runnington's errand is connected with that document."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, apparently a little relieved. "I assure you, gentlemen, you very greatly over-estimate the importance I attach to any thing that such a troublesome person as Mr Tomkins can do, if I am right in supposing that it is he who — Well, then, what *is* the matter?" he enquired quickly, observing Mr Parkinson shake his head, and interchange a grave look with Mr Runnington; "you cannot think how you would oblige me by being explicit."

"This paper," said Mr Runnington, holding up that which Mr Aubrey at once recollected as the one on which he had cast his eye on its being handed to him by Waters, "is a Declaration in Ejectment with which Mr Tomkins has nothing whatever to do. It is served virtually on *you*, and you are the real defendant."

"So I apprehend I was in the former trumpery action."

"Do you recollect, Mr Aubrey," said Mr Parkinson, with much anxiety, "several years ago, some serious conversation which you and I had together, when I was preparing your marriage-settlements?"

Mr Aubrey's face was suddenly blanched.

"The matters we then discussed have suddenly acquired immense importance. This paper occasions us, on your account, the deepest anxiety." Mr Aubrey continued silent, gazing on Mr Parkinson with intensity. "Supposing, from a hasty glance at it, and from the message accompanying it, that it was merely another action of Tomkins's about the slip of waste land attached to Jolter's cottage, I sent up to London to Messrs Runnington, requesting them to call on the plaintiff's attorneys, and settle the action. He did so; and perhaps you will explain the rest," said Mr Parkinson to Mr Runnington.

"Certainly," said that gentleman. "I called accordingly yesterday morning on Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—they are a very well known, but not very popular firm in the profession, and in a very few minutes my misconception of the nature of the business I had called to settle was set

right. In short," he paused, as if distressed at the intelligence he was about to communicate.

"Oh, pray, pray go on, sir," said Mr Aubrey, in a low tone.

"I am no stranger, sir, to your firmness of character; but I shall have to tax it, I fear, to its uttermost. To come at once to the point—they told me that I might undoubtedly settle the matter, if you would consent to give up immediate possession of the Yatton estate, and account for the mesne profits to their client, the right heir—as they contend—a Mr Tittlebat Titmouse." Mr Aubrey sunk back in his chair, overcome, for an instant, by this dreadful and astounding intelligence; and all three of them preserved silence for more than a minute. Mr Runnington was a man of a very feeling heart. In the course of his great practice, he had had to encounter many distressing scenes; but probably none of them had equalled that in which, at the earnest entreaty of Mr Parkinson, who distrusted his own self-possession, he now bore a leading part. The two attorneys interchanged frequent looks of deep sympathy for their unfortunate client, who seemed as if stunned by the intelligence they had brought him.

"I felt it my duty to lose not an instant in coming down to Yatton," resumed Mr Runnington, observing Mr Aubrey's eye again directed enquiringly towards him; "for Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are very dangerous people to deal with, and must be encountered promptly, and with the greatest possible caution. The moment that I had left them, I hastened to the Temple, to retain for you Mr Subtle, the leader of the Northern Circuit; but they had been beforehand with me, and retained him nearly three months ago, together with another eminent King's counsel on the circuit. Under these circumstances, I lost no time in giving a special retainer to the Attorney-General, in which I trust I have done right, and in retaining as junior a gentleman whom I consider to be incomparably the ablest lawyer on the circuit."

"Did they say any thing concerning the nature of their client's title?" enquired Mr Aubrey, in a languid tone; but he was perfectly calm and collected.

"Very little. If they had been never so precise, of course I should have distrusted every word they said. They certainly mentioned that they had had the first conveyancing opinion in the kingdom, which concurred in favour of their client; that they had been for months prepared at all points, and accident only had delayed their commencing proceedings till now."

"Did you make any enquiries as to who the claimant was?" enquired Mr Aubrey.

"Yes; but all I could learn was, that they had discovered him by mere accident; and that he was in very obscure and distressed circumstances. I tried to discover by what means they proposed to commence and carry on so expensive a contest; but they smiled significantly, and were silent." Another long pause ensued, during which Mr Aubrey was evidently silently struggling with very agitating emotions.

"What is the meaning of their affecting to seek the recovery of only one insignificant portion of the property?" he enquired.

"It is their own choice—it may be from considerations of mere convenience. The title by which they may succeed in recovering what they at present go for, will avail to recover every acre of the estate, and the present action will consequently decide every thing!"

"And suppose the worst—that they are successful: what is to be said about the rental which I have been receiving all this time—ten thousand a-year?" enquired Mr Aubrey, looking as if he dreaded to hear his question answered.

"Oh! that's quite an after consideration—let us first fight the battle."

"I beg, Mr Runnington, that you will withhold nothing from me," said Mr Aubrey, with a faltering voice. "To what extent shall I be liable?"

Mr Runnington paused.

"I am afraid that *all* the mesne profits, as they are called, which you have received,"—commenced Mr Parkinson—

"No, no," interrupted Mr Runnington; "I have been turning that over in my mind, and I think that the statute of limitations will bar all but the last six years."

"Why, *that* will be sixty thousand pounds!" interrupted Mr Aubrey,

with a look of sudden despair. "Gracious God, that is perfectly frightful!—frightful! If I lose Yatton, I shall not have a place to put my head in—not one farthing to support myself with! And yet to have to make up *sixty thousand pounds!*" The perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his eye was laden with alarm and agony. He slowly rose from his chair, and bolted the door, that they might not, at such an agitating moment, be surprised or disturbed by any of the family.

"I suppose," said he, in a faint and tremulous tone, "that if this claim succeed, my mother also will share my fate."

They shook their heads in silence.

"Permit me to suggest," said Mr Runnington, in a tone of the most respectful sympathy, "that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"But the NIGHT follows!" said Mr Aubrey, with a visible tremor; and his voice made the hearts of his companions thrill within them. "Mine is really a fearful case! I and mine, I feel, are become suddenly beggars. We are *trespassers at Yatton*. We have been unjustly enjoying the rights of others."

"My dear Mr Aubrey," said Mr Parkinson, earnestly, "that remains to be proved. We really are getting on far too fast. One would think that the jury had already returned a verdict against us—that judgment had been signed—and that the sheriff was coming in the morning to execute the writ of possession in favour of our opponent." This was well meant by the speaker; but surely it was like talking of the machinery of the ghastly guillotine to the wretch in shivering expectation of suffering by it on the morrow. An involuntary shudder ran through Mr Aubrey. "Sixty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, rising and walking to and fro. "Why, I am ruined beyond all redemption! How can I ever satisfy it?" Again he paced the room several times, in silent agony. The inward prayer which he then offered up to God, for calmness and fortitude, seemed to have been, in a measure, answered; and he presently resumed his seat. "I have, for these several days past, had a strange sense of impending calamity," said he, in an infinitely more tranquil tone than before—"I have been equally unable to

account for or get rid of it. It may be an intimation from Heaven; I bow to its will!"

"We must remember," said Mr Runnington, "that '*possession is nine-tenths of the law*;' which means, that your mere possession will entitle you to retain it against all the world, till a stronger title than yours to the right of possession be made out. You stand on a mountain; and it is for your adversary to displace you, not by showing merely that you have no real title, but that *he has*. If he could prove all your title-deeds to be merely waste paper—that in fact you have no more title than I have—he could not advance his own case an inch; he must *first* establish in himself a clear and independent title; so that you are entirely on the defensive; and rely upon it, that so acute and profound a lawyer as the Attorney-General will impose every difficulty on"——

"God forbid that any unconscientious advantage should be taken on my behalf!" said Mr Aubrey. Mr Runnington and Mr Parkinson both opened their eyes pretty wide at this sally: the latter could not understand but that every thing was fair in war; the former saw and appreciated the nobility of soul which had dictated the exclamation.

"I suppose the affair will soon become public," said Mr Aubrey, with an air of profound depression.

"Your position in the county, your eminence in public life, the singularity of the case, and the magnitude of the stake—all are circumstances undoubtedly calculated soon to urge the affair before the notice of the public," said Mr Runnington.

"Good God, who is to break the disastrous intelligence to my family!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, hiding his face in his hands. "Something, I suppose," he presently added, with forced calmness, "must be done immediately."

"Undoubtedly. Mr Parkinson and I will immediately proceed to examine your title-deeds, the greater portion of which are, I understand, here in the Hall, and the rest at Mr Parkinson's; and prepare, without delay, a case for the opinion of the Attorney-General and also of some eminent conveyancer. Who, by the way," said Mr Runnington, addressing Mr Parkinson—"who was the conveyancer

that had the abstracts before him, on preparing Mr Aubrey's marriage-settlement?"

"Oh, you are alluding to the '*Opinion*?' I mentioned to you this evening?" enquired Mr Parkinson.—"I have it at my house, and will show it you in the morning. The doubt he expressed on one or two points gave me, I recollect, no little uneasiness—as *you* may remember, Mr Aubrey."

"I certainly do," he replied, with a profound sigh; "but though what you said reminded me of something or another that I had heard when a mere boy, I thought no more of it. I think you told me that the gentleman who wrote the opinion was a nervous fidgety man, always raising difficulties in his clients' titles—and, one way or another, the thing never gave me any concern—never even occurred to my thoughts, till to-day."

"You see, if only one link, or part of a link, in a chain, is infirm," said Mr Runnington—"however remote."

"You will take a little refreshment, gentlemen, after your journey?" said Mr Aubrey, suddenly interrupting him—glad of the opportunity it would afford him of reviving his own exhausted spirits by a little wine, before returning to the drawing-room. He swallowed several glasses of wine without any sensible effect; and the bearers of the dreadful intelligence just communicated to the reader, after a promise by Mr Aubrey to drive over to Grilston early in the morning, and bring such of his title-deeds as were then at the Hall, took their departure; leaving him considerably calmer, but with a fearful oppression at his heart. Long accustomed to control his feelings, he exerted himself to the utmost on the present occasion—and almost entirely succeeded. His face, however, on re-entering the drawing-room, which his mother, attended by Kate, had quitted for her bedroom, somewhat alarmed Mrs Aubrey; whom, however, he at once quieted, by saying that he certainly *had* been annoyed—"excessively annoyed" at a communication just made to him; "and which might—in fact—prevent his sitting again for Yatten." "There, doctor, am I not right?" said Mrs Aubrey, appealing to Dr Tatham—"did I not tell you that this was something connected with politics? Charles, I do *hate* politics—

give me a quiet home!" A pang shot through Mr Aubrey's heart; but he felt that he had, for the present, succeeded in his object.

Mr Aubrey's distracted mind was indeed, as it were, buffeted about that night on a dark sea of trouble; while the beloved being beside him lay sleeping peacefully, all unconscious of the rising storm. Many times, during that dismal night, would he have risen from his bed to seek a momentary relief, by walking to and fro, but that he feared disturbing her, and disclosing the extent and depth of his distress. It was nearly five o'clock in the morning before he at length sunk into sleep; and of one thing I can assure the reader, that however that excellent man might have shrunk—and shrink he did—from the sufferings that seemed in store for him, and those who were far dearer to him than life itself, he did not give way to one repining or rebellious thought. On the contrary, his real frame of mind, on that trying occasion, may be discovered in one short prayer, which he more than once was on the point of expressing aloud in words—"Oh my God! in my prosperity I have ever acknowledged thee; forsake me not in my adversity!"

At an early hour in the morning his carriage drew up at Mr Parkinson's door; and he brought with him, as he had promised, a great number of title-deeds and family documents. On these, as well as on many others which were in Mr Parkinson's custody, that gentleman and Mr Runnington were anxiously engaged during almost every minute of that day and the ensuing one; at the close of which, they had, between them, drawn up the rough draft of a case, with which Mr Runnington set off for town by the mail; undertaking to lay it, within twenty-four hours, before the Attorney-General, and also before one of the greatest conveyancers of the day; commended to their best and earliest attention, by very liberal fees and extra gratuities to their clerks. He pledged himself to transmit their opinions, by the very first mail, to Mr Parkinson; and both these gentlemen immediately set about active preparations for defending the ejection. The "eminent conveyancer" fixed upon by Messrs Runnington and Parkinson, was Mr Tresayle, whose

clerk, however, on looking into the papers, presently carried them back to Messrs Runnington, with the information that Mr Tresayle had, a few months ago, "advised on the other side." The next person whom Mr Runnington thought of, was—singularly enough—Mr Mortmain, who was occasionally employed, in heavy matters, by the firm. His clerk, also, on the ensuing morning returned the papers, assigning the same reason as had been given by Mr Tresayle's clerk. All this formed a startling corroboration, truly, of Messrs Quirk and Gammon's assurance to Mr Runnington, that they had "had the first conveyancing opinions in the kingdom;" and evidenced the formidable scale on which their operations were being conducted. There were, however, other "eminent conveyancers" besides the two above mentioned; and in the hands of Mr Mansfield, who, with a less extended reputation, but an equal practice, was a far abler man, and a much higher style of conveyancer than Mr Mortmain, Mr Runnington left his client's interests with the utmost confidence. Not satisfied with this, he laid the case also before Mr Crystal, the junior, whom he had already retained in the cause—a man whose lucid understanding was not ill indicated by his name. Though his manner in court was feeble and unimpressive, and his appearance even childish; his temper irritable, and his demeanour ridiculously supercilious; he was an invaluable acquisition in an important cause. He knew, probably, little else than law; but to that he had for some twenty years applied himself with unwearying energy; and he consequently became a ready, accurate, and thorough lawyer, equal to all the practical exigencies of his profession. He brought his knowledge to bear on every point presented to him with beautiful precision. He was equally quick and cautious—artful to a degree.—But I shall have other opportunities of describing him; since on him, as on every working junior, will devolve the real conduct of the defendant's case in the memorable action of *Doe on the demise of Titmouse v. Roe*.

As Mr Aubrey was driving home from the visit to Mr Parkinson which I have above mentioned, he stopped his carriage on entering the village,

because he saw Dr Tatham coming out of Williams's cottage, where he had been paying a visit to poor Phœbe.

The little doctor was plunthering on, ankle-deep in snow, towards the vicarage, when Mr Aubrey (who had sent home his carriage with word that he should presently follow) came up with him, and greeting him with unusual fervour, said that he would accompany him to the vicarage.

"You are in very great trouble, my dear friend," said the doctor, seriously—"I saw it plainly last night; but of course I said nothing. Come in to my little house here—let us talk freely with one another; for, *as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend*. Is it not so?"

"It is indeed, my dear doctor," replied Mr Aubrey, suddenly softened by the affectionate simplicity of the doctor's manner. How much the good doctor was shocked by the communication which Mr Aubrey presently made to him, the reader may easily imagine. He even shed tears, on beholding the forced calmness with which Mr Aubrey depicted the gloomy prospect that was before him. 'Twas not in vain that the pious pastor led the subdued and willing mind of his beloved companion to those sources of consolation and support which a true Christian cannot approach in vain. Upon his bruised and bleeding feelings were poured the balm of true religious consolation; and Mr Aubrey quitted his revered companion with a far firmer tone of mind than that with which he had entered the vicarage. But when he passed through the park gates, the sudden reflection that he was probably no longer the proprietor of the dear old familiar objects that met his eye at every step, almost overpowered him.

On entering the Hall, he was informed that one of the tenants, Peter Johnson, had been sitting in the servants' hall for nearly two hours, waiting to see him. Mr Aubrey repaired at once to the library, and desired the man to be at once shown in. Johnson had been for some twenty-five years a tenant of a considerable farm on the estate, had scarcely ever been a few weeks behind-hand with his rent, and had always been considered one of the most exemplary persons in the whole neighbourhood. He had now, poor fellow, got into trouble

indeed, for he had, a year or two before, been persuaded to become security for his brother-in-law as a tax-collector; and had, alas! the day before, been called upon to pay the three hundred pounds in which he stood bound—his worthless brother-in-law having absconded with nearly £1000 of the public money. Poor Johnson, who had a large family to support, was in deep tribulation, bowed down with grief and shame; and after a sleepless night had at length ventured down to Yatton, and with a desperate boldness asked the benevolent squire to advance him £200 towards the money, to save himself from being cast into prison. Mr Aubrey heard his sad story to the end without one single interruption; though to a more practised observer than the troubled old farmer, the workings of his countenance, from time to time, must have told his inward agitation. "I lend this poor soul £200!" thought he, "who am penniless myself? Shall I not be really acting as *his* dishonest relative has been acting, and making free with money that belongs to another?"

"I assure you, my worthy friend," said he at length, with a little agitation of manner, "that I have just now a very serious call upon me—or you know how gladly I would have complied with your request."

"Oh, sir, have mercy on me! I've an ailing wife and seven children to support," said poor Johnson, wringing his hands.

"Can't I do any thing with the Government?"—

"No, sir; I'm told they're so mighty angry with my rascally brother, they'll listen to nobody! It's a hard matter for me to keep things straight at home without this, sir. I've so many mouths to fill—and if they take me off to prison, Lord! Lord! what's to become of us all?"

Mr Aubrey's lip quivered. Johnson fell on his knees, and the tears ran down his cheeks. "I've never asked a living man for money before, sir—and, if you'll only lend it me, God Almighty will bless you and yours—you'll save us all from ruin—I'll work day and night to pay it back again!"

"Rise—rise, Johnson," said Mr Aubrey, with emotion. "You shall have the money, my friend, if you will call to-morrow," he added, with a

deep sigh, after a moment's hesitation.

He was as good as his word.

Had Mr Aubrey been naturally of a cheerful and vivacious turn, the contrast now afforded by his gloomy manner must have alarmed his family. As it was, however, it was not so strong and marked as to be attended with that effect, especially as he exerted himself to the utmost to conceal, or at least to control his distress. That *something* had gone wrong, he freely acknowledged; and, as he spoke of it always in connexion with political topics, he succeeded in parrying their questions, and checking suspicion. But, whenever they were all collected together, could he not justly compare them to a happy group, unconscious that they stood on a mine which was about to be fired?

About a week afterwards, namely, on the 12th of January, arrived little Charles's birthday, when he became five years old; and Kate had for some days been moving heaven and earth to get up a children's party in honour of the occasion. After considerable riding and driving about, she succeeded in persuading the parents of some eight or ten children—two little daughters, for instance, of the Earl of Oldacre (beautiful creatures they were, to be sure)—little Master and the two Miss Bertons, the children of one of the county members—Sir Harry Oldfield, an orphan of about five years of age, the infant possessor of a magnificent estate—and two or three other little girls—to send them all to Yatton for a day and a night, with their governesses and attendants.

'Twas a charming little affair. It went off brilliantly, as the phrase is, and repaid all Kate's exertions. She, her mother, and brother and sister, all dined at the same table with the merry little guests, who (with a laughable crowd of attendants behind them, to be sure) behaved remarkably well on the occasion. Sir Harry (a little thing about Charles's age, the black riband round his waist, and also the half-mourning dress worn by his maid, who stood behind him, showed how recent was the event which had made him an orphan) proposed little Aubrey's health, in (I must own) a somewhat stiff speech, demurely dictated to him by Kate, (who sat between him and her beautiful little nephew.) She

then performed the same office for Charles, who stood on a chair while delivering his eloquent acknowledgment of the toast.

[Oh that anguished brow of thine, Aubrey, (thank God it is unobserved!) but it tells me that the iron is entering thy soul.]

And the moment that he had done—Kate folding her arms around him and kissing him—down they all jumped, and, a merry throng, scampered off to the drawing-room, (followed by Kate,) where blind-man's buff, husbands and wives, and divers other little games, kept them in constant enjoyment. After tea they were to have dancing—Kate mistress of the ceremonies—and 'twas quite laughable to see how perpetually she was foiled in her efforts to form the little sets. The girls were orderly enough—but their wild little partners were quite uncontrollable. The instant they were placed, and Kate had gone to the instrument and struck off a note or two—heigh!—there was a scrambling little crowd, jumping, and laughing, and chattering, and singing! Over and over again she formed them into sets, with the like results. But at length a young lady, one of their governesses, took Miss Aubrey's place at the piano, leaving the latter to superintend the performances in person. She at length succeeded in getting up something like a country-dance, led off by Charles and little Lady Anne Cherville, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Oldacre, a beautiful child of about five years old, and who, judging from appearances, bade fair, in due time, to become another Lady Caroline Caversham. You would have laughed outright to watch the coquettish airs which this little creature gave herself with Charles, whom yet she evidently could not bear to see dancing with another.

"Now I shall dance with somebody else!" he exclaimed, suddenly letting go Lady Anne, and snatching hold of a sweet little thing, Miss Berton, that was standing modestly beside him. The discarded beauty walked with a stately air, and a swelling heart, towards Mrs Aubrey, who sat beside her husband on the sofa; and on reaching her, she stood for a few moments silently watching her late partner busily engaged with her successor—and then she burst into tears.

"Charles!"—called out Mrs Aubrey; who had watched the whole affair, and could hardly keep her countenance—"come here directly, Charles."

"Yes, mamma!" he exclaimed—quite unaware of the serious aspect which things were assuming—and, without quitting the dance, where he was (as his jealous mistress too plainly saw, for, despite her grief, her eye seemed to follow all his motions) skipping about with infinite glee with a *third* partner—a laughing sister of his last partner.

"Come here, Charles," said Mr Aubrey; and in an instant his little son, all flushed and breathless, was at his side.

"Well, dear papa!" said he, keeping his eye fixed on the little throng he had just quitted, and where his deserted partner was skipping about alone.

"What have you been doing to Lady Anne, Charles?" said his father.

"Nothing, dear papa!" he replied, still wistfully eyeing the dancers.

"You know you left me, and went to dance with Miss Berton; you did, Charles!" said the offended beauty.

"That is not behaving like a little gentleman, Charles," said his father. The tears came into the child's eyes.

"I'm *very* sorry, dear papa, I *will* dance with her!"—

"No, not now," said Lady Anne haughtily.

"Oh, pooh! pooh!—kiss and be friends," said Mrs Aubrey, "and go and dance as prettily as you were doing before." Little Aubrey put his arms round Lady Anne, kissed her, and away they both started to the dance again. While the latter part of this scene was going on, Mr Aubrey's eye caught the figure of a servant who made his appearance at the door, and then retired, (for such had been Mr Aubrey's orders, in the event of any messenger coming from Grilston.) Hastily whispering that he should return soon, he left the room. In the hall stood a messenger from Mr Parkinson; and on seeing Mr Aubrey, he took out a packet and retired, Mr Aubrey, with evident trepidation, repairing to his library. With a trembling hand he broke the seal, and found the following letter from Mr Parkinson, with three other enclosures:—

"Grilston, 12th Jan. 18—.

"My dear Sir,

"I have only just received, and at once forward to you, copies of the three opinions given by the Attorney-General, Mr Mansfield, and Mr Crystal. I lament to find that they are of a most discouraging character. They are quite independent of each other, having been laid before their respective writers at the same moment; yet you will observe that all three of them have hit upon precisely the same point, *viz.* that your grandfather had no right to succeed to the inheritance till there was a failure of the heirs of Dame Dorothy Duddlington. If, therefore, our opponents have contrived to ferret out any one who satisfies that designation, (I cannot conjecture how they ever got upon the scent,) I really fear we must prepare for the worst. I have been quietly pushing my enquiries in all directions, with a view to obtaining a clue to the case intended to be set up against us, and which you will find very shrewdly guessed at by the Attorney-General. *Nor am I the only party* in the field who has been making pointed enquiries in your neighbourhood; but of this more when we meet to-morrow.

"I remain

"Yours very respectfully,

"J. PARKINSON.

"Charles Aubrey, Esq., M.P."

Having read this letter, Mr Aubrey sunk back in his chair, and remained motionless for more than a quarter of an hour. At length he roused himself and read over the opinions; the effect of which he found had been but too correctly given by Mr Parkinson. Some suggestions and enquiries put by the acute and experienced Mr Crystal, suddenly revived recollections of one or two incidents even of his boyish days, long forgotten, but which, as he reflected upon them, began to re-appear to his mind's eye with sickening distinctness. Wave after wave of agony passed over him, chilling and benumbing his heart within him; so that, when his little son came some time afterwards running up to him, with a message from his mamma, that she hoped he could come back to see them all play at snapdragon before they went to bed, he answered him mechanically, hardly seeming sensible even of his presence. At length, with

a groan that came from the depths of his heart, he rose, and walked to and fro, sensible of the necessity of exerting himself, and preparing himself, in some degree, for encountering his mother, his wife, and his sister. Taking up his candle, he hastened to his dressing-room, where he hoped, by the aid of refreshing ablutions, to succeed in effacing at least the stronger of these traces of suffering which his glass displayed to him, as it reflected the image of his blanched and agitated countenance. A sudden recollection of the critical and delicate situation of his idolized wife, glanced through his heart like a keen arrow. He sunk upon the sofa, and, clasping his hands, looked the most forlorn object that could be imagined. While he was in this deplorable state of mind, the door was pushed hastily but gently open; and, first looking in to see that it was really he of whom she was in search, in rushed Mrs Aubrey, pale and agitated, having been alarmed by his non-appearance in the drawing-room, and the look of the servant from whom she had learned that his master had been for some time gone up stairs:

"Charles! my love! my sweet love!" she exclaimed wildly, rushing up to him, flinging herself down beside him, and casting her arms round his neck. Overcome by the suddenness of her appearance and movements, for a moment he spoke not, but stared at her as if stupified.

"For mercy's sake—as you love me!—tell me, my darling, darling Charles, what has happened!"

"Nothing—love—nothing;" but his look belied his speech.

"Oh! am not I the wife of your bosom, dearest? Charles, I shall go distracted if you do not tell me what has happened. I know that something—something dreadful." He put his arm round her waist, and drew her tenderly towards him. He felt her heart beating violently. He kissed her cold forehead, but spoke not.

"Come, dearest! let me share your sorrows," said she, in a thrilling voice. "Cannot you trust your Agnes? Has not Heaven sent me as a helpmeet for you?"

"I love you, Agnes! ay, more than ever man loved woman!" he murmured, and buried his face in her bosom. Her arms folded him in closer

and closer embrace; and she looked with wild agitation, expecting presently to hear of some fearful catastrophe. "I cannot bear this much longer, dearest—I feel I cannot," said she, rather faintly. "What has happened? What that you dare not tell me? I can bear any thing, while I have you and my children! You have been unhappy, my own Charles, for many days past. I will not part with you now till I know all!"

"You soon *must* know all, my precious Agnes; and I take Heaven to witness, that it is only on your account. I did not wish you to have known it till"—

"You—are never going—to fight a duel?" she gasped, turning as white as death.

"Oh! no, no, Agnes! I solemnly assure you! If I could have brought myself to engage in such an unhallowed affair, would *this* scene ever first have occurred? No, no, my own love! Must I then tell you of the misfortune that has overtaken us?" She gazed at him in mute and breathless apprehension. "They are bringing an action against me, which, if successful, may cause us all to quit Yatton—and, it may be, for ever."

"Oh, Charles!" she murmured, her eyes riveted upon his, while she unconsciously moved nearer to him, and trembled. Her head drooped upon his shoulder.

"Why is this?" she whispered.

"Let us, dearest, talk of it another time. I have now told you what you asked me." He poured her out a glass of water. Having drunk a little, she appeared revived.

"Is all lost? Do, my own Charles—let me know the worst."

"We are young, Agnes, and have the world before us. Health and honour are better than riches. You and our little loves—the children which God has given us—are my riches," said he, gazing with unspeakable fondness at her. "Even should it be the will of Heaven that this affair should go against us—so long as they cannot separate us from each other, they cannot really hurt us." She suddenly kissed him with frantic energy, and an hysteric smile gleamed over her pallid excited features.

"Calm yourself, Agnes!—calm yourself, for my sake!—as you love me!" His voice quivered. "Oh,

how very weak and foolish I have been to yield to!"—

"No, no, no!" she gasped, evidently labouring with hysteric oppression. "Hush!" said she, suddenly starting, and wildly leaning forward towards the door which opened into the gallery leading to the various bedrooms. He listened—the mother's ear had been quick and true. He presently heard the sound of many children's voices approaching: they were the little party, accompanied by Kate, on their way to bed; and little Charles's voice was loudest, and his laugh the merriest of them all. The wild smile of hysterics gleamed on Mrs Aubrey's face; her hand grasped her husband's with convulsive pressure; and she suddenly sunk, rigid and senseless, upon the sofa. He seemed for a moment stunned at the sight of her motionless figure. Soon, however, recovering his presence of mind, he rang the bell, and one or two female attendants quickly appeared; and by their joint assistance Mrs Aubrey was carried to her bed in the adjoining room, where, by the use of the ordinary remedies, she was presently restored to consciousness. Her first languid look was towards Mr Aubrey, whose hand she slowly raised to her lips. She tried to raise a smile into her wan features—but 'twas in vain; and, after a few heavy and half-choking sobs, her overcharged feelings found relief in a flood of tears. Full of the liveliest apprehensions as to the effect of this violent emotion upon her, in her delicate condition, he remained with her for some time, pouring into her ear every soothing and tender expression he could think of. He at length succeeded in bringing her into a somewhat more tranquil state than he could have expected. He strictly enjoined the attendants, who had not quitted their lady's chamber, and whose alarmed and inquisitive looks he had noticed for some time with anxiety, to preserve silence concerning what they had so unexpectedly witnessed, adding that something unfortunate had happened, of which they would hear but too soon.

"Are you going to tell Kate?" whispered Mrs Aubrey, sorrowfully. "Surely, love, *you* have suffered enough through *my* weakness. Wait till to-morrow. Let her have a few more happy hours."

"No, Agnes—it was my own weakness which caused me to be surprised into this premature disclosure to you. And now I *must* meet her again to-night, and I cannot control either my features or my feelings. Yes, poor Kate, she must know all to-night! I shall not be long absent, Agnes." And directing her maid to remain with her till he returned, he withdrew, and with slow step and heavy heart descended to the library; preparing himself for another heart-breaking scene—plunging another innocent and joyous creature into misery, which he believed to be inevitable. Having looked into the drawing-room as he passed it, and seen no one there—his mother having, as usual, retired at a very early hour—he rung his library bell, and desired Miss Aubrey's maid to request her mistress to come down to him there, as soon as she was at leisure. He was glad that the only light in the room was that given out by the fire, which was not very bright, and so would in some degree shield his features from, at all events, immediate scrutiny. His heart ached as, shortly afterwards, he heard Kate's light step crossing the hall. When she entered, her eyes sparkled with vivacity, and a smile was on her beauteous cheek. Her dress was tumbled, and her hair hung disordered and half uncurled—the results of her sport with the little ones whom she had been seeing to bed.

"What merry little things, to be sure!" she commenced, laughingly—"I could not get them to lie still a moment—popping their little heads in and out of the clothes. A fine night I shall have with Sir Harry! for he is to be *my* bedfellow, and I dare say I shall not sleep a wink all night. Why, Charles, how very—*very* grave you look to-night!" she added quickly, observing his eye fixed moodily upon her.

"'Tis you who are so very gay," he replied, endeavouring to smile. "I want to speak to you, dear Kate," he commenced affectionately, "on a serious matter. I have received some letters to-night"—

Kate coloured suddenly and violently, and her heart beat; but, sweet soul! she was mistaken—very, very far off the mark her troubled brother was aiming at. "And, relying on your strength of mind, I have re-

solved to put you at once in possession of what I myself know. Can you bear bad news well, Kate?"

She turned very pale, and drawing her chair nearer to her brother, said, "Do not keep me in suspense, Charles—I can bear any thing but suspense—that *is* dreadful! What has happened? Oh dear," she added, with sudden alarm, "where are mamma and Agnes?" She started to her feet.

"I assure you they are both well, Kate. My mother is now doubtless asleep, and as well as she ever was; Agnes is in her bedroom—certainly much distressed at the news which I am going"—

"Oh why, Charles, did you tell *any thing* distressing to *her*?" exclaimed Miss Aubrey with an alarmed air.

"She came upon me by surprise, Kate. 'Twould have been infinitely more dangerous to have kept her in suspense; but she is recovering. I shall soon return to her. And now, my dear Kate—I know your strong sense and spirit—a very great calamity hangs over us. Let you and me," he grasped her hands affectionately, "stand it steadily, and support those who cannot."

"Let me at once know all, Charles. See if I do not bear it as becomes your sister," said she, with forced calmness.

"If it should become necessary for all of us to retire into obscurity—humble obscurity, dear Kate—how do you think you could bear it?"

"If it will be an honourable obscurity—nay, 'tis quite impossible to be *dis*-honourable obscurity," said Miss Aubrey, with a momentary flash of energy.

"Never, never, Kate! The Aubreys may lose every thing on earth but the jewel honour, and love for one another."

"Let me know all, Charles," said Miss Aubrey, in a low tone, but with a look of the deepest apprehension.

"A strange claim is set up—by one I never heard of—to the whole of the property I now enjoy."

Miss Aubrey started, and the colour faded from her cheek.

"But is it a *true* claim, Charles?"

"That remains to be proved. But I will disguise nothing from you—I have woful apprehensions"—

"Do you mean to say that Yatton is not ours?" enquired Miss Aubrey, catching her breath.

"So, my dearest girl, it is said."

Miss Aubrey looked bewildered, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"How shocking!—shocking!—shocking!" she gasped. "What is to become of mamma?"

"God Almighty will not desert her in her old age. He will desert none of us, dearest, if we only trust in Him," said her brother.

Miss Aubrey remained gazing at him intently, and continued perfectly motionless.

"Must we all leave Yatton?" said she, faintly.

"If this claim succeeds—but we shall leave it *together*, Kate."

She threw her arms round his neck, and wept bitterly.

"Hush, hush, Kate!" said he, perceiving the increasing violence of her emotions, "restrain your feelings for the sake of my mother—and Agnes."

His words had the desired effect: the poor girl made a desperate effort. Unclasping her arms from her brother's neck, she sat down in her chair, breathing hard; and, after a few minutes' pause, she said, faintly, "I am better now. Do tell me more, Charles! Let me have something to *think* about—only don't say any thing about—about—mamma and Agnes!" In spite of herself a visible shudder ran through her frame.

"It seems, Kate," said he, with all the calmness he could assume—"at least they are trying to prove—that our family had no right to succeed to this property; that there is living the right heir; his case has been taken up by powerful friends; and—let me tell you the worst at once—the first lawyers in the kingdom seem to agree that he is entitled to recover the whole of Yatton—even the lawyers consulted by Mr Parkinson on my behalf"—

"But is mamma provided for?" whispered Miss Aubrey, almost inarticulately. "When I look at her again, I shall almost break my heart."

"No, Kate, you won't. Heaven will give you strength," said her brother, in a tremulous voice. "Remember, my only sister—my darling Kate! you must support *me* in my trouble—we will support one another"—

"We will!—we will!" interrupted

Miss Aubrey—instantly checking, however, her rising excitement.

"You bear it bravely, my noble girl!" said Mr Aubrey, fondly, after a brief interval of silence.

She turned from him her head, and moved her hand—in deprecation of expressions that might utterly unnerve her. Then she convulsively clasped her hands over her forehead; and, after a minute or two, turned towards him with tears in her eyes, but tranquillized features. The struggle had been dreadful, though brief—her noble spirit recovered itself.

'Twas like a fair bark, in mortal conflict with the black and boiling waters and howling hurricane; long quivering on the brink of destruction, but at last outliving the storm, righting itself, and suddenly gliding into safe and tranquil waters.

The distressed brother and sister sat conversing for a long time, frequently in tears, but with infinitely greater calmness and firmness than could have been expected. They agreed that Dr Tatham should very early in the morning be sent for, and implored to take upon himself the bitter duty of breaking the matter to their mother; its effects upon whom, her children anticipated with the most vivid apprehension. They then retired—Kate to a sleepless pillow, and her brother to spend a greater portion of the night in attempts to sooth and console his suffering wife; each of them having first knelt in humble reverence, and poured forth the breathings of a stricken and bleeding heart before Him who hath declared that he HEARETH and ANSWERETH prayer.

Ah! who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth?

"It won't kindle—not a bit on't—it's green and full o' sap. Go out, and get us a log that's dry and old, George—and let's try to have a bit of a blaze in t' ould chimney, this bitter night," said Isaac Tonson, the gamekeeper at Yatton, to the good-natured landlord of the Aubrey Arms, the little—and only—in of the village. The suggestion was instantly attended to.

"How Peter's a-feathering of his geese to-night, to be sure!" exclaimed the landlord on his return, shaking the snow off his coat, and laying on the fire a great dry old log of wood, which seemed very acceptable to the

hungry flames, for they licked it cordially the moment it was placed amongst them, and there was very soon given out a cheerful blaze. 'Twas a snug room, the brick floor covered with fresh sand; and on a few stools and benches, with a table in the middle, on which stood a large can and ale-glasses, with a plate of tobacco, sat some half-a-dozen men, enjoying their pipe and glass. In the chimney-corner sat Thomas Dickons, the under-bailiff of Mr Aubrey, a big, broad-shouldered, middle-aged fellow, with a hard-featured face and a phlegmatic air. In the opposite corner sat the little grizzle-headed clerk and sexton, old Halleluiah—as he was called, but his real name was Jonas Higgs.) Beside him sat Pumpkin, the gardener at the Hall, a constant guest at the Aubrey Arms o' nights—always attended by Hector, the large Newfoundland dog already spoken of, and who was now lying stretched on the floor at Pumpkin's feet, his nose resting on his forefeet, and his eyes, with great gravity, watching the motions of a skittish kitten under the table. Opposite to him sat Tonson the gamekeeper—a thin, wiry, beetle-browed fellow, with eyes like a ferret; and there were also one or two farmers, that lived in the village.

"Let's ha' another can o' ale, afore ye sit down," said one of them; "we can do with half a gallon, I'm thinking." This order also was quickly attended to; and then the landlord, having seen to the door, and fastened the shutters close, took his place on a vacant stool, and resumed his pipe.

"So she do take a very long grave, Jonas?" enquired Dickons of the sexton.

"Ay, Mr Dickons, a' think she do, the owld girl! I always thought she would. 'Tis a reg'lar man's size, I warrant you; and when parson saw it, a' said, he thought 'twere too big; but I ax'd his pardon, and said I hadn't been sexton for thirty years without knowing my business—ha, ha!"

"I suppose, Jonas, you mun ha' seen her walking about i' t' village, in your time—Were she such a big-looking woman?" enquired Pumpkin, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and replenished it.

"Forty years ago I used to see her—she were then an old woman, wi' white hair, and leaned on a stick—I

never thought she'd a lasted so long," replied Higgs, emptying his glass.

"She've had a pretty long spell on't," quoth Dickons, slowly emptying his mouth of smoke.

"A hundred and two," replied the sexton; "so saith her coffin-plate—a' seed it to-day."

"What wore her name?" enquired Tonson—"I never knew her by any name but Blind Bess."

"Her name be *Elizabeth Crabtree*, on the coffin," replied Higgs; "and she's to be buried to-morrow."

"She were a strange old woman," said Hazel, one of the farmers, as he took down one of the oateakes that were hanging overhead, and breaking off a piece, held it with the tongs before the fire to toast, and then put it into his ale.

"Ay, she were," quoth Pumpkin; "I wonder what she thinks o' such things *now*—maybe she's paying dear for her tricks."

"Tut, Pumpkin," said Tonson, "let the old creature rest in her grave."

"Ay, Master Tonson," quoth the clerk, in his church twang—"there be no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device!"

"'Tis very odd, but this dog that's lying at my feet never could a' bear going past her cottage late o' nights; and the night she died—Lord! you should have heard the howl Hector gave—and a' didn't then know she were gone."

"No! but wer't really so?" enquired Dickons—several of the others taking their pipes out of their mouths, and looking earnestly at Pumpkin.

"I didn't half like it, I assure you," quoth Pumpkin.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha!" laughed the gamekeeper—

"Ay, marry you may laugh—but I'll stake half-a-gallon o' ale you daren't go by yourself to the cottage where she's lying—*now*, mind—i' the dark."

"I'll do it," quoth Higgs, eagerly, preparing to lay down his pipe.

"No, no—*thou'rt* quite used to dead folk," replied Pumpkin.

"Bess dropped off sudden, like, at last, didn't she?" enquired the landlord.

"She went out, as they say, like the snuff of a candle," replied Jobbins, one of the farmers; "no one were

with her but my Missis at the time. The night afore she took to the rattles all of a sudden. My Sall (that's done for her this long time, by madam's orders) says old Bess were a good deal shaken by a chap from London, that came down about a week afore Christmas."

"Ay, ay," quoth one, "I've heard o' that—what was it?—what passed atwixt them?"

"Why, a' don't well know—but he had a book, and wroto down something; and he axed her, so Sall do tell me, such a many things about old people, and things that are long gone by."

"What were the use on't?" enquired Dickons; "for Bess hath been silly this ten years, to my sartain knowledge."

"Why, a' couldn't tell. Sall said she talked a good deal to the chap in her mumbling way, and seemed to know some folk he asked her about. And Sall saith she hath been, in a manner, dismal ever since, and often a-crying and talking to herself."

"I've heard," said the landlord, "that squire and parson were wi' her on Christmas-day—and that she talked a deal o' strange things, and that the squire did seem, as it were, *struck* a little."

"Why, so my Sall do say; but it may be all her own head," replied Jobbins.

Here a pause took place.

"Madam," said the sexton, "hath given orders for a decent burying to-morrow."

"Well, a' never thought any wrong of her, for my part," said one—and another—and another; and they smoked their pipes for some minutes in silence.

"Talking o' strangers from London," said the sexton, presently; "who do know any thing o' them two chaps that were at church last Sunday? Two such peacock-looking chaps I never seed—and grinning all service-time."

"Ay, I'll tell ye something of 'em," said Hazel—a big, broad-shouldered farmer, who plucked his pipe out of his mouth with sudden energy—"They're a brace o' good ones, to be sure, ha, ha! Some week or ten days ago, as I were a'coming across the field leading into the lane behind the church, I seed these same two chaps, and on coming nearer, (they not seeing me for the hedge,) Lord bless me! would ye believe it?—if they wasn't

a-teasing my daughter Jenny, that were coming along wi' some physie from the doctor for my old woman! One of 'em seemed a-going to put his arm around her neck, and t'other came close to her on t'other side, a-talking to her and pushing her about." Here a young farmer, who had but seldom spoken, took his pipe out of his mouth, and exclaiming, "Lord bless me!" sat listening with his mouth wide open.

"Well, a' came into the road behind 'em, without their seeing me; and"—(here he stretched out a thick, rigid, muscular arm, and clenched his teeth)—"a' got hold of each by the collar, and one of 'em I shook about, and gave him a kick i' the breech that sent him spinning a yard or two on the road, he clapping his hand behind him, and crying, to be sure—'Good for a hundred pound damages!' T'other dropped on his knees, and begged for mercy; so a' just spit in his face, and flung him under the hedge, telling him if he stirred till I were out o' sight, I'd crack his skull for him; and so I would!" Here the wrathful speaker pushed his pipe again between his lips, and began puffing away with great energy; while he who had appeared to take so great an interest in the story, and who was the very man who had flown to the rescue of Miss Aubrey, when she seemed on the point of being similarly treated, told that circumstance exactly as it occurred, amidst the silent but excited wonder of those present—all of whom, at its close, uttered vehement execrations, and intimated the summary and savage punishment which the cowardly rascal would have experienced at the hands of each and every one of them, had they come across him.

"I reckon," said the landlord, as soon as the swell had a little subsided, "they must be the two chaps that put up here, some time ago, for an hour or so. You should ha' seen 'em get on and off—that's all! Why, a' laughed outright! The chap with the hair under his chin got on upon the wrong side, and t'other seemed as if he thought his beast would bite him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed all.

"I thought they'd a' both got a fall before they'd gone a dozen yards!"

"They've taken a strange fancy to my churchyard," said the sexton, setting down his glass, and then preparing to fill his pipe again; "they've been

looking uncommon close in the old gravestones, up behind t'ould yew-tree yonder; and one of them writ something, now and then, in a book; so they're book-writers."

"That's scholars, I reckon," quoth Dickons, "but rot the larning of such chaps as they!"

"I wonder if they'll put a picture o' the Hall in their book," quoth the sexton. "They axed a many questions about the people up there, especially about the squire's father, and some ould folk, whose names I knew when they spoke of 'em—but I hadn't heard o' them for this forty year. And one of 'em (he were the shortest, and such a chap, to be sure!—just like the monkey that were dressed i' man's clothes last Grilston fair) talked uncommon fine about Miss"—

"If I'd a heard him tak' her name into his dirty mouth, his teeth should a gone after it!" said Tonson.

"Lord, he didn't say any harm—only silly-like—and t'other seemed now and then not to like his going on so. The little one said Miss were a lovely gal, or something like that—and hoped they'd become by-and-by better friends."

"What! wi' that chap?" said Pumpkin—and he looked as if he were meditating putting the little sexton up the chimney, for the mere naming of such a thing.

"I reckon they're from London, and brought London tricks wi' 'em—for I never heard o' such goings on as theirs down here before," said Tonson.

"One of 'em—him that axed me all the questions, and wrote i' th' book, seemed a sharp enough chap, in his way; but I can't say much for the little one," said Higgs. "Lud, I couldn't hardly look in his face for laughing, he seemed such a fool!—He had a riding-whip wi' a silver head, and stood smacking his legs (you should ha' seen how tight his clothes was on his legs—I warrant you, Tim Timkins never seed such a thing, I'll be sworn) all the while, as if a' liked to hear the sound of it." "If I'd a been beside him," said Hazel, "I'd a saved him that trouble—only I'd a laid it into *another* part of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" they laughed—and presently passed on to other matters.

"Hath the squire been doing much

lately in Parliament?" enquired the sexton of Dickons.

"Why, yes—he's trying hard to get that new road made from Harkley Bridge to Hilton."

"Ah, that would save a good four mile"—

"I hear the Papists are trying to get the upper hand again—which the Lud forbid!" said the sexton.

"The squire hath lately made a speech in that matter, that hath finished them," said Dickons.

"What would they be after?" enquired the landlord of Dickons, with all present, thinking great things of him.

"They say they wants nothing but what's their own, and liberty, and that like."

"If thou wast a shepherd, and wer't to be asked by ten or a dozen wolves to let them in among thy flock of sheep, they saying how quiet and kind they would be to 'em—would'st let 'em in, or keep 'em out—eh?"

"Ay, ay—that be it—'tis as true as gospel!" said the clerk.

"So you an't to have that old sycamore down, after all, Master Dickons?" enquired Tonson.

"No; miss hath carried the day against the squire and Mr Waters; and there stands the old tree, and it hath to be looked better after than it were before."

"Why hath miss taken such a fancy to it? 'Tis an old crazy thing."

"If thou hadst been there when she did beg, as I may say, its life," replied Dickons, with a little energy—"and hadst seen her, and heard her voice, that be as smooth as cream, thou would'st never have forgotten it, I can tell thee!"

"There isn't a more beautiful lady i' th' county, I reckon, than the squire's sister?" enquired the sexton.

"No, nor in all England: if there be, I'll lay down a hundred pounds."

"And where's to be found a young lady that do go about i' th' village like she?—She were wi' Phoebe Williams t'other night, all through the snow, and i' th' dark."

"If I'd only laid hands on that chap!" interrupted the young farmer, her rescuer.

"I wonder she do not choose some one to be married to up in London," said the landlord.

"She'll be having some delicate high quality chap, I reckon, one o' these fine days," said Hazel.

"She will be a dainty dish, truly, for whomever God gives her to," quoth Dickons.

"Ay, she will," said more than one; and there was a slight sound as of smacking of lips.

"Now, to my mind," said Tonson, "saving your presence, Master Dickons, I know not but young madam be more to my taste; she be in a manner somewhat fuller—plumper-like, and her skin be *so* white, and her hair as black as a raven's."

"There's not another two such women to be found in the world," said Dickons. Here Hector suddenly rose up, and went to the door, where he stood snuffing in an inquisitive manner.

"Now, what do that dog hear, I wonder?" quoth Pumpkin, curiously, stooping forward.

"Blind Bess," replied Tonson, winking his eye, and laughing. Presently there was a sharp rapping at the door; which the landlord opened, and let in one of the servants from the Hall, his clothes white with snow, his face nearly as white with manifest agitation.

"Why, man, what's the matter?" enquired Dickons, startled by the man's appearance. "Art frightened at any thing?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" he commenced.

"What is it, man? Art drunk?—or mad?—or frightened? Take a drop o' drink," said Tonson. But the man refused it.

"Oh, my friends, sad work at the Hall!"

"What's the matter?" cried all at once, rising and standing round the new comer.

"If thou be'st drunk, John," said Dickons, sternly, "there's a way of sobering thee—mind that."

"Oh, Master Dickons, I don't know what's come to me, for grief and fright! The Squire, and all of us, are to be turned out of Yatton!"

"*What!*" exclaimed all in a breath.

"There's some one else lays claim to it. We must all go! Oh, Lud! oh, Lud!" No one spoke for near a minute; and consternation was written on every face.

"Sit thee down here, John," said Dickons at length, "and let us hear what thou hast to say—or thou wilt

have us all be going up in a body to the Hall."

Having forced on him part of a glass of ale, he began,—“There hath been plainly mischief brewing somewhere this many days, as I could tell by the troubled face o' the squire; but he kept it to himself. Lawyer Parkinson and another have been latterly coming in chaises from London; and last night the squire got a letter that hath finished all. Such trouble there were last night with the squire, and young madam and miss! And to-day the parson came, and were a long while alone with old Madam Aubrey, who hath since had a stroke, or a fit, or something of that like, (the doctor hath been there all day from Grilston,) and likewise young madam hath taken to her bed, and is ill.”

“And what of the squire and miss?” enquired some one, after all had maintained a long silence.

“Oh, 'twould break your heart to see them,” said the man, bursting into tears: they are both as pale as death: he so dreadful sorrowful, but quiet-like, and she now and then wringing her hands, and both of them going from the bedroom of old madam to young madam's. Nay, an' there had been half-a-dozen deaths i' the house, it could not be worse. Neither the squire nor miss hath touched food the whole day!”

There was, in truth, not a dry eye in the room, nor one whose voice did not seem somewhat obstructed with his emotions.

“Who told about the squire's losing the estate?” enquired Dickons.

“We heard of it but an hour or so, ago. Mr Parkinson (it seems by the squire's orders) told Mr Waters, and he told it to us; saying as how it was useless to keep such a thing secret, and that we might all know the occasion of so much trouble.”

“Who's to ha' it then, instead of the squire?” at length enquired Tonson, in a voice half-choked with rage and grief.

“Lord only knows at present. But whoever 'tis, there isn't one of us servants but will go with the squire and his—if it be even to prison.”

“I'm Squire Aubrey's gamekeeper,” quoth Tonson, his eye kindling as his countenance darkened. “It shall go hard if any one else ere hath a game”—

“But if there's law in the land, sure

the justice must be wi' the squire—he and his family have had it so long," said one of the farmers.

"I'll tell you what, masters," said Pumpkin, "I shall be somewhat better pleased when Higgs here hath got that old creature safe underground."

"Blind Bess?" exclaimed Tonson, with a very serious, not to say disturbed, countenance. "I wonder—sure! sure! that old witch can have had no hand in all this"—

"Poor old soul, not she! There be no such things as witches now-a-days," exclaimed Higgs. "Not she, I warrant me! She hath been ever befriended by the Squire's family. *She* do it!"

"The sooner we get her under-

ground, for all that, the better, say I!" quoth Tonson, vehemently striking his hand on the table.

"The parson hath a choice sermon on 'The Flying Away of Riches,'" said Higgs, in a quaint, sad manner; "'tis to be hoped he'll preach from it the next Sunday."

Soon after this the little party dispersed, each oppressed with greater grief and amazement than he had ever known before. Bad news fly swiftly—and that which had just come from the Hall, within a very few hours of its having been told at the Aubrey Arms, had spread grief and consternation among high and low, for many miles round Yatton.

THE VETO.

A NEW SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE WHIG-INTRUSION SECTION OF THE NON-INTRUSION COMMITTEE.

AIR—"The Rogue's March," or "*Abram Newland*."

1.

THE Church and her laws often claim my applause:

But some things I cannot agree to;

And most I detest, as a national pest,

This newfangled freak of a Veto.

O this detestable Veto,

'Tis a thing you will never bring *me* to!

It is certainly rude

In a man to intrude,

But you'll never do good by the Veto.

2.

Good-will to increase, by the preaching of peace,

Was a thing that the Church used to see to;

But family jars, and parochial wars,

Are the fruits of this peaceable Veto.

O what a peace-making Veto!

What a mild and medicinal Veto;

Harmonious calls,

In the shape of loud brawls,

Attest the true use of the Veto.

3.

On a diligent search, our old Scottish Church

Was the best from Kamschatka to Quito;

But now they insist that she cannot exist

If deprived of this absolute Veto!

O this infallible Veto!

If Parliament would but agree to

Our rational plan,

To secure the best man,

By the use of a reasonless Veto.

4.

Little schoolboys a voice now may claim in the choice
 Of the master they subject should be to :
 If his ferule appears rather sharp for their rears,
 They at once interpose with a veto.
 O *such* a convenient veto
 Every truant and dunce would agree to !
 That his bacon should be
 For ever birch-free,
 By this new saving clause of a Veto.

5.

In a different way, there are others who say—
 “ The foes of this measure are *we* too ;
 Could we even *elect*, 'twere of little effect,
 If we can't, too, *eject* with a veto.”
 For O this most mischievous Veto
 Will make many a sly Jesuito ;
 Who, when urging his suit,
 Hides a huge cloven foot,
 Which he shows when he's clear of the Veto.

6.

The clergy, we saw, made good use of the law,
 And hornings and captions could flee to ;
 But they alter their song when the law says they're wrong,
 And illegally stick to their Veto.
 This unconstitutional Veto,
 Why will they so lawlessly flee to ?
 They should either relax
 Their annuity-tax,
 Or submit to the law on the Veto.

7.

When a claim they present—“ Pray, our stipends augment,”
 Which the Court interpones its decree to ;
 They sing mighty small, or say nothing at all,
 Of their views in regard to the Veto.
 O this unprincipled Veto,
 Which the Judges will ne'er bend the knee to !
 How the Church would look blue,
 If a chalder or two
 Were cut off from each cure by a Veto !

8.

The old friends of the Church they could leave in the lurch,
 And coquet with a Whig nominee too :
 For the Devil or Dan, I believe, to a man,
 They would vote if he promised the Veto.
 For all must give way to the Veto ;
 What is conscience or truth to the Veto ?
 Peace, order, and laws,
 Nay, the Protestant cause,
 Mustn't stand in the way of the Veto.

9.

But I shrewdly suspect, if my news be correct,
 That the sense of the people's with *me* too :
 If their protégé's fate is entitled to weight,
 The country has *VERTOED* the Veto.
 So to dwell any more on the Veto
 Would be tiresome to you and to me too :
 I've detain'd you too long—
 Here's an end of my song,
 And I hope, too, an end of the Veto !

ABOUKIR.

NAPOLEON'S Egyptian expedition supplies one of the most distinct proofs ever given of the Divine punishment which may directly stamp a great public crime. Many acts of memorable atrocity have of old unquestionably passed without any evident retribution; but of later years, whether for the purpose of more powerfully impressing justice on the minds of modern nations, or from the nearer approach of some great but still undefined consummation, the retribution has trod with singular closeness on the steps of the crime.

It is right previously to observe, that those direct inflictions seem seldom to be visited on the *general* course of public crime in high places, however repulsive. The punishment of what may be called the customary criminality, the habitual ambitions and encroachments of nations on each other, are apparently left to customary and general evils. But it is when nations, or their rulers, start out of the common track of ambition and encroachment, that a new, sudden, and striking brand of vengeance is often openly burned on them. Thus the partition of Poland was an act of plunder and blood beyond the ordinary line of that rapacity and cruelty which habitually marks the conduct of foreign cabinets; and never was the punishment of a highway robbery or murder more directly marked in the punishment of the individual robber and murderer than the punishment of that dreadful atrocity was marked in the sufferings of Prussia, Austria, and Russia—within a few years from the crime, the capture of their three capitals, the defeat of their armies, and the vast losses of wealth, population, honour, and territory.

The late instance of the invasion of Algiers, without the slightest cause except the French desire to gain what it terms glory, by cutting throats, and robbing wherever it can with impunity, was instantly followed to the King by the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, as it has been followed to France by the erection of an anomalous and precarious Government—forced to be despotic through fear of being forced to be republican; and the

anxieties of a war, which, after wasting life and treasure during ten years, is now to be begun afresh, and requires an army of 60,000 men. We shall thus see America, in due time, punished for her atrocious robbery by which she has seized Texas, and for her gross and wholly unjustifiable attempts on Canada. Russia will yet have to pay heavily in blood for her invasion of the brave Caucasian tribes, for her cruel extinction of the few remains of independence in unhappy Poland, and for that unlicensed and unlimited system of grasping by which she continues the guilty policy of Catharine, and labours to add thousands of slaves, and tens of thousands of square miles, to a population and territory beyond the power of any man to govern wisely—beyond any nation to hold safely—and beyond every thing but the indescribable folly of human ambition.

Napoleon's Egyptian enterprise was exactly of this order of ultra-atrocity.

It is the universal characteristic of foreign politics, that they have no morality whatever. Whatever they can grasp, they grasp; and by whatever means they can obtain their objects, they obtain them. France has, in all ages, differed from her Continental neighbours only in putting these maxims into more unhesitating practice.

What fraud can contrive and force can perform, will inevitably be contrived and performed by her, on every occasion where it can be done with impunity. The only country on earth which ever exhibits a sense of common justice in her public transactions, is England; and even at this moment no Ministry of England would be suffered by the nation to seize a single acre of the feeblest state on earth, without having strict justice on the national side. This is an eminent honour to the national character, and one which must never be forfeited.

Egypt had thus been an object of French cupidity for upwards of a hundred years. There exists a memorial of Leibnitz, then at the head of all Continental science, addressed to Louis XIV., recommending the seizure, at the period when that profligate and sanguinary despot was assaulting Holland. This philosophic tempter

advised him to signalize his ambition more effectually, even in Europe, by seizing on a province which promised a more easy and profitable victory than the swamps and sands of the Dutch. He justly told the King that he could not pursue a Dutch war without exciting the jealousy of Europe. "It is in Egypt," said he, "that the true blow can be struck." He then laboured to show, that the possession would give him the road to India, and put her opulent trade into his hands; that it would thus engross the real sources of the wealth of Holland—extinguish the competitorship of Europe—and, by making the Mediterranean a French lake, virtually place Louis on the throne of Europe. Louis was fortunately as self-willed as he was sanguinary; he preferred the nearer conquest; brought on himself the arms of England and Europe, was hunted up to the gates of Versailles; and ought to have been hanged on those gates, with his whole ministry round him, if justice had been done.

A quarter of a century before the French Revolution, Savary, one of these scientific infidels who poisoned the public mind and prepared that Revolution, had gone to Egypt, and given a description of it in the national style,—a flourish of romance, in which every thing was dipped in colours of the rainbow, and the appetite of the nation was again excited to seize on this African paradise.

On the conquest of Italy, in 1797, the project of seizing Egypt was adopted by the Directory. It offered various temptations to that atrocious underhand policy, which regards every thing but justice. To Napoleon, the command of a fleet and army, which would keep him before the eyes of France—to the Directory, the opportunity of getting rid of a too popular general and unemployed army for the time—and to the nation, that phantasm of national glory which is always able to delude France. We can find no counteracting opinion at the time—no honest remonstrance against the utter villany of plundering an ancient ally, and the utter impolicy of showing that with France treaties were waste paper; we cannot find even any humane and natural protest against the actual murder of the multitude of men, Frenchmen as well as Turks and Arabs, who must perish in the

invasion. On the contrary, all France was in exultation at the sight of the vast armament gathered for the purpose at Toulon; and neither among her people nor her priesthood was one warning voice raised against this preparative for wholesale robbery and slaughter.

In the beginning all seemed fortunate. The expedition sailed, escaped the British fleet, reached Malta, of which it became possessed by corruption; and turning out the weak and perfidious knights, placed in it a French garrison, and then reached Alexandria in safety, made its spirit known by putting 1200 of the garrison to the sword, and in a few days was in possession of the country.

But it is well worth remarking, that perhaps no expedition ever more distinctly failed in all its principal objects. Its seizure of Malta gave that great fortress finally into the hands of the English, by whom it had been immediately besieged, and taken with its garrison. But the first retributive blow was the destruction of the whole French fleet at Aboukir. The next was the defeat of Bonaparte himself, by Sir Sydney Smith and the Turks, at Acre. This was followed by the successive defeats of the French by the British army, until not a man of that expedition remained in Egypt but as a prisoner.

Yet the punishment did not end there. France was to be scourged, and the lash fell upon her with matchless severity. The Allies, encouraged by the absence of the last general and best army of France, poured fresh troops into Italy. The Russian Government, relieved from all fears on the side of Turkey, by the irritation of the French attack on a Turkish province, sent the celebrated Suwarrow with a strong force to Italy. He swept the French before him, and recovered the entire country in a single rapid but most bloody campaign. It was computed that, in killed and prisoners, France lost one hundred thousand men in Italy before the end of the year. Thus the fruits of the single atrocity of invading Egypt, and of slaughtering unfortunate Turks and Arabs without a cause, was the loss of two great armies—of Italy—of the most important station of the Mediterranean for ever, and of all hopes of possessing Egypt, which

they not improbably might have obtained by purchase from the necessities of Turkey. Even the more minute objects were failures. The Directory wholly failed in keeping Napoleon at a distance, for he contrived to return, however disreputably. And even in his personal instance, nothing but the accidental circumstances of the country could have saved him from ruin. His defeats in Syria had thrown a cloud on his military reputation, which would have enabled the Directory to bring him to a court-martial for desertion. But he was saved for a heavier fall. The loss of the Italian campaign, under Joubert and Macdonald, alone protected him at the moment.

He was received by the people, in their emergency, as the sole hope of the country. The battle of Marengo turned the tide again, and that larger course of infliction began, which he was evidently reserved to put in motion against Europe. Yet what were even his greatest victories but so many new shapes of suffering, in which France herself shared with unbroken powers of the Continent, in which hundreds of thousands of her people were sacrificed, only to bring an enemy twice to Paris, to lay the country at the feet of Europe; and even in the instance of that wonder of genius and fortune himself, only to make him the most memorable victim of humiliation that the world has ever seen—the blasted figure of a colossal ambition.

The battle of Aboukir was one of the most singular and one of the most momentous, in naval annals. Nelson, after having *twice* traversed the Mediterranean in chase of the French, first saw them on the 1st of August, (1798,) drawn up in line, at the anchorage of Aboukir, with their broadsides to the sea, and protected by guns on the shore. He advanced straight to the mark the moment he saw them, at three in the afternoon. The number of ships on both sides was equal—each thirteen sail of the line; but the French had a great advantage in guns and men, their ships carrying 1196 guns, and 11,230 men; while the British had but 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The enemy had a still more important advantage in the size of their ships, having the *L'Orient* of 120 guns and the *Franklin* and *Guillaume Tell* of 80; while the British

were all seventy-fours. But they had what was more than equivalent to all other superiority—Nelson in command. Nelson, by throwing a part of his force between the enemy and the shore, accomplished the great manœuvre of bringing an overwhelming weight of fire on a part of the opposing line. Five ships had thus passed inside the French line, while six ranged outside. After boldly sustaining this storm of fire for six hours, the enemy's ships began to strike; and flames were soon after seen from the Admiral's ship, the *L'Orient*. The blaze rapidly covered this magnificent vessel, and threw a light on the contending fleets, the surrounding sea, and the shore, on which French troops and Arabs had gathered to see the battle. At length she blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake every ship, and cover them with blazing fragments. Nelson, though wounded severely in the head, and carried below decks, on hearing that the *L'Orient* was on fire, got up alone, and made his way to the quarterdeck, when, with that humanity which formed so conspicuous a part of his gallant nature, he ordered his boats out to save the enemy's officers and seamen who were jumping overboard.

By daylight the victory was seen to be complete. Of the thirteen French sail of the line, two were burned and nine taken; of their four frigates, one was burned and one sunk—two sail of the line and two frigates alone escaping, from the inability of the crippled English ships to follow them. The British loss was 895 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was dreadful: 5225 killed; 3105 wounded and prisoners, subsequently sent on shore, *on their parole*, not to serve until exchanged. But Napoleon, who despised such punctilios, instantly incorporated into his army all who were able to march, and made a regiment out of those remnants of the battle.

The mighty warrior who gained this victory became instantly and justly the object of European admiration. He was loaded with honours by the Allied Courts; England gave him a pension of L.2000 a-year, with that title which he had so nobly contemplated on his first sight of the enemy: "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

Pitt's reply to the charge, that England had been too frugal of her honours on this great occasion, was worthy of a Greek orator.

"Admiral Nelson's fame will be coeval with the British name. And it will be remembered that he gained the greatest naval victory on record; when no man will think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl."

The fate of the *L'Orient* seemed to be characteristic of that retribution which so sternly pursued the enterprise. On board of that vessel Napoleon had amassed the plunder from the churches of Malta: she was load-

ed with plate and sacred ornaments, infamously torn from the altars of the island. And though the worship was that of a corrupt belief, yet we must remember that those treasures were devoted to religion, however imperfectly known; and that they were carried away in the open scorn of homage to God and justice to man. It is supposed that the whole of this sacrilegious pillage went to the bottom with this doomed vessel. In the flames that consumed the *L'Orient*, as in the handwriting on the banquet-wall of the Babylonian king, was marked the final destiny of the profane.

THE BATTLE.

WHAT see I on this barren strand?—

A burning sky, a burning sand,
A shipless sea, a lifeless land!

Yet Time! thou old destroyer, Time,
Thou'st seen it earth's most glorious clime,
All throne and temple—all sublime.

Of earth's wild drama wildest stage;
Of mind's first flight, war's darkest rage,
The Soldier, and the Archimage!

Then sank its sun in midnight gloom;
Its life was treasured in the tomb.
Egypt was all—the Catacomb!

Yet on that strand was Europe freed!
The world beheld that battle bleed;
And mighty England did the deed.

'Twas eve; and on the horizon pale,
Like cloud on cloud, uprose the sail;
And warrior-echoes fill'd the gale.

There, squadron'd on the sunset tide,
With day's last gold and amber dyed,
Came Britain's sea-kings in their pride.

Splendid the thronging pomp swept on,
To cannon-fire and trumpet tone;
Each war-ship like a floating throne.

Who led them on? A deathless name,
That through their bosoms shot like flame—
Nelson! the noblest son of fame!

Startled, yet stern, the Frenchman's line
Saw in the sun the red-cross shine,
And felt it Ruin's judgment-sign.

Then blazed the gun—then burst the shell,
Then thick the muskets' fire-shower fell,
And all was thunder, shout, and yell!

'Tis night—the peal comes long and loud,
 Each thunderer roaring from his cloud—
 Each wrapp'd in his own sulphurous shroud.

'Tis midnight; but athwart the haze,
 What startling splendour blasts the gaze?
 Huge L'Orient! thine that fatal blaze.

Round mast and flag the flame-wreaths soar;
 Red rolls the surge, like molten ore:
 Starts into spectral light the shore.

The anchors part. No more she clings
 To shore or sand. Afar she springs,
 The whirlwind and the flame her wings.

The fight is hush'd at once! no sound
 Bursts from the brazen ramparts round:
 The Briton's heart his hand has bound.

But, where the desert meets the glare,
 Ring on the melancholy air
 Howls of a mighty host's despair.

There, by the corpse-strewn waters stood,
 In the mind's more than solitude,
 The Man of glory and of blood!

NAPOLEON: no! great homicide!
 A wilder sand, a wilder tide,
 Must give the moral of thy pride.

The magazine's fired!—One horrid roar
 Bursts round the sky, the sea, the shore.
 L'Orient—thy last, fierce fight is o'er.

Down darts she, through the whirlpool, down;
 To leave the shoals of Egypt strown
 With wealth of many a shrine and throne.

Morn rose in beauty. Broadly roll'd
 The red-cross flag its victor fold.
 Fallen Tricolor, thy tale was told!

All calm, that lovely light beneath,
 The sabre slumber'd in its sheath,
 The cannon held its fiery breath.

Though Britain's blood was pour'd like rain,
 Not one bright drop was shed in vain—
 The combat shiver'd Europe's chain!

Where is that combat's victor? Gone.
 His fame was like a star, alone!
 He *will'd* to conquer—and 'twas done.

One bolder deed was yet untried—
 A vassal world his flag defied:
 He smote it at a blow—and died!

ON THE ESSENES.

PART II.

WE have sketched rapidly, in the first part of our essay, some outline of a theory with regard to the Essenes, confining ourselves to such hints as are suggested by the accounts of this sect in Josephus. And we presume that most readers will go along with us so far as to acknowledge some shock, some pause given to that blind acquiescence in the Bible statement which had hitherto satisfied them. By the Bible statement we mean, of course, nothing which any inspired part of the Bible tells us—on the contrary, one capital reason for rejecting the old notions is, the total silence of the Bible; but we mean that little explanatory note on the Essenes, which our Bible translators under James I. have thought fit to adopt, and in reality to adopt from Josephus, with a reliance on his authority which closer study would have shown to be unwarranted. We do not wonder that Josephus has been misappreciated by Christian readers. It is painful to read any author in a spirit of suspicion; most of all, that author to whom we must often look as our only guide. Upon Josephus we are compelled to rely for the most affecting section of ancient history. Merely as a scene of human passion, the main portion of his *Wars* transcends, in its theme, all other histories. But considered also as the agony of a mother church, out of whose ashes arose, like a phoenix, that filial faith “which passeth all understanding,” the last conflict of Jerusalem and her glorious temple exacts from the devotional conscience as much interest as would otherwise be yielded by our human sympathies. For the circumstances of this struggle we must look to Josephus: him or none we must accept for witness. And in such a case, how painful to suppose a hostile heart in every word of his deposition! Who could bear to take the account of a dear friend’s last hours and farewell words from one who confessedly hated him?—one word melting us to tears, and the next rousing us to the duty of jealousy and distrust! Hence we do not wonder at the pious

fraud which interpolated the well-known passage about our Saviour. Let us read any author in those circumstances of time, place, or immediate succession to the cardinal events of our own religion, and we shall find it a mere postulate of the heart, a mere necessity of human feeling, that we should think of him as a Christian; or, if not absolutely that, as every way disposed to be a Christian, and falling short of that perfect light only by such clouds as his hurried life or his personal conflicts might interpose. We do not blame, far from it—we admire those who find it necessary (even at the cost of a little self-delusion) to place themselves in a state of charity with an author treating such subjects, and in whose company they were to travel through some thousands of pages. We also find it painful to read an author and to loathe him. We too would be glad to suppose, as a possibility about Josephus, what many adopt as a certainty. But we know too much. Unfortunately, we have read Josephus with too scrutinizing (and, what is more, with too combining) an eye. We know him to be an unprincipled man, and an ignoble man; one whose adhesion to Christianity would have done no honour to our faith—one who most assuredly was not a Christian—one who was not even in any tolerable sense a Jew—one who was an enemy to *our* faith, a traitor to his own: as an enemy, vicious and ignorant; as a traitor, steeped to the lips in superfluous baseness.

The vigilance with which we have read Josephus, has (amongst many other hints) suggested some with regard to the Essenes: and to these we shall now make our own readers a party; after stopping to say, that thus far, so far as we have gone already, we count on their assent to our theory, were it only from those considerations: First, the exceeding improbability that a known philosophic sect amongst the Jews, chiefly distinguished from the other two by its *moral* aspects, could have lurked unknown to the Evangelists; Secondly,

the exceeding improbability that such a sect, laying the chief burden of its scrupulosity in the matter of oaths, should have bound its members by "tremendous" oaths of secrecy in a case where there was nothing to conceal; Thirdly, the staring contradictoriness between such an avowal on the part of Josephus, and his deliberate revelation of what he fancied to be their creed. The objection is too inevitable: either you have taken the oaths or you have not. You *have*? Then by your own showing you are a perjured traitor. You *have not*? Then you confess yourself to speak from no personal knowledge. How can you know any thing of their *secret* doctrines? The seal is wanting to the record.

However, it is possible that some people will evade this last dilemma, by suggesting—that Josephus wrote for Roman readers—for strangers—and for strangers after any of his countrymen who might be interested in the secret, had perished; if not personally perished, at least as a body politic. The last vestiges of the theoretical government had foundered with Jerusalem; and it might be thought by a better man than Josephus, that all obligations of secrecy had perished in the general wreck.

We need not dispute that point. There is enough in what remains. The positive points of contact between the supposed Essenes and the Christians are too many to be got over. But upon these we will not at present insist. In this place we confine ourselves to the two points: 1. Of the universal silence amongst Christian writers, who, of all parties, would have felt it most essential to notice the Essenes, had there existed such a sect antecedently to Christ: and, 2. Of the absurdity involved in exacting an inexorable concealment from those who had nothing to reveal.

But then recollect, reader, precisely the Christian truths, which stood behind the *exoteric* doctrines of the Essenes, were the truths hidden from Josephus. Reason enough there was for concealment, if the Essenes were Christians; and reason more than was ever known to Josephus. But then, this reason for concealment in the Essenes could be known only to him who was aware that they had something to conceal. He who saw

only the mask, supposing it to be the true face, ought to have regarded the mystifying arrangements as perfect mummery. He that saw the countenance behind the masque—a countenance sweet as Paradise, but fearful as the grave at that particular time in Jerusalem, would never ask again for the motives to this concealment. Those he would apprehend in a moment. But as to Josephus, who never *had* looked behind the mask, the order for concealment, the adjurations to concealment, the vows of concealment, the adamantine walls of separation between the different orders of the fraternity, in order to ensure concealment, ought to have been, must have been regarded by him, as the very hyperbole of childishness.

Partly because Josephus was in this state of darkness, partly from personal causes, has he failed to clear up the secret history of Judea, in her final, that is her epichristian generation. The evidences of his having failed are two,—1st, the absolute fact, as existing in his works; which present us with a mere anarchy of incidents, as regards the politics of his own times, under no law of cohesion whatsoever, or of intelligible derivation,—2dly, the *a priori* necessity that he *should* fail; a necessity laid in the very situation of Josephus—as a man of servile temper placed amongst elements that required a Maccabee, and as a man without principle, who could not act so that his actions would bear to be reported without disguise, and as one in whom no confidence was likely to be lodged by the managers of great interests, or the depositories of great secrets.

This view of things summons us to pause, and to turn aside from our general enquiry into a special one as to Josephus. Hitherto we have derived our arguments on the Essenes from Josephus, as a *willing* witness—a volunteer even. But now we are going to extort our arguments; to torture him, to put him on the rack, to force him into confession; and upon points which he has done his best to darken, by throwing dust in the eyes of us all. Why?—because hand in hand with the truth must go the exposure of himself. Josephus stands right in the very doorway of the light, purposely obscuring it. A glare comes round by side snatches; oblique rays, stray gleams,

from the truth which he so anxiously screens. But before the real state of things can be guessed at, it is necessary to destroy this man's character.

Now, let us try to appreciate the exact position and reasonable credibility of Josephus, as he stands at present, midway between us a distant posterity, and his own countrymen of his own times, sole interpreter, sole surviving reporter, having all things his own way, nobody to contradict him, nobody to taint his evidence with suspicion. His case is most remarkable; and yet, though remarkable, is not so rare but that many times it must have occurred in private (sometimes in public) life. It is the case of a solitary individual surviving out of a multitude embarked in a desperate enterprise—some playing one part, (a part, suppose, sublime and heroic,) some playing another, (base, treacherous, fiendish.) Suddenly a great convulsion involves all in one common ruin, this man only excepted. He now finds himself with a *carte blanche* before him, on which he may inscribe whatever romance in behalf of himself he thinks proper. The whole field of action is open to him—the whole field of motives. He may take what side he will. And be assured that, whatever part in the play he assumes, he will give himself the best of characters. For courage you will find him a Maccabee. His too tender heart interfered, or he could have signalized his valour even more emphatically. And, descending to such base things as treasures of money, jewels, land, &c., the chief part of what had been captured, was of course (strictly speaking) his own property. What impudent falsehood, indeed, may such a man *not* bring forward, when there is nobody to confront him?

But *was* there nobody? Reader, absolutely nobody. Prisoners captured with himself at Jotopata there were none—not a man. That fact, indeed—the inexorable fact, that he only endured to surrender—that one fact, taken with the commentary which we could furnish as to the circumstances of the case, and the Jewish casuistry under those circumstances, is one of the many damning features of his tale. But *was* there nobody, amongst the ninety thousand prisoners taken at Jerusalem, who could have spoken to parts of this man's public

life? Doubtless there were; but to what purpose for people in their situation to come forward? One and all, positively without a solitary exception, they were themselves captives, slaves condemned, despairing. Ten thousand being selected for the butcheries of the Syrian amphitheatres, the rest were liable to some punishment equally terrific; multitudes were perishing of hunger; under the mildest award, they were sure of being sentenced to the stone quarries of Egypt. Wherefore, in this extremity of personal misery and of desperate prospects, should any man find himself at leisure for a vengeance on one happier countryman which could bring no profit to the rest? Still, in a case so questionable as that of Josephus, it is possible enough that Titus would have sought some further light amongst the prisoners under any ordinary circumstances. In his heart, the noble Roman must have distrusted Josephus and his vain-glorious account of himself. There were circumstances outstanding, many and strong, that must have pointed his suspicions in that direction; and the very conversation of a villain is sure to entangle him in contradictions. But it was now too late to move upon that inquest. Josephus himself acknowledges, that Vespasian was shrewd enough from the first to suspect him for the sycophantish knave that he was. But that time had gone by. And, in the interval, Josephus had used his opportunities skilfully; he had performed that particular service for the Flavian family, which was the one *desideratum* they sought for and yearned for. By his pretended dreams, Josephus had put that seal of heavenly ratification to the ambitious projects of Vespasian, which only was wanting for the satisfaction of his soldiers. The service was critical. What Titus said to his father is known:—This man, be he what he may, has done a service to *us*. It is not for men of rank like us to haggle and chaffer about rewards. Having received a favour, we must make the reward princely; not what he deserves to receive, but what is becoming for us to grant. On this consideration these great men acted. Sensible that, not having hanged Josephus at first, it was now become their duty to reward him, they did not do the thing by halves. Not con-

tent with releasing him from his chains, they sent an officer to cut his chains to pieces—that being a symbolic act by which the Romans abolished the very memory and legal record that ever a man had been in confinement. The fact is, that amongst the Roman public virtues in that age, was an intense fidelity to engagements; and where they had even tacitly permitted a man to form hopes, they fulfilled them beyond the letter. But what Titus said to his staff, though naturally not put on record by Josephus, was very probably this:—"Gentlemen, I see you look upon this Jew as a poltroon, and perhaps worse. Well, possibly we don't much differ upon that point. But it has become necessary to the public service that this man should be reinstated in credit. He will now, perhaps, turn over a new leaf. If he does not, kick him to Hades. But, mean time, give the man a trial."

Such, there can be little doubt, was the opinion of Cæsar about this man. But now it remains to give our own, with the reasons on which it rests.

I. First of all—which we bring merely as a proof of his habitual mendacity—in one of those tongue-doughty orations, which he represents himself as having addressed to the men of Jerusalem, they standing on the walls patiently, with paving-stones in their hands, to hear a renegade abuse them by the hour, [such is his lying legend,] Josephus roundly asserts that Abraham, the patriarch of their nation, had an army of 360,000 troops, that is, somewhere about seventy-five legions—an establishment beyond what the first Cæsars had found requisite for mastering the Mediterranean sea with all the nations that belted it—that is, a ring fence of 5000 miles by 700 on an average. Now, this is in the style of the Baron Munchausen. But it is worthy of a special notice, for two illustrations which it offers of this renegade's propensities. One is the abject homage with which he courted the Roman notice. Of this lie, as of all his lies, the primary purpose is, to fix the gaze and to court the admiration of the Romans. Judea, Jerusalem—these were objects never in his thoughts; it was Rome, the haven of his apostasy, on which his anxieties settled. Now, it is a judgment upon the man who carried these purposes

in his heart—it is a judicial retribution—that precisely this very lie, shaped and pointed to conciliate the Roman taste for martial splendour, was probably the very ground of that disgust which seems to have alienated Tacitus from his works. Apparently Josephus should have been the foremost authority with this historian for Jewish affairs. But enough remains to show that he was not; and it is clear that the confidence of so sceptical a writer must have been shaken from the very first by so extravagant a tale. Abraham, a mere stranger and colonist in Syria, whose descendants in the third generation mustered only seventy persons in emigrating to Egypt, is here placed at the head of a force greater than great empires had commanded or had needed. And from what resources raised? From a little section of Syria, which (supposing it even the personal domain of Abraham) could not be equal to Wales. And for what objects? To face what enemies? A handful of robbers that might congregate in the desert. Such insufferable fairy tales must have vitiated the credit even of his rational statements; and it is thus pleasant to see the apostate missing one reward which he courted, purely through his own eagerness to buy it at the price of truth. But a second feature which this story betrays in the mind of Josephus, is the thorough defect of Hebrew sublimity and scriptural simplicity which mark his entire writing. How much more impressive is the picture of Abraham, as the father of the faithful, the selected servant and feudatory of God, sitting in the wilderness, majestically reposing at the door of his tent, surrounded by a little camp of servants and kinsmen, a few score of camels and a few herds of cattle, than in the melodramatic attitude of a general, belted and plumed, with a glittering staff of officers at his orders? But the mind of Josephus, always irreligious, was now violently warped into a poor imitation of Roman models. He absolutely talks of "*liberty*" and "*glory*," as the moving impulses of Hebrew saints; and does his best to translate the Maccabees, and many an elder soldier of the Jewish faith, into poor theatrical mimics of Spartans and Thebans. This depravity of taste, and abjuration of his national characteristics, must not be

overlooked in estimating the value whether of his opinions or his statements. We have evidence superabundant to these two features in the character of Josephus—that he would distort every thing in order to meet the Roman taste, and that he had originally no sympathy whatsoever with the peculiar grandeur of his own country.

II. It is a remarkable fact, that Josephus never speaks of Jerusalem and those who conducted its resistance, but in words of abhorrence and of loathing that amounts to frenzy. Now, in what point did they differ from himself? Change the name Judea to Galilee, and the name Jerusalem to Jotopata, and their case was his case; and the single difference was—that the men, whom he reviles as often as he mentions them, had persevered to martyrdom, whilst he—he only—had snatched at life under any condition of ignominy. But precisely in that difference lay the ground of his hatred. He could not forgive those whose glorious resistance (glorious, were it even in a mistaken cause) emblazoned and threw into relief his own apostasy. This we cannot dwell on; but we revert to the question—What had the people of Jerusalem done, which Josephus had not attempted to do?

III. Whiston, another Caliban worshipping another Trinculo, finds out a divinity in Josephus, because, on being brought prisoner to Vespasian, he pretended to have seen in a dream that the Roman general would be raised to the purple. Now,

1. When we see Cyrus lurking in the prophecies of Isaiah, and Alexander in those of Daniel, we apprehend a reasonableness in thus causing the spirit of prophecy to settle upon those who were destined to move in the great cardinal revolutions of this earth. But why, amongst all the Cæsars, must Vespasian, in particular, be the subject of a prophecy, and a prophecy the most thrilling, from the mysterious circumstances which surrounded it, and from the silence with which it stole into the mouths of all nations? The reigns of all the three Flavian Cæsars, Vespasian, with his sons Titus and Domitian, were memorable for nothing: with the sole exception of the great revolution in Judea, none of them were marked by any

great event; and all the three reigns combined filled no important space of time.

2. If Vespasian, for any incomprehensible reason, were thought worthy of being heralded by a prophecy, what logic was there in connecting him with Syria? That which raised him to the purple, that which suggested him to men's minds, was his military eminence, and this was obtained in Britain.

3. If the mere local situations from which any uninteresting emperor happened to step on to the throne, merited this special glorification from prophecy, why was not many another region, town, or village, illustrated in the same way? That Thracian hamlet, from which the Emperor Maximin arose, had been pointed out to notice *before the event* as a place likely to be distinguished by some great event. And yet, because this prediction had merely a personal reference, and no relation at all to any great human interest, it was treated with little respect, and never crept into a general circulation. So of this prophecy with respect to one who should rise out of the East, and should ultimately stretch his sceptre over the whole world, (*rerum potiretur*;) if Josephus is allowed to ruin it by his sycophancy, instantly, from the rank of a Hebrew prophecy—a vision seen by “the man whose eyes God had opened”—it sinks to the level of a vagrant gipsy's gossip. What! shall Rome combine with Jerusalem?—for we find this same mysterious prediction almost verbally the same in Suetonius and in Tacitus, no less than in the Jewish prophets. Shall it stretch not only from the east to the west in point of space, but through the best part of a thousand years in point of time, all for the sake of preparing one day's adulatory *nuzzur*, by which a trembling Jew may make his propitiation to an intriguing lieutenant of Cæsar? And how came it that Whiston (who, to do him justice, was too pious to have abetted an infidel trick, had his silliness suffered him to see through it) failed to perceive this consequence? If the prophecy before us belong to Vespasian, then does it *not* belong to Christ. And in that case, the worst error of the Herodian Jews, who made the Messiah prophecies terminate in Herod, is ratified by Chris-

tians ; for between Herod and Vespasian the difference is none at all, as regards any interest of religion. Can human patience endure the spectacle of a religious man, from perfect folly, combining in their very worst efforts with those whom it was the object of his life to oppose ?

4. But finally, once for all, to cut sharp off by the roots this corruption of a sublime prophecy, and to re-enthroned it in its ancient sanctity, it was not in the "*Orient*" (which both technically meant Syria in that particular age, and is acknowledged to mean it here by all parties) that Vespasian obtained the purple. The oracle, if it is to be translated from a Christian to a pagan oracle, ought at least to speak the truth. Now, it happens not to have been Syria in which Vespasian was saluted emperor by the legions, but Alexandria ; a city which, in that age, was in no sense either in Syria or in Egypt. So that the great prophecy, if it is once suffered to be desecrated by Josephus, fails even of a *literal* fulfilment.

IV. Mean time, all this is a matter of personal falsehood in a case of trying personal interest. Even under such a temptation, it is true that a man of generosity, to say nothing of principle, would not have been capable of founding his own defence upon the defamation of his nobler compatriots. But in fact it is ever thus : he, who has sunk deepest in treason, is generally possessed by a double measure of rancour against the loyal and the faithful. What follows, however, has respect—not to truth personal, truth of fact, truth momentary,—but to truth absolute, truth doctrinal, truth eternal. Let us preface what we are going to say, by directing the reader's attention to this fact : how easy it is to observe any positive feature in a man's writings or conversation—how rare to observe the negative features ; the *presence* of this or that characteristic is noticed in an hour, the absence shall often escape notice for years. That a friend, for instance, talks habitually on this or that literature, we know as familiarly as our own constitutional tastes ; that he does *not* talk of any given literature, (the Greek suppose,) may fail to strike us through a whole life, until somebody happens to point our

attention in that direction, and then perhaps we notice it in every hour of our intercourse. This only can excuse the various editors, commentators, translators, of Josephus for having overlooked one capital omission in this author ; it is this—*never in one instance does Josephus allude to the great prophetic doctrine of a Messiah.*

To suppose him ignorant of this doctrine is impossible ; it was so mixed up with the typical part of the Jewish religion, so involved in the ceremonies of Judaism, even waiving all the Jewish writers, that no Jew whatever, much less a master in Israel, a Pharisee, a doctor of the law, a priest, all which Josephus proclaims himself, could fail to know of such a doctrine, even if he failed to understand it, or failed to appreciate its importance.

Why, then, has Josephus suppressed it ? For this reason : the doctrine offers a dilemma—a choice between two interpretations—one being purely spiritual, one purely political. The first was offensive and unintelligible (as was every thing else in his native religion beyond the merely ceremonial) to his own worldly heart ; *the other would have been offensive to the Romans.* The mysterious idea of a Redeemer, of a Deliverer, if it were taken in a vast spiritual sense, was a music like the fabled Arabian voices in the desert—utterly inaudible when the heart is deaf, and the sympathies untuned. The fleshly mind of Josephus every where shows its incapacity for any truths, but those of sense. On the other hand, the idea of a political deliverer—that was comprehensible enough ; but, unfortunately, it was too comprehensible. It was the very watchword for national conspiracies ; and the Romans would state the alternative thus : The idea of a great deliverer is but another name for insurrection against us—of a petty deliverer is incompatible with the grandeur implied by a vast prophetic machinery. Without knowing much, or caring any thing about the Jewish prophecies, the Romans were sagacious enough to perceive two things—1st, that most nations, and the Jews above all others, were combined by no force so strongly as by one which had the reputation of a heavenly descent ; 2dly, that a series of prophecies, stretching from the century before Cyrus to the age of Pericles,

(confining ourselves to the prophets from Isaiah to Haggai) was most unlikely to find its adequate result and consummation in any petty change—any change short of a great national convulsion or revolution.

Hence it happened, that no mode in which a Roman writer *could* present the Jewish doctrine of a Messiah, was free from one or other of the objections indicated by the great Apostle: either it was too spiritual and mysterious, in which case it was “foolishness” to himself; or it was too palpably the symbol of a political interest, too real in a worldly sense, in which case it was a “stone of offence” to his Roman patrons—generally to the Roman people; specially to the Roman leaders. Josephus found himself between Scylla and Charybdis if he approached that subject. And therefore it was that he did *not* approach it.

V. Yet, in this evasion of a theme which interested every Jew, many readers will see only an evidence of that timidity and servile spirit which must, of course, be presumed in one who had sold the cause of his country. His evasion, they will say, does not argue any peculiar carelessness for truth; it is simply one instance amongst hundreds of his mercenary cowardice. The doctrine of a Messiah was the subject of dispute even to the Jews—the most religious and the most learned. Some restrained it to an earthly sense; some expanded it into a glorified hope. And, though a double sense will not justify a man in slighting both senses, still the very existence of a dispute about the proper acceptation of a doctrine, may be pleaded as some palliation for a timid man, in seeking to pass it *sub silentio*. But what shall we say to this coming count in the indictment? Hitherto Josephus is only an apostate, only a traitor, only a libeller, only a false-witness, only a liar; and as to his Jewish faith, only perhaps a coward, only perhaps a heretic. But now he will reveal himself (in the literal sense of that word) as a *miscreant*; one who does not merely go astray in his faith, as all of us may do at times, but pollutes his faith by foul adulterations, or undermines it by knocking away its props—a *misbeliever*, not in the sense of a heterodox believer, who errs as to some point in

the superstruction, but as one who unsettles the foundations—the eternal substructions. In one short sentence, Josephus is not ashamed to wrench out the keystone from the great arch of Judaism; so far as a feeble apostate's force will go, he unlocks the whole cohesion and security of that monumental faith upon which, as its basis and plinth, is the “starry-pointing” column of our Christianity. He delivers it to the Romans, as sound Pharisaic doctrine; that God had enjoined upon the Jews the duty of respectful homage to all epichorialis or national deities—to all idols, that is to say, provided their rank were attested by a suitable number of worshippers. The Romans applied this test to the subdivisions amongst princes; if a prince ruled over a small number of subjects, they called him (without reference to the original sense of the word) a tetrarch; if a certain larger number, an ethnarch; if a still larger number, a king. So again, the number of throats cut determined the question between a triumph and an ovation. And upon the same principle, if we will believe Josephus, was regulated the public honour due to the Pagan deities. Count his worshippers—call the roll over.

Does the audacity of man present us with such another instance of perfidious *miscreancy*? God the Jehovah anxious for the honour of Jupiter and Mercury! God, the Father of light and truth, zealous on behalf of those lying deities, whose service is every where described as “whoredom and adultery!” He who steadfastly reveals himself as “a jealous God,” jealous also (if we will believe this apostate Jew) on behalf of that impure Pantheon, who had counterfeited his name, and usurped his glory! Reader, it would be mere mockery and insult to adduce on this occasion the solemn denunciations against idolatrous compliances uttered through the great lawgiver of the Jews—the unconditional words of the two first commandments—the magnificent thunderings and lightnings upon the primal question, in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, (which is the most awful peroration to a long series of prophetic comminations that exists even in the Hebrew literature;) or to adduce the endless testimonies to the same effect,

so unvarying, so profound, from all the Hebrew saints, beginning with Abraham and ending with the prophets, through a period of 1500 years.

This is not wanted: this would be superfluous. But there is an evasion open to an apologist of Josephus, which might place the question upon a more casuistical footing. And there is also a colourable vindication of the doctrine in its very worst shape, viz. in one solitary text of the English Bible, according to our received translation. To this latter argument, the answer is—*first*, that the word *gods* is there a mistranslation of an Oriental expression for *princes*; *secondly*, that an argument from an *English* version of the Scriptures, can be none for a Jew, writing A.D. 70; *thirdly*, that if a word, a phrase, an idiom, *could* be alleged from any ancient and contemporary Jewish Scripture, what is one word against a thousand—against the whole current (letter and spirit) of the Hebrew oracles; what, any possible verbal argument against that which is involved in the acts, the monuments, the sacred records of the Jewish people? But this mode of defence for Josephus will scarcely be adopted. It is the amended form of his doctrine which will be thought open to apology. Many will think that it is not the worship of false gods which the Jew palliates, but simply a decent exterior of respect to their ceremonies, their ministers, their altars: and this view of his meaning might raise a new and large question.

This question, however, in its modern shape, is nothing at all to us, when applying ourselves to Josephus. The precedents from Hebrew antiquity show us, that not merely no respect, no lip honour, was conceded to false forms of religion; but no toleration—not the shadow of toleration: “Thine eye shall not spare them.” And we must all be sure that toleration is a very different thing indeed when applied to varieties of a creed essentially the same—toleration as existing amongst *us* people of Christendom, or even when applied to African and Polynesian idolatries, so long as we all know that the citadel of truth is safe, from the toleration applied in an age when the pure faith formed a little island of light in a world of darkness. Intolerance the most ferocious may have been among the sublimest of duties

when the truth was so intensely concentrated, and so intensely militant; all advantages barely sufficing to pass down the lamp of religion from one generation to the next. The contest was for an interest then riding at single anchor. This is a very possible case to the understanding. And that it was in fact the real case, so that no compromise with idolatry could be suffered for a moment; that the Jews were called upon to scoff at idolatry, and spit upon it; to trample it under their feet as the spreading pestilence which would taint the whole race of man irretrievably, unless defeated and strangled by *them*, seems probable in the highest degree, from the examples of greatest sanctity amongst the Jewish inspired writers. Who can forget the blasting mockery with which Elijah overwhelms the prophets of Baal—the greatest of the false deities, Syrian or Assyrian, whose worship had spread even to the Druids of the western islands? Or the withering scorn with which Isaiah pursues the whole economy of idolatrous worship?—how he represents a man as summoning the carpenter and the blacksmith; as cutting down a tree of his own planting and rearing; part he applies as fuel, part to culinary purposes; and then—having satisfied the meanest of his animal necessities—what will he do with the refuse, with the offal? Behold—“of the residue he maketh himself a god!” Or again, who can forget the fierce stream of ridicule, like a flame driven through a blowpipe, which Jeremiah forces with his whole afflatus upon the process of idol-manufacturing? The workman’s part is described as unexceptionable: he plates it with silver and with gold; he rivets it with nails; it is delivered to order, true and in workman-like style, so that as a figure, as a counterfeit, if counterfeits might avail, it is perfect. But then, on examination, the prophet detects oversights: it cannot speak; the breath of life has been overlooked; reason is omitted; pulsation has been left out; motion has been forgotten—it must be carried, “for it cannot go.” Here, suddenly, as if a semichorus stepped in, with a moment’s recoil of feeling, a movement of pity speaks,—“Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil; neither also is it in them to do any good.” But in an instant the recoil is compensated: an

overwhelming reaction of scorn comes back, as with the reflux of a tide; and a full chorus seems to exclaim, with the prophet's voice,—“They (viz. the heathen deities) are altogether brutish and foolish; the stock is a doctrine of vanities.”

What need, after such passages, to quote the express injunction from Isaiah? (chap. xxx. v. 21, 2,) “And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it: *Ye shall defile* the covering of the graven images, &c.; ye shall cast them away as a polluted cloth.” Or this? (chap. xlii. 8,) “I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another; neither my praise to graven images.” Once for all, if a man would satisfy himself upon this question of possible compromises with idolatry, let him run over the eleven chapters of Jeremiah, from the tenth to the twentieth inclusive. The whole sad train of Jewish sufferings, all the vast equipage of woes and captivities that were to pursue them through so many a weary century, are there charged upon that one rebellion of idolatry, which Josephus would have us believe not only to be privileged, but (and *that* is the reason that we call him a miscreant) would have us believe to have been promoted by a collusion emanating from God. In fact, if once it had been said authentically, Pay an outward homage to the Pagan Pantheon, but keep your hearts from going along with it—then, in that countenance to idolatry as a sufferable thing, and in that commendation of it to the forbearance and indulgence of men, would have lurked every advantage that polytheism could have desired for breaking down the total barriers of truth.

Josephus, therefore, will be given up to reprobation; apologist he will find none; he will be abandoned as a profligate renegade, who, having sold his country out of fear and avarice, having sold himself, sold also his religion, and his religion not simply in the sense of selling his individual share in its hopes, but who sold his religion in the sense of giving it up to be polluted in its doctrine for the accommodation of its Pagan enemies.

VI. But, even after all this is said, there are other aggravations of this Jew's crimes. One of these, though

hurrying, we will pause to state. The founder of the Jewish faith foresaw a certain special seduction certain to beset its professors in every age. But how and through what avenues? Was it chiefly through the base and mercenary propensities of human nature that the peril lay? No; but through its gentleness, its goodness, its gracious spirit of courtesy. And in that direction it was that the lawgiver applied his warnings and his resistance. What more natural than that an idolatrous wife should honour the religious rites which she had seen honoured by her parents? What more essential to the dignity of marriage, than that a husband should show a leaning to the opinions and the wishes of his wife? It was seen that this condition of things would lead to a collision of feelings not salutary for man. The condition was too full of strife, if you suppose the man strong—of temptation, if you suppose him weak. How, therefore, was the casuistry of such a situation practically met? By a prohibition of marriages between Jews and pagans; after which, if a man were to have pleaded his conjugal affection in palliation of idolatrous compliances, it would have been answered—“It is a palliation; but for an error committed in consequence of such a connexion. Your error was different; it commenced from a higher point; it commenced in seeking for a connexion which had been prohibited as a snare.” Thus it was that the “wisest heart” of Solomon was led astray. And thus it was in every idolatrous lapse of the Jews;—they fell by these prohibited connexions. Through that channel it was, through the goodness and courtesy of the human heart, that the Jewish law looked for its dangers, and provided for them. But the treason of Josephus came through no such generous cause. It had its origin in servile fear, self-interest the most mercenary, cunning the most wily. Josephus argued with himself—that the peculiar rancour of the Roman mind towards the Jews had taken its rise in religion. The bigotry of the Jews, ~~for~~ so it was construed by those who could not comprehend any possible ground of distinction in the Jewish God, produced a reaction of Roman bigotry. Once, by a sudden movement of condescension, the Senate and people of Rome had been willing to

make room for Jehovah as an assessor to their own Capitoline Jove. This being declined, it was supposed at first that the overture was too overwhelming to the conscious humility of Judea. The truth neither was comprehended, nor could be comprehended; that this miserable Palestine, a dark speck in the blazing orb of the Roman empire, had declined the union upon any principle of superiority. But all things became known in time. This also became known; and the delirious passion of scorn, retorting scorn, was certainly never, before or since, exemplified on the same scale. Josephus, therefore, profoundly aware of the Roman feeling, sets himself, in this audacious falsehood, to propitiate the jealousy so wide awake, and the pride which had been so much irritated. You have been misinformed, he tells the Romans; we have none of that gloomy unsociality which is imputed to us. It is not true that we despise alien gods. We do not worship, but we venerate Jupiter. Our lawgiver commanded us to do so. Josephus hoped in this way to sooth the angry wounds of the Roman spirit. But it is certain that, even for the moment, he could not have succeeded. His countrymen of Jerusalem could not expose him; they had perished. But there were many myriads of his countrymen spread over the face of the world, who would contradict every word that any equivocating Jew might write. And this treachery of Josephus, therefore, to the very primal injunction of his native law, must have been as useless in the event as it was base in the purpose.

VII. Now, therefore, we may ask, was there ever a more abject perfidy committed than this which we have exposed—this deliberate surrender, for a selfish object, of the supremacy and unity in the Jehovah of the Jews—this solemn renunciation of that law and its integrity, in maintenance of which seventy generations of Jews, including weak women and children, have endured the penalties of a dispersion and a humiliation more bitter by many degrees than death? Weighing the grounds of comparison, was a viler treason ever perpetrated? We take upon ourselves to say—No. And yet, even in treason there is sometimes a dignity. It is by possibility a bold act, a perilous act. Even in

this case, though it will hardly be thought such, the treason of Josephus might have been dangerous: it was certainly committed under terror of the Roman sword, but it might have been avenged by the Jewish dagger. Had a written book in those days been as much a *publication* of a man's words as it is now, Josephus would not long have survived that sentence of his *Antiquities*. This danger gives a shadow of respectability to that act of Josephus. And therefore, when it is asked—can a viler act be cited from history? we now answer—Yes: there is one even viler. And by whom committed? By Josephus. Listen, reader.

The overthrow of his country was made the subject of a Roman triumph—of a triumph in which his patrons, Vespasian and his two sons, figured as the centres of the public honour. Judea, with her banners trailing in the dust, was on this day to be carried captive. The Jew attended with an obsequious face, dressed in courtly smiles. The prisoners, who are to die by the executioner when the pomp shall have reached the summit of the hill, pass by in chains. What is their crime? They have fought like brave men for that dear country which the base spectator has sold for a bribe. Josephus, the prosperous renegade, laughs as he sees them, and hugs himself on his cunning. Suddenly a tumult is seen in the advancing crowds—what is it that stirs them? It is the sword of the Maccabees: it is the image of Judas Maccabæus, the warrior-Jew, and of his unconquerable brothers. Josephus grins with admiration of the jewelled trophies. Next—but what shout is that which tore the very heavens? The abomination of desolation is passing by—the Law and the Prophets, surmounted by Capitoline Jove, vibrating his pagan thunderbolts. Judea, in the form of a lady, sitting beneath her palms—Judea, with her head muffled in her robe, speechless, sightless, is carried past. And what does the Jew? He sits, like a modern reporter for a newspaper, taking notes of the circumstantial features in this unparalleled scene, delighted as a child at a puppet-show, and finally weaves the whole into a picturesque narrative. The apologist must not think to evade the effect upon all honourable minds by

supposing the case that the Jew's presence at this scene of triumph over his ruined country, and his subsequent record of its circumstances, might be a movement of frantic passion—bent on knowing the worst, bent on drinking up the cup of degradation to the very last drop. No, no: this escape is not open. The description itself remains to this hour in attestation of the astounding fact, that this accursed Jew surveyed the closing scene in the great agonies of Jerusalem—not with any thought for its frenzy, for its anguish, for its despair, but absorbed in the luxury of its beauty, and with a single eye for its purple and gold. “Off, off, sir!”—would be the cry to such a wretch in any age of the world: to “spit upon his Jewish gaberdine,” would be the wish of every honest man. Nor is there any thoughtful person who will allege that such another case exists. Traitors there have been many: and perhaps traitors who, trusting to the extinction of all their comrades, might have had courage to record their treasons. But certainly there is no other person known to history who did, and who proclaimed that he did, sit as a volunteer spectator of his buried country carried past in effigy, confounded with a vast carnival of rejoicing mobs and armies, echoing their jubilant outcries, and pampering his eyes with ivory and gold, with spoils, and with captives, torn from the funeral pangs of his country. That case is unique, without a copy, without a precedent.

So much for Josephus. We have thought it necessary to destroy that man's character, on the principles of a king's ship in levelling bulk-heads and partitions when clearing for action. Such a course is requisite for a perfect freedom of motion. Were Josephus trustworthy, he would sometimes prove an impediment in the way of our views: and it is because he has been too carelessly received as trustworthy, that more accurate glimpses

have not been obtained of Jewish affairs in more instances than one. Let the reader understand also that, as regards the Essenes, Josephus is not trustworthy on a double reason; first, on account of his perfidy, as now sufficiently exposed, which too often interfered to make secondary perfidies requisite, by way of calling off the field of hunters from his own traces in the first; secondly, because his peculiar situation as a Pharisaic doctor of the law, combined with his character, (which surely could not entirely have concealed itself in any stage of his public life,) must have made it necessary for the Essenes to trust him very cautiously, and never to any extent that might have been irretrievable in the event of his turning informer. The Essenes, at all events, had *some* secret to guard; in any case, therefore, they were responsible for the lives of all their members, so far as they could be affected by confidences reposed; and, if that secret happened to be Christianity, then were they trebly bound to care and jealousy, for that secret involved not only many lives, but a mighty interest of human nature, so that a single instance of carelessness might be the most awful of crimes. Hence we understand at once why it is that Josephus never advanced beyond the lowest rank in the secret society of the Essenes. His worldly character, his duplicity, his weakness, were easily discerned by the eagle-eyed fathers of Christianity. Consequently, he must be viewed as under a perpetual *surveillance* from what may be called the *police* of history—liable to suspicion as one who had a frequent interest in falsehood, in order to screen himself; secondly, as one liable to unintentional falsehood, from the indisposition to trust him. Having now extracted the poison-fangs from the Jewish historian, we will take a further notice of his history in relation to the Essenes in our next number.

ANOTHER PASSAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Is it a mark of age, Eusebius, that I am gliding into garrulity? Never mind if it be; age is respectable, and has its pleasures, one of which may be in remembering the pains of youth. My garrulity now, however, must be laid at your door; for if you demand another "passage of my autobiography," I must needs run on egotistically babbling, till you will perhaps think me advancing to my second childhood. But what passages of life have I worth noting? Yet Mr Babbage has told us that the most insignificant word we utter, through the motion it gives to the air, has its influence over the whole material world, so that involuntarily we shape it to be what it is and what it will be. If so with the external, who can deny the influences of things in the moral world? So here I am swimming grandly by help of Mr Babbage's philosophical corks; and, like many other speculators, float upon the surface, unconscious of the depth beneath the argument. It is time, if I am to give you a new passage, to swim "*sine cortice*." I will therefore tell you an incident to which perhaps I owe all the sense of the ridiculous I possess; and which, trifling as it was in itself, upon much less grand surmises than Mr Babbage's, may have altered (if that be possible—so I will say fixed) the destiny of more than one individual. The incident, too, was ridiculous in itself, and, like an April day, had as much wet as dry. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*." It has been said to the praise of some extraordinary wits, that they have "set the table in a roar;" but I have flooded a whole community in their own tears, and from those tears have I drawn mirth to myself ever since. I had before that, no perception of the ridiculous; yet that perhaps may not be quite true, and truth in minute things leads to truth in great. I do therefore confess to something like a sense of the ridiculous, to my shame be it said, when my excellent and really learned father read to his numerous children learned discourses on a Sunday evening. I used to think Banbury's caricature of such a demure family party, must have been intended

for us. The affected gravity, the secret mimicry, the ill-suppressed laughter, and occasional nodding of the elder branches, I well remember; and that is all of my childhood that I do remember that I could laugh at: the rest was lachrymose enough. We all come into the world crying, and for a very long period shed tears as fast as eyes can make them, naturally. Laughter is an acquirement, an art—risibility the very mark, the sign, according to some, of our rational humanity. Did you ever, Eusebius, think how this propensity to crying is first combated—how it is even got over? You ought to know, for therein you are a "master of arts," and have always an extempore laugh ready to overthrow the natural bias. How do we ever acquire a sense of the ridiculous? I have often thought, as I have seen the extraordinary grimaces that nurses make to infants and children, that they must be the real teachers of the ridiculous. They look at children as no other human beings do, and speak as strangely, "*Nec vox hominem sonat*." Perhaps I had a grave nurse, and was therefore all my childhood in the fatuity of dulness and matter of fact. Perhaps, like Pan's nurse, she was more frightened than pleased to flatter, at my infantine ugliness.

"For the nurse in dismay

Ran frighten'd away,

When she saw the babe bearded and bluff."

Even now I am not going to tell you an anecdote of laughing but of crying, and that in so extraordinary a degree, that I made all about me cry; and, speaking of crying, I may observe that I used to think it very odd, when I came to read the classics at the venerable College of St Mary's Winton, that the masters never made any observations upon the manifest unmanliness of the heroes, some of whom did nothing but cry; and as the books were in the boys' hands morning, noon, and night, so did these heroes appear to be perpetually crying. "Be a man, and don't cry," was the daily, often hourly lesson, even before going to school, and when there the crier was sure to be soundly thrashed. Yet what does he see when he enters, as

he supposes, upon the heroics of learning, and is man enough to read the *Æneid*, but a hero who cries in almost every page? Virgil must have been a "crier general." He cries, his shepherds cry, his cattle cry, certainly his horses—all his men and all his women cry. It is not because he made me cry, which he did, and often, that I hate him; but I do, Eusebius, hate Virgil—from his melancholy *Eclogues* to the scoundrel *Æneas*, and his murder of a better man; and, strange to say, I hate him the more because he compels me to admire him, and in that I understand the hatred of Aristides. His versification, his episodes, must be admired—more than admired; but the vile setting of the jewels is an eyesore—frets, vexes, and hence—hate. How any portion of the sensible or sensitive world could for a moment make a comparison between him and Homer, is past comprehension. The life, the real stir of human action and grand thoughts, delicacy and strength of character, and an infinite variety of portraiture, set off in language that blazes like the mid-day sun, or softens into the mildness of evening light, all that is in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, rendering those works so perfect and apart from every other work, should surely rescue them from comparison with Virgil's twelve dull Books—dull, barring the episodes; and if they only had remained, what much higher notions we should have entertained of the great Roman poet's genius!

Criticism, Eusebius, will not bring on the incident, the subject of this present passage, or rather forthcoming passage of autobiography. In my last, especially towards the conclusion, in truth I cut but a sorry figure, and was somewhat in the predicament of Mr Puff's heroes, about to go off kneeling—the very worst position, under the circumstances, in which I could have presented myself, besides the difficulty of so going off at all; for my mouse-coloured leather breeches were not the most flexible at the joints, so that I fear I rather slurred over that part of the tale, and am there presented like many another tale with no very becoming tail-piece. But if then and there, namely at the College of St Mary's Winton, I made many laugh, I was not very long afterwards fully revenged, for I made all

cry. This was what I was then taught to consider "poetical justice," a cant scholastic term, the sense of which I do not pretend to understand; for justice is justice be it where it will, though in a certain place that shall be nameless it hath sadly to contend with "privilege"—and where the "durissima regna," the most hard power of Rhadamanthus reigns, that punishes before it hears, "castigatque auditque." I told you that when I first went to Winchester College, I went as a commoner—"hinc," again, "illæ lachrymæ;" for had I been one of the "gens togata," I might have been spared my first disgrace, the particular college "exhibition" not desirable—for a college gown has often covered all inexpressible things—and therefore would have both covered my inexpressibles, and what they did not cover. "What have you under your cloak?" said the foolish man to the philosopher. "Age," says he; "it is therefore I put it under my cloak." Let me then describe a college gown—a Winchester college gown—for they are as unlike the strips of things that go by the name gown at Oxford, as an Irishman's frieze coat is to a dandy's swallow-tail. And our college gowns were put to as many uses as ever was Irishman's great-coat. It was a really ample gown, reaching to the heels, open in front, with sleeves that might be called pudding sleeves, if such things could take their names from occasional contents—but such a name would have been far too particular for the *omnium-gatherum* capability and capacity of our sleeves. To say they served for pockets is likewise to fall short in the description—they were, however, not unlike the gigot sleeves that in after times became the lady's fashion. The material of the gown was coarse and thick in substance—though the original intention of the founder, William of Wykeham, was, that they should be of the finest material, whereof so particular was he, that he specified the cost as well as the fineness of texture. But in process of time money changed its value—so the sum was adhered to, and the texture left to take its chance. We did not grumble at that, for it was warm in winter, and pretty much thrown off in summer, when within the college precincts. The sleeves—for it is on that point I wish to be

particular—were fastened by a button round the arm, before reaching the elbow. However, therefore, the contents of these sleeves might have justified the application of the lines descriptive of King Arthur's men, "who wore long hanging sleeves;" of whom it is likewise said, that all of them "were thieves,"—in fact, these sleeves did not hang, excepting that the occasional weight of a goose unsuspended, and for lack of hanging, may have given to them that appearance. Now do not imagine, Eusebius, by this slip, that we were predatory. There are many ways of coming at a goose—very honourable ones too; and upon that subject I will say no more than vouch for the strict honour of all parties concerned, and assert broadly that none ever deserved *basting* but the goose, and he generally *had* it. I said I was only what is termed a commoner when the disaster of the mouse-coloured leathers took place. I should now say, that before the year was out I had the happiness to be a real collegian, having obtained, doubtless by my merit alone, that desirable position in the world. There is an annual election, when those whose ability can work their way off to New College, and those drones who become too big for their hive, are thrust out to make room for others. The examination is not agreeable to a modest youth—a candidate for instant birch and future literature. It takes place in a solemn chamber, in a tower, by and before the capped, and gowned, and banded wardens of the twin colleges of Winton and Oxford—doctors and posers, an odd term, as if their sole business was to "pose" or puzzle; theirs you will perceive, therefore, must be an easy task. The poor boy is put on in some book of Latin, to make the best of it he can. After the account of my Latinity on entering, which I gave you in my last, you will not think it necessary that the young aspirant should be a great commentator. There is on this occasion an odd custom, originating in the purpose of the founder I suppose, that the boys should assist in the chapel as choristers. For after the Latin examination, the warden of Winchester (in my time the famous Grecian and Bishop Huntingford) says to the boy, "Sing, child, sing." This I was, as most were, and are, prepared for, and

the boy has nothing to do but *say*, not sing the line of the psalm—"All people that on earth do dwell." There was, however, one luckless boy, who had not been initiated in this mystery, and, thinking he would not sell his chance for a song, began boldly—"When Dolly was milking her cow." But instantly perceiving it did not take, as many hands were lifted in protest, he said, deprecatingly, that he could sing a few verses of the "Vicar and Moses," if that would do. The posers were posed, general gravity could not trust its own voice. In this predicament, old *Tutor*, as we used to call the warden, looked steadily and awfully at the culprit, and said, "Boy, repeat after me—'All people that on earth do dwell.'" "Now, go away boy"—and away went the songster and all his hopes. The incident I have to tell having nothing to do with singing, I need not assure you that my incantation was not that of Orpheus, though the listening brute and gentle were dissolved in tears around me. It was an annual custom at Winchester for the boys who were the best speakers, to deliver, some their own compositions, some the compositions of those who had more wit than voice, and some to speak celebrated speeches, historical or otherwise, in prose and verse; upon which occasion not only the warden and masters attended, but the *élite* of the town and country came full-dressed to hear the orators, little and big. This took place in the large noble school-room, which was thus well filled. There was a blaze, as a provincial editor might say, of wisdom, fashion, and beauty. I am not going to boast of myself, my dear Eusebius, as one of the orators. In fact, I was always frightened at the sound of my own voice; and though once I was chosen to speak, as being rather a dab at putting the emphasis in the right place, I made, as it seemed, so sad an affair of it, that I never was called upon again to be a public performer. I perfectly recollect my arms not being properly movable in action, but equally extended on both sides, and there fixed, rather on the curve, and the perspiration dropping from my fingers. I thought I was monstrously loud, but believe I only roared "like any sucking-dove." For the rest of the time I remained at

Winchester, I contented myself with instructing others to do what I could not do myself, and have reason to think I made several very pretty speakers. This may seem conceited enough—the practice of the world bears me out. The celebrated “Master Betty” was taught by Gaigh, who, besides his stammer, had an extraordinary nasal intonation. I once heard Bannister take him off in his tuition—“My na-na-name i-is N-N-Nor-val on the Gra-Grampian hills—My fa-a-a-ther fed his fl-fl-flocks.” I said I was not a speaker myself. You know, Eusebius, my voice is even now none of the strongest, nor is it significant—that is, it has no peculiar tone, but falls in with and is lost in the general voice; so that, in asking a lady or gentleman opposite to take a glass of wine with me, I am so often inaudible that I frequently give up the attempt rather than attract observation, from which my foolish innate modesty ever shrinks. That bashful modesty is hereditary—I have it from my father—and it has sadly been in my way; but as to voice, a distressing instance of the weakness of my voice is still fresh in my memory, and still in remembrance makes me feel uncomfortably, though it happened many years ago. I had rode a distance of some miles to breakfast with a friend with whose family I was unacquainted, but, led by a similarity of pursuits, I purposed to visit him for a few hours. The breakfast passed off without my noticing any thing particular in any of his family, and very soon afterwards we were engaged in our pursuit, which in fact was some experiment in painting. This engaged us so long that he made me stay to dine with them, not telling me he had any company, and for such full-dress display I was but little prepared. I was, therefore, completely taken in, when, entering the dining-room just as all were taking their seats, I found a regular dinner party all around me, all strangers. In this predicament, not to look like a dumb fool, I addressed myself to my friend’s sister, whom I had met at breakfast in the morning, with this wise remark,—“What a fine day we have had!” when, to my horror, with an eager and curious look, she put her hand behind her ear, thrusting it forward to hear; upon which, with my usual weak and unfortunate voice, I

repeated this dreadfully common remark. The poor deaf lady turned the other ear. Again “I observed that it is a very fine day, ma’am!”—and now the whole table was directed to us two; She, thinking I had something important to communicate, half-raised herself from her seat, and leaned forward across the table. Again I tried—“I only observed, ma’am, that it is a very fine day.” Still not heard, I was distressed beyond measure—all eyes were upon me. Never shall I forget her searching eyes of eager curiosity to be gratified, and to be disappointed at the expense of silly me! Giving up all hopes of gaining the desired information from me, she turned to the gentleman who sat by her, and who had stentorian lungs, and in a voice rendered more harsh by disappointment and deafness, said, “What does that gentleman say?”

“He says, ma’am,” replied he, with malicious loudness, and a grin for which I could have killed him, “that it is a very fine day!”

“Oh!” quoth my friend’s sister; and not another word did I ever attempt to exchange with her, and never will; and from that day I have a nervous dislike to the company of deaf people. But the time I am now speaking of, that is when I was at Winchester, and about to be the principal actor in a most moving spectacle, I was a real sufferer from that natural weakness of voice. The master I was then under, was afterwards head master. I liked the man as well as a boy of my age could like a master, but he liked not me. He had an antipathy to a weak voice; it irritated him, and an irritated master is no joke to a boy. He was rather singular—I will therefore endeavour to describe him. He was a pale-faced, intelligent, and well-looking man, of rather a commanding height, and slouchy, slovenly manner, with a delightful enthusiasm, occasionally breaking through the visible languor of teaching dull boys, whenever any passage of beauty or interest excited him—then would he stride backwards and forwards the length of his walk across the lower end of the school-room, with a loose fling in his walk, breaking the back of the book, grasped, not held, energetically, and; with a peculiar curl of his mouth resembling a snarl, almost nasally mouthing out the passage. It was

generally believed that he was a man of considerable genius, kept under by habitual indolence; not that he was an inattentive, or, commonly speaking, indolent master—he took great pains with the boys, and made many ripe scholars. At the time I speak of him he was second master. As head master, where his taste and genius came into fairer play, he shone, and won himself a high name, and the love and respect of many, that now through him shine as “lights” in literature and in life. I have seen him in his loose fling of a walk sail up the school-room to take his seat, having on two bands, one at the back of his neck, the other in front, probably the former yesterday’s, which had worked its way round and been forgotten. When not walking, and pleased, he used to rub his leg, across one keee, and snort out Virgil or Horace, the snort terminating in a sort of purr, while he waved his head to and fro with delight. Having described the man, let me now show how I suffered from his antipathy to a weak voice. You must know, Eusebius, that it was of the utmost importance to boys to keep their places, as their position was numbered every day. For instance, suppose the class to consist of twenty-five, the head of the class numbered twenty-five, the second boy twenty-four, and so down; and at the end of the half-year the numbers were added up, and those which had most were advanced to another class. Now, suppose No. 25, or the head boy, to be “put on,” as it was termed; if he made a mistake, the next boy to him was called on to rectify it; if he could, he took the other’s place—if he could not, it went down till some fortunate boy could make the correction: he then became the head boy of the class. So, if a boy in the middle of the class, or lower down, committed an error, the question went down till answered; those who answered it took the places of those who did not—if none answered to the bottom of the class, the question then went to the top of the class, and so on; and who answered it then became head of the class, and had, if he kept his place for the day, the highest mark. Thus, in the studious and clever boys, there was very considerable emulation, though it need not be observed, there were always a sufficient number of drones

who did not participate. Now, to me it was a constant vexation, that with every wish to keep a good position in my class, I never could for any length of time succeed, not from lack of industry or scholarship, such as was then necessary, but from the unfortunate circumstance of having a weak voice. It was an inconceivable injury to me; for, when “put on,” and reading at my best, and, as I thought, loud, the master almost always used to cry out, “Speak louder.” I thought I did so—the command was repeated. I did my best—then, rather irritated, he used to say, “Lose three places.” On I went, as I thought very loud; so thought not he—“Lose three more places,”—then “Lose nine,”—then, with considerable irritation and a spiteful look, “Go to the bottom;” and thus, for no fault of scholarship or industry, I lost the fruits of both. This certainly made me in time very indifferent to the matter—whether I learned industriously or was idle, it was pretty much the same thing. Now, then, to return to my subject. You see I was not likely to be very conspicuous as an orator, upon the occasions of public speaking; at one of which happened the incident which it was my purpose to tell you when I put pen to paper; but as in my last, so in this, there is much wandering. We shall come to it at last, and then you will wonder I did not tell it at first, forgetting that you have had all the advantage of the interest of the curiosity by the delay, and perhaps you will assert that there is less interest in the incident itself. A traveller has often more interesting amusement in the course of his journey than in the object of it; and you now, Eusebius, are an inside passenger in the coach Boyhood, driven by Memory, and at the mercy of old Garulity; you would infallibly therefore go to sleep, and it is as much as I can do as it is to keep you awake, if I did not just gently keep alive expectation. When I ascended to scholastic rank, though no speaker in public myself, I had the vanity to think I could teach others, and took great pains to set up a number of little orators, and frequently have laughed heartily at the awkward squad of eloquence. It is in truth whimsical enough to see a little urchin, taken from his peg-top, give himself all the airs of Alexander.

I will say this to the credit of the scholars—few would have been inclined to kick them for any affectation. In general, the parts were quite underdone. I did not, however, often try very high flights, nor too pathetic—sometimes venturing upon the humorous. My favourite piece for instruction, excepting some Latin which I do not speak of, was Cowper's *Selkirk* on his desolate Island; and often the little insensitive brutes did offend me, cantering so amblingly round the island—

"From the centre all round to the sea;"

and I may very fairly quote another line of that beautiful poem, descriptive of their style—

"Their tameness was shocking to me."

Others were much more ambitious. Heroes, and heroines too, were orally enacted, from the utmost fury to the most diminutive pathetic. There were two especial favourites, and perhaps they are so still at most schools,—*"Alexander's Feast"* and Collins's *"Ode on the Passions."* Justice must be done to the school, however—the numerous burlesques upon these seldom reached a public exhibition. It was amusement enough to a senior boy to seat himself with the dignity of a teacher, and with a little boy before him, say, like another Hamlet, "Speak that speech, I pray you." *"Alexander's Feast"* was the aim of high ambition. Admit a few words, Eusebius, on that celebrated ode, and the other odes on St Cecilia's day. From my very boyhood I disliked the *"Feast."* I thought it not much to the credit of music, that it should turn so great a hero into such a brute. Whether it be from that early prejudice I know not; but I cannot read it now without seeing it, or rather feeling it, to be a splendid burlesque—a travestie of the heroics. It is the very clown turned harlequin, that

"With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres."

That *"seems"* is vile; but we soon have a little more than *"seems, madam! nay, not seems!"*—and here, had the Society for the Suppression of Vice existed, they would have prosecuted *"glorious John"*—

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"The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again."

Did ever any one *look* more like a fool?—but the two following lines are so utterly *contra bonos mores*, that it is best to pass them over, as unfit for a pot-house:—

"With love and wine at once oppress'd."

Nor does the epigrammatic conclusion, however good in a minor piece, or suiting the conceit of an Italian sonnet, please me, though so often repeated and imitated:—

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Pope's ending is perhaps a little less epigrammatical, and that is a wonder for him:—

"His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven."

The antithetical *"mortal and angel"* are not exchanged for the better in *"soul and shade."* A boy in spouting Pope's, thinking perhaps that Pope, according to his nature, meant to be satirical, altered the *or* into *and*, turning at once the pathetic into wit,—and it might have been personally applied by some of the audience—

"Restore, restore Eurydice to life,
Oh, take the husband and return the wife."

I dare say this arose from the vulgar *take the husband*—and then, *"return the wife"* is but a huckstering expression. There is a passage in this *"St Cecilia's Day"* of Pope, perhaps the best in it, that is after all borrowed, as it seems to me, from Dryden's first Ode on the subject; and, though good now, it sinks into insignificance in the comparison. Will you, Eusebius, think it no imitation at all? I do. The kindred trees standing around, show the picture to be an imitation, as well as the whole style.

"High on the stern the Thracian raised
his strain,

While Argos saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main;
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,

Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas and rocks and skies rebound—
To arms! to arms! to arms!"

I am sure you don't like "transported demigods"—it too forcibly makes the Argo a convict-ship—smells of Botany Bay; nor "inflamed with glory's charms." One really seems to see the arrival of those patriots, recently convicted of Russellism, at their place of destination. But here Pope cast a shadow before him he knew nothing of. The lines and the picture are vigorous and vivid. Ten thousand times more magnificent is the wondrous passage in Dryden's first Ode. I had rather be the author of these few lines than the whole "Celebrated Ode," Alexander's Feast:—

"What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could
not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!"

The instant worship, and prostration before the supposed divinity, raises the subject, Music, as high as it is possible to raise it. As a whole, indeed, that first ode is very fine. Is it not strange that Johnson, who speaks of it in such high terms, does not notice this, the most beautiful and most poetical passage in the whole ode? Hear what the Doctor says. He is speaking of Dryden:—

"In his first ode for Cecilia's Day, which is lost in the splendour of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

'From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
The universal frame began;

When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head;

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

—Arise ye more than dead!

Then cold and heat, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes
it ran,

The diapason closing full in man."

Begging the Doctor's pardon, will you not agree with me that this is rather too strong of the conceit? It is almost a pun, and certainly suggests one, for the diapason does but signify the organization of man. Immediately follows the sublime passage quoted, and it is remarkable for its striking force of repetition of rhyme that the music may be all perfect, in which respect the Doctor thinks the first stanza deficient. Hear what further the Doctor says of this ode: "The conclusion is likewise striking, but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry; and I could wish the antithesis of *Music untuning* had found some other place.

'As from the power of sacred lays

The spheres began to move,

And sung the great Creator's praise

To all the blest above:

So when the last and dreadful hour

This crumbling pageant shall devour,

The trumpet shall be heard on high,

The dead shall live, the living die,

And Music shall untune the sky."

However grand this may be, it is nothing to the great original from which it borrows, and deteriorates the grandeur by the last line, which is both a conceit and a meanness, particularly of expression, as inadequate to the idea, false as it is.

Poetry, if not music, has led me astray.

When multitudes are waiting at the great gates for admission to hear the college orators, shall I act showman—with "walk in, gentlemen and ladies?"

When they did assemble on that particular occasion, I assure you, Eusebius, I should have made but a sorry usher to any sight. You know what a *fag* is, with only half his work over: such was I then; for I had not been a year in college, and, but that I was in fact imprisoned, I had a fag-like, vagabond look. I am quite certain that I was so stupid and senseless, that the finest acting in the world would not have drawn me into pathos. I did not care a pin's head for "Panthea and Abradates," some beautiful lines, the composition of one of the promising, and performing too, geniuses of the school; and yet, when the heroine slew herself over the dead body of her husband, how did the handkerchiefs fly out—what tears were shed!—and that, Eusebius, was all my doing—"all my thunder," as old Dennis used to say. We are a little too much in

advance—the company are not yet seated. I wish you had known the great school-room; perhaps you have seen it, picture of rods and all—“*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi*,” and I may add—“*et quorum pars magna fui*.” Imagine the large space well filled—you may see a procession, if you will but shut your outward eyes and open your inner, of wardens, and doctors, and masters, and gentlemen, and ladies, all in their best, making their way between rows of admiring youths, boys, and urchins, to the right as you enter the school, and finally seating themselves on the raised seats of several tiers occupying the end of the room. It is a goodly sight; and there they are waiting to hear the speeches spoken. Of the actors, the vain and ambitious are impatient to begin; the modest, for observe it is summer, and very hot in a crowded room, are suffering under additional perspiration. On their proper seats of dignity sit the wardens, supported a trifle below on either side by the informant, or head master, and second master. At the wardens’ elbow you might see little morocco cases; these are the prize medals, which I always used to think of as Peter Pindar spoke of princesses’ lips—such as

“I never kiss’d, and never shall.”

Now, I dare say you are impatient, and asking, as many others then did, when are the speeches to begin? and there is this difference between you and those enquirers, for you want more to know the end than the beginning. But I must not forget myself; for I assure you I intend yet to be a principal actor. Where was I then?—what doing? Nothing at all; but looking on as well as the pushing crowding boys would let me. Yet here I must crave your permission to have another slight digression; and, believe me, it is necessary to the conclusion, or I would not keep you longer in suspense. I said I was at this time a fag; that is, from my position and standing in the school I was bound to do the bidding of any and all the eighteen seniors. This system is so well understood, that I need not enter into any particulars respecting it. But those were happy times even for the most worked fags. Our dinner hour was six o’clock. We had access to a well-stored cellar of excellent

beer; and enjoyed the singular luxury of drinking it out of silver cups. We had also leather jacks or nipperkins, which were filled every evening, and taken to our chambers, our sleeping apartments, and studying apartments, and banqueting rooms—for here we used to banquet every night after chapel—for which purpose each boy took from the buttery his portion of bread and cheese. And thus after chapel, we all, high and low in the school, big and little, spent a social hour of real enjoyment; and, if it was winter, by the side of an excellent fire. Thus the seventy boys were distributed in seven chambers, so that each chamber had its little social party. Each was a little distinct family, and a tie not unlike that of a family good-will was acknowledged and felt. In former days, one of these chambers was consecrated to the rod, and there remain still perhaps some portion of the representation of the insignia of office. This was the seventh chamber. There is an anecdote handed down of Queen Elizabeth visiting the college, and being taken to this chamber by a boy whom she selected as her cicerone. They say that her Majesty, viewing the picture of the rod, asked the boy how often he had been flogged, to which question he readily replied from Virgil—

“*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*”

We did not always confine ourselves to a bread-and-cheese supper, but occasionally made some important additions. I say occasionally—for we had little need, in a general way, of any thing beyond our allowance, which was ample. We fared well. Excellent mutton. It is not true that there was nothing but mutton. There was boiled beef for luncheon; but it was not eaten; and was regularly taken away for the prisoners in the jail. There was only one thing regarding our eating which was atrocious. We had no plates!—and for knives and forks, he who was not self-provided was not provided with any. For plates we had wooden trenchers; which, besides that they warped in all shapes, were with difficulty, or it would be better to say, not at all kept clean. They were daily scraped—possibly sometimes washed. But the rats and mice used them as well as ourselves, and indeed

made much more free with them ; so that they had the most choice muscat odour. It is to be hoped this useless custom is abolished : there was no necessity for it—it was filthy, and expensive too ; for they were often broken, and not unfrequently dexterously thrown, not without danger of breaking heads. It was said that we were not allowed trencher caps, on account of this danger of throwing ; but we were left with wooden trenchers, much more dangerous weapons.

“ The porker’s snout not nice in diet shows.”

That line is taken from the inscription to the portrait of a “ College Servant”—an ideal, still to be seen “ *vivis coloribus*.” Though not nice in diet, there was little fear that we should act the Trojan and eat our tables—it was as much as we could do to eat off them. Now, with regard to myself, I had, on the day of this public speaking, to provide some extra luxuries for our supper—I totally forget whether of my own accord, and for myself and friends, or by order. I suppose, from the quantity, it must have been for a banquet on a large scale, or for many ; nor do I recollect *how* I provided myself with the materials—whether I sent out of college for them by a chorister, or stole out for them, or whether they were brought to the gates. But the fact is, I was most amply provided ; and with what, do you think ?—with onions ! Never was such a supply ; it was enough to victual a town. How I came to have so many, I cannot now conjecture ; but I well recollect having them in possession just at the moment that there was a general rush to the school, and there was not a place where I could deposit them. What, then, do you think, Eusebius, I did with them ?—put them into my sleeves—so that both sleeves were literally onion-bags. An ass I was certainly ; and not unlike one loaded with my panniers of vegetables, and, like a veritable donkey, I cried because they were not thistles. But the speaking has begun. Panthea is just going to commit suicide over the body of her husband—the tragedy is deep—yet no one seems moved. Soon the heat becomes oppressive ; I am squeezed on all sides, so are my onions. I begin to make a sensation—Panthea is defunct—alas,

unwept for ? But the next piece gains universal applause ; white handkerchiefs are out, scented too with choicest odours, and that circumstance served to disguise the smell of my crushed onions, but not in the least to mitigate their power. The boy speakers warmed under the impression they thought they were making, and I fear some of them exhibited extraordinary capers. Pressed as I was, for I was but small, I was nearly suffocated, when, by dint of exertion in insinuating myself, I contrived to effect a standing upon one of the cross benches, and there I stood above the others, rather conspicuous ; but I breathed freer, and did not mind trifles. Tears indeed I shed with the best of them, and in this position might have been considered as the fugleman of pathos. Thus standing rather elevated, the mass of onion pulp, by my outspreading my arms, became more loose, and so, in a tenfold degree, distributed its pungent powers ; and as I stood higher, there was a complete field for action ; so that in a very short space of time there was not a dry eye in the whole assembly. Those wept who never wept before. The warden wept—the hard-hearted masters wept—all the company—country squires and their wives and daughters—and town wives and their daughters—wept. The boys wept ; there was an universal deluge. There was one boy who had to speak some clever ludicrous lines—a burlesque on the story of Phæton, wherein Phœbus was the driver of a mail, and his son requires the use of the ribands. The lines were by the present Warden of New College. This poor boy was in dismay, for they cried throughout the whole of that comic piece. The boy was near breaking down, and would undoubtedly have done so, had not the Doctor (Goddard) looked encouragement, and affected a laugh ; but his mouth only was mirth. His lady took the hint, waved her hand by way of encouragement, and smiled graciously, like Andromache, “ smiling through her tears.” “ Laughter” might have held both his sides, but whilst my sleeves were full of crushed onions, I would have defied him to help crying—

“ Quis, talia fando,
Temperet a lachrymis ! ”

And now the choice speaker of the school is up—with Collins's *Passions*. I see him distinctly now in my mind's eye; more distinctly, Eusebius, than I did then, when my eyes were dimmed with tears. He was a fine, open-countenanced youth, with a clear complexion—the “*lumen juventæ purpureum*,”—a bright clear blue eye, and light auburn hair. His name was Hobson. Off he set, crying himself—he could not help it. It was “Hobson's choice;” but he really was a most capital actor, and went through the *Passions* wonderfully well. He was fully into his subject, and forgot he had himself been shedding tears, and was in raptures to see all moved as he described Pity; and there was I, that had caused all this emotion, and conscious that I had done so, reckoned by all about me as a boy of extraordinarily nice feelings; and at a moment I was seized with such a sense of the ridiculous, that it was with difficulty I could suppress my laughter. I could not but liken myself to Love, as I shook my sleeves—to laugh in them was impossible—to Love, whom poor Hobson introduced with a remarkably sweet leer, thus—

“And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.”

Hobson was a better speaker than critic. He did not, therefore, wait to analyse the *why* there was all this

crying—a very excusable vanity made him attribute it all to his own powers; and he in consequence redoubled his exertions, as the audience did their applause, and this they did most of them with a desperate effort, as much to conceal their weakness as for any other reason, and shutting their eyes, too, if possible to dam up their tears at the fountain-head. It was all in vain; for I well knew that any thing short of a downright stone Niobe must cry. In the mean while, there was poor Hobson making, enacting, most extraordinary antics—jumping in his excitement from side to side, throwing the very *Passions* off their balance, “tearing them to rags and tatters.” I know not what became of this boy afterwards—I should be rather curious to know. The superlative praise heaped upon him in the *Hampshire Telegraph* may have made him an actor for life, and marred the fond schemes of his tender parents. If so—for the name of Hobson does not shine conspicuous in the theatrical world—what have I to answer for in that purchase of onions!—the onions were mine alone, but the leak was universal. Can we not, Eusebius, hang a corollary upon this incident, not to be quite certain that all tears proceed from sorrow, seeing that if any will prudently rub the eye with an onion, the same effect may be produced; and that thus those who *cannot* weep may be taught to cry?—Yours ever, and as ever.

THE DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.*

WE remember perfectly our boyish disappointment in first making acquaintance with the well-known work of Horne Tooke. From the attractions of its title and frontispiece, we had selected it as a sure source of entertainment for a Christmas week; and dire was our dismay when we found that the *Diversions of Purley* consisted in discussions upon prepositions, pronouns, and past participles, even duller and drier than those to which our school studies condemned us. A resentment was thus engendered, which still lurked in our minds at a more advanced age, and struggled secretly with the influence of popular opinion and powerful authority at a time when the doctrines of this writer were in some quarters revered as important discoveries, and in almost all were admired as refined speculations. The recent publication of a new and neat edition of the work has again led us to peruse it; which we have done in many respects with altered feelings and extended views; but it gives us the greatest delight to "feed fat the ancient grudge" we bear it, and to declare, as we now deliberately take leave to do, that the *Diversions of Purley* is one of the most consummate compounds of ignorance and presumption that ever practised with success upon human credulity. It is probable that there were once persons who admired Horne Tooke as a great patriot; and it would seem that there are still some who regard him as a great philologist. It is time that the one delusion should be dispelled as thoroughly as the other. We affirm that the work on which his grammatical reputation rests, is fanciful and false in every thing that is peculiar in its pretensions or essential to its character; and is only accurate and judicious, if it ever be so, in those matters that every body already knew, or might have learned elsewhere. We pronounce our sentence upon it in the old formula, that "what is true in it

is not new, and what is new is not true;" and we now propose to borrow, for the demonstration of this proposition, a few pages of Maga, the invariable friend of truth and simplicity, and the implacable foe of quackery and pretension.

We make no high boast of the attainments of which we can avail ourselves in pursuit of this object. A very moderate familiarity with Gothic, a mere bowing acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon, and less than a school-boy knowledge of the classic tongues, will be more than sufficient to show that nearly the whole details of Horne Tooke's discussions are gratuitous or incorrect, and that his whole theory is presumptuous and unsound.

In a work so extensive and so minute as the *Diversions of Purley*, it would be endless to review and correct the errors of all its propositions; particularly when almost every proposition is an error. We shall confine ourselves to its chief points and most prominent principles.

The attempt which Tooke has made to arrest in their career the *παραπλοισις* of rapid discourse, and to question them as to the places whence they come and whither they are going, is worthy at once of a philologist and a philosopher. But the general idea of his work cannot confer upon him the praise of originality. It was long ago maintained, what in individual cases is manifest at a glance, that many of the small particles of speech are abbreviations or adaptations of significant words of a fixed and more formal character; and in all languages it has been always seen that many adjectives and substantives are derivable more or less directly from the different parts of corresponding verbs. Hoozeveen, Wachter, and Ten Kate, on the Continent, and many of our own etymologists at home, had, with different degrees of ability, illustrated these doctrines,† and left no praise for their successors to earn, but that of carrying the same ideas into exe-

* A new edition, revised and corrected, with additional notes, by Richard Taylor, F.S.A. Tegg: 1840.

† See Todd's note to Johnson's Grammar. Dictionary, 2d edit. p. 115.

cution with additional discrimination, ingenuity, and learning. If Tooke, therefore, has any merit in this department, it must lie in the details of his design, or in the mode of its execution: but we deny that in these respects he is entitled to any praise at all.

Let us examine some of the points on which he seems to have felt most self-complacency, and which may be taken as fair specimens of his powers and of his success.

The two chief particles of which he has professed to illustrate the history, are IF and THAT. These are the words on which he principally expatiates in his letter to Mr Dunning, which led to his larger work: they are the pillars of the porch which conducts us to the more ambitious edifice. Let us see if they are built on a stable foundation.

All English etymologists must have seen from the first that there was some connexion between the conjunction *that* and the pronoun of the same sound and aspect, a connexion which subsists in all or most of the Teutonic languages. The nature of that connexion, it is probable, many were unable to see. Was Tooke in any better situation than his neighbours or predecessors? That he saw there was a connexion is true: but did he see what the connexion was? He certainly thought he saw it; but this circumstance will be no advantage in his favour, nay, it will in fact be against him, if, thinking he saw it, he did not see it correctly. Here is the statement of his views.

"In my opinion, (he says, in support of a most sophistical legal argument,) the word THAT (call it as you please, either article, or pronoun, or conjunction) retains always one and the same signification."

"Suppose," he continues, "we examine some instances, and, still keeping the same signification of the sentences, try whether we cannot, by a resolution of their construction, discover what we want.

"Example.—'I wish you to believe that I would not wilfully hurt a fly.'

"Resolution.—'I would not wilfully hurt a fly; I wish you to believe THAT [assertion].'"—*Diversions*, Edition 1840, p. 43-44.

We shall not stop to expose the absurdity of this theory, particularly in

reference to the writer's own object, in those cases where the verb preceding the conjunction is other than an affirmative, such as *doubt*, *disbelieve*, *deny*. But we ask, in an etymological sense,—Is this a just explanation of the phrase referred to? We affirm that it is not. It proceeds upon an entire ignorance on the writer's part of the actual history and character of the conjunction *that*; an ignorance which places Tooke on the same low level with the etymologists whom he denounces, with this additional stigma, that he is ignorant of his ignorance.

The first thing that occurs to us on considering this theory is, that while Tooke alleges this use of the word to pervade "ALL languages," and while he refers to the Greek and Latin conjunctions *et* and *quod* as analogous cases, the examples thus given are materially at variance with the explanation which they are employed to illustrate. The conjunctions *quod* and *et* are not equivalent expressions to *that*, in the way in which Tooke explains the English word. Those conjunctions in the learned languages agree in form with the *relative* pronoun, not with the *demonstrative*, with which Tooke identifies our vernacular particle. They are thus truly *conjunctions*, interlacing one part of a sentence with another in a way difficult to be fully developed, but obviously much more subtle and refined than the abrupt and disjointed manner in which, according to Tooke's doctrine, the English idiom brings together two separate and independent propositions. According to the analogy of Tooke's view, the Latin language should not use *quod* for a conjunction, but *id* or *istud*, as corresponding to *that*. Take a sentence of Terence: "Scio jam filius quod amet meus hanc meretricem,"—"I know that my son is in love with this girl." To make the Latin correspond to the English, it should be "Scio jam filius istud amet meus," &c., and should be resolvable into two independent propositions: "My son is in love; I know that,"—"Filius amet meus—scio jam istud." But here again the nicety of the Latin subjunctive would be wholly done away with. We feel at once, from the true Latin phrase, that it is not so easy to take to pieces the divine mechanism of human speech as Mr Tooke would teach us; and that there

are contrivances for dovetailing the finer combinations of thought that are not dreamed of in his carpentry.

The very analogies, therefore, to which Tooke refers should have led him to distrust his own clumsy analysis; and if he had really known, what he chiefly affects to know, the language of our Gothic ancestors, he would have been less dogmatical and more correct.

The conjunction *that* is in truth in English precisely analogous to the Latin *quod* and the Greek $\delta\tau\iota$. Whatever may be the exact relation of those words to the relative pronoun, that same relation subsists in our own tongue. The conjunction *that* is not a form or representation of the demonstrative pronoun, as Tooke asserts. It corresponds not with the *demonstrative*, but with the *relative*. A little explanation is here necessary to make this matter clear.

In the Gothic language there is a little particle *EI*,* of which the origin is obscure and the use peculiar. It is possibly some obsolete inflexion of the pronoun *IS*—*he*, which corresponds to the Latin *is*. But, without enquiring nicely how it came there, we shall take it as we find it, and consider its import or effect. It is by means of this little word that the Gothic language forms its relatives, whether in the class of pronouns or of particles. The relatives are formed from the simple or demonstrative forms, by the addition of this *EI* as a termination. Thus *IS* is *he*, *IZ-EI* is *who* or *he who*, *THATA* is *that*, *THAT-EI* is *which*, *THAR* is *there*, *THAR-EI* is *where*, &c.

Now the Gothic conjunction corresponding to the English *that*, is never *THATA*, *istud*, but *THAT-EI*, or *THATA-EI*, *quod*, or $\delta\tau\iota$, — $\delta\tau\iota$. A Gothic phrase expressed by this conjunction could never be resolved, as Horne Tooke proposes, by separating it into independent positive affirmations. If the conjunction *that* is truly a pronoun, as its appearance indicates, it is the relative and not the demonstrative; and thus there are not two substantive sentences in every such phrase, but one sentence only, incapable of being taken to pieces after

Tooke's fashion, but indissolubly articulated together by means of a word, which, whatever be its name or nature otherwise, is truly a conjunctive, as being of a relative or secondary character, and pointing to some primary or antecedent.

The English conjunction *that* is historically the Gothic *THAT-EI* abridged. Its origin would be anomalous on any other footing; and we see that the English pronoun *that* has, in another case, undergone the same curtailment, and is used also as a relative, though properly a demonstrative. The use of the demonstrative pronoun *that* as a relative is traceable to the Gothic, which converted the one into the other, by the addition of the particle *EI*, *THATA*, *istud*, *THAT-EI* *quod*. The English retrenches the suffix and uses one form, *that*, for both of those Gothic words, and for the conjunction as well as for the two pronouns.

The phrase, therefore, "I wish you to believe THAT I would not hurt a fly," is truly the same as if it had been "I wish you to believe WHICH I would not hurt a fly." Harsh and obscure as this may appear, it is the certain history of every such phrase. It is probably explainable by the following, or some similar amplification: "I wish you to believe [some opinion according to] which I would not hurt a fly." But whatever is the explanation of the classical adverbs *quod* and $\delta\tau\iota$, the same also is the explanation of the Teutonic *that*.

It thus appears, that while Horne Tooke saw the connexion which every body else saw, his speculations have not enlightened but misled us in our search as to the true nature and origin of that connexion.

Let us see if the philologist of Purley is more sound or successful in the other leading example which he has given. He thus promulgates his explanation in the letter to Mr Dunning:

"The truth of the matter is, that IF is merely a *verb*. It is merely the imperative mood of the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon verbs *GIFAN*, *gifun*; and in those languages, as well as in the English, formerly this supposed conjunction was pronounced and written as the common im-

* We print the Gothic words in this article with Italic capital letters, and use the English Y to represent the Gothic letter which corresponds in sound, and which the Germans represent by J.

perative, purely *GIF*, *gif*, *gif*."—"Accordingly, our corrupted *IF* has always the signification of the present English imperative *GIVE*, and no other."

There are some facts here to be examined before we proceed to theories.

1. It is not true that the English conjunction has always the sense of *give*. Allowing that it sometimes may be explained as meaning supposition or concession, it has often also the signification of pure uncertainty, and is synonymous with *whether*, in which cases it would be preposterous to convert it into *give*. "I doubt *IF* it be so." "Uncertain *IF* by angury or chance." "She doubts *IF* two and two make four." Diversity of conjecture, or alternative possibility, is the idea in these expressions, and not supposition or assumption. The question is, whether the notion of *dubiety* is not the prevailing idea in all the uses of the conjunction *IF*.

2. It is not true, as Tooke says, that in the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon languages, the conjunction and imperative *GIF* were written in the same way. In the Gothic language there is no such conjunction as *GIF*, and so there can be no identity with the imperative of the verb.

3. In Anglo-Saxon, the correspondence of two words by means of the letter *G* is always equivocal, and requires confirmation from other sources, that letter being employed in the double capacity of expressing the radically different sounds of the proper *G*, and the semivowel *Y*. From a resemblance of the conjunction *gif*, and the verb *gif*, in Anglo-Saxon, we cannot conclude that the words are the same, but must look to the cognate languages to see if the agreement is also found there.

Now, it has been shown by Jamieson and other writers, that a reference both to the Gothic and the other Teutonic tongues, is destructive of the alleged identity we are now considering. Mr Taylor, the editor of the

new edition of Tooke now before us, and who has too often suffered his own judgment and intelligence to be overmastered by a timid respect for his author,* has noticed this fallacy, and we shall here transcribe his correction of it. We only premise that *GIBAN* is the Gothic verb *to give*, and that its imperative is *GIB*, or rather *GIF*. It has nearly the same form in all the other Teutonic languages; and it will be observed how completely in all of them, except the Anglo-Saxon, the form of the conjunction keeps aloof from that of the verb, with which it has been so rashly identified.

"The derivation of *IF*, from the imperative *give*, seems very plausible, so long as we limit our view to the English form of the word, especially as taken in connexion with the Scotch *GIN*, supposed to be the participle *given*. But we cannot arrive at a correct opinion, without viewing the word in the forms in which it appears in the cognate dialects, and which do not seem at all referable to the verb *to give*.

"Thus in Icelandic we have *ef*, *si*, *modo*, with the verb *efa*, *ifa*, *dubitare*; and the substantive *efi*, *dubium*, and its derivatives. See *Ihre*, v. *Ief*, *dubium*. In old German it is *ibu*, *ipu*, *ube*, *oba*, *yef*, &c.; and in modern German *ob*, in the sense only of *an*, *num*,—all of which must surely be identified with the Gothic *IBA*, *IBAI*, and *YABAI*, which latter Grimm (*Deutsche Grammatik*, vol. iii. p. 284,) considers as a compound of *YA* and *IBAI*, and supposes that the sense of *doubt* is included in the Gothic word, and that *IBAI* may be the dative of a substantive *IBA*, *dubium*, with which also he conjectures some adverbs may be connected, (*ib* p. 110.) In old German, he remarks, the substantive *iba*, *dubium*, whose regular dative is *ibu*, was preserved in the phrases *mit ibo*, *ane iba*, (p. 150, 157.) Wachter gives the same account, and adds, 'Hæc particula apud Francos eleganter transit in substantivum *iba*,' and 'tunc *dubium* significat,' &c. In the Anglo-Saxon *gif*, Grimm considers the *g*

* We may observe, however, that Mr Taylor is not always himself quite correct, and would instance one example in which he is wrong while endeavouring to correct others. He says (Additional Notes, p. 36) that *loose* and *lose* "have come down to us as representatives of two quite distinct families; and I see no evidence of their common parentage." It is true that *LAUSYAN*, to loose, and *LIUS-AN*, to lose, are different Gothic verbs, but their connexion is obvious. *LIUS-AN*, *perdere*, *amittere*, makes in the preterite *LAUS*, *perdidi*; which is undoubtedly connected with the adjective *LAUS*, *liber*, *vacuus*, loose or empty, and with the causal verb *LAUSYAN*, *liberare*, to loosen, or make loose. The mistake is, however, of no great moment to any argument involved in it.

prefixed, as representing the Gothic *Y* in *YABAI*; and the old Frisic has *ief*, *gef*, *iefta*, *iof*, which Wiarda considers the same with the Francic *oba* and *iba*."—TAYLOR's *Tooke*, Additional Notes, p. 11.

It is well known, as acknowledged by himself in the *Diversions*, that Tooke had found this conjecture as to the conjunction *if*, in the Etymologicon of Skinner, who was a clever though not a learned man. The hint thus derived seems to have fairly run off with him. Mounted upon this borrowed horse of Skinner's, which now, too, turns out to be broken-kneed, Tooke rode on with that recklessness and with that result which is generally the fate of those who have no business to ride at all. Out-skinnering Skinner, he saw imperatives in every thing, when in fact they had no existence whatever in the form and for the purposes to which he was applying them. It would be endless to expose his various forced and fallacious explanations of other conjunctions, in all of which he might be demolished in the same way as in the examples we have now enlarged upon.

We should not dismiss the two leading assumptions from which the theory starts, without noticing the etymological explanation with which Mr Tooke has favoured us of the pronoun *that*.

"**THAT** (in the Anglo-Saxon *thaet*, i.e. *thead*, *thead*) means *taken*, *assumed*; being merely the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *thean*, *thegan*, *thion*, **THIHAN**, (Goth.) *thigan*, *thigian*; *sumere*, *assumere*, *accipere*; to **THE**, to *get*, to *take*, to *assume*."—P. 344.

There is to be found in this passage about as much error and absurdity as could well be contained in so small a space.

1. If any thing be certain in etymology, it is that the English demonstrative *that* is identical with the Gothic **THATA**, the neuter of the article. Mr Tooke, in acknowledging the influence and supremacy of the Gothic, has fortunately supplied us with as excellent a stick for belabouring his own shoulders as hand could desire.

2. Mr Tooke in the passage quoted confounds together two or three Saxon verbs that are essentially distinct. If we do not greatly mistake, *theon*, to *thee*, thrive, or grow, though it has itself two forms, is in each of them

quite different from *thiegan*, to take or taste.

3. None of the verbs mentioned by Tooke could, with all his confusion, be brought to give the pronoun *that* as a past participle. All of them are *strong* verbs, that is, verbs which make the past participle in *n* instead of *d*, a subject on which Tooke has himself dilated sufficiently to make his ignorance or disregard of it inexcusable. The past participle of *thiegan*, (Anglo-Saxon,) to take, is *thigen*, or *thegen*. Will this give the Anglo-Saxon *that* or *that*? The past participle of the Gothic **THEIHAN**, to grow or thrive, is **THAIHANS**. Will this afford us the Gothic **THATA**?

4. No reasonably well-informed man can doubt that the English pronoun is the legitimate descendant of a long line of ancestors that have been pronouns from the earliest antiquity, and that would scorn the brand of the *bar sinister* thus attached to them by Tooke, who would make them a sort of by-blows from the cadets of a family of verbs. According to the regular law of interchange from *tenues* into *aspirates*, and *medials* into *tenues*, we recognise the English *that* in the last syllable of the Latin *is-tud*, and in the Sanscrit *tad* or *tat*, the Zend *tat*, and in the mutilated form of the Greek *το*, all words of similar import and character, through all the Indo-Teutonic languages. The wide diffusion of a pronominal root characterised by the dental consonants, whether *t*, *th*, or *d*, according to the genius of the different dialects, is too obvious to require more than suggestion.

The absurdity of the conjecture of Tooke's, which we have now exposed, is equalled by many others in his book, and among the rest by the analogous discovery that the pronoun *it*, or *hit*, is "merely the past participle of the verb **HAITAN** (Gothic), *haitan* (Anglo-Saxon), *nominare*!" As far as the Gothic is concerned, the matter is easily disposed of. The neuter pronoun *there*, as in English, wants the aspirate, and appears as **ITA**: while the past participle of **HAITAN**, to call, is **HAITANS**. Nothing but the most leaden ignorance and the most brazen presumption could have hazarded a conjecture like this of Tooke's. The genealogy of **ITA** is

clear, and connects it regularly and closely with the Latin *id*. It is possible that the Anglo-Saxon *hit*, which is aspirated, is no corruption of *ITA*, but an offshoot from a separate yet connected stem; but even here, the theory that *hit* is the past participle of *hætan*, which makes *hæten*, is beyond measure extravagant.

Having noticed some of Tooke's speculations on pronouns and conjunctions, let us take a sample of his discoveries in the class of prepositions.

The first example we shall take is the preposition *through*. The fallacy of our philologist's doctrine on this head has been already exposed by other writers; but we must take leave to say a few words yet on the subject. It is not worth while to extract the passage, which is long and confused, but we shall give the substance. It contains a precious jumble, which we must try somewhat to set right.

The proposition maintained by Tooke is, that *through* is no other than "the Gothic substantive *DAURO*, or the Teutonic substantive *thuruh*." We pass over this Teutonic substantive, with which we have not the pleasure of being acquainted, and we then come to this allegation that the English *through* is the Gothic *DAURO*, a door. Why this is said rather than that the English *through* is the English *door*, we don't perceive—except to show off the writer's knowledge of Gothic. What advance have we made by removing the field of enquiry to that venerable dialect? If we say that in English *through* is *door*, we just make a gratuitous assertion, which carries no conviction along with it. Well, then, in Gothic how does it stand? *DAURO* or *DAUR* is the Gothic for *door*, while *THAIRH* is the Gothic for *through*. Are we any nearer our point? Not an inch. It will as little be denied that *THAIRH* is the root of *through*, as that *DAUR*, or *DAURO*, if Tooke will have it so, is the root of *door*; and *THAIRH* and *DAURO* are as wide asunder as their English relatives. It is *idem per idem*. Had we got into a pure and primitive language, where the streams had converged into one fountain, we should have made some progress. But here is nothing of the kind; and the obstinate unbeliever in the identity of *through* and *door*, while stated in English, is as hard of faith, or perhaps harder, when the Gothic

THAIRH and *DAURO* are placed before him. The non-identity, indeed, becomes more probable when we find the words still separated from each other in the earliest form of our language, and at a backward distance of 1400 years. There is not a vestige of authority for holding the case to be different in Anglo-Saxon, where *dur*, or *duru*, is a door, and *thurh*, through—words still divided from each other by a barrier of distinction which as yet we have not found to be over-passed.

But then the Greek *θυρα* is called into play; and it is said, and said correctly, that *θυρα* is the Gothic and English *door*, while *θυρα* resembles *through*—and that therefore *door* and *through* must be the same. The question, however, always returns—if they are the same, why are they different? How have they kept asunder in the Teutonic languages so long and so steadily, if they are such near relations; or rather if, as Tooke says, they are the same individual? Further, we have not yet found in Greek that *θυρα* means *through*, or that the word for *through* in Greek resembles *θυρα*. Perhaps, as *door*, when traced into Greek, becomes *θυρα*, which is something different, the other word *through*, if traced in the same way, may also become equally different; and thus the Greek for *door* and for *through* be as wide apart as the Gothic, the Saxon, or the English. And so, substantially, it is; because, although we have no preposition in Greek which connects itself with *through*, we have many words in that language which indicate penetration, or permeation, and which are obvious cognates of *through*. Now, how are these words characterised? By a *θ*? Not so—but by *τ*. Thus, *τρωα*, *τρωαυ*, *τρωαυα*, &c.; and, in connexion with these words, and the Sanscrit root *tr*-, to pass over, we probably possess the Latin *trans*. It matters little, therefore, that *door*, in passing into Greek, becomes *θυρα* with an aspirate, if *through* or its cognates, in undergoing the same process, does not retain but loses the aspirate, and diverges into a different sound, still preserving the separation. We have thus two parallel lines, of which one, when it enters the territory of the ancient languages, deviates towards the direction of the other; but that other does not remain stationary or coalesce with its antagonist, but retreats to another position equally distant as before. The parallelism is

thus still preserved, and their common origin as far as ever from being established. There is a shift in the strata, but each bed is still distinct and different from its neighbour. We may infer from these facts what is truly the case, that certain consonants, in passing from Greek to Gothic, undergo a certain change, but even in that change the same relative distance of different words is preserved inviolate; nor are we entitled to infer identity in distinguishable words, till we find those words identified in some one language proceeding on a regular and consistent system.

The words *door* and *through* are in no language the same in their initial consonant, except in the modern Low German, where the apparent assimilation arises from the accident that those dialects, in their existing form, have lost the dental aspirate, or *th*, and are thus unable to keep up the distinction which intrinsically belongs to the words in question. In the High German, the words are not confounded; as *durch* and *thür* 'where, however, the *th* is merely a mode of writing *t*) are as much divided as *through* and *door*. Tooke himself adverts to the interchange of the letters in German and English, though he mistakes in supposing that the German *thür* takes the place of the English *through*. But he has not the sense to see the legitimate conclusion, that when, amidst all these turnings and shiftings, the two words, though often changing places with each other, keep still as distinct as oil and water, there must be an inherent, as there is undoubtedly an immemorial, diversity in their origin.

Tooke refers to the Oriental languages; but, without entering further on this field, we may affirm that they will serve his purpose as ill as the Germanic.

To take another instance—we are told by Tooke that "the preposition TO (in Dutch written TOE and TOT, a little nearer to the original,) is the Gothic substantive *TAUI* or *TAUHTS*, i. e. *act, effect, result, consummation*; which Gothic substantive is indeed itself no other than the past participle *TAUID* or *TAUIDS*, of the verb *TAUYAN*, *agere*. And what is *done*, is *terminated, ended, finished*."

But was Tooke a Gothic scholar,

and not aware that the Gothic form of the preposition *to* is *DU*? If he was aware of this fact, why not attempt to explain his grounds for holding that *DU* was the same word as *TAUID*? If he was not aware of it, what shall we say to his scholarship? The derivation is every way absurd.

Again, he tells us, "I imagine also that OF (in the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon *AF* and *af*) is a fragment of the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon *AFARA*, posteritas, &c., *afora*, proles." "That it is a noun-substantive," &c. This is bold, at least; and we shall also call it convincing, when we find any one who can believe that the Latin preposition *post* is a fragment of *posteritas*. Does the blindest etymologist not see that *AF* is not the remnant but the origin of the Gothic *AFARA*, or *AFAR*, *succession*; and is itself a Teutonic form of the Greek *ἀπὸ*, and the Latin *ab*.

Proceeding now to nouns and adjectives, we find them almost all referred by Mr Tooke to the participles or other parts of verbs. Let us examine a few of his most striking examples.

It is a common theory of Tooke's to designate nouns as the past participles of connected verbs, which verbs are themselves derived from those very nouns. Thus *deal* is said to be the past participle of the verb *DAILYAN*, (Gothic,) *dalan*, (Anglo-Saxon,) to divide. It is perfectly certain that *DAILS*, the Gothic for a part or share, is not the derivative, but the primitive of the verb *DAILYAN*, to deal or make into shares: and *deal* is just as much its past participle as *pars* is the past participle of *partior*. There are throughout the work innumerable instances of this gross error.

But it is an equally common tendency of this great grammarian's to designate nouns as the past participles of verbs with which they have no earthly connexion. We shall give a few instances at random. Some of them stand little in need of comment.

Knight, we are told, is "the past participle of *cnythan*, to knit, nectere, alligare, *attacher*."—"Knight is *cnyt*, *un attaché*!"

"Wench is the past participle of *wincian*, to wink; i. e. one that is winked at!"

The vernacular for a crepitus ventris, "a very innocent word," is the

same as fared, or gone; "the past participle of *faren*, to fare or go!!!"

"BLIND—blined, blin'd, is the past participle of the Old English verb *to blin*, (Anglo-Saxon *blinnan*,) to stop." Then follow various unnecessary quotations to prove that there is, or once was, such a word as *blin*.

Now, in this last derivation, there are one or two things requiring correction; but, in noticing them, it is necessary to premise, that as the adjective *BLINDS* is a genuine Gothic word, we shall have done little towards its elucidation unless we can explain it on Gothic data. We observe, then—

1. That there is no such simple verb as *blinnan*, the original being *LINNAN*, which appears in Gothic in the form of another compound, *AF-LINNAN*, *cessare*. *B-linnan*, in Anglo-Saxon, is a contraction of *be-linnan*; but such a form does not occur in the Gothic language, and would scarcely be congenial to its character. If there were any corresponding Gothic word, we should probably find it rather as *GA-LINNAN*, from which it would be absurd to derive *BLINDS*.

2. *Blind* cannot be the past participle of *blinnan*, even if such an original verb would explain it in Gothic as well as in Anglo-Saxon. The verb pointed at, whatever is its form, is conjugated *strong*, and the past participle would be *BLUNNANS* in Gothic, as it is *blunnen* in Anglo-Saxon, with either of which it would be quite gratuitous to identify the adjective *BLINDS*, *blind*.

3. The joint result of these two views is, that Tooke asserts the Gothic adjective *BLINDS* to be the participle *LUNNANS*, or *GA-LUNNANS*, which it cannot be, except under a system by which any one thing may be proved to be any other.

Of the same character and quality is the etymology given from Tooke's interleaved copy of his own book, that *good* is *ge-owed*, or the past participle of *owe*. Execrable as this is upon its own showing, it appears, when fully investigated, to be still more detestable. If any past participle of the Saxon verb *to owe* were formed with the prefix, it would be *ge-agen*, which is but a poor etymology for *gód*, *good*.

Tooke, however, is fond of filling up words with the prefix *ge*. Thus—

"YOKE is the past participle of the

Anglo-Saxon verb *ge-ican*. *Ican*, *addere*, *adjicere*, *augere*, *jungere*, gives us the English verb *to ich* (now commonly written to *eke*.) *Ge-ican*, by the change of the characteristic *i* to *o*, gives us the past tense and past participle *geoc*, which (by our accustomed substitution of *Y* for *g*) we now write *YOK* or *YOKE*."—P. 450.

This is altogether very bad. He has again been misled by the Anglo-Saxon *g*, which, in the word *geoc*, represents a proper *y*, and has nothing to do with the prefix *ge*. If he had had the Gothic before him, he would have seen there the primitive word *YUK*, a yoke, the cognate of the Latin *jugum*, and Greek *ζυγος*, (as well as of the Sanscrit *yuj*.) and as different from *ge-ican* or *ycan*, which is a derivative of the Gothic *AUKAN*, *to eke*, as *jungo* is from *augeo*. We pass over the other blunders in grammar in this passage with a remark, that the identification of the past tense and past participle is a proof of great and fundamental ignorance.

Take some other instances *ad aper-turam* :—

"LEWD — LAY — Lewd, in Anglo-Saxon *Læwed*, is almost equivalent to *wicked*;" "it means *misled*, *led astray*, *deluded*," &c.—*Lew'd* is the past participle, and *lay* is the past tense, and *therefore* past participle (!) of the Anglo-Saxon verb *læwan*, *prodere*, *tradere*, to delude, to mislead. Lewd, in its modern application, is confined to those who are betrayed or misled by one particular passion; it was anciently applied to the *profanum vulgus* at large, too often misled through ignorance."—P. 292.

This would really have been inexcusable in any other man than Tooke, who, forgetting in active life the distinction between a clerk and a layman, may be forgiven for not remembering about it in etymology.

It is obvious from this passage itself that Tooke connected *lewd* with *leod*, and thought them past participles of *læwan*. But was he ignorant that *Leod*, the name for a people or nation, was a great and honourable word, diffused widely among the Teutonic tribes, and incapable of being derived from the mean source to which this foolish man ascribes it? A name for a people, signifying *deluded*, is not likely to be imposed in any circumstances, either by the agents or the patients of the delusion. But our German ancestors

were, of all men, too free and too proud to assume or suffer a name that bore the badge of slavery and disgrace on its face. The true etymology of *teod* is obscure—some deriving it from the Gothic *LIUDAN*, *crescere*, which is the most probable root—some from *ελευθερος*, and some from *λαος*, to which it corresponds in meaning. Its signification, of coarse or ignorant, is entirely secondary, and arising from the contrast of the manners of the people with the superior morals and education of the clergy. *Lay* is obviously a direct derivative from the Latin *laicus*.

In the following etymologies there is a more than usual mixture of truth with error:—

“*YARE — YARD* — Are the past participles of the Anglo-Saxon verb *gyrwan*, *gyrian*, to prepare; and it is formed in the accustomed manner by changing the characteristic letter *y* to *a*. *YARE* means *prepared*.”

“*A YARD*, to mete or to measure with, (before any certain extent was designated by the word,) was called a *met-geard*, or *mete-gyrd*, (Anglo-Saxon,) or *mete-yard*, *i. e.* something *prepared* to mete or to measure with. This was its general name; and that prepared extension might be formed of any proper materials. When it was of wood, it was formerly called a *YARD-WAND*, *i. e.* a wand prepared for the purpose. By common use, when we talk of mensuration, we now omit the preceding word *mete*, and the subsequent wand; and say singly a *YARD*.”

In connexion with this passage, we insert the following:—

“*YARD—GARDEN*.—*Yard*, in the Anglo-Saxon *geard*, is the past tense, and therefore (again!) past participle of the verb *gyrdan*, *cingere*, to gird, to surround, to enclose: and it is therefore applicable to any inclosed place, as court-YARD, church-YARD, &c.

“*GARDEN* is the same past tense, with the addition of the participial termination *EN*. I say it is the same, because the Anglo-Saxon *g* is pronounced indifferently either as our *g* or *y*.”—P. 508.

On these explanations we have to remark:—

1. That we admit the connexion between *yare* and *gyrwan*; but deny the former to be a past participle. If we mistake not, the past participle of *gyrwan* is *ge-gyrwed*. *Yare*, we allege, corresponds to the primitive *gearo*, ready,

and *gyrwan* is the derivative—to make ready.

2. We deny *yard*, a measure, to have any connexion with *yare* or *gyrwan*.

3. We admit *yard* and *garden* to be connected with *gyrdan*, but deny them to be past participles.

On some of these words we have a further explanation to offer.

The English garden, or yard, is derived from a Gothic word, which appears in two forms, with two different shades of meaning. *GARDS* is in Ulphilas a frequent expression for a house. Thus, in the third chapter of Mark, v. 25, *YABAI GARDS WITHRA SIK GA-DAILYADA, NI MAG STANDAN SA GARDS YAINS*. “If a house against itself is divided, that house may not stand.” *GARDA*, the other form of the word, seems confined to the simple meaning of an enclosure. Thus, John x. 1, *SAEI INN NI ATGAGGITH THAIRH DAUR IN GARDAN LAMBE, &c. SAHLIFTUSIST*. “He who goeth not in through the door to the *yard* or fold of the lambs, &c., he is a thief.” But *GARDS* and *GARDA* are truly the same word, and mean an enclosure, whether built upon or not; and accordingly we meet with the Gothic *AURTI-GARDS*, a garden, literally an herb-yard or wort-yard, and the origin of our *orch-yard*.

GARDS and *GARDA* are the Gothic forms of *hortus* and *χορτος*, as well as of the cognate *chors*, or *cors*, a poultry-yard, sheep-fold, or other enclosure for animals. *Chors*, again, is probably the origin of the word *court*, which we derive from the Romance languages; so that *court* and *yard* are truly the same word dressed in the costume of different countries.

It should be added that these words, though no past participles, are directly connected with the Gothic verb *GAIRDAN*, to enclose or encircle, which is conjugated *GAIRDA*, *GARD*, *GAURDANS*, and from which our English *gird* and *girdle* are obtained.

It has, till lately, been believed by many etymologists that *yard*, a rod or measure, Anglo-Saxon *gerd*, German *gerde*, was the same word as *yard*, an enclosure, Anglo-Saxon *geard*, German *garte*, *garten*; and we have seen that Tooke thought it a past participle

of *gyrwan*, to prepare. But all this seems now disproved by the discovery of the Gothic word in one of the Ulphilan fragments. The word there answering to the word *yard*, a rod, is *GAZDS*, in reference to which it is proper to mention that the Gothic *S* or *Z* in certain positions, is in the younger dialects changed into *R*. Thus *AUSO*, *auris*, becomes *ear*; *HAUSYAN*, *audire*, becomes *hear*; *AIZ*, *aes*, becomes *ore*; *BASI*, *bacca*, becomes *berry*; *HUZD*, *thesaurus*, becomes *hoard*, &c. The same change was common in the progress of language, both in Latin and Greek, as *labos*, *labor*; *ἄγωα*, *ἄγωα*; *παις*, *puer*; *quæso*, *quæro*, &c. According to this rule, then, the Gothic *GAZDS* is the same with the Saxon *gerd*. *GAZDS* is used by Ulphilas in the very peculiar sense of a pointed instrument or sting. The passage is in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, ch. xv. verse 55—*HWAR IST GAZDS THEINS, DAUTHU?* "Where is thy sting, O Death?"

An examination of old authorities will, we believe, show that *yard* is primarily applied to a tapering or pointed rod, and obvious illustrations will occur of its being used in the sense of the Greek *νευρῶν*, stimulus, the word which Ulphilas translates by *GAZDS*. We have no doubt, therefore, that *GAZDS* and *gerd* or *yard* are the same words; and from the same source we derive the verb *gird*, so often used in middle English in the sense of stinging, cutting, or lashing.

It is further probable that *GAZDS* is the origin of *gad* in *gad-fly*, &c., if this word has come to us from a Scandinavian dialect. *Goat*, though running into somewhat of the same meaning, is quite a different word.

Finally, it would appear that the Gothic *GAZDS*, while it has produced the English *yard*, is itself identical with the Latin *hasta*, according to the principle of permutation established by Rask and Grimm, in the same way as *hortus* becomes *GARDS*, and *hostis*, *GASTS*. The different meanings of *hasta* and *yard* may be compared.

About the very worst part of Tooke's work is that in which he attempts to explain the origin of nouns ending in *th*. These, it seems, are all the third persons singular of so many verbs!

"North, i. e. *nyrweth* or *nyrwth*, the

third person singular of *nyrwan*, *coarctare*, *constringere*," (narroweth.)

"Month," from moon, "the period in which that planet *moneth* or *completeth* its orbit."

"Fifth," — That unit which *fiu-eth*, *sia-*
Sixth, } *eth*, *nin-eth*, *ten-eth*, *twenty-*
Ninth, } *eth*, &c., or which maketh
Tenth, } up the number five, six, nine,
&c. } *ten*, *twenty*, &c."!!!

"Mouth," it is said, is the Gothic "*(MATYITH)*, that which eateth, the third person of the indicative of *MATYAN*, *metian*, *edere*."

What says Ulphilas to this, for he should have known? *MUNTHS* or *MUNTH* is his word for mouth. Is this the same as *MATYITH*? But the Gothic *MUNTH* is the Anglo-Saxon *muth* and the English *mouth*. It would have been just as good if Tooke had said, that *mouth* was that which *muncheth*.

Again — "Tooth, (*TAUYITH*, Gothic,) that which *tuggeth*! — the third person singular of the indicative of *TAUYAN*, (Gothic,) *teogan*, (Anglo-Saxon,) to *tug*."

Blunder upon blunder! In the first place, *TAUYAN* is not the verb to *tug*: *TAU-YAN* means to perform. *TIUHAN* is the word to *tug* or *draw*, and is a cognate of the Latin *ducere*. But, in the second place, *tooth* has nothing to do with either *TAUYAN* or *TIUHAN*. As *MUNTHS* gives *mouth*, so the Gothic *TUNTHUS* gives *tooth*. *TUNTHUS*, it is needless to say, is no verb or part of a verb; it is a masculine noun, declined something like *fructus*, and a near relation of the Latin *dens*. When *dens* shall be shown to be the third personal singular of *ducere*, then *tooth* will be found to answer to *tuggeth*; but not till then.

In the same way we are told that all abstract nouns ending in *th*, are the third persons singular of verbs. *Truth* is that which one *troweth*, as *true* is most falsely stated to be that which is *trowed*. *Dearth* is that which *deareth* or *hurteth*, from *derian*, Anglo-Saxon, to hurt, (a totally different word from *Deore*, *carus*, which is the origin of *dearth*.) Length, breadth, width, depth, height, are respectively the third persons singular of the indicatives of *lengian*, *extendere*; *bradan*, *dilatare*; *wadan*, *procedere*; *dippan*, *submergere*; *hæfan*, *extollere*. Now, a word as to these doctrines, in reference particularly to abstract nouns.

Was Tooke ignorant that, in the Gothic, the admitted original of our own tongue, there is a regular termination in *ITHA*, as a characteristic of nouns expressing abstract qualities; and that these nouns are as regularly declinable as *penna* or *μύσα*, and are of the same gender? What does any man mean by saying that a flexible noun is the third person singular of a verb? Can we speak of such a thing as the genitive plural of a verb's third person singular! Such a system is destructive of all distinctions of grammar and of language; and can never be justified by any similarity of sound or appearance. We might as well say that *amor*, *amoris*, is the first person singular of the present indicative passive of *amo*, and means the feeling by which *I am loved*; or, what would more nearly resemble Tooke's inaccuracies, that *amator* is the third person singular of the same part of the verb, and means the person by whom any one *is loved*.

But let us look into this a little more narrowly. "Depth," says Tooke, "is the third person singular of *dippan*, submergere. Height the same part of *hæfan*, extollere." Now, how stand the facts?

DIUPS is the Gothic adjective for *deep*; and from this adjective, as we conceive, is derived the abstract declinable feminine noun *DIUP-ITHA*, *depth*. This process we take to be the same with that by which in Latin *profundus* produces *profunditas*. There are, indeed, two relative verbs in Gothic—*DAUP-YAN*, to *dip* or to *baptize*, as *Philas* uses it, and *DIUP-YAN*, to *deepen*. The third persons singular of those verbs are respectively *DAUP-EITH*, *dippeth*, and *DIUP-EITH*, *deepeneth*; but these parts of the verbs are no more identical with the feminine flexible noun *DIUP-ITHA*, than *profundat*, if there were such a word, would be with *profunditas*.

Height, again, has nothing earthly to do with *hæfan*, or, as we take it to be, *hebban*, (Anglo-Saxon) to heave. *HAUHITHA* is the Gothic for *height*, and can have no affinity with the word for *heave*, which is *HAF-YAN*. *HAUH-ITHA* is an abstract noun, derived from *HA UHS*, *high*, in the same manner as *DIUP-ITHA* is from *DIUPS*, *deep*.

The termination *-ITHA*, thus used, has a near resemblance, in import, to

the abstract termination *-ness*, which is so common in the Saxon languages. In origin, the termination *-ITHA*, or modern *-th*, is to be numbered among a large class of terminations characterised by the use of the dental consonants, and which appear in different forms in the different Indo-Germanic tongues. The termination *-itas*, already mentioned, with those of *-ta*, *-tas*, and *-tus* in Latin, and *-στης* in Greek, are examples of them. To say that any of them are parts of a verb, is downright driveling or gross error.

It would tire our own patience, as well as that of our readers, if we were longer to continue this weary work. We affirm that what we have already done is a fair sample of what we could do with the rest of the treatise which we are considering, in so far, at least, as it relates to the Teutonic tongues. Every page of it is full of blunders, for which a mere tyro in those studies would deserve the birch. The book in this respect is a bag of chaff, and we doubt if it be redeemed by half-a-dozen grains of wheat in its whole bulk. We believe Tooke to have been grossly unskilled in Anglo-Saxon—we are satisfied that he was utterly ignorant of Gothic—yet it was greatly upon a peculiar acquaintance with these tongues that both his pretensions and his reputation were founded.

It is obvious that a writer so shamefully ignorant of what he professed to know, and so incompetent to collect facts of any philological value, must be entitled to no weight in reference to any views in that science that may depend upon induction. Whether any *à priori* speculations upon grammar are likely ever to be successful, or whether those of Tooke are entitled to any attention, would lead to a still longer enquiry, though perhaps the last question may be already resolved, if, as we think, the specimens of nonsense which we have given are a proof, not merely of want of knowledge, but of want of judgment. We do not consider that, on the subject of grammar generally, Tooke has stated any views which are not, in the main, to be found in his predecessors; and we are certain that, with a book so defaced with errors in matters of fact, which, upon his own showing, are essentially connected with his theories, the safest course is to sweep it away as utter rubbish, and

begin to build upon a new foundation.

In some respects we would say, without hesitation, that the general principles of Tooke's reasoning are extremely futile. The idea that etymology can supply us with any new or improved conceptions of things in their actual or abstract existence, is truly preposterous. It seems to have been thought by philosophers of a certain school in that day, that an insight into the names of things would make us better acquainted with the things themselves; and, in particular, the materialists seem to have imagined that results of a most important nature, in aid of their own doctrines, were thus to be developed in reference to the mind and its faculties. The absurdity of such a notion may perhaps be most easily shown by asking a naturalist, whether any new discovery in the existing features of animal nature has ever arisen from tracing the verbal origin of the names of objects. Historical facts we may thus learn; we may learn something of the processes of our own species in the development of thought or in the formation or extension of language; but no investigation of names can explain the nature of existing things, or control the observations that we may make on what we ourselves see around us. The earlier races of men, by whom names may have been imposed, had no better means of studying nature than is now possessed by their descendants. Neither are names the express images of things. Not the whole of an object is ever expressed or figured by its appellation, but merely some striking feature or phenomenon is suggested, which is sometimes real, but may sometimes also be only apparent. To say of any object that it is nothing but what its name expresses, is a glaring absurdity. In the name of a rhinoceros we express nothing but the horn in its nose, and in that of a squirrel only its shady tail; but both of these animals have other important qualities, and other animals besides them may have the very qualities which those names import. The cow is said to have her name from her chewing or ruminating; but the cow does other things than ruminate, and many animals ruminate besides the cow. *Apras*, the Greek word for bread, is said to signify what is *prepared*; but

it is not every thing that answers to the same description that receives the same name. Supposing it were as true as it is certainly false, that *bread* in English is, as Tooke says, the past participle of the verb to *bray*, it would not follow that every thing that was *brayed* was *bread*; or that Tooke, or any other sophist that Maga might pass through her mortar, would thereby be converted into a quartern loaf. Neither must we suppose that primitive expressions are always correct, any more than they are complete. The terms hippopotamus and walrus, do not prove that the animals so designated are fit instruments of equestrian exercise; nor are we compelled to renounce the Copernican system, because our ancestors spoke of the rising or setting of the sun.

Etymology is interesting and useful, but it is only so as a historical science, and not as a means of discovering essential truth.

We cannot, therefore, conceive how any one could, for a moment, have been swayed by Tooke's notion, that the essence of an object, or idea, was limited by the etymology of its name; that *right* and *truth*, for instance, were only what was *directed* and what was *believed*, because the words were said to be past participles of *regere*, to govern, and *TRĀUAN*, to trust. We consider his etymological theory in both cases to be more or less erroneous; but even if it were otherwise, our opinion as to what was justice or what was truth would not be turned away by an etymology from Horne Tooke any more than by a jest from Pontius Pilate.

In the same way, the fact at one time so much founded on in connexion with Tooke's speculations, that words expressing the mind and its operations are generally traceable to a physical idea as their source, is wholly inconclusive as to any abstract result. It might show that the inventors of language had attained something like a complete vocabulary before they directed their attention to spiritual speculations, and then that, in seeking to express their new notions, they resorted to the analogous names of the subtlest physical objects rather than invent a new phraseology. The use of the word *πνευμα*, *animus* or *spiritus*, to express the soul, will not prove that our mental essence is a breath or a

blast. It will scarcely show that the inventors or adopters of those expressions were of that opinion; it merely entitles us to infer that, in labouring to make clear to themselves or to others a new series of ideas more ethereal than they had yet experienced, they illustrated them by names which most nearly represented an existence at once immaterial and animated. But the facts are not in favour of any conclusion that even this modified process is the universal characteristic of language. Many words express immaterial objects, which we cannot trace to any material meaning. *Nous, mens, mind, soul*;—what, we ask, are the palpable forms or perceptible images which these words represent? We know of none to which they can with certainty be assigned; and, as they are of great antiquity, we are willing to believe that among our earliest ancestors there were ideas of a super-material character, to which they gladly assigned some distinctive appellation.

In every light, therefore, in which we view it, we are inclined to consider the *Diversions of Parley* as a fallacious or a frivolous book. It is with a mixture of mirth and amazement that we look back to the position it used to occupy; when even those who felt it

to be wrong and ridiculous, could only qualify themselves to appear as its opponents by first paying homage to its ingenuity and learning. It reflects little credit on English philology that it should have been so regarded then; and it is not much to our praise now, that it should still be named in works of science of a respectable character, and named without censure, or even with eulogium and deference. Its authority and influence have done much harm to us as philologists, both in our reputation and in our progress. It has lowered the high name which England once could boast in Teutonic philology. It has blinded us to better guides—it has led us upon a false track, and lulled us into a delusive security. It has palsied our better efforts and aspirations, like a nightmare upon our breasts. Let us escape from the slavish fear or silly superstition that has tyrannized over us; let us shake the incubus from his hold, and hail with gladness the beaming of a better day, in which, under fairer auspices, we shall pursue, with reverential zeal and humble diligence, some of the worthiest and most mysterious subjects of knowledge that the study of man can open to our understandings.

CARLO SEBASTIANI, THE AID-DE-CAMP.

CARLO SEBASTIANI was the son of an Italian colonel of engineers in the Imperial service. The Colonel had fallen in one of the Turkish campaigns, and left his son to the protection of the Imperial family. Intended for soldiery, he had been placed at the celebrated military school of Ratisbon, and was distinguished among his comrades by all the promise of a future Alexander. However, the glories of the academy in time grew tiresome to a dashing youth of eighteen, tall as a grenadier, able to tame a Hungarian horse, ready to hang himself for every pair of epaulets which he saw on the shoulders of the garrison-officers, and wearied to death with sketching eternal plans of imaginary fortifications, out-manceuvring old Frederick and Daun in every battle of the Seven Years' War, and gazing in summer at castles in the clouds, and in winter making them in the fumes of his iron stove.

One lovely evening, at length, in June of the memorable year 1796, brought him other things. The commandant of the garrison was seen furiously riding, at the head of a group of aids-de-camp, from the gates of the city. His road lay by the foot of a hill, on which Carlo was lying with Schiller's *Robbers* in his hand, and, like Charles de Moor, was pouring out his sorrows and his soul to the most brilliant of all possible sunsets. The clatter of the horses' hoofs startled him from a reverie, in which he performed the part of the poetical robber with great success, and was deliberately considering, whether a life in the woods, pistol in hand, and the honour of commanding a troop of invincible heroes of the highway, was not the true definition of glory after all. The commandant had by this time reached the foot of the height, and, as its steepness brought the whole group to a walk, Carlo, who knew and was known by every body, was enabled to ask the news. "Plenty of both, my boy—good and bad," was the answer. "The French want a little more blood-letting, I suppose, and are said to be in motion. But we shall be ready for them, sharp as the scoundrels are."

"Are they in force, general?"

"Oh! several hundred thousands, they tell our people, at the other side of the water. They are capital fellows for recruiting, as every body knows; and I think that they ought not to have let us off so cheap. Several millions would have sounded better; and I daresay that they will have them by the next report."

The group of the staff burst out into loud laughter; for no aid-de-camp is fit for his duty who does not laugh at his general's jokes.

"Pray, Carlo," asked the general in turn, "have you had any letters from Vienna? The news there is, that the Archduke Charles is likely to take the command of the Rhenish army; if so, we shall have warm work. He is not a man to wear gouty shoes."

The aids-de-camp burst out again into a laugh.

"No, gentlemen, nor to let any one else wear them."

The general said this in a tone of importance, more than enough to rebuke their previous familiarity; and the aids-de-camp, to a man, instantly stroked their yellow moustaches, and looked grave. The general now galloped down the descent, on his way to inspect some works building on the adjoining hills, and Carlo was left to himself.

But he could even read Schiller no more: a robber was made to be hanged, and Carlo felt himself made to be a generalissimo; the difference was considerable, and he decided against being the *magnifico* of a Bohemian cavern.

With a heart panting with a thousand undefined emotions, he hurried to his chamber, and there saw a couple of letters lying on his table. One was from the Countess Sebastiani, his mother, and the other from the office of the War Minister. It must be acknowledged that he tore open the minister's letter first. It was brief—a simple order for him to return from the school without loss of time. The letter from the countess was like a mother's letter—long, tender, and crowded with advice, precautions, and prospects, finishing with hopes that the war was at an end; the *postscript* saying, that having thus no further use for his military educa-

tion, she had returned his commission to the Emperor, with a proposal that he should enter the career of diplomacy, in which she had some interest. The letter was explanatory to the full intent; but it was like an icebolt to him. It lowered him from the fever-heat of fame a hundred degrees below zero. If the Rhine had been then within any accessible distance, he would probably have finished his perplexity, by going to sup with the mermaids of the North Sea. He passed the night without closing his eyes. "What! *he* a diplomatist?—*he* to linger out the next dozen, or the next fifty years in learning to fold a despatch?—*he* to be the escort of all the old countesses of the minor courts of Germany, and vegetate into a thin figure of frivolity, on a pension of five hundred thalers a-year? No: better be blown from the mouth of a howitzer, or spiked on a French bayonet! If not a soldier, he would be nothing, but"—the Charles de Moor scheme hovered over his mind again,—“at all events,” said he, “to Vienna I *will* not return. The world is wide. I shall not suffer myself to be laughed at by the whole circle of the palace. I can live in America by hunting buffaloes;—I can live in Siberia by shooting black foxes;—I can live in Africa by hunting for gold dust;—I can live in India by blackening my face and strangling some of the native Rajahs;—but *never* will I return to Vienna.”

Having embodied those profound thoughts in the most eloquent language he could command, and satisfied himself that the countess must feel his letter to be demonstration itself, he sallied forth at twilight, with his purse and his walking-stick as his sole companions; and, not very conscious in which direction he was rushing, nor even very clear whether the hour was midnight or morning, he left Ratisbon behind him with a giant stride.

To a hero of eighteen, hunger and weariness are inconceivable ideas. But they will have their own way after all; and by daybreak, the sun, rising over one of the rich valleys which indent the far-famed Black Forest, seemed to Carlo to melt him into the strangest imaginable propensity to slumber. He still struggled on; but the struggle became more difficult, and it was not till the same sun had reached

the opposite quarter, and was covering the forest and its hills with all the hues of a fine summer's evening, that he discovered his new position among mankind. He was lying on the ground, close to a circle of Austrian Hulans, who were eating, drinking, and making merry like true sons of the sabre. Carlo sprang on his feet, and felt for his purse and his Leipsic gold-mounted cane; but both had taken their leave. He approached the group to make his angry enquiries. They laughed at him, and invited him to take some of their bread and brandy as a means of bringing back his understanding. He was indignant, and would have fought the whole group, or the whole regiment; but he suddenly felt a sensation of intolerable hunger, and the feeling which tames elephants and lions, may be forgiven for taming a handsome hero not yet arrived at years of discretion. The scene ended by his being ordered by the corporal of the troop to mount behind one of his men, and proceed with them. This was rather a fall for the son of an Imperial colonel of engineers, and a German countess. But, on second thoughts, what was the difference between him and the hardy and light-hearted savages round him? “If I am destined to be shot in the field,” thought he, “I may as well save myself the trouble of walking round the world for it. If I am to earn my bread, I may as well do it fighting for Austria, as fighting for the bronzed-faced chief of the Chactaws, or the black-muzzled Rajah of Nepaul.”

His mind was made up, his profession was chosen for him—a prodigious saving of that toil of the brains which troubles so much those who have to choose for themselves; and before night Carlo Sebastiani was a Hulan, and in the way to be a hero.

The corporal honoured him with his particular regard—approved of his style of sitting his horse,—he, upon his inauguration, having been relieved from guarding the rear of his fellow trooper, and now having a charger to himself,—and predicted, that by conducting himself with due deference to his authority, and especially by adopting his example, the showy recruit might in time become even a corporal.

The regiment formed part of a corps of observation posted along the

Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, to watch the enemy's movements. On their march through the superb country which borders the German side of the Upper Rhine, Carlo was in continual admiration of every thing round him—the country, the camp, and the regiment. The buoyancy of youth, and the natural spirit of one born to be a soldier, if ever man was born to be any thing so preposterous, kept him in a state of perpetual excitement, new and perfectly astonishing to the phlegmatic Austrians. But the Corporal could understand him. This little bearer of authority had a story of his own; of which, however, he took good care not to develop more than the outlines, and even those outlines tolerably broken. But the rumour among the troop was, that he had formerly flourished as a village lawyer, where, having done something beyond even the latitudinarian limits of the professional conscience, he had provided for his safety by leaving his profession behind among the Vosges, leaving his character to take care of itself, and making a midnight voyage across the Rhine. What he had done subsequently, to bring him into the hands of the Rhenish police, who had transferred him into the hands of the Austrian recruiting-officers, remained among the undiscovered facts of history. But he was evidently a personage who, if the world had not seen him, had seen the world. He had at least seen Paris, which in those days was to have seen every thing that was worth seeing under the sun, whether for its oddity or its horror, desirable or detestable—to one-half of mankind a paradise, to the other half a pandemonium.

One evening, as Carlo was *en vedette*, gazing with a poetic eye at the rich expanse of islands which stud the noble river opposite Strasburg, and wishing for the pen and pencil of his quieter days, to transfer their splendid varieties of form and colour to his portfolio, the little corporal rode up to him, and, pointing to the steeples of the stately city, then glittering in the full radiance of eve, said, in a tone sufficiently expressive, “*There is France!*”

“Well,” said Carlo, “and *here is Germany*; and, I think, a better country, a better people, and a better cause.”

“Ay, ay, friend,” said the cor-

poral, casting his quick glance with something of a sneer at the enthusiast; “no doubt of it—all is as you say. But its good things are rather slow in reaching corporals and privates of the Hulans. It may all be very well for captains and colonels, dukes and princes; but the sky may fall before Germany drops a gold epaulet on the shoulders of either of us.”

“We must earn them, then, with our swords,” replied Carlo.

“No doubt!” observed the corporal, with a laugh. “But, however we may earn them, others get them; and some prince or prince’s valet, some baron or baron’s dog, is always sure to step in between men of honour and their reward.” The corporal took out a purse tolerably filled, and amused himself with flinging it up and catching it in the air. Carlo was astonished.

“You are rich, corporal,” said he; “what is your secret? One rixdollar comprehends the whole amount of my pay from the regimental chest, since I was robbed by your gallant comrades in the forest.”

“Those who suffer themselves to want money, deserve to want it. I learned that maxim in Paris,” said the corporal. “This purse, you may fairly believe, never came from the Emperor. The regimental chests have had more cobwebs than thalers in them those six months.” The eyes of Carlo were fixed on him sternly; and the corporal adroitly changed the subject. “Have you heard,” said he, “what was the cause of the firing at the other side this evening?—it must be reported to the general immediately.”

“Yes; a fisherman whom I stopped on his landing, just before you came up, told me that it was for the visit of the new commander-in-chief to the French outposts.”

“And his name?” asked the corporal, eagerly.

“The man was not perfectly sure, but he believed that it was Moreau.”

“Bravo, bravissimo!” exclaimed the corporal, with involuntary emphasis.

“Why, what difference can it make to us?” asked his hearer, in surprise.

“Why, none; except that, instead of Pichegru, whom the Directory have always feared as a royalist, and therefore thwarted, we have now op-

posite to us Moreau, whom they perfectly trust, and whom, therefore, they will support with all their means. He has with him upwards of 80,000 of the best infantry and cavalry of France; and we shall have him on this side of the river within the next twenty-four hours."

"Indeed! Why, you are an extraordinary corporal; where did *you* get all this information?" asked Carlo, already suspecting this overflow of knowledge.

The corporal was astonished at his own candour; but he drew in dexterously. "They are the mere rumours of a French newspaper, which I saw yesterday in the coffeehouse at Kehl. But, though I am a German, that same Moreau was my schoolfellow. See the advantage of being in a service where a man's talents are thought more of than his family parchments. I'll wager my last schelling, that it would puzzle Moreau to tell who was his grandfather. My father, the descendant of a long line of honourable fools, had settled in Morlaix as a lawyer. Young Moreau was bred to the bar of Brittany. The Revolution came. He volunteered into the National Guard—showed his talents in drilling them—was taken into the movable column of the department—rose from the ranks, and became a general of division within three years; while I went on, like a respectable citizen, earning half-a-dozen francs a-day by a profession not an atom more peaceable, though clearly less profitable."

"And the end is, that now you are on different sides of the river, and on different sides of the question; and that you are a corporal of Hulans, while he is the general-in-chief of the grand army of France," said Carlo, laughing.

"Exactly so," said the corporal; "but though the cards are unlucky, the game is not over yet. I may gain a point or two before the tables are empty." He turned to Carlo. "Now, listen to a friend. You will never do any thing in our service but get yourself shot; nor gain any thing but a ticket for an hospital. On the other hand, a rixdollar will hire a boat; mention my name at the opposite side, and may I be sent into the air from the mouth of a twelve-pounder, but I think you may yet be a general."

"Traitor! surrender your sabre, and

march before me to the grand guard," exclaimed the indignant hearer.

"Traitor! Ha, ha, ha!" burst out the corporal. "So you think me in earnest. The *ruse* was capital. I always take this way of trying my videttes. No harm can happen while we are a hundred or two miles off in the interior; let them be what they will. The nice point is, to know what they are when they come in sight of French smoke, and I may say, too, French louis d'ors. Farewell: I see you are a first-rate fellow, and I shall be sure to mention you to the colonel." He put spurs to his horse, and galloped forward.

The night was stormy, and Carlo, when he returned to his picket, and threw his wearied limbs on his straw, in the stables of one of the huge old palaces which then lined the banks of the Rhine, found himself unable to rest. France, the corporal, Moreau, fields of battle, and sabres of honour, whirled round his mind with a feeling like that of giddiness. But in the intervals of one of the gusts, he heard something which left him undecided whether the noise was that of one of the small rivulets incessantly falling from the hills into the river, or the trampling of human feet. It passed; and he slept again, till in the dead of the night he was roused from his uneasy couch by the corporal, who came to tell him that the regiment were ordered instantly to mount, for the purpose of a reconnoissance.

He rose, took his place in his troop; and the regiment, one of the finest in the service, moved forward on its patrol. The storm increased to tropical violence, and nothing could be heard but the roar of the thunder and the crashing of the wind through the forest. Suddenly the corps came to a full stop, and the colonel galloped to the front to ascertain the cause. A large *abatis* of trees, apparently left in some former attempt to fortify the bank, wholly blocked up the road. In the general pause, the corporal volunteered his knowledge of the ground to lead them by a forest path. Carlo heard the offer, and the evening's conversation recurred to him. He instantly addressed the colonel, and told him his suspicion that the enemy had landed troops in that direction, and that he had heard their movements an hour or two before. The corporal scoffed at

the idea as poltrony, and repeated his offer of guidance.

"Lead on, then," said the colonel; "and you, Hulan, leave your troop, and ride by me."

They moved forward, the corporal taking the lead. The night grew wilder, the defile more entangled, and Carlo more dissatisfied with the route. "The regiment will be lost," he whispered into the ear of the colonel. "The corporal is a villain."

"If he is, you are a fool to suppose that he can cheat me. Go, sir, to the rear," angrily said the colonel.

"Not till I have seen what that thicket is made of," he murmured to himself; and in the act of wheeling round, made a plunge into a dense clump of forest copse, and fired his pistol. It was answered by a discharge of musketry which shook the whole regiment. They had evidently been betrayed into the midst of a strong column of the enemy. The colonel, a gallant old man, was thrown under his wounded horse; the fire continued heavy, and all was confusion. Of all confusions, that of cavalry is the most tremendous; horses galloping and plunging, men flung under their feet, pistols and carbines discharging at random in the *mêlée*, and, in the present instance, all this passing under a night as dark as Erebus, or illuminated only by the flashes of a rolling fire of musketry.

If they had gone but a hundred yards deeper into the defile, not a man could have returned. As it was, the leading squadrons were able only to keep up a feeble fire, while the guns of the French brigade were beginning to throw their grape from front to rear of the whole. Carlo had been driven back in the general crowd, and for a while, like the rest, was nearly crushed in the rout; but at length extricating his horse and himself, he had a moment to look back upon the horrible scene. But that moment was every thing. He observed by the blaze of the battalion that they had quitted the ambuscade and were pushing forward into the open road. This decided him. Thirty or forty of the Hulans were now all that were left in any kind of order. He rode up to them.—"Comrades!" exclaimed he, "let every man who feels for the honour of the regiment follow me!"

In times of real danger, the man who never hesitates is the man who

will be followed. Carlo, the private, was in that command Carlo the general. The Hulans put spurs to their horses, and rushed after him. An open road through the depth of the thicket brought them in rear of the very spot which had been just abandoned by the French. The column was crowded to the front, firing heavily as it advanced. Carlo gave but one word—"Charge!" and the Hulans came like thunder on the backs of the enemy. The French are brave, but no soldiers on earth are more suddenly shaken by a surprise; the column instantly burst asunder—every man sought his own safety; they evidently thought that the whole of the Austrian cavalry was upon them—muskets were flung away, and cannon abandoned; the dispersion was complete. The Hulans had now only to revenge themselves for the treachery which had so nearly been their ruin; the Corporal was called for in every direction, but he had sensibly managed his own retreat in the beginning of the affair. The pistol and sabre then played their part on the fugitives. War is a game, but one by no means to be played with foils. The Hulans were like wolf-hunters, with their prey in the trap. They lighted torches of the dry branches, and pricked the copse with their sabres. No operation could be more effectual; and prisoners made their appearance at every push. At length morning began to dawn, and the old colonel, recovered from his bruises, set the regiment in motion towards the camp. The column was now of formidable length, for between its leading troop and its rear, marched the remnant of three French demi-brigades—with all their losses, still amounting to upwards of two thousand men. They were received in the camp with acclamations by the troops drawn out in line. The old colonel, one of the Lichtensteins, was pronounced a hero worthy of the days of Maria Theresa, received an order, and was made a major-general. Carlo had here an illustration of the corporal's scale of merit. His comrades, it is true, drank his health, and laughed at the colonel's victory; and all the *vivandières*, especial judges of merit in every service, pronounced that he was "as brave as he was handsome." What could man ask more? It was well, at least, that he asked no more—for he got nothing.

The French and Austrians are made to be at war with each other from the cradle; for they are opposites in every thing except in their mutual and sincere love of tobacco. The Austrian would sit for ever; the Frenchman would never sit at all, if he could help it. The Austrian thinks that a victory is of no use unless it saves further fighting; the Frenchman makes a victory only the preliminary to a battle, in which it is a hundred to one that he gets beaten for his pains. The capture of the demi-brigades sounded a prodigious achievement in Vienna; court balls were given in commemoration of this grand piece of chivalry; and the Aulic Council narrowly escaped the *mal-à-propos* of putting the army on the peace establishment.

But Moreau was of a different opinion. He determined to make the Austrians feel that a night skirmish was not a pitched battle, and that three demi-brigades were not the whole French army. He moved accordingly; and the first echo of his cannonade sounded in the ears of the honest Austrians as if the world were come to an end. But the German, if tardy, is brave; and if he has no actual taste for carnage, yet, when fairly warmed to it, exhibits quite a sufficient share of the general wild-beast propensity of mankind to tear each other. The camp was raised, soberly and slowly, but it was raised at last; and the columns leisurely took their way towards Mannheim, on whose walls the French guns were already pouring out their shot and shells in unwelcome prodigality.

The Hulans were in the rearguard, and Carlo, with a few of his scattered companions, lingered to give a last look at the river, which every man of Germany regards as a sort of family favourite. Nothing could be less like war and the things of war. The summer was lying in all its colours on the hills on both sides. Strasburg was ringing its singularly beautiful chimes, as if there were nothing but weddings and holidays in the world. Kehl, with all its bastions behind them, looked like an enchanted hill, worked and carved by giants, and covered with a thousand tissues from the loom of that most magnificent and least costly of all artificers, Phœbus himself. All was softness, serenity, and luxuriance. Even the fortified head of the Rhine-

bridge exhibited nothing more warlike than a few lounging soldiers smoking on its walls, and like themselves gazing at the sunset. Carlo stood contemplating it, while the shades of evening were sweeping round. "We shall be late," said one of his comrades. "We shall be forced to bivouac; for not an innkeeper will open his doors after nightfall, while the columns are in march."

"If I were a general," said Carlo, "I should save you the trouble of the march altogether. I should leave Mannheim to fight for itself, and watch the French here."

"Why, there are none to watch!"

"If not now, rely upon it there soon will be. Moreau has the character of being the first tactician of France. He will not deserve it, if, with this city to debouch from, and this fortress alone to protect our side of the river, he does not make the attempt. If he does, he must succeed."

"Pho! the thing is impossible. Do you see troops, boats, pontoons—any thing?"

"Nothing in the world," said Carlo; "and for that reason I dread the manœuvre the more. If he shows no troops, we have none to show. He wants to pass the Rhine; and, take my word for it, that he will pass it on the very spot where we stand."

The dispute continued, and the disputants were scarcely aware, in the dark, that an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, and attended by an orderly, had been listening to them for some moments. On discovering him, the group dispersed, and prepared to gallop after the regiment. "Stay, Hulan," said the officer to Carlo, in a tone of authority; "I have been an accidental hearer of your opinion, and I am inclined to think that you are in the right. What makes you suppose that the French will attempt to cross the river here?"

"The sagacity of the French general," was the answer; "and the maxim which I learned at the military school, always to prepare for a Frenchman when he is most desirous to put you off your guard." The officer seemed to be struck with the reason; put spurs to his horse, and taking his station on a rising ground, which commanded a wide reach of the river, continued sweeping the horizon with his

telescope. Carlo had now time to contemplate his interrogator, and was struck with the strong sense that characterised his physiognomy. The eye bold and powerful—the features, though heavy, yet noble—and the frame, though broad, yet either thinned by exertion, or rendered lighter to the glance by the springiness and muscular activity of his movements.

Twilight had now deepened into night, and the officer, with a sudden exclamation, started from his position, and rushed back to the spot where he had left his orderly. He wrote a few lines. “Take this to the commandant of Kehl instantly,” said he, to the orderly. “And you, Hulan, follow me.” Carlo professed his willingness, if he should first obtain his colonel’s permission. “*Tonnere!*” exclaimed the officer; “will he hinder you from following the Archduke?”—“The hero of Germany—the Archduke Charles was before him! In the next instant they were both at full speed through the forest. As they approached the camp of the Swabian brigade, which had been left almost the only troops in observation, they halted to hear the sounds from the left bank. The movement was no longer equivocal. The strokes of innumerable oars, the hum of voices, and the cries of the boatmen, kept down as they were, showed that a powerful force was already on the water.

“They are coming!” exclaimed the Archduke, at nervous intervals; “Alvinzi has made an irreparable blunder. We have not five thousand men within five leagues. Hulan, you ought to have been the general; but come on, we must still do our best.” At this moment a sudden thunder of artillery rolled along the whole French front, and two vast embarkations of troops were seen by the blaze rapidly pressing to the shore. In the centre a smaller column headed both, and was already landing on an island, connected with the German side by a bridge of boats. The Archduke looked on this scene with feverish anxiety. “Not a shot is fired,” he exclaimed; “not a vidette challenges. They will be all taken in their beds—poltrons!” That they were not in their beds, however, soon became apparent; for, after a sharp skirmish, the garrison of the island were seen running in a mass to the bridge, and followed so closely by

the French that they evidently would not have time to cut off the communication. “All is lost,” said the Archduke, with a degree of calmness singularly contrasted with his former tone. He now saw the full danger, and was now prepared to look upon it with the composure of a soldier’s mind. “The Eshlar Rhin,” murmured he to himself, “is in their hands. They have the bridge, and by daylight they will have ferried over their whole force. Well, so be it!”

The trampling of the fugitives, and the shouts of the pursuing French now came near. Carlo, less absorbed in the consequences of “grand manœuvres,” now ventured to hint that the pursuit lay in their direction; and in proof pointed to a huge branch of an elm which had been just cut off by a cannon-shot.

“Right,” said the Archduke; “we must not wait to be taken prisoners. Ride off and order Staringer to bring down his Swabians instantly to this spot. You can show them the way.”

“But, your highness, will the general receive a verbal order from a private in the Hulans?”

“True,” observed his hearer; “but it is impossible to write now. Who are you? You say you have been at the military school. When? How long have you served?”

Carlo gave his information as briefly as the questions.

“Ha! the son of Colonel Sebastiani?” said the Archduke; “excellent officer—and you a private! I see—some *escapade*, some *coup de jeunesse!*”

Carlo explained matters; and the short conference ended by the Archduke’s bidding him consider himself as his aid-de-camp for the night, and bring down the troops to meet the leading column of the French; while he himself rode to the main body of the army, to retrieve if possible the oversight of their march to Manheim.

The new aid-de-camp flew on the wings of the wind. He was now an officer; glory, power, wealth, and diamond epaulets filled his brain; it was an intoxication, and before he had sobered it he was in the bivouac of the Swabians. Staringer was, like his countrymen, as brave as his own sabre; but he had all their deliberation. While Carlo was frantic with impatience, the honest Swabian moved

with the etiquette of parade. The French guns sounded nearer and nearer; but nothing could be more regular than the manner in which the Swabian columns formed, and nothing more unlucky. Carlo flung himself on and off his horse a dozen times, before he could prevail on the gallant German to march. The shouts of the French, who, to do them justice, are the most noisy of all troops on earth, seemed by this time to come from every part of the horizon, and Carlo was in despair. At length, in an agony of vexation, he rushed forward, at the head of a squadron of chasseurs, to *probe* the thicket for the advance of the rest.

It was the height of summer, and the dawn was already beginning to gleam along the hills of the Vosges: below all was still, wrapped in purple vapour; and, except the occasional glitter of a bayonet, nothing was visible along the lower landscape. But a new blaze of sunshine, bursting through the ridges of the Black Forest, suddenly lighted up the whole scene, and nothing could be more extraordinary or splendid. Thirty thousand men in three columns were on the surface of the Rhine; the centre column already landed in part, and keeping up a continued and heavy fire; the others more slowly advancing, in immense masses, with glittering arms and waving banners, across the broad expanse of the noble river. The sounding of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the repeated cheerings of the troops, filled up the wild harmony of war. Carlo stood gazing in fixed astonishment at the pomp of the view; he saw for the first time the magnificence of soldiership, and the impression was full, overpowering, and indescribable.

But his military *coup d'œil* saw as clearly that the Swabians were too late, and that they could advance only to be taken prisoners. He rushed back to the column, and informed the general of what he had seen, and his opinion. But Staringer, if he had been difficult to move in advance, was still more difficult to move in retreat. The young aid-de-camp's remonstrances, by no means promoted by his Hulan cap and cloak, were listened to, with calmness indeed, but with the very reverse of conviction; and the three thousand Swabians marched without stop down to the

shore, and began a steady fire on the boats.

This unexpected resistance evidently startled the advance of the enemy; and the head of the huge column, already within a short distance of the shore, hesitated, and, after a few moments, steered away to find another point of landing. The Swabians followed; and Staringer, now sufficiently alive to the magnitude of the peril in front, pushed rapidly along the bank. But the quick ear of Sebastiani caught a movement through the forest, which told him that the still greater peril lay behind. The Swabian general turned from the intelligence contemptuously, and hurried on. Within five minutes from his taking up his position, a burst of fire on both his flanks taught him his error. He was now evidently undone. Between the column on the river, and the troops in the forest, his retreat was utterly impossible. The German bravery still persisted in keeping its ground, and the French paid dear for their success; but the result was now a matter of calculation. A shout and a charge brought the enemy into the centre of his battalions; and before the half hour was over, the brigade was utterly dispersed, and Staringer, with his staff, guns, and colours, in the hands of the invaders. Carlo and a few others escaped in the general confusion.

This was rather a disastrous beginning of his services in the Imperial staff; but what was to be done? Nothing, but ride off in the morning, find the Archduke, state the facts, and trust to fortune.

Yet even this was not to be so easily managed. In this world a strong determination and a capital horse will go a great way towards their object; but not where an army of seventy thousand men lies between them. This was the case at the present crisis; for Moreau had landed with his whole force, and the French hussars were spurring round every corner of the country; there was no glory to be got, and his only expedient was to hide in the thickets. The day never seemed to have been so long since the Flood; the sun seemed to linger in the sky on purpose to betray him, and his sense of hearing assumed a painful acuteness, which persuaded him that every spot of the forest was filled with pur-

suers. Night, however, came at last, and with the last gleam of evening he saw the door of a little inn. Nothing could be more opportune. At other times he might have doubted the safety of its hospitality, for nothing could be more robber-like than its physiognomy, and nothing could be nearer the fact. But he was dying with fatigue, hunger, and vexation. In this state, he would have faced half the banditti of the Black Forest naked. His sabre was so much in his favour, and, after a short and sulky interrogatory of the owner, he pushed his way in. His entrance was greeted with a general scream, and a rush of females into an inner room.

They had taken him for one of the French marauders, and expected to have all their heads dismissed from their shoulders, for the sake of their ear-rings and necklaces. But in their retreat they had left their supper behind them, and the young Hulan contented himself with sending an invitation to them to return, and sat down. This might not be chivalric, but he had seen nothing but their backs—the supper was plainly before him in all its charms—and, after a twelve hours' fast, there could be no comparison between the back of the Medicean Venus and a German sausage. His invitation having been declined, he had accomplished all the requisites of ceremonial; and he commenced the meal with an appetite which might have been envied by many a crowned head. But it was occasionally varied by the half-opening of the chamber door, and the glance of a peeping visage, apparently for the purpose of discovering whether he were a human being or a cannibal. At length the door fully opened, and a lady, attended by two female domestics, advanced, thanked him for his civility, and begged to know whether the French were approaching in that direction. Carlo started by instinct on his feet, and gazed at her in silence. The lady repeated her question; but he was spell-bound, and it was with difficulty that he got out a few words. It is not to be presumed that a hero of eighteen, the son of a colonel, and an Italian, had not meditated something on the subject of female graces before; or that any man, passing his vacations in the Austrian metropolis, had not seen some striking specimens of the sex. But in all his

studies of that order, Carlo felt that he had never seen any thing like the face and form that there stood, evidently amused by his perplexity. The lady seemed just beyond girlhood, and just between the vivacity of the French and the seriousness of the German countenance. Her features were fine, her eyes brilliant, and the physiognomy noble; but there was an expression in that physiognomy, so singularly touching and sweet, that it took his soul by surprise. He felt it like a flash of electricity, and felt that *there* stood the arbiter of his fate.

When he recovered his self-possession, he explained the circumstances of his being there, in a few words, to which the beautiful girl listened with increasing attention; a short dialogue explained every thing on both sides, and they sat down at table together; the domestics, to their great joy, coming from their retreat and attending. The lady divulged her name, Carolina Cobentzel. She was returning from a visit to some relations on the French bank of the Rhine, when the march of the enemy took place. She had reached the German side of the river but that morning, a few hours before the passage of the French. She had fled in infinite terror from the scene, and was in hopes of escaping it altogether; when the sight of some hussars in pursuit made the postilions turn into the forest, where night, if it stopped the pursuit, had stopped her equipage also.

The conversation grew animated. It was some months since Carlo had seen the face of woman, beyond those rather unfinished specimens which follow regiments. His natural spirits returned as if by enchantment; yet what enchantment is equal to that of grace, spirit, and beauty, in one? A new soul seemed to have entered into the Hulan; who, however, had now summoned courage to tell his fair guest that he was the Hulan no longer, but a chosen member of the staff of the favourite general of Germany. He forgot the time in the spell-like delight of the hour; he poured out all the glowing thoughts, wild fantasies, and eloquent picturings of the past and the future, that swept before his Italian imagination like a dream of Elysium. The lady listened and looked, with growing astonishment; listened with fascinated ear, and looked with full, deep, unconscious gaze. Carlo had inherit-

ed the features of his father's country ; and their expression, lighted up by the ardour of his feelings, was brilliant. He seemed as if he could have poured out his fervours of poetry and passion for ever. The lady's lovely countenance, filled with emotion as rich and rapid as his own, looked on him, as if she had found, for the first time, a being by whom her heart could be understood, or whom it could understand.

But a sudden whisper of one of the domestics to her fellow, in which the name of Cavinski transpired, dissolved the charm at once. It was evident that nothing could be more startling to the lady's recollections. The countenance was instantly pale as death, the lips quivered ; and, with an effort, she rose from the table, and, half-fainting, withdrew to her chamber.

Carlo's curiosity was too strongly excited, to suffer the domestic to withdraw with her, until he had ascertained the cause of the change. A couple of florins untied her tongue. " Her mistress, the daughter of a general officer in the Austrian service, was returning, for the express purpose of being married to the Count Cavinski, a Hungarian of immense estates, and one of the Imperial chamberlains."

" Does she love him?—can she love him?—is it possible that she can love him?" were the breathless questions of the ardent Carlo.

The *femme de chambre* answered, with a smile worthy of the boudoir of a prima donna—" The count gives charming presents, and they say has three palaces ; and all the ladies of the Court are dying for love of him—or them."

The reason was unanswerable, and a couple of florins more, the last relics of his month's pay, showed that the Hulan could give still more munificently than the count—for he gave all.

But there was no time now for deliberation. The door of the hut opened ; and the half-savage owner rushed in, crying that the hussars were already hunting the next copse, and would be among them next minute. The news was sufficiently alarming ; the lady was brought from her chamber ; the horses were hastily put to ; the postilions, tired, sleepy, and much " bemused in beer,"

dragged their jackboots over the saddles of their weary animals ; and at length the Hulan had the honour of handing the fair fugitive into her britchska.

Here was an end of every thing—adventure, love, speculations wild, wandering, and wonderful. Carlo felt that his world was finished ; and he wished himself shot on the earliest opportunity. Life or death being now equally indifferent to him, he mounted his horse, and slowly pursued his way in the direction which the army was supposed to have taken.

But this night was still to be a memorable one in his history. The sound of the carriage-wheels was just dying on his ears, when the galloping of cavalry and the firing of their pistols, showed him that they had been overtaken. His indifference abandoned him at once ; he pushed his charger through brambles enough to have stopped an elephant ; but what can stop a young hero, and that hero desperately in love with the most beautiful creature within a thousand leagues square, and that most beautiful creature in the hands of gentlemen of the road, who understand the art of fleeing like the French light troops ? By dint of furious exertion he contrived to work his way through this German jungle, and at length had a fair view, though through a wall of brushwood, impassable to any thing but a wolf or a hound. The proceedings of the plunderers were systematic. They were three, evidently stragglers, who had slipped away on a private expedition. One was standing, torch in hand, at the horses' heads ; another was regularly handing the travelling valises out of the carriage ; while the third, also dismounted, was keeping guard over the lady and her servants. Finding that he could not force his way to the spot, Carlo fired his pistol at the fellow in charge of the postilions. The shot told on the torch-arm, which instantly fell by its owner's side ; that owner himself following his torch headforemost to the turf. His companions instantly sprang on their horses, drew their sabres, and prepared for battle. It was now that Carlo felt the good fortune that often comes from our not being able to do all that we wish at once. If he had burst through the thicket, he must have

been exposed to three enemies at once. But, whether a solitary Hulan, or the whole cavalry of Austria, were behind the hedge, was now a matter unknown to the robbers. Carlo now fired again, and with the good luck of perforating the boot of the rider nearest to him, and lodging the ball in his calf. A thousand *sacres* followed the shot, and made the wood resound. Only one antagonist now remained, and him Carlo resolved to sacrifice in the presence of the lady, who stood in evident horror leaning against a tree. By trying a circuitous path, he at length found his way, within sabre's length of the remaining plunderer. The affair was brief. The first scratch of the sabre sent the Frenchman to the right about; and the field, with all its prizes—the britchska, the trunks, the waiting-maids, and the lovely Carolina Cobentzel herself, were his by right of victory; to say nothing of the two ruffians who lay alternately groaning and swearing on the ground.

The gratitude of the fair captive was indescribable, and her request, nay, her entreaties, that Carlo would accept some acknowledgment—purse, jewels, even a ring, were all but resistless, yet he resisted them. His dejection returned heavier still; nay, when the first anxiety of the crisis was over, he evidently would have thanked her for hanging him on the spot.

But those were not times for travellers to stand talking sentiment in a forest at twelve at night. The britchska was reloaded, the fugitives were handed in, and the postilions remounted. Carlo saw the proceeding, as if his eyes looked their last of this world; but the lovely Carolina did not choose to part with him quite so silently.

“If you will accept nothing else,” said she, in a silvery tone, “accept my address. General Count Cobentzel will be happy to see you, and serve you at Vienna.”

Carlo's pale lips then burst their silence. “Is it *true* that you are—affianced?”

Carolina grew pale in her turn, and said nothing.

“But one word—if you would not see me the most miserable of human beings,” exclaimed the impassioned soldier.

“How can it interest you?” timidly said the lady. “We have seen each

other for the first time, let it not be the last. You have rendered me a great service”—she paused—“my family will be happy to receive you,” sighed, rather than said, the half-fainting beauty.

“But are *you* about to be married?” wildly exclaimed the enthusiast, with every fibre convulsed with despair.

Carolina clasped her hands, and sank back on the seat of the carriage. In another moment it was gone.

In two hours after, a wandering woodcutter found Sebastiani lying on the ground, on the same spot, in a paroxysm of fever, raving against kings, queens, and beautiful women; outrageous against nature, for not bringing him into the world a field-marshal; and giving orders to an army of a hundred thousand Hulans, to ride over Europe, storm Constantinople, take the Grand Signior by the beard; and make a present of the East to the most brilliant pair of black eyes, and most exquisite pair of coral lips, among all the Carolinas or Cleopatras that ever existed.

On his recovery from this delirium, he found himself lying in the woodcutter's hovel, feeble, emaciated, and sick of every thing human—war, woman, and the world. He made the further discoveries, that three weeks had elapsed in this condition, and that he had lost his time, his horse, and his honour.

But the war still raged: the wretched wounded and fugitives who passed daily through the forest, making the best of their way home, spread rumours enough to have filled the *Allgemeine Zeitung* with wonders, and all of them probably as faithful as the usual contents of that inventive journal. The army of the Archduke was to-day annihilated, and to-morrow in the act of annihilating the French. The Archduke's dead body was to-day found on the field of battle, carried to Vienna, and buried with imperial honours; and the day after, the Archduke was wreaking vengeance on Moreau or Jourdan, driving every thing before him, and marching over the bodies of the French demi-brigades straight to the Rhine. Carlo felt the spirit of his profession revive within him, and was no sooner able to set his foot on the ground, than he resolved to join the army. Guided by the honest woodcutter, he wound his way through the obliquities

of the forest, and at length reached the open country, where his conductor, fearful of falling into the hands of some of the straggling troops, left him, and he must make his march alone, like a knight of the days of chivalry. Let what will be said of heroism, it is a mixed sensation; and the epaulet, embroidery, and plume, make a part of it. There is a prodigious difference between the feeling of caracoling on a bounding charger, all *cliquant* with housings, shell bridles, and Hungarian nets; and trudging over the ground alone and on foot. There is no less difference between the showy uniform, the clanking sabre, and the dashing shako, and the peasant cloak, the stick, and the hat of a woodcutter; for to his entertainer the unlucky Carlo was indebted for his present wardrobe. The French hussars, whom he had placed *hors de combat*, not having been placed beyond the faculty, or still less the inclination for pillage, had evidently availed themselves of their opportunity; and when they found him, like Don Quixote in the desert, performing his evolutions of despair, they had speedily reduced the romancer to the condition of romance.

He at length reached the eastern side of the Black Forest, once the dread of Roman and the fortress of Teutonic valour—in those days a mighty mass of primeval wood, covering the map of Germany, either by itself or its offshoots, and memorable for being a nine-days' journey. In later times, the axe has made terrible havoc, and republicanized the monarchs of the forest; exercising the levelling principle on the largest scale, and in some huge places converting that into corn land, hutted by thousands of strong-limbed and broad-faced hewers of wood and drawers of water, which once supplied its feast of acorns to those free rangers of the wild, by which man was made to be eaten—the bear, the wolf, and the wild hound. The forest is now still more cruelly curtailed to the range of low, yet difficult and rocky, hills which spread between the Rhine and the Neckar, and form the first line of natural fortifications between the fiery restlessness of the Frenchman and the sturdy resistance of the solid serf of old Teutschland. On emerging from those fresh and dewy though sullen shades, the aspect of the country, before and beneath him, struck his eye as one of

the most cheerless that man or nature could have joined to form;—all was lifeless as far as the glance could sweep, the only mark of man being in the ruins of some hamlet, the cutting down of some grove, or the fragments of some village mill, on its little elevation, hanging in the wind, and in various instances still smoking. Large heaps of ashes were in general the only traces of where human habitations had stood; and gleams of bones in heaps, just touched by the light of morning, showed where its masters had mingled their remains with those of the soldiery on both sides. It was evident, that this plain had been the site of a series of long and hardly contested struggles between the French and German armies. And where were they now? What had been the use of those struggles? What was left of tens of thousands of gallant lives, but the scene of early and promiscuous mortality—the desert plain, the ruined village, and the voice and labours of man equally extinguished; and all for the mere purpose of giving a general, loaded with stars and strings, more stars and strings; and filling a gazette with bombast to amuse the mob of Parisian idlers, as they sipped their coffee in the Palais Royal.

A few days more brought him within reach of the armies, and he was making the attempt to pass round the flank of the French, and thus reach the Archduke; when, to his infinite joy, he saw some troopers of his own regiment taking up a position. It was in a little grove, within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood. He ran to them, was received with great acclamations, and felt the hero flaming in him again. Intelligence of all kinds now flowed in upon him.—There had been a great deal of desperate fighting; which the gallant Hulans asserted, however, to be all in favour of the Archduke. After having retired a little before Moreau, which, they declared, was merely to lay a trap for the Frenchman's vanity, and crush him in the heart of the mountains, he had turned upon Jourdan, and was now beating the boaster league by league back to the Rhine. When he had finished him and his, as a *bonne bouche* he was to turn back and swallow Moreau and his braggadocios for dinner. On what the Archduke was to sup, after those abundant

meals, the Hulans could only conjecture, but the future was large.

Towards evening a distant and broken cannonade showed that an affair was taking place, and that movements were making by the armies. The night was moonless but clear, and the height on which the Hulans were posted, gave them an uninterrupted view across a plain of several leagues' breadth to a chain of gentle acclivities in front. By degrees those hills began to be dotted with fires, and it was evident that a strong body of troops were preparing to bivouac. With every hour there were new arrivals of columns; and in the stillness of the night, the sounds of the waggons, the rattling of the guns over the rocky ground, and even the clamours of the troops, were distinctly audible. Still, the question, to which army they belonged, was unanswered; and Carlo, eager as usual for distinction, claimed, on the ground of his being an aid-de-camp, the right to take out a few cavalry to reconnoitre. The captain, an honest soldier, but who loved his pipe at least as well as his spur, was not unwilling to settle his doubts upon the easiest terms; and Sebastiani galloped off with half-a-dozen of his comrades, loaded with "most particular orders" not to commit themselves, not to make any false step by getting too near, and, above all, to come back with their intelligence as speedily as possible.

All this was prudent in the captain. But prudent maxims ought to be put into prudent hands, and not into the keeping of warriors of eighteen, full of fire and full of contempt for all precaution, eager to see whatever was going on, and disposed to forget captains and commands, and all the earth beside, the moment they heard the first cannon-shot. Within the half-hour, Carlo had completed all the original objects of his mission—had reached the verge of the bivouac—had rode between a couple of its advanced posts—had heard with his own ears the troops conversing in French; and, that his captain might have similar evidence, had dispatched a stray sutler, a drunken grenadier, and a sleeping sentinel, musket and all, and severally bound hand and foot on the croups of three Hulan horses, to his officer. But with three capitally mounted comrades, all eager for ad-

venture; with the battalions and squadrons of a brilliant French army coming up successively into the sunshine, and glittering like phalanxes of fire; and, above all, with the strongest possible chance of seeing a pitched battle for the first time in his life—to ride back as he came seemed the most provoking course imaginable. Sitting on his charger, he held a council of war like a field-marshal; and the unanimous opinion being that to return was absurd, without having something to tell, they resolved to see whatever was to be seen.

They were not kept long in suspense. The army, on whose skirts they now hung, was in the act of effecting its retreat from the Archduke; who, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, had repelled its invasion, forced it to throw itself into the difficult mountains which border the river Maine, and was now pressing forward to destroy or drive it into France.

All the world knows, that the two things in the world least like each other, are a battle and a review; and Carlo, who had hitherto witnessed nothing more substantial than the parades of the garrison of Ratisbon, with the exception of his single night's experience at the passage of the Rhine, was all astonishment at the raggedness, the rushing, and the desperate disorder of the fifty thousand gallant republicans who were pouring back through the defiles of this singularly broken and now wasted country. Yet, when the French began to take up their position, nothing could be more magnificent to the eye of the young soldier. The individual destitution of the troops ceased to be visible, when they were once more massed in their columns; and he longed for the first sound of the cannon which was to put them in action, with a feeling which he could compare to nothing but the eagerness to see the curtain rise on some great theatric spectacle. The features of the moment aided the conception. From the summit of the mountain range to the plain, all was open to the blaze of a summer sun, and every spot which was not covered with forest was covered with human beings.

The French had no sooner taken up their ground than they had begun to prepare their meal, in which the genius of the nation of cooks makes them more expert than any other campaign-

ers on the globe. Clouds of smoke rose in all quarters; the noise and laughter of busy multitudes filled the air; and, but when a change of position threw their helmets and muskets into the flash of the sunshine, or the galloping of a park of artillery thundered among the precipitous roads, all looked like an immense fair.

It was now noon, and still no symptom of battle appeared. Carlo alighted, to lead his horse deeper into the forest, and, with some displeasure at the tardiness of war, prepared to return to his captain. But a sound of hoofs suddenly struck his ear. He threw his men into the copse, and awaited the event. A small party of French dragoons, with an officer, forcing their way through the thicket, soon showed themselves. Carlo fired his carbine at them; his example was followed by his men; the officer's horse was wounded, and brought him to the ground; the dragoons, probably thinking that they had fallen into the hands of some strong patrol, wheeled about, and the officer remained, unable to rise, and a prisoner. Carlo's refusing to take his watch and purse, a remarkably unusual instance in campaigning, put the Frenchman into good spirits again; and in five minutes after his capture, he talked away, as if the Hulus and he had been friends for the last half century.

"Who commands?" was the first question of the captors.

"Oh! Jourdan of course. He has been looking for the Archduke as far as the Danube, and, not finding him there, has brought back the army, in order to see whether he will fight on any terms. Pray, gentlemen," added the prisoner, with the true smile of a Frenchman, "can any of you tell me where the Archduke is? If you wish to earn fifty louis, you will have only to ride to the field-marshal with the intelligence, and say that Colonel Vancourt sent you."

"No, colonel, we should rather take care of you, and have to bring back the news of your field-marshal's being soundly beaten; as he will be, if he waits where he is till night-fall."

"Soundly beaten! Ha, ha, ha! Why, he has twelve demi-brigades that would walk over Germany."

"Ay, if they were let alone. But why are they retreating now?"

"Merely to draw on your general. If he fights, he must be annihilated; if he does not, he must be disgraced. In either case, France triumphs; we shall have a general peace, and the Republic will be the mistress of Europe!—'ça ira!'"

The Frenchman, in the exhilaration of the prospect, gave them a stanza of the air, as if he were sitting in a café, or a club of the sons of liberty in the metropolis of the graces.

Carlo felt the honour of his country getting the better of his politeness, and was about to make an angry answer, when a roar of cannon pealed round the mountain. The battle had evidently begun, and the party hastened to a height from which the whole scene of commotion lay beneath the eye. The French stood in order of battle on the ridge of the hills, with cavalry posted in the intervals of the columns, and their artillery thrown in front of the line, to pour down a plunging fire on the Austrians as they ascended the gorges. The fog, which had hitherto covered all the lower declivities and the plain stretching to the river, was now gradually clearing off, and at every movement the Archduke's force was developing itself on a larger scale through the cloud. It actually looked as if the battalions and squadrons were starting up from the soil. The colonel's spirits palpably sank with every new development.

"What! more battalions, more masses!" he continually exclaimed. "Jourdan ought to have known the force against him, before he halted to fight. More troops still! he will have the whole German army upon his hands. Look there—that *sacre* movement will bring the enemy on his flank, and he does not see it, or if he did, he has not a single soldier to spare." The Colonel now attempted the gentler arts, and tried the offer of a large sum, to purchase the power of carrying his knowledge of this important manœuvre to his general. But the attempt only increased Carlo's vigilance, and produced a search of the unlucky colonel's person in return, which elicited a small case of despatches. The battle now raged; the Archduke, apparently to mask the flank attack, moved several strong columns directly to the front, and the firing grew tremendous. The colonel's emotions had all the characteristic

vivacity of his nation. He writhed, exclaimed, *sacre-d*, and danced, with every change of the fight. "There," he cried, "go the thirty-fifth, the finest demi-brigade in France. The Austrians might as well shake a rock. There go Lemoine's six-pounders: capital!—they have broken up the column. But who are those forming to charge? Aye: Milhaud's dragoons! Nothing can withstand them. Bravo! They are in the midst of the Austrians: all is a *mêlée*. Grenier follows them with the light infantry—the enemy are turning already—Jourdan will march to the Danube." A Frenchman's ideas always break out in words, and the colonel's interest in this great and formidable scene let loose all his volubility. But a roar now rose on the flank, and the heads of the Austrian columns were seen rapidly forcing their way down the defiles on the left of the French. The flow of his ideas now ran just as rapidly in the opposite direction. He was *au désespoir*. "All is lost!" exclaimed the colonel; "Jourdan is a madman. This is only a new specimen of the folly which precipitated him into Germany, and drove him back, with the loss of half his army, through the worst roads and worst country that ever broke up an army. *Sacre!* where is Ney now?—he saved us already, and it cost him a week's desperate work to do it. But there—he is advancing at the head of the cuirassiers; *Grand Sabreur!* the enemy wavers—he pursues them off the field. *Diable!* where did that mass of cavalry come from? Ney is enveloped again—his squadrons are broken to fragments. Nothing can save him—nothing can save the army. Unless Jourdan is killed in the field, he will fall by the guillotine. France is undone!"

The aspect of the field by this time fully accounted for the colonel's despair. The Archduke had completely turned the French army; and while a succession of vigorous attacks in front,

by Starray and Wertensleben, mowed down the battalions at the foot of the hills, Kray, at the head of the Hungarian grenadiers, continued to press on, pouring showers of musketry and grape on the shattered line. Evening was not far off; and the only hope of escape lay in their being able to resist until nightfall. They might then continue their march, and, by fortifying the passes of the last hills bordering on the Rhine, accomplish the object of stopping the pursuit for a while. The French brigades now concentrated themselves round their general; the plain and the river being wholly abandoned, with vast quantities of ammunition, and nearly all their guns and baggage. On the summit of the range they still kept up a determined resistance; but all the purposes of the gallant Archduke being completed for the time, the firing at length died away on all sides.

Carlo now thought of his captain. But where was he to find him? Every thing had been changed by the event of the day. Besides, he now had the charge of an important prisoner. The conclusion was, that the Archduke's headquarters must now be his only point of direction. He set out at full speed; by making a detour of some distance, passed beyond the reach of the patrols of both armies, and at midnight reached the village where the Archduke and his staff had taken their rest for the night. On making his report, his prisoner was ordered to attend the general. A *croix* or a commission was in Carlo's thoughts, while he awaited the end of the examination. At length an Imperial aid-de-camp made his appearance. Carlo's heart beat quick: the aid-de-camp simply delivered a paper to the officer of the guard, and returned. It was an order for Carlo's arrest; and within the hour he was on his way to one of the forest fortresses, the condemned cells of the Imperial dominions.

[To be continued.]

KHIVA, CENTRAL ASIA, AND CABUL.

THE conflicting relations between Great Britain and Russia, in which the double position held by each of those powers in reference to Europe and Asia has for some time placed them, appear to have been brought, by the results of our advance into Cabul, to the verge of an inevitable collision. The gradual absorption of all the Indian sovereignties into the empire of the Company, and the predominance of Russia over the whole of Northern Asia, from Kamschatka to the Caucasus, must sooner or later have occasioned this; and the turn which the adroitness of Russian diplomacy, since the accession of the reigning sovereign, Mohammed Shah, has given to Persian politics, has contributed to hasten the crisis, by converting that country, from a stubborn barrier to Russian encroachment, into a highway to be securely traversed by her troops, in prosecution of her ulterior schemes of conquest. How far this untoward state of affairs might have been prevented or averted by timely management on the part of our administration in the East, it is not our present purpose to enquire; and it is a point on which neither pamphlets nor parliamentary debates seem to have succeeded in throwing much light; but the consequences speedily became apparent in the famous siege of Herat, an event which will probably be hereafter regarded as the opening of a new page in the history of Central Asia. Notwithstanding the failure of the enterprise, the rulers of British India were at last effectually startled and alarmed by the danger to which one of the keys of their empire had been exposed; and the expedition for the restoration of Shah Shooja was planned and undertaken in haste, in order to strengthen their defences in the north-west, and pre-occupy the

exterior points from which their frontier might have been assailed. Russia appears at first to have regarded this advance on our part as a false step, both in a military and political view, which must so speedily and inevitably work out its own discomfiture, as to relieve her from the necessity of accelerating the catastrophe. The distance and impracticable nature of the country to be attacked, separated from our own territories by deserts and hostile independent tribes; the injudicious reductions recently made in our Indian army, opposed to the presumed energy and popularity of the Barukzye rulers, and the valour of the Affghans, whom the siege of Herat had shown not to have degenerated in this respect from their fathers,—all concurred to set Russia at ease as to the British operations west of the Indus; and, with the exception of the (afterwards disavowed) mission of the unfortunate Vikovich to Cabul, she appears to have waited in tranquil expectation for the time when the destruction of the Sepoy columns in the mountain passes of the Affghan country should have left the Anglo-Indian government destitute of disposable troops, and distracted by the innumerable revolts and conspiracies which would have exploded in all parts of India at the first tidings of reverse in Cabul.* Even if these anticipations should not be verified in their full extent, the dearly bought experience of Circassian mountain warfare justified the assumption, that the conquest of Affghanistan must occupy more than a single campaign. But all these seemingly well-reasoned calculations were overthrown by the events of the war. The Affghans recoiled from the encounter of the proverbial *ikbal*, or luck of the Company, and the bayonets of disciplined troops, in a panic from which the gallant

* There must be many still living who remember the sensation produced by the threatened invasion of India in 1797 by Shah Zemaun, the elder brother of the monarch whom a British army has just restored to a nominal sovereignty; when, in the words of Elphinstone, "the Rohillas and Patans began to assemble from all quarters in arms, and every Mussulman, even in the remotest regions of the Dekkan, waited in anxious expectation for the advance of the champion of Islam!"

storm of Ghazni* gave them no time to recover; and the blow thus struck produced an impression through all the tribes of Central Asia, of the promptitude and invincibility of English warfare, which made it imperative on Russia to vindicate her own military reputation, and counterbalance the *présteige* of the English successes, by a corresponding display of power and energy. The announcement, therefore, that an armament had been dispatched against Khiva, could excite no surprise in the minds of those who had regarded with attention the changes of the political horizon—the only doubt was, where the bolt would be aimed. We have thus briefly traced the successive movements by which the two great aggressive powers of Asia, issuing from the boundaries within which they had hitherto restrained themselves, have at length descended into the arena which the annihilation of the political independence of Persia, and the division and limited extent of the Turkman and Uzbek states, have left clear for the coming contest. The mountains of Afghanistan, at the upper extremity of the valley of the Oxus, have already been occupied by British forces—the lower part of the course of that river has probably, even while we write, become a component part of the Muscovite empire—the plains of Mawara-'nahr, unbroken, from the foot of the Hindoo Koosh to the Sea of Aral, by a mountain or intersecting river, alone separate the advanced posts. The existing circumstances of the sovereignties comprehended in this region, (in past ages the battle-field of the Moguls and Moslems,) as well as their political relations with each other, and with the more powerful states in their vicinity, are as little generally known in Europe as Afghanistan was before the events of the

last few years brought it into notice; but more accurate information exists in the jealously guarded archives of Petersburg: and while our politicians at home, and our military leaders in India, are exulting in having secured our Oriental empire from any future approaches on the side of Herat and Western Afghanistan, Russia has lost no time in repairing this check by a move in flank, the success of which will (as we shall endeavour in the course of the present article to show) give her the command of a position at once beyond the reach of any offensive operations on our part, and presenting equal advantages with Herat as a basis for attacking both our commerce and rule in India. Since the siege of Herat, indeed, and the undisguised avowals of its ulterior objects which the European journals in the pay of the Czar were permitted to make, Russia seems to have felt that any effectual concealment of her designs in that quarter is no longer practicable: the mask, once raised, has been thrown aside as useless; and arms have taken the place of intrigue and diplomacy. In our article on eastern affairs in January 1839, we alluded to a prevalent report that the Uzbek sovereignties had been deterred from sending troops to the relief of Shah Kamran, by the impending advance of a Russian force against Khiva. The rumour proved, however, to be at that time premature; but its accomplishment was only delayed. Late in last year it became known that an expedition had marched under the command of General Perofski; † and the strength of this corps, which is said to amount to 24,000 men of all arms, with seventy-two pieces of cannon, (besides a powerful reserve, and the volunteered aid of 10,000 Kirghizes,) obviously denotes, when directed against a principality the

* The ancient capital of Mahmood Shah Ghaznevi, the first Moslem conqueror of India, who rifled the virgin treasures of the idol shrines for the embellishment of his native city, has become, in the lapse of eight centuries, an appendage to the title of an English noble, Baron Keane of Ghazni!

† The similarity of name has led some to imagine this officer identical with the General Berowski reported to have been killed before Herat in 1838; but this is not the case. Berowski was a Polish Jew by birth, who had long been employed in Egypt and elsewhere as an emissary of Russia, before his appearance in a military capacity. Some years since he presented himself to Sir John Malcolm, at Bombay, in search of employment, but was speedily sent out of India. He then proceeded to Persia, and was actually killed before Herat.

population of which does not exceed 300,000, a design, not of reprisals or chastisement for past injuries, but of conquest and permanent occupation. [A well-informed French journal, *Le Commerce*, states the divisions of the Russian force as follows:—9000 infantry of the line, ten regiments of the regular Cossacks of Siberia, five regiments of Ural Cossacks, eight regiments of Tartars, Kalmucks, &c., in all 11,500 cavalry; two *demi-brigades* of artillery of mounted Cossacks, and a siege-battery—the disproportionate force of the cavalry is explained by the opposition expected from the Turkmans in crossing the steppe. The reserve is stated by the same journal, on the authority of letters from Odessa, at 12,000 infantry, 8000 Don Cossacks, and twenty-four guns, detached from the army of the Caucasus,* under the orders of the Vice-Ataman Orloff.] The fate of Khiva may therefore be considered as sealed, unless the desert and the Turkman hordes prove more efficient auxiliaries than is probable; but since its incorporation with the Russian dominions will bring that empire into close contact (if not with the immediate outposts of our own frontier) with countries in which the recent events render it essential that British interests should predominate, it may be useful, before entering into the consideration of the concomitant questions of policy, to give some account of the past history and present state of Khiva itself, the very position of which on the map is scarcely known, we suspect, to the majority of the English *reading public*.

The Khanate of Khiva or Orgunj, against which the formidable force above detailed is directed, is of limited extent, consisting principally of an oasis, about 200 miles in length from north to south, and half as much from east to west, extending along both banks of the Amoo or Oxus, before its course is lost among the vast thickets of reeds and rushes which precede its entrance into the sea of Aral.

Enveloped on all sides by deserts, it presents the appearance of a fertile island among the waste: the deserts of Kara-koom, or “the black sand,” (sometimes termed the steppe of Kharasm,) extending from its western border to the Caspian Sea; while the Kizil-koom, or “red sand,” covers its eastern frontier, forming also the northern boundary of the Bokhara territory, and reaching in that direction as far as the confines of Kokan or Ferghana. In the middle ages of Mohammedan history it was of far greater power and consideration than at present—the governors of Kharasm (as Khiva was then called) having, in the early part of the 12th century, thrown off their dependence on the Turkish Sultans of Persia, founded a dynasty before which the power both of the Seljookians and Ghorians was subverted, and which extended its supremacy from Kashgar to Kerman, and from the Indus to Rei and Ispahan. But the contest which the fifth Sultan of this race, Mohammed Kootb-ed-deen, undertook against the hitherto unknown might of the Moguls, proved fatal to his power and family; and the ruin of the Kharasmian monarchy opened the door to the irruption into Southern Asia of Jenghiz Khan and his descendants, whose career of bloodshed and desolation was arrested only on the confines of Egypt by the prowess of the Mamlukes. But their fury raged most unsparingly in the provinces on which their thirst for blood and plunder was first glutted: Transoxiana was left desolate both of cities and inhabitants—and Khiva does not again emerge into notice till the commencement of the 16th century, when it fell, with the adjoining countries, into the power of the Uzbeks, who expelled the princes of the House of Timur from all their remaining possessions; and from that time to the present, the people of Orgunj (the name more commonly used in the East) are constantly mentioned in the annals of Persia as a rapacious and predatory

* From other accounts it would appear that this reserve is a sort of condemned corps, destined to garrison Khiva after its capture, and selected from the army of the Caucasus to punish its disaffection, which has co-operated with the valour of the Circassians in rendering the further prosecution of the war in that quarter for the present hopeless. See the article on the Cossacks in our September number of last year.

race, sending out frequent *chappows*, or plundering parties into the neighbouring territories, particularly those subject to the Persians, with whom religious differences (all the Uzbeks being Soonis) placed them in a state of perpetual hostility; while the insulated situation of their own country, environed on all sides by extensive and almost impassable deserts, secured them against the advance of a Persian army. In 1739-40, however, the reduction of the Uzbek states was resolved on by Nadir Shah, then flushed with the conquest of India, and elated by the unexampled height of power to which he had raised the Persian monarchy. Bokhara yielded without resistance on the advance of the conqueror, and its ruler, Abul-Fayez Khan, a descendant of Jenghiz, was restored by Nadir to a vassal throne; but Ilburz, the Khan of Khiva, trusting to his deserts and fortresses for defence, refused to do homage, and even put to death the envoys sent from Bokhara to persuade him to submission. But the desert was quickly traversed by the Persian army, with its field artillery and battering train; the Khan, rashly issuing from the impregnable fortress of Hazarasp* to give battle in the plain, was taken prisoner and put to death, with twenty of his principal officers, in vengeance for his late violation of the law of nations; and Khiva surrendered after a few days' siege.

20,000 Persian slaves, according to Hanway, were delivered from bondage on the capture of this stronghold of the Uzbek freebooters; and a great number of Russian captives are further said by Meerza Mahdi, the biographer of Nadir, to have been released by the generosity of the victor, the more laudable in this case, as exercised towards those of a different faith. Two Englishmen,† who had penetrated into these remote regions, in the fruitless hope of establishing a com-

mercial intercourse with the Uzbek and Turkman states over the Caspian, from Russia, were also found in the vanquished city, and dismissed with honour and safety.

But no permanent conquest resulted from this inroad. The Khivans threw off the yoke in a few months after the Persians retired; resuming, at the same time, their former habits of rapine, which the distracted state of Persia, after the death of Nadir, enabled them to prosecute with even more than their previous impunity. The sovereign of Bokhara, however, availed himself of the anarchy in which the death of Ilburz had left them, to assert a supremacy over Khiva, which continued to acknowledge a nominal subjection to Bokhara till the commencement of the present century, when its independence was re-established by Mohammed Raheem Khan, father of the present ruler, Allah-Kooli; and at present the sway of the Khan of Khiva extends over the Turkman tribes, who wander over the desert between his country, the Persian frontier, and the Caspian; the fortresses of Merv and Shurukhs, in Khorassan, were also, when Burnes travelled, subject to him; and, under the father of the present Khan, the Khivan forces once ventured completely across the desert into Persia, in order to oppose the advance of a Persian army which threatened these detached points of his dominions.

The first recorded intercourse between Khiva and Russia was in the reign of Peter the Great, who, in 1716-17, dispatched thither Prince Alexander Bekevich, a Georgian by birth, ostensibly on a mission to the Khan, and to ascertain the practicability of re-opening an ancient channel, by which tradition states the waters of the Oxus to have been discharged in primitive times into the Caspian sea, at the Gulf of Balkan, but from which they had, at a remote period, been diverted, either by artificial mounds or a

* This castle is celebrated in story for the siege which Atsiz, the founder of the Kharasmanian dynasty, sustained in it against the Seljookian Sultan Sandjar; while the laureats of the two monarchs, the poets Anwari and Raschidi, emulated the warfare of their patrons by verses attached to arrows, and shot backwards and forwards from the camp to the castle.

† The names of these adventurous merchants were Thompson and Hogg. Their journal is published by Hanway, (vol. i. p. 345, 4to edition;) and, though brief, is interesting as the only account of the country derived from English travellers.

convulsion of nature, to their present course into the Lake of Aral. It was believed, however, that Bekevich's real instructions were to take possession of the mines of gold and lapis-lazuli said to exist in the mountain range between Khiva and Samarkand; and, for the accomplishment of this insidious project, (which implied the occupation of all the intermediate country,) he was accompanied by an escort of 2000 regular troops, with several pieces of artillery. The Khivans at first dissembled their suspicions, or were, perhaps, too weak to resist; but, on the Russian force being imprudently dispersed into winter quarters, the different detachments were simultaneously surprised and cut off.* Bekevich was carried into the presence of the Khan, and, after being reproached by him for his meditated perfidy, put to death by being cut limb from limb! His fate, however, appears to have passed unavenged; and, for more than a century after it, no direct communication with Khiva was attempted, though caravans frequently passed through its territory from Bokhara, &c., to trade with the Russians at the Bay of Mungushluk, in the north-east angle of the Caspian; and merchants from Khiva, according to Jooke, occasionally attended the great fair of Astrakhan with precious stones and ingots of gold and silver, the produce of their Indian commerce.

In 1819-20, however, (nearly at the same time with the fruitless embassy of M. de Négri to Bokhara,) General Yermoloff, then governor of Georgia, sent his aid-de-camp, Captain Mouraviev, on a mission to the Khan of Khiva, Mohammed Raheem, who had then lately shaken off his dependence on Bokhara; and from the narrative of this expedition, published at Paris in 1823, nearly all our recent knowledge of Khiva is derived. But the envoy totally failed in the declared objects of his legation, which were the ratification of commercial and friendly

relations between Russia and Khiva, the transference of the point of destination for the Bokhara caravans from Mungushluk to the nearer and more commodious haven of Krasno-voda† in the Bay of Balkan, and the abolition of the trade in Russian slaves, of whom Mouraviev says there were more than 3000 in Khiva.‡ All these propositions were, however, rejected or evaded: Mouraviev was even detained some time in a fortress, on the not unreasonable suspicion of being the precursor of an army, or at best a spy; but two years later, when the return of Négri and his suite had proved the practicability of the direct route from Orenburg, a caravan was dispatched under an escort to penetrate to Bokhara over the steppe east of the Sea of Aral, thus avoiding the Khivan territories altogether. The success of this scheme would have deprived Mohammed Raheem of the valuable duties which he derived from the transit of goods through his dominions; and the caravan was accordingly attacked by 7000 horse, near the mouth of the Sirr or Jaxartes, and driven back to Russia, after a great part of the merchandise had been carried off or destroyed by the assailants. Yet even this daring outrage passed unnoticed by the Russian government, on the allegation of there being no proof that it had been instigated by the Khan; and the caravans returned, without further molestation, to the old route by Khiva to Mungushluk.

From this sketch of the past history of the country now apparently destined to be absorbed into the Muscovite empire, it is obvious that, political motives apart, Russia has ample grounds of complaint to justify her in suppressing a nest of ruthless brigands, who have not only perpetrated acts of open hostility against her trade and subjects, but have long systematically carried on, under shelter of the deserts which surround and protect them, a merciless and *man-stealing* warfare against

* The guns taken from Bekevich are said, by Hanway, to have been used in the defence of Khiva against Nadir.

† Krasno-voda, (the *Crimson Water*), nearly opposite the mouth of the Araxes, is only seventeen days' journey from Khiva—Mungushluk thirty.

‡ From the information acquired by Burnes, he considers that there are not fewer than 30,000 Persian slaves in Khiva, and about 2000 Russian; the latter, however, are no longer sold in Bokhara, in consequence of a convention with Russia to that effect.

all surrounding nations not of Uzbek race, similar to that formerly practised against the Christian powers of Europe by the Barbary pirates. If the imprisonment of the Russian envoy, and the attack on the Orenburg caravan, had been promptly answered and avenged by the march of an army, the retaliation would have been well-timed and justifiable; but the ambitious views of Russia in Central Asia were not then sufficiently matured or distinct to render the possession of Khiva necessary for their immediate furtherance. Persia, also, was then erect and independent, under the government of the crafty and sagacious Futteh-Ali, who would have viewed with distrust the approximation of Russian arms and machinations to his turbulent and scarcely subdued province of Khorassan. The time, in short, was not yet come for developing the schemes, of which the countries east of the Caspian were the destined theatre; and the insults offered to the majesty of Russia were thus suffered to pass with impunity. But the events of 1838 and 1839 have given a widely different aspect to Asiatic politics. The victorious entrance of an English army into Candahar and Cabul has rendered it essential for Russia, in accordance with her invariable policy, to counteract by an instant demonstration the moral influence thus accruing to England, and to acquire, by a step in advance of her present Siberian frontier, a counterpoise to the extension of the Anglo-Indian dominion towards the north. Hence the conquest of Khiva, (originally planned two years back, as the organs of Russia admit, but postponed in consequence of the repulse of the Persians before Herat,) becomes an object of paramount importance to the cabinet of Petersburg; and the marauding habits of the people, combined with their bygone infractions of diplomatic courtesies, furnish the same ready pretext for invasion which was at hand to France, when, by the capture of Algiers on similar grounds, she laid the foundation of a dominion which bids fair to extend, at no distant period, over the whole of Northern Africa. That the advantageous results to be expected from the conversion of Khiva into an appendage to Asiatic Russia were long ago perceived and pointed out, the following extract, given in the *Quarterly Re-*

view from the work of Mouraviev, will, we think, sufficiently prove; and though his prognostications were dismissed with little ceremony by the writer in the *Quarterly*, which then held as an article of its creed that all danger from Russia to our Indian empire was chimerical and visionary, we suspect that few will be found in the present day to question their general correctness or practicability.

“Even now, caravans from the countries of the South arrive at Khiva; and if commerce does not acquire a greater degree of extension, it is because it is shackled by the frequent depredations of the nomade tribes. If we possessed Khiva, the conquest of which would not be difficult, the nomades of Central Asia would dread our power, and a route for commerce would be established by the Sind (Indus) and Amoo-deria (Oxus) to Russia; all the riches of Asia would then flow into our country, and we should see the brilliant projects of Peter the Great realized. Once masters of Khiva, many other states would become dependent upon us. In a word, Khiva is at this moment an advanced post, opposed to the commerce of Russia with Bokhara and Northern India; but if subject to us, the Khivan territory would become a stronghold, which would defend this commerce against the attacks of the tribes dispersed over Southern Asia. This oasis, situated in the midst of an ocean of sand, would become the point of re-union of all the commerce of Asia, and would shake, even to the centre of India, the enormous commercial preponderance of the dominators of the sea. The route from Khiva to Astrakhan might be greatly shortened, since it is but seventeen days’ march from Orgun to the Bay of Krasnovodsk, whence, with a favourable wind, Astrakhan may be reached in a few days.”—MOURAVIEV, pp. 344-5. (*Quart. Rev.* vol. xxxvi. p. 127.)

It could hardly be expected that Russia would tamely submit to see these brilliant prospects closed against her by the advance of the “dominators of the sea” beyond the Indus,—an event of which no anticipation existed when the above lines were written; but the commercial value of Khiva cannot be duly estimated without a previous explanation of the change in political relations which will be induced by its conquest; and this point we shall first proceed to consider. Hitherto, contented with a line of southern frontier in Asia, which intersects that continent through its entire length, and

places under her eye every change in the political horizon from the Bosphorus to Peking, Russia has abstained from any direct interference with the various states which overspread the vast area extending east from the Caspian to the limits of the Chinese empire, and from the Siberian outposts to the Himalaya and the Hindoo-Koosh. With all these regions the intercourse of Russia, up to the present time, has been confined to an occasional embassy; but the possession of Khiva will at once give her the undisputed sovereignty of the Sea of Aral, which, though shallow and encumbered with sandbanks, is navigable by flat-bottomed vessels or steam-boats of small draught of water; and the equipment of flotillas on the streams of the two mighty tributaries to this inland sea, the Amoo or Oxus, and the Sirr or Jaxartes,* will speedily bring within the reach of Russian machination the various intervening territories, up to the Chinese dependencies in Kashgar and Yarkend. The vast tract lying between these two rivers was known in the early ages of Mohammedan conquest by the name of Mawara'nahr, or "beyond the river;" and is eulogized by the Arabian geographers as "the garden of Asia, and one of the three earthly paradises;" and Ebn-Haukal declares that if all the rest of the earth were afflicted by famine, the deficiency might be supplied from the superabundance of the last year's crop in Mawara'nahr. But these flowery descriptions are far from being corroborated by the few recent accounts which we have received, which represent it as being in

great part sterile and desert, probably for want of the artificial irrigation which enriched its soil in its ancient days of superabundance and fertility.†

The territory of Khiva, as noticed above, occupies its north-west division; and from the frontiers of Khiva, the kingdom of Bokhara and its dependencies extend along the course of the Oxus to the borders of the petty state of Koondooz, bounding Afghanistan on the north. The north-east part of Mawara'nahr, along the course of the Sirr, and immediately contiguous to Chinese Tartary, consists of the small Uzbek kingdom of Kokan or Ferghana, (the former patrimony of the house of Timur,) with which, since the mission of Nazarov† in 1812, an occasional intercourse has been kept up by Russia. With the districts lying along the valley of the Sirr, and their cities of Khojend, Otrar, and Taskend, Europe is at the present day absolutely unacquainted; and we are not aware that any European (with the exception, perhaps, of a stray Russian trader) is even known to have visited them since the days of Timur, when Clavijo appeared at his court in 1402, as ambassador from Henry III. of Castile.

The state of the kingdom of Bokhara, the most extensive and important division of the Uzbek nation, over which its sovereign asserts a nominal supremacy, has been made better known in Europe by the travels of Moorcroft, Conolly, and Burnes, especially the last-named author, whose invaluable work forms a text-book on the commerce, power, and resources of the regions bordering on the Oxus.

* "The navigation of the Oxus ceases only at a short distance from Cabul; and once masters of this river and the towns on its banks, the Russians may proceed against the capital of Shah Shooja unopposed by England, with much more facility than an army from Herat."—*Le National* (French journal.)—The Jaxartes is navigable about 600 miles, nearly up to the city of Kokan.

† We cannot agree with the writer in the *Quarterly*, (vol. xxxvi. 128,) above referred to, in considering the ancient accounts of the fertility and population of Mawara'nahr entirely in the light of Arab exaggeration. The inhabitants appear to have been nearly exterminated by the devastating fury of the Moguls, whose first attack fell on this devoted region; and the consequent ruin of the ancient water-courses, traces of which are found in the midst of the desert at the present day, reduced the tracts distant from the rivers to the arid state into which Egypt, or any other country destitute of rain, would fall under similar circumstances.

‡ The journal of this embassy was published at the private expense of Count Romanzoff; but the charts were suppressed by order of Government. All that is known of the geography of this and the adjacent regions is given in the introduction to the *Memoirs of Baber*, translated by Erskine and Leyden.

It is no longer ruled by the descendants of Jenghiz, who were dethroned, not many years after the transient conquest by Nadir, by their vizier Shah Mourad Beg, who made himself famous throughout Asia as a Moslem saint, by the title of Beggi-Jan, and transmitted an hereditary character for sanctity to his descendants, the present reigning family. It has maintained a friendly correspondence from time to time with Russia, ever since the days of Peter the Great, who left no means untried for the realization of his darling visions of overland commerce from India; and when these were resumed in the reign of Catharine II., an attempt was made to conciliate the good-will of Beggi-Jan by the gift of 40,000 silver rubles, which that saintly personage expended in the erection of a college of theology. The object, however, was gained; and from that time the traffic with Russia, by caravans through Khiva to the Caspian, as noticed above, has continued with little interruption; and since the legation of Négri, twenty years ago, more than one embassy from Bokhara has appeared at Petersburg. Though the observations of Burnes led him to suppose that amicable relations might easily be established with the government of this state, the overtures recently made for that purpose have not only been rejected, but our envoy, Colonel Stoddart, has been even forcibly detained at Bokhara, where Dost Mohammed, the dethroned ruler of Cabul, has found an asylum, after maintaining himself for some time in the small border state of Koondooz, the chief of which had declared himself hostile to the British. But these steps have probably been dictated less by animosity against Britain than by solicitude to avoid the resentment of the Russians, whose occupation of Khiva will place them in alarming proximity—the position of Bokhara, lying in the direct track by which two mighty and constantly encroaching powers are advancing from opposite quarters to the encounter, leaves her no chance of

escaping destruction in the shock, (destitute as she is both of military strength and natural fastnesses,) unless by siding at once with the more formidable. It is currently rumoured, indeed, in India, that Bokhara is to be summarily taken under Russian protection, as soon as the conquest of Khiva shall have been achieved; and the *Bombay Gazette* of December last goes even further, confidently asserting that “the designs of the Emperor of Russia extend not only to the establishment of a force at Khiva and Bokhara, but even at Herat. He meditates not only an incursion into the territory of a prince with whom he is at war, such as is the Khan of Khiva, but intends putting himself in an attitude of hostility to Great Britain, as the arbitress of Central Asia.”

Whatever may be the proportion of truth and error in the statements just quoted, there can be little doubt that the plans of Russia for her future operations are now fully matured, and that the blow struck against Khiva will be vigorously followed up. The schemes originally sketched out in 1791 by the Prince of Nassau and M. de St Genie, for “gaining over the Affghans to the interest of Russia, and sending an army through Bokhara to the north of India,* are at length, after the lapse of half a century, considered ripe for execution. It is known that troops and artillery, to a considerable amount, have been silently assembled at Asterabad, and the consent of the Shah obtained for their passage through Persia, ostensibly to co-operate, if necessary, by a flank movement on Khiva with General Peroffski's army; but it is surmised that their real instructions are to await the issue of the intrigues now in progress at Herat, where every effort has been made to induce Kamran to abandon the English alliance, and throw himself into the arms of Russia. The language held to our envoy by the vizier † (who rules in the name of his debauched and drunken master) shows the extent of the offers thus made. He openly avowed that the subsidy of

* See the “Miscellaneous Papers” appended to the work of Eaton on the Turkish Government, 1798. The Indian Moslems, according to this project, were to be attracted by the prospect of seeing the Mogul Emperor restored under Russian protection.

† Yar-Mohammed Khan, vizier of Herat, one of the most distinguished men, both as a statesman and warrior, whom Asia now possesses.

three lacs of rupees (L.30,000) was indifferent to him, as Russia had promised four times as much; and this demeanour, coupled with the rumoured refusal to admit our troops and artillery, shows that our interests are on but a precarious footing in the city for the security of which we first involved ourselves in an Affghan war. The threat of a renewed attack from the Persians, (who have all along retained the fortress of Ghorian, near Herat, which was taken in the former invasion,) is probably another *ruse* to sway the determination of Kamran, as it is obvious that a hint from Russia to Mohammed Shah would at once avert the impending danger; while, on the other hand, the stipulation that he should recognise his uncle and rival, Shah Shooja, as king of Cabul, (which was exacted as the price of British aid,) is said to have given him deep offence;—and if, by working on his ambition or fear, or by tempting his avarice, he is won over to the side of Russia, the key of British India will be lost to us after all; unless, reversing the characters in which the two powers previously appeared, we resort to the *ultima ratio* of force, and become the assailants of the fortress which our ostensible object was to defend—a measure which (even if our troops had not already sufficient employment) could scarcely be justified by even the utmost latitude of Anglo-Indian notions on international law. If, therefore, the Russians succeed in excluding us from Herat, they will be enabled to move forward to the Indus from a double point of departure—Herat and Bokhara; and the only advantage (though not a trifling one) which we shall have gained by our expenditure of blood and treasure, will be the removal of the theatre of war from the territories directly subject to us.

But before we abandon this part of the subject, it is necessary to advert again to the arguments by which M. Mouraviev, in the passage above cited, has endeavoured to show that the *commercial* advantages alone, to be derived from the seizure of Khiva, would be

sufficient to warrant Russia in undertaking the enterprise; and it only requires a short investigation to demonstrate, that if Britain has reason to dread the *political* predominance in Transoxiana and Turkestan, which must accrue to Russia from this acquisition, a not less important consideration arises in the extent to which it must operate as a bar to the introduction into these countries of British manufactures, which even at present, by the circuitous route of Trebizond and Persia, and overland from India, find their way into Central Asia in such quantities as almost to have excluded Russian goods from the markets; and which now, by steam navigation on the long course of the Indus, may be supplied with such facility as to render competition impossible for the inferior productions of Russia, burdened besides, as at present they must always be, with the expense and losses attendant on a long land journey by caravans. Our trade with these parts is so far from being of recent origin, that its establishment through Russia was the object of our first diplomatic intercourse with that country. As early as the reign of Elizabeth, English goods were introduced into Persia and Turkestan by the route of Archangel (the only port* then possessed by Russia) and the Caspian; in 1567, Anthony Jenkinson even reached Bokhara; and four years later, was the bearer of an autograph letter from Elizabeth to the reigning Shah of Persia, with the view of effecting a permanent commercial treaty. But the transit through Russia was interrupted by the troubles of which that country became the scene, after the extinction of the House of Rurik: and though, after the accession of the family of Romanoff, the Archangel trade was carried on with fresh vigour, few† English merchants appear to have penetrated into Central Asia during the 17th century. The establishment of an Oriental commerce was among the first objects of the new system of Russian policy introduced by Peter I.; and the insidious mission of Bekevich to Khiva, (the tragical

* Russia did not acquire a port on the Baltic till 1721; and it was not till 1739 that she established herself on the Sea of Azoph.

† The *Asiatic Journal* notices the discovery at Cabul of the tomb of an Englishman named Hicks, who died there in 1666.

result of which has been before mentioned,) was part of the concerted scheme by which it was sought to gain a footing on the eastern shores of the Caspian; but little was effected till the reign of Elizabeth, when British capital and energy were called in to effect what Russian craft had failed to accomplish. An English company (of which the well-known Jonas Hanway was the resident representative in Persia) was formed, and endowed with peculiar privileges by the Empress; factories, supplied from a depot at Astrakhan, were established at different points on the shores of the Caspian; and the minor states of Central Asia were visited by commercial agents, two of whom (as stated above) were found in Khiva when the Persians captured it. But these fair prospects were frustrated, partly by the defection of two of the directors of the Caspian navigation—Elton and Woodrowe, who abandoned the service of the Company for that of Persia, and partly by the jealousy of the Russians at the favour shown to foreigners; and the anarchy in which Persia and Transoxiana were involved for many years after the death of Nadir Shah, prevented the resumption of the project. The Company, however, continued in existence till the reign of Catharine II., when the formation, in 1780, of the famous Armed Neutrality, first placed Russian politics in overt opposition to the interests of England, and made the depression of British commerce and influence in Asia an object of primary importance, which has ever since been pursued with the undeviating pertinacity which characterises every branch of the Russian administration, neither liable to change with every succeeding ministry, nor made, like our foreign policy, the topic of public debates, where the arguments and revelations dictated by party are proclaimed to friend and foe through the medium of the press.

The state of the Caspian trade at the close of the last century is given in detail, from Soimonoff and other Russian writers, by Jooke, (*View of the Russian Empire*, book xii. sect. ii.) The exports of Russia in that quarter are stated to have then amounted to no more than 1,200,000 silver rubles, and the imports to 1,000,000; but a great impulse was given by the incorporation of Georgia with Russia in 1801, and still more by the treaty of Goolistan in 1813-14, when Persia surrendered most of her Caspian provinces, with the rivers running through them into that sea, on which she further bound herself to maintain no navy—stipulations which were further extended and confirmed by the peace of Turkmanchai in 1828, which placed Russia in possession of the mouth, and both banks of the *navigable* part of the Araxes—the last river of any magnitude on that side of the Caspian.* The importance which Russia attaches to the monopoly of the Caspian trade, is even more clearly shown by the eagerness with which she has availed herself of her late rapid strides to political supremacy over Turkey and Persia, to close every avenue through which the manufactures of Western Europe, and especially of Great Britain, might find access to Asia. The occupation of the mouths of the Danube, (1829;) the acquisition from the Porte in 1829 and 1833 of the mountain districts of Akaltzik and Akalkalik, apparently unimportant, but containing the passes through which British goods reached Georgia and the Caucasus from Trebizond; the seizure of the Circassian harbours and coast;† all passed unnoticed by the ignorance or indifference of our statesmen, who thus, without remonstrance or protest, saw our commerce shut out from every port on the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea, with the single exception of Trebizond. A mortifying contrast to this supineness

* See *Progress of Russia in the East*, and the map in the second edition.

† "There is one important fact, which it strikes me I have omitted to mention, viz., the existence of a road, practicable the greater part of its length even for carts, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, commencing near the plain of Anapa. I travelled along it for about thirty miles, and an excellent road it was; and they (the Circassians) assured me it continued nearly as good the whole way to the Caspian. Its importance as a communication with the east shores of the Caspian, and with Khiva, for the importation of our cottons there, by a short cut through a friendly country, is evident."—Note to the *Report on Circassia, Portfolio*, v. 511.

is presented in the anxiety of the Russian Government to foster and encourage by every means the Asiatic trade, and to open new channels of communication with hitherto unexplored countries; and some idea may be formed of the exertions made for this purpose, from the fact, that on the late occupation of Cabul by our troops, a large quantity of loaf-sugar was found in the bazaars, which, originally from our own West Indian possessions, had been purchased by Russian merchants at Petersburg, and forwarded by the way of Astrakhan, over the Caspian to Asterabad, and thence by land carriage to this remote city!

Yet, despite of all these efforts in behalf of the Asiatic trade, and of the concurrent circumstances which tend to render them efficacious, the increased activity which was at first imparted to it by the exclusive possession of the Black and Caspian seas, has not been permanent. In the course of the last ten or twelve years the quantity of the exports has gradually undergone a great diminution; while the superior quality and cheapness of English manufactures, notwithstanding the obstacles so sedulously thrown in the way of their introduction, has regained for them the preference in the markets of Asia. As the Russian official returns are not easily accessible, we shall content ourselves with quoting on this point the unimpeachable evidence of two of the continental journals most notoriously in the Russian interest, the *Franconian Mercury* and the *Augsburg Gazette*—the former of which, in January 1839, showed by a long and elaborate article, that “the Russians have comparatively little trade in Georgia, Circassia, and Persia, and are not likely to improve it, the competition with England having given a deathblow to their commerce in that quarter.” The *Augsburg Gazette* of the 29th and 30th of the same month, enters more into detail. “From 1824 to 1829,” (according to this authority,) “the woollen wares sent over the Caspian, from Russia to Persia, rose from the value of 150,000 to 1,000,000 silver rubles yearly; since 1829, the exports have again fallen to 140,000. In 1824, the sales of woollens to the nomadic tribes amounted to 700,000 rubles; from this it gradually rose to 3,000,000; but in 1834 it had fallen back to

2,200,000. Silks” (which, when Jooke wrote, formed nearly the whole amount of the imports by the Caspian, rated by him, as we have already seen, at 1,000,000 silver rubles per annum) “are no longer sent over the Caspian for more than 50,000 rubles annually, and less by way of Georgia. The Turkmans and Kirghizes now buy no more than 100,000 rubles’ worth yearly of Russian manufactures; in 1828, they bought to the amount of 300,000. Russian linen was formerly bought by the hordes to the value of from 250,000 to 400,000 rubles; not more than 100,000 rubles’ worth is now sold. The greatest increase is in iron: the quantity carried year by year across the Caspian, rose from 70,000 *poods*,” (a weight of forty Russian pounds,) “to 258,000 in 1829, and 276,000 in 1830; but even this, in 1834, had declined to 244,000 *poods*. The exportation of iron wares by the Caspian, which, in 1829, amounted to 287,000 rubles, has fallen to half that sum.” As a general result, the writer in the *Augsburg Gazette* states, that the exports of Russia into Asia, in 1833 and 1834, may be valued at seventeen millions of silver rubles, (about £2,750,000,) of which one-fourth was woollen goods:—while in 1832 the exports of England to Asia, exclusive of China and India, were to the value of £3,700,000, one-half of which was for woollens; and, from the increased attention which has been drawn within the last seven years to Asiatic affairs, it may be presumed that the present amount may safely be rated much higher. If even a moderate share of enterprise and exertion be brought into play, a few years may see this trade augmented twenty-fold, from the ready communications now opened with countries where British goods found their way hitherto only by devious and uncertain channels, or which their inland situation rendered wholly inaccessible—but these interests can only be protected and advanced by political predominance. No sooner had Russian intrigue supplanted the influence of England in the councils of the Shah, than the prohibition of British manufactures immediately followed; and we may rest assured that, if Russia is suffered without opposition to establish her power in Transoxiana, many years will not elapse before the line of cir-

cumvallation will be completed, and not a bale of British goods suffered to make its appearance to the north or west of the Indus.

In the foregoing details it has been our object to present a picture of the present state of Central Asia, as viewed *from the Russian side of the question*, and to place in clear relief the new combinations by which that power is on the point of assailing us in our altered position; but, in so doing, it is probable that we shall be considered as indulging in a tone of gloomy anticipation by those who, personally unacquainted with the East, and accustomed to look upon our Indian annals as a triumphant progress from victory to victory, have been dazzled by the newspaper poems over our Affghan successes into the belief that the web of Russian finesse has been swept utterly away, and British supremacy in the East secured for ever, by the gallantry displayed on the plain of Candahar, and under the walls of Ghazni. It must, indeed, be at once admitted that the military results of the Cabul expedition justify all that can be said in their favour. The most sanguine of our Indian politicians could not previously have hoped for a triumph so rapid and complete as that which has crowned our arms; but, great as our success in Afghanistan has hitherto been, the English public will have widely erred if they imagine that the glories of a single campaign have terminated the war, or that the *terror of the British name* will suffice, if unsupported by active assistance in troops and money, to retain the Affghans in their forced allegiance to Shah Shooja, or to protect his dominions from attack from the adjacent states. The *principle of unavoidable expansion* (as some writers on India have termed the ever widening vortex which has carried our arms and influence from Calcutta to Loodiana) has at length passed the natural boundary of the Indus, and entered on a new sphere of action; and even beyond this it has already become apparent, that the policy which dictated to the Indian Government the imperative necessity of reinstating Shah Shooja,

will speedily point out a further advance as essential to the security of the ground thus gained. A halt in our onward career from the western bank of the Indus, would now, in fact, be attended with consequences as injurious to our interests as a repulse in the first instance could have produced. To be stationary is *impossible*.

If, moreover, we recapitulate the circumstances which attended and preceded the restoration of Shooja to a pageant throne, it will be sufficiently evident that not only can his tenure of that precarious possession be assured only by the continual presence of a disciplined force (whether avowedly Company's troops, or commanded in the name of the Shah by European officers) sufficient to overawe the Affghans, but that the objects of the expedition would be defeated by suffering him to regain such a share of independent power as to induce the hope of sustaining himself unaided. In the debate on the address at the opening of the Session of 1839, Sir Robert Peel remarked with justice, that "the principle was the same in the attempted restoration of Shah Shooja, as it would be in the attempt to restore Charles X. to the throne of France; with this difference, that the Shah had been thirty years dispossessed of his throne"—which Lord John Russell met by the assertion, that "the objects of the expedition was not to extend our own limits, but to defend an old ally." An alliance with Shooja had indeed been concluded by Mr Elphinstone in 1809, a few weeks only before the battle of Neemla drove him from the throne of Cabul.* But so far were the Indian authorities of that day from conceiving themselves bound to aid their ally in the then comparatively easy task of expelling his usurping brother Mahmood, that not even an asylum in the British dominions was offered him, and he was compelled for many years to purchase, by humiliating sacrifices of dignity, and the surrender of his treasures and diamonds,† the treacherous hospitality of Runjeet Singh.

In 1832-3, when the Shah, who had some time before escaped from Lahore to Loodiana, made his last effort to re-

See the article "Persia, Afghanistan, and India," in our January No. last year.

† Shooja was even subjected to personal violence, to extort from him the Koh-i-noor, or "mountain of light," one of the largest diamonds of Asia.

cover his crown and kingdom, by the aid of some of the Doorauni clans who were favourable to him, Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General, expressly refused him all assistance. To a second request, urged when he was in possession of Sinde, and on the point of advancing on Candahar, a still more decided negative was returned, though the scale was then so nicely balanced, that (as stated by an able writer in the *Asiatic Journal*) "even the indirect countenance of our Government, by the presence of a British agent in the camp of the Shah, might have placed Candahar, if not Cabul, in his possession."* There can be no doubt that the designs entertained at that period by the cabinet of Calcutta, tended rather to the opening of relations with the *de facto* rulers of Affghanistan, the Barukzye brothers, of whose character and resources the information of Sir Alexander Burnes has left a favourable impression; and that this consideration influenced the denial of support to the Shah's expedition, which, as is well known, terminated in his overthrow by the Barukzyes near Candahar; and it was only when Dost Mohammed proved less subservient to our views than had been anticipated, at the juncture when the advance of a Persian force, guided by Russian generals and diplomatists, against Herat, made a speedy settlement of Affghan politics indispensable, that our "old ally" was drawn from the apparently hopeless obscurity into which his late defeat had plunged him, and sent, surrounded by the ensigns of royalty, and accompanied by an overwhelming British force, to reascend the throne of his ancestors.

The plain state of the case then is, that it was not till it became a mere question of time from which side of the Indus the first blow should be struck, and the Shah presented himself as a convenient pretext on which to ground our aggression, that any thought of espousing his cause was entertained; and of this fact both the Shah himself and his nominal subjects are fully aware, as the demeanour of prince and people sufficiently proves. All the private correspondence from India agrees in declaring that "Shah Shooja is detested by all his subjects; and that the people of his own tribe

even would be the first to cut his throat, if left to their hands," as the sole cause of the calamities and humiliation which have befallen their country: and this feeling, in a haughty and martial nation, is not surprising; but it can scarcely be credited that the monarch whom we have raised from indigence to a throne, and who is entirely dependent on us for support and security, should repay the benefits received otherwise than by unbounded gratitude and confidence. The vanity and arrogance, however, which mainly contributed to the past misfortunes of Shooja, do not appear to have been corrected either by time or adversity. Instead of labouring to unite and conciliate the fierce tribes, of which he is placed at the head, he has been principally occupied since his restoration in instituting a tinsel *Order of the Doorauni Empire!* and in reinstating as far as possible the pomp and ceremonies of the ancient court, which had fallen into disuse under Dost Mohammed. Even in the vital point of the political arrangements, he is said to have evinced much wayward impatience at the control to which he found himself subjected; and the insolence of language and manner which not only the Shah himself, but the Affghan Sirdars whom he has attracted to his court, permit themselves to use towards the Europeans in command of the subsidiary force, is described * as so insufferable, that several of these officers have thrown up their commissions in disgust. Yet this subsidiary force, which the Shah is bound by treaty to maintain and pay, will form his only protection against a revolt of the discontented Affghans. It will certainly be the only security for the continued predominance of British interests after the main army has been withdrawn, if, indeed, the state of affairs north of the Hindoo-Koosh does not render it necessary that permanent British garrisons should be established in the vicinity of the passes.

It is evident, therefore, that we can only succeed in retaining the necessary ascendancy in Affghanistan by keeping the Shah in subserviency, and overawing the chiefs and population; and similar measures, as passing events

seem to indicate, will at no distant period be requisite in the neighbouring Seik kingdom of the Punjab. In the few months which have elapsed since the death of the founder of the monarchy, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the country seems already to have arrived at the verge of a stormy revolution. Khurruck Singh, his imbecile son and successor, has been virtually deposed after a reign of a few months, not, as was expected, by his brother-in-law Shere Singh, but by his own son No-Nihal Singh, a youth of twenty-one, characterised as "the Hotspur of the Seiks," who has, by the aid of Runjeet's favourite minister, Dhian Singh, reduced his father to the condition of a state prisoner, though he allows him to retain the titles and insignia of royalty. This change of government is not looked upon in India as favourable to the stability of the British alliance, to which the old Maharajah, from policy perhaps rather than inclination, had always steadily adhered; but these prudential motives are less likely to influence his fiery grandson, surrounded as he is by Seik military chiefs and French officers,* and apparently apprehensive, besides, that the British Government may consider itself bound, in virtue of treaties, to guarantee to his father the inviolate exercise of the rights of sovereignty. Though no interruption of amicable relations has yet taken place, it is clear that a rupture is viewed by all parties as the probable result of the late occurrences at Lahore; it is even rumoured that permission to cross the Seik territories has been refused to the troops returning from Cabul, and that a Bengal force of 8000 men has been in consequence assembled on the Sutlej, to watch the course of events. In the mean time, the Seiks are at strife among themselves; and it is suspected that

No-Nihal will prove to have been merely a tool in the hands of his uncle Shere Singh, who aspires to mount the throne through his means. Thus the fate of the Punjab is at present in suspense; but should it become either the seat of an unfriendly government, or a prey to anarchy and civil war, the Anglo-Indian administration will have no alternative but a prompt and decided armed intervention, either taking the country into their own hands, or restoring Khurruck Singh to his throne under British protection, before Russian intrigue has time to step in and play the same part at Lahore which has already been so successfully acted at the court of Teheran. Our alliance with Runjeet has cost us sufficiently dear, if (as it is reported) it was the principal obstacle to the conclusion of a treaty with Dost Mohammed, (which would have rendered the Affghan war needless,) because the Dost† could not be induced to enter a league to which his hereditary enemy was to be a party. But our successes in Affghanistan will, after all, be worse than useless, if we permit the communication with this boasted "bulwark of India" to be cut off by the existence of a hostile and independent state, whose territories, lining nearly the whole length of the eastern frontier of Cabul, intervene like a wedge between our new dependencies and the dominions of the Company, and furnish a road by which a northern invader in possession of Turkestan might avoid the Affghan country altogether, and advance unopposed by Badakshan and Attock to the Sutlej.

We have endeavoured to lay before our readers the existing state of the Asiatic question, in which England and Russia are the actors; abstaining as far as the nature of the subject would permit from speculations on the future, which every day might

* The adhesion of General Ventura and the French officers to No-Nihal, is particularly remarked by *Le Commerce*, which adds—"The English are doubtless far from pleased at seeing a resolute and independent prince on the throne of the Punjab. Though the change be not directly hostile to them, it will defeat their intention of availing themselves of the weakness of the dethroned Khurruck, and the disturbances it might create to interfere in a country which they are desirous to place under their own domination."

† The terms *Dost*, (Turkish,) and *Yar*, (Persian,) both implying "friend or companion," are used in Central Asia as analogous to the well-known Arabic prarnomen *Sahab*, which has primarily the same signification.

prove to be futile or erroneous. The events of the last few years have tended in a great measure to dispel the ignorance of every thing relative to the Eastern world, by which, (to use the words of the able author of the *Progress of Russia in the East*), "from the earliest times in which Russia has had a share in the politics of Europe, her views in the East have been promoted, and which made other powers her dupes and the instruments of her aggrandizement." But this tardily acquired knowledge has at the same time shown, that throughout the whole extent of Asia, from the Bosphorus to the Indus, (and probably to Canton,) British influence has been sapped and supplanted by the ever active machinations of Russia; and that nothing but vigorous and uncompromising resistance on our part, can now prevent these intrigues from reaching their final accomplishment. The Cabul expedition has been the first symptom of recovery from our long-passive policy; and its good effects have appeared not only in the

success of its immediate objects, but in lowering the tone of the Burmese and Ghorkhas; while the prompt dethronement of one or two refractory native princes in India has overawed the rising spirit of insubordination, and left us at the close of the year, what we could scarcely be called at its commencement, the acknowledged and uncontrolled masters of the country. Still the march to Cabul is but a beginning; the gauntlet has been thrown down, and accepted by Russia in her movement on Khiva; but the combat which will decide the destinies of India and Asia is yet to come; and it remains to be seen whether, by perseverance in the career we have at length resumed, we shall hurl our antagonist from the height which our supineness alone has allowed her to attain, or whether, through indecision or false security, we shall lay ourselves open to a blow which will change the future history and fate, not of India or Asia only, but of Europe and the world.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN XVI.

THE shapes of earth are passing still away,
The seas with sullen rage their bounds devour,
The rivers waste their banks from day to day,
Rocks cannot last, nor stars outlive their hour.

The gnarled trees, of deep undated root,
While ages o'er them pass, like herbage fall;
And peaks that bear to-day the wild-goat's foot,
To-morrow vanish 'mid the torrent's brawl.

Not long the building tells its founder's name,
And loud-sung trophies fade in silent rust;
The desert sand-heap whelms the city's fame,
The book is journeying tow'rd its writer's dust.

Each generation yields in turn to death
Its living forms and looks, beloved and bold;
And lost in pale destruction's frozen breath,
Our vital air is changed to pulseless cold.

Decay and desolation's thunderous cloud
O'er all things hangs, and dims the summer sky;
And all that seems imperishably proud,
Still, downward sinking slow, consents to die.

While all so totters, wheels, and floats from view,
Whate'er the eye can mark, the hand contrive;
Thy word, O God! alone on earth is true,
And dares 'mid boundless ruin still survive.

The utterance keen of thine eternal will
Went forth at first through nothingness and gloom;
Through depths of ages working onward still,
It crowns with life each world's successive tomb.

From thee it flows creating time and space;
With suns and planets fills the dark abysm;
And spreads the light that veils thy changeless face,
Refracted wide through Nature's varying prism.

That living Word sustains the sand, the flower,
The insect swarm, the brood of giant things;
Combines the whole by one harmonious power,
And loud in conscious hearts thy glory sings.

Yet weighs on all the eclipse and curse of ill,
Of failing good, and hopes that lull no more;
And every leaf that sails the autumnal rill
Its dying sister leaves with sighs deplore.

The mountains darken o'er the shatter'd plain,
When earthquake smites the town that sways a realm;
The stars new-born lament the stars that wane,
And seas wail hoarse above the fleet they whelm.

And man, whose hopes his bound the most exceed,
The loftiest mourner 'mid the griefs of all,
Must shade his front with sad sepulchral weed,
And wear, for kingly robes, the funeral pall.

Amid such endless change and storms of night,
Still moves thy Word divine, educing day,
But thwarted, clogg'd, repell'd, by flashes bright,
And winning hardest conquests o'er decay.

But still in One whose soul, aloof from wrong,
Was fill'd with earnest unpolluted good,
Resounds thy voice an undiscordant song,
And tells thy will as at the first it stood.

Thy Word fulfill'd was He, for ever shown
To man the living Archetype of Life,
In whose embodied light our spirits own
A certain hope—a rest secure from strife.

And ne'er from mortal thought shall pass away
The form of truth and peace he gave to earth;
In whom our hearts with love thy rule obey,
And gain from them a second, happier birth.

Without that light, though fair the frame of things,
How dark the shades of grief it all would wear!
From it through death immortal being springs,
And all thy presence dawns upon despair.

HYMN XVII.

WITHIN its hollow nook of rocks and trees
The lake in silence lies,
Untouch'd by gusts of autumn's changeful breeze,
Which sweep the distant skies.

It upward looks, with still and glassy face,
And sees the windy rack,
Which o'er the surface idly seems to trace
White clouds and shadows black.

So dwells the wiser heart, at ease and safe,
And marks the passing storm,
Which cannot there the tranquil being chafe,
Nor that bright peace deform.

The tongues of busy rumour, vain and loud,
And cold malignant hate,
And dreams obscure, that cheat the greedy crowd,
And full-blown scorn sedate ;

High-sated wealth, decorous pride of place,
Mankind's anarchal kings ;
And Science, blindly wrapping round its face
The veil it draws from things ;

The spectres thin that haunt the lifeless breast,
And are not what they seem—
Lust, follies, envies, avarice, unrest,
That act earth's tragic dream ;—

All these around the soul resolved and sure,
A train of hunters throng,
With unbelieving threats and mocks impure,
And self-bewitching song.

A moment's rush is theirs to seize their prey,
Which shrinks perhaps aghast ;
But nerved again by faith, it stands at bay,
And, lo ! the rout is past.

But shades they were, and melt around in shade,
In him no place they own,
Who, looking clear through all things undismay'd,
In all sees God alone.

An instant lingering on the nightly wold,
'Mid rocks of mournful brows,
While sweeps the howling gale from caverns cold,
And waves the leafless boughs ;

With dread the man beholds the shadows drear,
That ape a demon train—
Before a glance of thought the view is clear,
And earth is still'd again.

So thou, O God ! to man's weak darkness known,
A light sustain'd by gloom,
Wilt make thy steadfast will to good my own,
And lead me through the tomb !

HYMN XVIII.

CAN man, O God ! the tale of man repeat,
 Nor feel his bosom heave with livelier bound ?
 Through all we are the swelling pulse must beat
 At thought of all we are, of all things round :
 Our inmost selves the straining vision meet,
 And memory wakes from slumber's cave profound :
 And, like a rock upon a sunny plain,
 The past amid thy light is seen again.

Ah ! little sphere of rosy childhood's hour,
 Itself so weak, and yet foreshowing all !
 Unopen'd world of self-evolving power,
 That now but hears the instant's tiny call !
 Within its dewdrop life, its folded flower,
 Distress and strife the thoughtless heart enthrall ;
 And stirrings big with man's unmeasured hope
 Have scarcely strength against one pang to cope.

Bewildering, cloudy dawn ! then pass from view
 The first faint lines of mortal being's course ;
 Then wakes the will, and fiercely grasps a clue,
 And wond'ring feels it snapp'd by headlong force,
 And sad and weeping grows a child anew,
 Till joy comes back from life's unfailing source—
 New aims, new thoughts, new passions take their turn,
 And still the extinguish'd flame again will burn.

What gropings blind to leave the common way !
 What yearnings vain that find no end reveal'd !
 What hopeless war, and feeling's idle play !
 What wounds that pierce through pride's phantasmal play !—
 A thousand objects woo'd and thrown away !
 And idols dear that no response will yield !
 And so within one bosom's living cell
 A fiendish foe and helpless victim dwell.

Oh, gorgeous dreams, and wing-borne flight of youth !
 That thinks by scorning earth to win the skies ;
 Forebodings dim of visionary truth,
 That like a beast pursued before us flies ;
 Insane delight in monstrous forms uncouth,
 That thence perchance some prophet-ghost may rise ;
 Blind love of light, and craving hate of rest !—
 How far our strangest world is in the breast !

Abounding pictures, bright with morn and joy,
 Of all the endless beings round us known,
 Bewilder, vex, intoxicate, and cloy,—
 A land of bliss how near, yet not our own !
 All things so fair each sense they needs employ,
 Yet 'mid them all the spirit wastes alone ;
 So many, lovely, large, and sweet they seem,
 As if to prove the whole is only dream.

Fair visions all ! and, 'mid the train of things,
 How strong the sway the fairest shapes have won !
 From them distraction, folly, rapture, springs,
 And life's true rapture seems but now begun.
 For mad we seek the joy that passion brings
 To hearts by inmost treacheries all undone,
 Though love's concealing veil is dark and stern,
 Nor e'er did eyes profane its mystery learn.

So forward roll the years with woe and bliss,
'Mid act, and deed, and thought, and lone despair;
And, 'twixt the arduous That and easy This,
We feign the trial more than man can bear.
Still Conscience stabs and bleeds; Temptation's kiss
Still sucks our purest life, and taints the air;
His feet with blood, his own and others', red,
Ambition climbs the unstable mountain-head.

But sick'ning hours, and weariness of breath,
And eyes that cannot brook to see the day,
And dreams that shuddering hail the name of death,
And fancies thin subdued by dull decay,—
All these, O God! thy servant Conscience saith,
Are surely sent by Thee—thy word obey;
The world of man so bright, and soul so strong,
To man are shown defaced by human wrong.

And thus, by inward act and outward led,
We know the things we are if loosed from thee;
How blind as rocks, and weak as branches dead,
And vain and fierce, to show us nobly free,
To leave thy paths in desert wilds we fled,
And hoped no longer thine—our own to be;
So sinking down from fancied all to nought,
One grain of dust was left by misery taught.

That speck, O Father! still to thee was dear—
A living relic capable of good;
And bruised and crush'd by woe, and shame, and fear,
Arose again from earth, and upright stood.
Thy Spirit still was there, not now severe,
And fed the yearning heart with loving food,
Till brave and clear, discerning all the past,
It knew that peace and hope were gain'd at last.

Now all confusion spent, and battles o'er,
Are seen as leading on to endless rest,
The world obscure and distant now no more,
With sights of truthful gladness fills the breast;
And love, so false and foul a name before,
With countless joys the wounded heart has blest:
And thus, O God! thy child serene and bold,
Goes forth to toils heroic manifold!

SHAW ON SALMON FRY.

READER, what is a parr? This is the only interrogatory we ever had the honour to address to Lord Brougham, and we believe it is the only one ever put to his lordship, either by ourselves or any body else, which he was unable to answer. If the reader has not yet made up his mind on this important point, we shall not press him for an instantaneous reply; but in case he should be sufficiently candid from the commencement to confess that he knows nothing whatever of the subject, we then beg to introduce him to our friend Mr John Shaw of Drumlanrig, who will speedily tell him all about it.

It is, indeed, both gratifying and instructive to find, that in many departments, alike of art and nature, important discoveries are not seldom achieved by men who make no pretension to philosophical skill or scientific knowledge, but who, following the bent of a sagacious and observant disposition, attain to the root of a matter, while others have been only playing with stray leaves, or stumbling over broken branches. It is gratifying, in as far as it shows, that, in natural history especially, a fair field for original research is still open to good powers of observation, even in reference to native productions of the highest value and importance; and it is instructive to those professing a more pedantic knowledge, to be forced to admit how ignorant they may actually be, in spite of all their book-learning.

Our innumerable readers need not to be told that the salmon is the most valuable of all the fishes which ever sojourn in our river waters; but they do require to be informed, and we therefore take the earliest opportunity of doing so, that our knowledge of its natural history and habits of life, so far as concerns the first two seasons of

its existence, and during which it may be said to be continuously within our daily vision, was only determinately ascertained a few months ago. It has been the food of millions from the earliest periods of our own recorded history; its capture occupies the time and rewards the toil of many thousands of our most industrious population; its sale affords a princely addition to the income both of lords and commons; the luxury of sumptuous life is incomplete when wanting a supply of this most "dayntous fische:" and yet almost all that has ever been said or written on the subject of its earlier existence, is founded on the grossest error. It is our intention to present a brief summary of the experimental observations and discoveries of the ingenious enquirer whose contributions are named below; but as there exists a tendency in human nature of a very reprehensible kind, which leads alike to the decrying of discoveries when these are made, and to the denial of their claim to the character of novelty, we shall, in the first place, with a view both to the historical illustration of the point in question, and the prevention of *malice prepense*, state the hitherto prevailing views of scientific authors on the subject of salmon fry. Should any one deem this to be a matter of slight importance, let him consider that if the salmon itself, in its matured condition, is a noble creature, of vast value in an economical point of view, and if the best mode of effecting its early conservation and future increase ought therefore to be sedulously sought after, no enquiry regarding its youthful history, which results in truth, can be otherwise than interesting.

We shall not attempt to trace the history of opinion regarding parr up to the time of Adam or even of Aris-

An Account of some Experiments and Observations on the Parr, and on the Ova of the Salmon, proving the Parr to be the Young of the Salmon. By Mr John Shaw. *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for July 1836, vol. xxi. p. 99.

Experiments on the Development and Growth of the Fry of the Salmon, from the Exclusion of the Ovum to the Age of Six Months. By Mr John Shaw. *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for January 1838, vol. xxiv. p. 165.

Account of Experimental Observations on the Development and Growth of Salmon Fry, from the Exclusion of the Ova to the Age of Two Years. By Mr John Shaw. (Read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on 16th December 1839.) *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv. Part II. (1840.)

totle, neither of whom, so far as we know, was particularly conversant with the subject; but we may mention that in the year 1686, a gentleman of the name of Ray, one John Ray, among the earliest, and in truth the greatest of the naturalists this country has as yet produced, published, in conjunction with his friend Willughby, a work on fishes.*

In the joint production just alluded to, there is first a description of the salmon,† and then of a small but distinct species resembling the river trout, and which these authors properly regard as identical with the *branlin* of the north of England; in other words, the parr. The paragraph is headed (we regret being obliged, while engaged with a popular and important subject, to refer to one of the unknown tongues,)—*Salmulus, Herefordiæ Samlet dictus, Branlino D. Johnson inferius descripto, ut nobis videtur, idem.* “*Quem demissi longitudine erat septunciali; sescunciali latitudine: et raro capiuntur majores,*” &c. “*Hujus generis,*” he adds, “*omnes (quod mirum) mares esse aiunt. Truttæ persimilis est, ab ea tamen specie differre videtur.*”‡ We have next an enumeration of *Pisces fluviatiles et anadromi* à *genere truttaceo in Septentrionalibus Angliæ observati* à D. Johnson; in the course of which the *branlin*, above referred to, is described in more detail, and some very remarkable peculiarities in its sexual habits are particularized, as follows:—

“*Branlins, nonnullis fingerins, i. e. digitales, dicti, quia notas seu areolas transversas nigricantes quinque aut sex, veluti tot digitorum vestigia impressa, in lateribus obtinent, cum macula rubra in unaquaque areola. Caudæ sunt foreipatæ, salmonum ritu; quodque mirum est, omnes mares. Cum salmonibus, procreandi causa, misceri eos mihi persuasum est. (He is a perfect Shaw!) Quum primum enim salmo ovorum editorum congeriem seu acervum malis dicere, relinquit, branlinus (oh, fie!) mox ei incumbit, ovaque (ut verisimile est) spermate suo irrigat et fecundat; nec alibi unquam inveniuntur branlini quam iis in locis quæ salmones frequentant. Quod ad mare descendant non ausim affirmare,*

siquidem quovis anni tempore apud nos inveniuntur. Fluentis rapidissimis acerrimisque versantur, in quibus nullum aliud genus piscis durare potest. Cum adoleverint sex circitur digitos longitudine æquant.”§

The considerate reader will please to bear in mind a few of the above expressions, that he may afterwards mark the curious coincidence of Mr Shaw's observations regarding the spawning of the male parr,—the precedence of Messrs Willughby and Ray in no way diminishing the merits of that sagacious person, who, amid many more important avocations, can scarcely be supposed to have ever taken cognizance of a now obscure Latin folio, published above a century and a half ago.

We proceed to pick out a few more opinions regarding the extremely rapid growth of salmon smolts, and their supposed distinctive nature from the parr.

Dr Arthur Young informs us, when, describing the salmon-spawning in certain rivers which run into the Ban, that “young salmon are called *grawls*, and grow at a rate which I should suppose scarce any fish commonly known equals; for within the year some of them will come to sixteen and eighteen pounds, but in general ten or twelve pounds. Such as escape the first year's fishing are salmon, and at two years old will generally weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds.”||

“About the latter end of March,” observes Mr Pennant, “the spawn begins to exclude the young, which gradually increase to the length of four or five inches, and are then called smolts or smoults. About the beginning of May the river is full of them—it seems to be all alive—and there is no having an idea of their numbers without seeing them; but a seasonable flood then hurries them all to the sea, scarce any or very few of them being left in the river.”¶

It is indeed true, as expressed by an ancient couplet, that

“Floods in May
Carry smolts away,”—

but nothing is less authentic than the entire history of the early life and ad-

* *De Historia Piscium.* Oxon: 1686.

† “*Salmo Omnium Auctorum,*” p. 189.

§ *Ibid.* p. 193.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 192.

|| *Tour in Ireland,* 1776.

¶ *British Zoology*, Vol. III. He alludes specially to the river Tweed. He gained most of his information from a Mr Potts of Berwick.

ventures of salmon fry, as given by Pennant, although it accords with, and indeed may be taken as a fair sample of the stuff with which most zoological books are crammed.

"About the middle of June," he continues, "the earliest of the fry begin to drop, as it were, again into the river from the sea, at that time about twelve, fourteen, or sixteen inches in length; and, by a gradual progress, increase in number and size till about the end of July, which is at Berwick termed the *grilse* time (the name given to the fish at that age). At the end of July, or the beginning of August, they lessen in numbers, but increase in size—some being six, seven, eight, or nine pounds weight. This appears to be a surprising growth; yet we have received from a gentleman at Warrington an instance still more so. A salmon weighing seven pounds three quarters, taken on the seventh of February, being marked with scissars on the back, fin, and tail, and turned into the river, was again taken on the seventeenth of the following March, and then found to weigh seventeen pounds and a-half."

An increase of ten pounds in less than six weeks! Pretty well, Mr Snip. We regret being unable to believe this *fact*, although we doubt not that both Mr Pennant and "the gentleman at Warrington" (Reader, he was a tailor) believed it firmly.

The parr is described by Mr Pennant as a distinct species, under the name of samlet. He denies that it is the young of the salmon for the following reasons:—1st, It is well known (he supposes), that salmon fry never continue in fresh water the whole year, but vanish on the occurrence of the first vernal floods, which sweep them all into the sea. 2d, The growth of salmon fry is so sudden as soon to exceed the size of the largest samlet. Mr P. then mentions as an "example," (of what?—his own statements on the subject?)—that the fry which have quitted the fresh water in spring not larger than gudgeons, return to it again "a foot or more in length," and he then adds other reasons in support of his opinion, all of which we now know to be entirely erroneous, and

none of which we need therefore here detail. We shall merely add, that Pennant's views are adopted by Dr Shaw, who describes *Salmo salmulus* as a distinct species, adding that "it is very frequent in the rivers of Scotland, where it is called the *parr*."*

Let us pass over a few years, and respectfully approach those from whom we might have looked for better things.

Baron Cuvier enumerates the parr (or samlet of Pennant) among the other Salmonidæ. "Il y a aussi dans nos rivières une petite truite, le *samlet* des Anglais—le *saumoneau* du Rhin (Penn. Zool. Brit. III., Pl. 59, 1), que plusieurs croient distincte; le verdâtre du dos forme, avec le blanc du ventre, des zigzags dans aucun desquels est une tache rouge. C'est un petit poisson délicieux."†

Dr Fleming, in his *British Animals*, allows the name of parr to dwell in dark oblivion; but the following are his views regarding the growth and migration of salmon fry. "The roe becomes perfect, and the young fry, samlets, or smolts (smouts), make their appearance in March or April. When the samlets leave the gravel, where the spawn from which they issued had been deposited, they begin to move downwards to the sea. In their progress through the river, and until they reach that point where the frith begins (or where the tide is always either ebbing or flowing), they crowd together, and descend in the easy water at the margin."‡

Dr Knox, in an ingenious paper read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in January 1833, has favoured us with his views of salmon smolts, and he opens that section of his subject with the following proem. "Many excellent observers have described, with more or less accuracy, the generation of the salmon, the growth and progress of the smolt, and the descent of the kelt or spawned fish to the ocean; but I know of no continued series of observations on the subject, published by any one, of an authentic nature, and so as to admit of no doubt. To remove this chasm, and to give to

* *General Zoology*, Vol. V. p. 57. (1804.)

† *Règne Animal*, Tom. II. p. 305. (1817.) The same sentiments are repeated *verbatim*, in the second edition of 1829.

‡ *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, Vol. X. p. 376. (1824.)

the naturalist a nucleus whereon to build future observation, I have thought it right to detail at considerable length the following history of the salmon smolt, from its first deposition under the gravel in the form of an egg, to its ultimate disappearance from the fresh-water streams, which formed its *habitat* whilst infantile; remarking, that every thing stated therein fell under my own immediate personal observation. I have thought it preferable thus to narrate at some length, and almost in the order of their occurrence, a series of observations on the generation of the ova, to any other mode of describing the natural history of the salmon-smolt or fry.*

The ova commemorated by Dr Knox were observed to be deposited near the sources of a stream, on the 2d day of November, and were "covered up with gravel in the usual way." There are now said to be two methods in which this latter parental duty may be performed; and as the ordinary way (or rather the way ordinarily described) is alleged by some very patient and experienced observers not to be the way at all followed by any salmon whatsoever, it would have been interesting if Dr Knox had informed us circumstantially of the performance of this instinctive habit in the instance alluded to, which we doubt not occurred under his "own immediate personal observation." However that may be, the ova in question were found to be changing by the 23d of March; that is, the outer shell was cast, and the fry were observed lying imbedded in the gravel, as fishes, somewhat less than an inch in length, being twenty weeks from the period of their deposition. On re-opening the spawning-bed on the 1st of April, most of the fry were found to have quitted it by ascending through the gravel, and on "April 19, many were taken eight, and even nine inches long, in excellent condition." On the 5th of May, they still abounded in the tributary streams, but were less numerous than before; they had not increased in size, owing to their being, as the Doctor supposes, "in all probability, fry of a later deposit. The extreme of their growth seemed to be about nine inches, at least none

were taken larger than this." "On the 20th of April," it is afterwards added, "these rivers were fished with fly, and were found full of salmon smolts, varying from six to nine inches,—such being the rapidity of their growth from the 1st to the 20th April, or in about three weeks. They were in the finest possible condition, covered with small silvery scales, differing in shape (I mean the scales), from those of the trout or parr."† "They are of very rapid growth," the doctor again observes, "many attaining the length of nine inches in twenty-seven days, supposing that I am correct in the exact period of their appearing above the gravel; but during the first seven days, whilst living on the yolk, they grow very little; thus, in *twenty days, they apparently grow from one inch to nine inches in length.*"‡ The doctor, of course, means that he himself supposes they actually do so.

From the preceding brief quotations, it will be perceived that Dr Knox entirely coincides with the hitherto prevailing opinion regarding the rapid growth of salmon smolts, and their speedy descent towards the sea. We shall merely mention, in regard to the cognate and now inseparable branch of our subject, namely, the parr question, that although our learned anatomist does not discuss it, we fear that there too he partakes of the fallible nature of humanity; for in his introductory observations, he enumerates the parr as among the distinct species, and adds, that "though in some measure unimportant in itself, by reason of its want of bulk, it has nevertheless received from us (meaning himself, Dr Knox) a degree of attention almost equal to that bestowed on the salmon, and which seemed in some measure necessary by its supposed connexion with the natural history of the salmon."§

In the supplementary portion of the voluminous English edition of Baron Cuvier's work, no mention is made of parr; but the following observations are appended as applying to salmon fry.

"The young salmon grow rapidly, and very soon come to the length of four or five inches. When they have attained

* *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, Vol. XII. Part II. p. 471.

† *Ibid.* p. 480.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 481.

§ *Ibid.* p. 466.

nearly to a foot in length, they have sufficient strength to abandon the upper parts of the rivers, and to gain the sea, which they quit again, when they are eighteen inches long, towards the commencement of summer, and later than the old individuals of their species. At two years of age they weigh six or eight pounds, and at five or six years old they only weigh ten or twelve. From these data we may easily judge of the advanced age of those which are fished in Scotland and in Sweden of six feet long, and not weighing less than eighty or one hundred pounds.*

We have lived for a tremendous time in Scotland, and for a short time in Sweden, but we solemnly aver that we never met in either country with a salmon as long as ourselves; and yet we measure only six feet upon our stocking soles. We no doubt (thanks to a pretty regular supply of Peebles ale) weigh somewhat more than a hundred pounds; but it does not follow from that fact, or indeed from any other known to naturalists, that salmon fished by man or woman born, ever now-a-days weigh and measure to the extent and ponderosity above mentioned. In truth, such a thing would never answer in the north country. Our Highland fishermen, though intelligent in mind and nimble in body, are rather a diminutive race—a small people, though a strong—and a salmon six feet in length would not only frighten them out of their propriety, but would actually deprive them of their property, by carrying themselves, their net, and coble, at “one fell swoop” into the “injurious sea.”

A very ingenious young gentleman of Neufchatel, M. Agassiz, maintains an opinion regarding the parr, different from, though equally erroneous with, those we have now narrated. He believes the parr to be neither more nor less than one of the many conditions of the common river trout, *salmo fario* (Linn.†). We regret that so respectable a person should harbour such a thought of our beloved fish; but we can't help it. We doubt not he will speedily see the error of his ways. We will be glad to go

with him to Drumlanrig, on the close of the ensuing meeting of the British Association at Glasgow.

Sir William Jardine, an excellent practical observer, and certainly a good authority on any point like that in question, states, in reference to the parr, that the chief uncertainty “has latterly resolved itself into whether the parr was distinct, or a variety or young of the common trout, *S. fario*; with the migratory salmon it has no connexion whatever. Among the British salmonidæ, there is no fish whose habits are so regular, or the colours and markings so constant.” After describing the distinctive marks of the parr, Sir William continues:—“In this state, therefore, I have no hesitation in considering the parr not only distinct, but one of the best and most constantly marked species we have, and that it ought to remain in our systems as the *Salmo salmulus* of Ray.”‡

The Rev. Leonard Jenyns, an accomplished naturalist and careful compiler, after giving the supposed distinctive characters of the parr, and stating the different views which had prevailed regarding it, observes:—“It is, however, now pretty well ascertained to be a distinct species, always remaining of a small size. Is called in some places a *parr*, in others a *skirling* or *brandling*.”§

Dr Richardson, in his ichthyological volume, does not express any very explicit opinion regarding the parr; but he reports in a commendatory spirit, and therefore, we presume, approves of Dr Knox's account of the rapid growth of smolts, and he names the name of parr evidently as a separate species, and refers in a note to Sir William Jardine's supposed distinctive characters of that same. ||

That the parr is not the young of the salmon, Mr Yarrell considers to be sufficiently obvious from the circumstance, “that parrs by hundreds may be taken in the rivers all the summer, long after the fry of the year, of the larger migratory species, have gone down to the sea; and the greater part of those parrs taken even in au-

* Griffith's *Animal Kingdom*, Vol. X. p. 473. (1834.)

† *Fourth Report of the British Association for the Promotion of Science*, p. 622. (1835.)

‡ *Edinburgh New Phil. Jour.* for January 1835.

§ *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals*, p. 427. (1835.)

|| *Fauna Boreali-Americana*, Part III. p. 145. (1836.)

tumn do not exceed five inches in length, when no example of the young salmon can be found under sixteen or eighteen inches, and the young of the bull-trout and salmon-trout are large in proportion." "By the kindness of various friends, I have received parrs from several rivers on the east, south, and west shores; and from close comparative examination of specimens from distant localities, and these with the young of others of the Salmonidæ, I believe the parr to be a distinct fish." In his supplement Mr Yarrell in some measure modifies his opinion regarding the rapid growth of salmon fry, but in relation to Mr Shaw's earlier experiments, he still continues to maintain that there is not conclusive evidence of the non-existence of a distinct small fish, to which the name of parr ought to be exclusively applied.†

The author of a recent treatise on "Ichthyology"‡ also argues and illustrates the subject of the parr, upon the ground of its being a distinct species.

"Although the history of the parr," he observes, "is still in truth obscure, we certainly deem ourselves authorized to state, that it is not the young of the salmon. It may be found in rivers throughout the year, and is more especially abundant during those midsummer months, in which the acknowledged young of the salmon is unknown except as a fish returning from the sea. The most characteristic and irrepressible instinct of the latter seems to consist in its descent to the sea a few weeks after exclusion from the egg; and if our summer parr is also the young of the salmon, the fact presents a very rare and remarkable example of different individuals of the same species varying in their instinctive habits. The occurrence of parr in rivers so long after midsummer, and the entire disappearance of *smolts* (as the young salmon are sometimes called) anterior to that period, is a main argument in favour of their being distinct; and we cannot get over the difficulty by simply asserting, that such as go down to the sea early are parr, and that such as go down late are parr also. It is admitted that the ova of salmon are hatched in spring, and that the growth of the young (by whatever name we choose to call it) is extremely rapid. Now, as nobody ever finds a parr above a few inches long (six inches is a

large one), and as, by the end of summer, they must be several months old, how can we (in the belief of their being young salmon) reconcile their imputed age with their actual dimensions? Still more difficult will it be to explain, in connexion with that belief, how the brood which has descended seawards in the spring, should, after the lapse of the same period, be found in their native rivers, weighing many pounds."

Now this may be all very logically reasoned in its way, but unfortunately the premises are erroneous; for as smolts do not go down to the sea the same season they are hatched, they cannot return from it in the course of the immediate summer, "weighing many pounds;" *ergo*, the arguments adduced are of no avail.

Dr Parnell, in like manner, regards the parr and salmon smolt as quite distinct. He gives what he regards as their differential characters, and concludes by observing, that "there is still great doubt as to the parr being a migratory species, since no instance has been recorded of its capture in the sea; nor does it appear to me to be so common a fish as is generally considered. Its habits require further investigation."§ The investigation here delicately hinted at, has now taken place, and has, we think, been attended by a triumphant though unlooked-for result. We need not, then, detain our readers by prolonging our historical exposition, which, in truth, we have brought up to the present period; but shall now, after a single slight digression, proceed to Drumlanrig to visit Mr Shaw.

Writers on this and innumerable other subjects, may in truth be likened to a flock of sheep about to enter park or pasture ground. The way is by no means narrow, and there is much hallooing with stentorian lungs, while the arms of brawny butchers wave like windmills, and shepherds' dogs utter their short, uneasy bark, with burning breath, fierce eyes, and fiery tongue; but not a fleece of all that woolly mass will move an inch. Then all at once, for no apparent reason, at least for none which did not exist before—one of their number springs at least a couple of yards into

* *British Fishes*, II., pp. 43, 47. (1836.) † Supplement, p. 4. (1839.)

‡ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (Seventh Edition,) Vol. XII. p. 208. (1836.)

§ *Fishes of the Frith of Forth*, p. 143. (1838.)

the buxom air, which proving no "fenced brazen wall," as it was deemed, admits him to pastures green, and instantaneously the whole flock, like a troop of voltigeurs, bolt boldly onwards, bound after bound, as if an earthquake's mouth did gape beneath them. Now, your "men wot writes" are just precisely animals of this description, barring (we fear and mourn) that their coats are far more threadbare, themselves more gaunt and grim, and their other habits rather those of fleecing than of being fleeced. They, too, for a time (and many times) compose confusedly some huddled statement, of which one portion knocks the other down, and the spread of knowledge looks extremely thin, till some one, bolder or more desperate than the rest (or driven by fear or hunger), makes a sudden spring upwards into the world of imagination, where he (being a lad of genius) invents a round unvarnished tale of circumstantial truth,—

"Of truth severe, in fairy fiction dress'd."

Away go the others through that glorious gap; and the fond admiring public, finding the stream of history so continuous, and concordant as Cruden on the point in question (whatever it may be), would just as soon "doubt that the stars are fire," as harbour the least misgiving as to what it sees in print. And so the matter is settled for a hundred years.

But a day of reckoning comes at last; for, sooner or later (let us again suppose it a question of salmon fry), some reasonable creature appears upon the river bank with his eyes open, and finds that if he chooses to use them he can see; so, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and studiously eschewing books, he looks down into the clear translucent water, and what does he see? That, we think, must depend entirely upon circumstances, and we all know that these are among the most variable things on the face of the earth. So it is impossible to say exactly what any man may see when he looks down into the water. It may be his own face—and such a face! But let that pass—we mean nothing personal either to ourselves or others. Of this, however, we are well assured, that no man will ever more behold salmon smolts nine inches long, and only three weeks old, descending to the sea.

We believe we need not burden our precious pages by any additional references to the recorded opinions of what are called scientific observers. The preceding will surely suffice to show that these gentlemen have always regarded the parr as a distinct and well-defined species; and the reader may afterwards draw his own conclusions as to whether their views of salmon fry were founded on fact, or altogether imaginative and illusory.

We are ourselves one of the gravest individuals in existence; yet we confess it does somewhat tickle the remains of our risibility to see Sir William Jardine and Dr Knox, Mr Selby and Dr Fleming, Mr James Wilson (a brother of Professor Wilson's) and Dr Richardson, not exactly puzzling their brains about this vexed question—for the question seemed quite happy, and so, assuredly, were they, good easy men!—but resting satisfied in the supposed certainty that they understood its bearings in every possible point, and could "box the compass" on the subject to the clear conviction of each rational being in the three kingdoms, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. But as it will be speedily shown to the world in general (and we hope admitted by themselves in particular), that these gentlemen knew nothing at all about the matter, we may be here allowed to pass from their *opinions*, and report the actual *facts* as proved by Mr Shaw. That these facts may not be regarded as the result of hasty or of superficial observation, we may mention that this ingenious person has resided almost during his entire life by the banks of salmon streams, and that his opportunities have thus been as ample as we know his efforts have been unremitting and laborious, to ascertain the genuine history of this noble and most valuable species.

Mr Shaw had long been of opinion, in opposition to the prevailing sentiments upon the subject, that the small fish commonly called *parr* was the young or natural produce of the salmon; and that all recorded attempts to trace the true history of the latter species, in its earlier states, were "fanciful in their nature, and delusive in their results." So far back as 11th July 1833, he captured a few of these small fishes, and placed them in a pond supplied by a wholesome streamlet. There they thrived and prospered

till the month of April following, when they began to assume a somewhat different aspect, and in the earlier part of May they were converted into what are usually called *salmon smolts* or *fry*—that is, they became of a fine deep blue upon the back, the sides and under-portions of a delicate silvery aspect, with the scales very deciduous, or easily adhering to the hand. At this time, also, they exhibited what may be called a migratory instinct, several of them insisting, very imprudently as we opine, to leap out of the pond, not simply into the air, for that would have been all well enough in its way, but on to the surrounding bank. The consequences are as easily imagined as described,—they died.

In March 1835, he again took from the river about a dozen parrs of a larger size, that is, about six inches long. They at this time bore upon their sides the ordinary perpendicular bars or blotches, and all the other characteristics of the so-called parr. He transferred them to his pond, and by the end of April of the same year, they too assumed the characters of salmon fry; “the bars becoming overlaid by the new silvery scales which parrs of two years old invariably assume before departing towards the sea.” He now entertained no doubt that the larger parrs observable in autumn, winter, and early spring, were in truth young salmon advancing to *the conclusion of their second year*; while the smaller spring and summer parr (called May parrs in certain parts of Scotland) were younger individuals of the same species, *only entering upon their second year*. This, then, our ingenious friend regarded (and we think truly) as the detection of the great leading error of preceding observers, who, as we have already sufficiently shown, had uniformly maintained that salmon fry grow to the length of six or eight inches in as many weeks, and that after the lapse of this brief period, they take their gregarious departure to the sea. Now, it is the rapidity with which the two-year-old parr assumes the aspect of the acknowledged salmon fry that has led to this most erroneous conclusion; for hasty or superficial observers “taking cognizance, first, of the hatching of the ova in early spring; and, secondly, of the seaward migration of smolts soon afterwards, have ima-

gined these two facts to take place in immediate or speedy succession;” whereas they had nothing to do with each other, any more than an infant sent to nurse has to do with any “Adonis of a boy” who may be setting out to push his fortune in New Holland. We shall now state what Mr Shaw has ascertained to be the actual proceedings of these little fishes for weeks and months after they are hatched, and during which they dream not at all of the “injuriously sea,” in spite of what our naturalists have asserted to the contrary.

That the species in question should so seldom be apparent in the rivers in an earlier state than that in which it is known as the May or summer parr, might well be deemed a somewhat perplexing circumstance. But perplexities were the very spurs with which Mr Shaw was determined to “ride the water.” He therefore made a minute examination of the streams where old salmon had spawned the preceding winter; and he there found in vast numbers a very small but extremely active fish, which he naturally concluded to be the young parr, or actual samlet of the season. To test the truth of this opinion, he scooped up a few dozen of them on the 15th of May 1834. They then measured not more than an inch in length, and the small transverse bars which mark the parr were already clearly distinguishable. He placed them in his ponds, where they thrived well; and by the ensuing May (1835), when they had been a year in his possession, they were found, on examination, to measure on an average about three and a-half inches. At this period they entirely corresponded to the small parr to be seen in the natural streams of the river; and neither the free nor the captive brood of these dimensions exhibited any tendency to assume the silvery aspect of the smolt. Mr Shaw, however, felt satisfied, from the result of his former tentative experiments on the parr, that they would ultimately assume that silvery aspect; so he allowed them just to “bide their time;” and, accordingly, in May 1836, they were transmuted into smolts or salmon fry. They then measured six and a-half inches in length, their colour on the dorsal region being of a fine deep blue, the sides and abdomen silvery white, the dorsal, caudal, and especially the pec-

toral fins, tipped or tinged with black. The smolts of the river were at this time descending seawards—no difference could be discovered between them and their brethren in captivity—the latter were known to have completed their second year; and so Mr Shaw very naturally asks, “Is it likely that those in the river, which so identically resembled them, were only a few weeks old?” We answer, in the face of all the naturalists in the known world, not only is it unlikely, but utterly impossible.

The small but active fish now alluded to (call it parr, pink, fingerling, or what you please), is nowhere to be met with for the first few months of its existence, except in those streams, or their near vicinity, in which undoubted salmon had deposited their spawn during the preceding winter. They may be seen in such streams by a careful observer early in April, but so young and weak, in consequence of their recent emergence from the spawning bed, as to be unable to struggle with the current. “They therefore,” says Mr Shaw, alluding to a particular instance, “betook themselves to the gentler eddies, and frequently into the small hollows produced in the shingle by the hoofs of horses which had passed the ford.” They remain in these quiet places during the spring and earlier part of summer; but as they gain an increase of size and strength, they begin to scatter themselves all over the shallower parts of the river, especially wherever the bottom is composed of fine gravel. From their small size, however, they continue comparatively unobserved throughout the whole of the first summer, during which they are seldom taken by the angler. But no sooner do the two-year-olds disappear (as smolts in spring), than these small fishes, now entering upon their second year, become bolder and more apparent, and then constitute, and continue for nearly another year to constitute, the parr of anglers, and of all other observers, whether wet or dry. But their shy and shingle-seeking habits during the earlier months of their existence so greatly screen them from observation, as to have led to the erroneous belief already dwelt upon, that the silvery smolts were the actual produce of the very season in which these are first observable, and were only a few weeks old—the fact

being, that prior to their seaward emigration, they have dwelt rejoicingly for a couple of years in “rivers of water.” We certainly now agree with Mr Shaw, in regarding it as singular (and are willing to bear our share of blame in that fatuity), that anglers should not have troubled themselves to enquire what became of the older generation of parrs—that is, of the comparatively large individuals which may be captured late in autumn and in earliest spring, but none of which can be detected after the departure of the so-called smolts. “If the two are not identical, how does it happen that the one so constantly disappears simultaneously with the other? Yet no one alleges that he has ever seen parr, *as such*, performing their migration towards the sea. They cannot do so, because they have been previously converted into smolts.”

As in the course of former correspondence with Mr Shaw, both ourselves and others threw every legitimate obstacle in his way, so far as argument and explanation of the old theory of the distinction of parr and salmon fry were concerned, he repeated his experiments in a variety of modes, and both literally and metaphorically left no stone unturned (many a Scottish stream, as we know to our cost, is stony enough) to ascertain the truth. Having already traced the progress of the parr, from an inch in length, through its several stages up to the period of migration, he was himself satisfied as to the identity of that fish with the smolt. But as it was still maintained by his opponents (and, we believe with few exceptions, in the most friendly spirit of the love of truth, which may certainly be felt and acted on even by men clinging fondly to the forlorn hope that a parr is not a salmon), that there might be some error in his procedure, he entered upon a new series of experiments, of a somewhat different but even more decisive nature.

On the 10th of January 1836, he observed a female salmon of about sixteen pounds weight, in company with two males of about twenty-five pounds weight, engaged in the process of spawning. The two males kept up an incessant conflict during the entire day, for what Mr Shaw calls “the possession of the female.” These gentry seem, indeed, to be of a

more amorous nature than is usually supposed of such cold-blooded creatures; and, in the course of their manœuvrings, the males frequently drove each other almost ashore, and repeatedly showed themselves on the very surface of the water, displaying their dorsal fins, and lashing the water with their tails, from something of the same victorious sensation, we presume, as that which influences a game cock to strut, crow, and clap his wings, so soon as he has performed his morning exercises. Our observer secured in proper time a quantity of the spawn, which he placed among gravel in a small stream of pure water. On the 26th of February, or forty-eight days after being deposited, he could perceive some appearance of animation, in a minute streak of blood, which traversed for a short distance the interior of the egg, and originating near two small dark-coloured spots, which turned out eventually to be the eyes of the embryo fish. On the 8th of April, or ninety days after being imbedded in the gravel, he found the fry extricated from the egg, which was not the case about a couple of days preceding. At this period, and for a considerable time afterwards, their most marked and peculiar feature consisted of a conical bag-like appendage, of a beautiful transparent red, and greatly resembling a light-coloured currant, which adhered by its base to the abdomen. This, in fact, is the yolk, or vitelline portion of the egg, which continues to adhere to the young fish, and affords probably its sole nourishment for several weeks after it has escaped from the capsule. They still continued for a considerable period beneath the gravel, and we may here observe that both the time of hatching, and the disappearance of the bag, seem to depend, in a considerable degree, on the temperature of particular years, each process being more speedily effected in a mild than during an inclement season. In the instance in question, a period of 140 days was required to perfect the form and features of these little fishes, which even then measured little more than an inch in length, and corresponded in all respects with the small parr on which Mr Shaw had formerly experimented, as well as with such as existed at that moment in great numbers in the natural beds of the river. He has repeated these experiments over and over again with the same result; and, not satisfied with

lifting the spawn from the stream (some harmless people having still continued to assert that he might possibly have mistaken other ova for those of salmon), he lifted the salmon themselves, and forcing them to spawn (in the manner detailed in the communications already named), he watched the vivification and final development of the young, and found in all cases an entire agreement in every essential particular.

Thus, on the 27th of January 1837, a quantity of spawn was impregnated and deposited in a small stream which had been made to flow into one of his carefully constructed ponds. The temperature of the water in the streamlet was 40°, that of the river water 36°. On the 21st of March (fifty-four days after impregnation), the embryo fish were visible to the naked eye. On the 7th May (101 days after impregnation), they had burst the capsule, and were to be found among the shingle of the stream. The temperature of the water was now 43°—that of the atmosphere 45°. It is this brood which Mr Shaw has studied up to the present time, that is, which he has watched continuously for more than the entire period requisite to elapse after their exclusion from the egg until their assumption of those characters which distinguish the undoubted salmon fry; and it may, therefore, be advisable to present our readers with a few brief descriptive notes regarding them.

Specimens taken up for examination, when ten days old (16th May), had still a considerable portion of the vitelline bag attached to the abdomen. Specimens removed when forty-eight days old (24th June), had no perceptible bag, but the general symmetry of the form was as yet imperfectly developed. After the lapse, however, of a couple of months (7th July), that form was found to be materially improved, and “to exhibit, in miniature, much of the form and proportions of a mature fish. At the age of four months (7th September), the characteristic marks of the *parr* were clearly developed. Two months later, six months old (7th November), an accession both of size and strength was apparent; and, on comparing the pond specimens with the parr of the river, no marked difference was perceptible.” The average length at this time was three inches.

During the ensuing winter months,

it appears from Mr Shaw's observations, that owing to the lowness of the temperature, and the consequent deficiency of insect food, no accession as to size or condition is gained by these juvenile inhabitants of our rivers. Thus a specimen of nine months old, taken in the middle of February 1838, exhibited scarcely any perceptible difference from that last alluded to. But an individual taken when it was a year old (10th May), seemed much improved in condition, and measured about $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It corresponded in age and dimensions with those individuals which exist in the river, and are there known as "May parr." After the seaward migration of the smolts, or two-year-olds (which takes place early in May), there are no other parr in the river—saving, of course, the newly hatched young concealed among the shingle—except such as correspond with the specimen in question, which is the *pink* of the river Hodder, alluded to by Mr Yarrell.* As the summer season advances they increase in size and apparent numbers, and are then the parr, commonly so called, of anglers, which afford a deal of light amusement with the rod to the curious in small fishes, until the "dread realities" of winter put an end to wading, and the wicked cease from troubling these defenceless tribes.

A specimen, eighteen months old (taken from the pond on 14th November 1838), measured six inches in length, and had then attained to the condition in which all the ordinary external characters of the parr were strikingly exhibited. In point of health (and, we hope, of happiness) it was not exceeded by any of the corresponding inhabitants of the natural streams of the river. The reader will particularly bear in mind that the individual specimens now alluded to, which we know to have been examined by our best practical naturalists, and to have been by them admitted to be parr, usually so called, were yet, from the process employed by Mr Shaw, necessarily and unavoidably the young of salmon. They could no more be the young of another species, than the egg of a hen cooped up by any old

woman in a crib upon an empty nest, and which, when called by the cackling of the said hen, she might pick up in a state of "calorific influence," could be the egg of a condor or a lammer-geyer.

All the males at the age of eighteen months, in Mr Shaw's possession in the autumn of 1838, then manifested the conditions of a breeding state, by having matured the milt. The females, however, of the same brood, although otherwise in equal health and condition, did not exhibit a corresponding appearance in respect to the maturing of the roe. These two circumstances were previously well known to naturalists; but it was left to Mr Shaw's sagacious ingenuity, to make the former fact bear upon the point at issue. We shall, in the mean time, however, proceed with our brief history of the brood of the spring of the year 1837. We may observe that the two sexes of parr, of the same age, *in the river*, manifested the corresponding character of each sex, to wit,—of maturity in the male—of immaturity in the female,—an important fact in evidence that all these individuals were in truth specifically the same.

A specimen twenty months old, taken from the pond on the 5th of January 1839, also measured only six inches in length, and still continued to display the characteristic aspect and attributes of the parr; but now—

"A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream."

About the middle of April, the caudal, pectoral, and dorsal fins, began to assume a dusky margin, while at the same time the body of the fish exhibited unequivocal symptoms of a silvery aspect, "as well as an increased elegance of form." Specimens two years old, were taken from the pond on the 20th of May, and *had then assumed the migratory dress*. Their companions in captivity, it was quite apparent, had also undergone the same decided change, and it is worthy of observation that a marked alteration in their habits also occurs at this period. "While in the parr state," says Mr Shaw, "they show no disposition to congregate, but each individual occu-

* "Pinks in the river Hodder," says Mr Yarrell, "in the month of April, are rather more than three inches long, and are considered to be the fry of that year."—*Supplement to British Fishes*, p. 6. These "pinks," Mr Shaw has proved, are a year old by the time alluded to, while the "fry of that year" are then, in fact, only quitting the gravel for the first time.

pies a particular station in the ponds; and should any one quit his place with the view of occupying the position already possessed by another, the intruder is at once expelled with an apparent degree of violence. But so soon as the whole brood has perfected the migratory dress, they immediately congregate into a shoal, and exhibit an anxious desire to effect their escape by scouring all over the ponds, leaping and sporting, and altogether displaying a vastly increased degree of activity."

It appears, then, that the great constitutional change which converts an elderly parr into a juvenile salmon, usually commences in the month of April of the second ensuing season after the fish is hatched; that is to say, when it is about two years old. The specimens marked Nos. 10 and 11, in the collection transmitted to the Royal Society by Mr Shaw, beautifully exemplify the change in question. No. 10 is the individual already alluded to (although we meant nothing personal), as having been removed from the pond on the 5th of January 1839, being then twenty months old. We may state once more that it is a parr—exhibiting the form and features of that well-known fish. At this period No. 11 presented precisely the same appearance, but it was allowed to survive until the 24th of May, by which time it had rather more than completed its second year. During the lapse of these additional four months, it gained only half an inch in length, but it *cast off the livery of the parr, and assumed that of the smolt or young salmon*,—this signal change consisting chiefly in the following particulars. The black spots upon the opercles disappeared, the pale-coloured pectoral fins became deeply suffused with a dark or inky hue at their extremities, the broad perpendicular bars or blotches (from which the parr in many districts takes the name of fingerling) on the sides were effaced, and the prevailing tints of dusky brown above, and of yellowish white below,

were converted respectively into a dark-bluish black upon the dorsal region, and into silvery white on the lower sides and abdomen. Various other specimens presented to the Royal Society exhibit the same extraordinary change; and some of these distinctly show, as it were, the intermediate or transitional state between the parr and smolt. They occupy in one respect, indeed, a most dubious position; for while they may be said to be above parr in relation to their previous existence, they are below smolts in the actuality of their condition, and far from the silvery splendour of a future state. Nevertheless, the whole belonged to broods which, as already mentioned, were the original produce of an adult male and female salmon, and so could not (in spite of whatever exertions they might endeavour to make to the contrary) be otherwise than the natural young of these fishes. Mr Shaw, then, we may here observe, has proved two facts of the highest importance, alike in the natural and economical history of the species in question,—1st, *That parr are the young of salmon—being convertible into smolts*; and, 2dly, *That the main body, if not the whole of these smolts, do not proceed to the sea until the second spring after that in which they are hatched.**

To state the matter then shortly, and in a mode which we suppose Dr Aristotle would call syllogistical, we think we are entitled to say, in more especial reference to the two specimens last alluded to, "These are young salmon,—one of these is a parr,—therefore the parr is the young of the salmon." But this announcement neither ourselves nor any body else, whether peer or peasant, could have made without the sagacious, praiseworthy, and perfectly conclusive experiments of Mr Shaw.

This ingenious enquirer has not only settled this disputed question to our own satisfaction, and consequently to that of the world in general, but

* We may here note, that although Mr Shaw could never perceive that any of the *river fry* attained the migratory state till the second spring after that in which they are first found among the shingle, he yet informs us that one or two individuals of each of his own broods assumed that condition at the age of twelve months. This circumstance, however, he is inclined to attribute to the higher temperature of the spring-water ponds having hastened the ordinary natural change; and he deems himself strongly supported in this opinion by the fact, that no similar instance of an early or premature change has ever occurred among other individuals reared in corresponding ponds, supplied by water from a rivulet, the temperature of which throughout the year ranges very equally with that of the river Nith.

has moreover instituted an additional and very singular series of experimental observations, in order to illustrate, if not explain, that curious peculiarity already mentioned—the sexual maturity of the male parr. His frequent observance of this maturity, and of the consequent association of the parr and female adult salmon, suggested the idea of the following practical experiment:—

In the month of January 1837, Mr Shaw took a female salmon, weighing fourteen pounds, from her natural spawning bed in the river; from whence he also took a male parr, weighing one and a half ounce. With the milt of the latter he fecundated the ova of the former; and placing the spawn in the small streamlet which acts as the feeder of one of his constructed ponds, he carefully observed its growth, as he had previously that of the salmon spawn impregnated in the ordinary way, and found both the hatching and subsequent growth to correspond in all points with the usual ongoings of nature. This extraordinary experiment was repeated with the same results during the winter of 1838, and the parrs (taken from the river) which had been used as males, were kept alive till spring, when they assumed the migratory dress of young salmon, “and no mistake.” He then tried a corresponding experiment, by impregnating the ova of three adult salmon taken from the river, with the milt of three parr bred in the confinement of the ponds, and the results in these cases were likewise the same, both as to hatching and final growth,—this fact further demonstrating the constitutional strength of the pond-bred parents, and that they had not deteriorated, or been in any way altered in their character or natural attributes, as by some supposed. The individuals which were made to subserve the purposes of these novel and important experiments, are preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where, we presume, they may be seen, on proper application, by whoever desires to satisfy himself regarding the fact of their actual and indisputable identity with the so-called parr.

But one of the most curious as well as conclusive circumstances connected with these later experiments, is un-

doubtedly this,—that one of these male parrs, so successfully used as a parent (No. 12 of R. S. Ed. Collection), had been itself produced between another parr and a female adult salmon; in other words, it was what naturalists (in the very recent and possibly still existing days of the supposed specific distinction of the parr and smolt) would have designated a *hybrid or mule*. Now, it is admitted by physiological naturalists, that the rule in relation to these mixed productions from kinds not specifically the same, is—that they do not breed at all. Yet this very male parr, originally produced by a parr and salmon, became itself the proud parent of a numerous progeny of most promising fry. Now this is a fact of great importance, because it had in truth been objected to Mr Shaw's earlier experiments, that, by a forced alliance between the parr and salmon, he had not proved their identity, but had only succeeded in producing a hybrid, thus, like another Caliban, “peopling the isle with monsters.” But the brood in question in no way differs from its predecessors produced under ordinary circumstances; and Mr Shaw has justly observed, that, if parr were actually a distinct species, the result of their attendance on the female salmon would be universal and irremediable confusion among these migratory inhabitants of our rivers, “from the circumstance of the male parrs in a breeding state occupying, in great numbers, the very centre of the salmon spawning-bed; while the female salmon herself is at the same instant pouring thousands of her ova into the very spot where they are thus genially congregated.”

But we fear we must prelect no more at present on this important subject. We trust we have stated the case in a sufficiently lucid manner; and we therefore now end as we began, by again putting the question, “Reader, what is a parr?”—“A parr, sir, is a stage or condition of salmon fry, intermediate between the first development of the young fish and the assumption of the silvery aspect of the smolt—the age or continuance of that condition hovering around a maximum of about four-and-twenty months, or thereby.”—“Quite right, my fine boy: you may now sit down.”

THE ANTI-NATIONAL FACTION.

THE recent renewal of the Anti-Corn-Law, or, as it should more properly be styled, the ANTI-NATIONAL AGITATION, is one of the most memorable instances on record of the extraordinary insensibility of mankind even to their own most obvious interests, when those interests are affected, not by the first but second steps in a series of political events. Notwithstanding the overwhelming majority of 190, by which the motion for the repeal of the corn-laws was negatived in the last Session of Parliament, the subject has again been agitated in the present session; and although the attempt to get up a popular outcry has, for the present, signally failed, yet the endeavours of the agitators to rouse the masses have been incessant; and it requires not the gift of political foresight to see that great danger threatens the agricultural interests of the empire from the efforts of a faction, deterred by no dread of the consequences of their actions, actuated by no attachment to the welfare of their country, and seizing every opportunity to act upon the excited feelings of a vast and easily deluded urban multitude.

It is because the masses, on whom the anti-national faction work, are so easily deluded—because the grievance, which is the grand lever to which they trust in their endeavours to rouse the multitude—scarcity of provisions—is of frequent occurrence—and because the cotton lords and capitalists, who pull the whole wires of the machine which produces so tremendous an explosion, are so few in number, and possessed of such concentrated power, that we apprehend *ultimate*, though perhaps not immediate danger to the best interests of the empire. Sir Robert Walpole long ago said, that the “country gentlemen, like sheep, always submit quietly to be shorn of their fleece; but that, the moment you touch one bristle on the back of the manufacturers, the whole styte is in an uproar;” and the observation is not founded on any peculiarity of his time, or any extraordinary facility of temper in landholders compared with other men, but on the permanent peculiarities of their situation, and the durable qualities which habit

and occupation have stamped upon their character.

Landed proprietors live for the most part in the country, removed from each other. Manufacturers reside in towns, or thickly peopled villages, and are in habits of frequent—of daily intercourse. The latter are men of business habits, engaged in great mercantile transactions, and accustomed to reap immense profits from vast immediate outlay, or strenuous present exertion; the former are habituated only to expenditure, at least for a profitable return, on a very moderate scale, and are maintained chiefly by the labours and efforts of others. The latter, though often involved in engagements which may prove their ruin, have almost always—possessed at the moment—ready money, and accustomed to expend it freely with a view to ultimate return; the former, though often possessed of colossal fortunes, are almost always straitened for ready money, and often involved in an expenditure beyond their annual income. These opposite peculiarities of these classes of society, are the more strongly marked and clearly brought out in the British isles at the present time, that a peace of five-and-twenty years’ duration has augmented the wealth and importance of the commercial classes, while it has proportionally increased the expenditure of the owners of the soil; that a vast change by the Legislature in the value of money, has nearly doubled the capital of the former class, while it has almost halved that of the latter; and that a still greater alteration in the composition of the Legislature, has given to the boroughs, among which the strength of the former is to be found, double the number of representatives of the counties, in which the influence of the latter is placed.

It is a most mistaken belief of the landholders that their interests are for the present safe, and their danger postponed, by the great majority which they obtained when the question was brought the last session before Parliament. Majorities have in these days an awkward habit of changing into minorities when the interests or passions of the active in-

habitants of towns are roused against their continuance. We have only to recollect how regularly bad seasons and periods of scarcity recur, and how utterly reckless the popular leaders are of all consequences where their own interests or passions are concerned, to perceive the reality and certain eventual approach of this danger; and if the landholders would see it visibly portrayed, they have only to figure to themselves a reckless insolvent Liberal Premier dissolving Parliament upon the cry of cheap bread—the ballot—and universal suffrage, during a period of dear provisions and commercial distress.

And yet, as if it had been intended to place the British nation, and all the interests it contains, indisputably in the wrong in such a suicidal effort, the course of events during the last eight years, when the clamour has been preparing or going forward, has demonstrated that the very class of society to whose efforts that whole clamour has been owing, is the one which would be the first to suffer by the change contended for; and that, deep and irreparable as would be the wounds inflicted upon the agricultural interests of the empire by the repeal of the Corn-laws, it would yet be inferior in magnitude and intensity of suffering to the wide-spread devastation which would fall upon the commercial classes from the establishment of an unrestricted trade in grain.

The four years terminating with 1835 were years of extraordinary, it may be almost said, unprecedented agricultural plenty. The harvests during this whole period were so fine, that not only was the agricultural produce of the British islands adequate to the maintenance of its inhabitants, but the accumulated surplus produce of each of these years was stored up, in the hopes of better

prices, until, in the year 1835, the average price of wheat fell to thirty-nine shillings and eightpence the quarter; considerably lower than it had been since the time of Oliver Cromwell. The price of wheat during all this period varied from forty to sixty shillings a quarter; and as the highest of these prices was greatly below that at which foreign grain is admitted at a nominal duty, of course there was no importation of grain, at least for home consumption, or such as could get out of the bonded warehouses; the Corn-laws were in full and unrestricted operation, and the nation felt emphatically both the evils and benefits arising from that state of things. This, therefore, was a period, according to the argument of the anti-national faction, when commercial distress should have been most severely felt—when the stoppage of the import of foreign grain should have proved a fatal bar to the progress of our manufacturing export; and the industry of our operatives shackled by the inability of foreign cultivators to purchase their commodity, should have suffered a severe and accumulating depression.

Was this the case? Did the manufactures of the country, during these four years, progressively decline? Did the diminution of our imports indicate that the prosperity of our own agriculture, and the stringent exclusion of the laws for its protection were operating prejudicially upon the consumption of the nation, and particularly of the commercial classes—and did the progressive falling off of our exports show how materially our commercial prosperity was dependent upon the sacrifice of our own cultivators to those of foreign states? Let the returns for these years speak for themselves: they require no comment.

Exports.		Imports.		Average price of Wheat per Quarter.	
1832—	£65,026,000	.	£44,586,000	.	63s. 7d.
1833—	60,989,000	.	45,952,000	.	54s. 4d.
1834—	73,831,000	.	49,362,000	.	48s. 5d.
1835—	78,376,000	.	48,911,000	.	39s. 8d.
1836—	85,229,000	.	57,023,000	.	45s. 2d.

—PORTER, *Progress of the Nation*, II. 98; and JACOB'S *Prices*.

Thus it appears that so far from our exports and imports decreasing, during these years of increasing domestic agri-

cultural produce and stringent Corn-Law exclusion, they were continually increasing, and that immediately after

wheat had been at the unprecedented low rate of 39s. 8d. a-quarter, our exports had reached the unparalleled amount of L.85,000,000, and our imports of L.57,000,000.

These facts, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, can be perfectly explained upon the plainest reasons flowing from the mutual dependence of every class in society upon its neighbour in civilized life. When agricultural produce is plentifully raised by domestic cultivators, and the price is in consequence low while the produce is great, every class of society is materially and simultaneously benefited. The manufacturers, the shopkeepers, and the whole inhabitants of towns, feel the benefit of this state of matters in the plentiful supply of provisions, and the cheap rate at which they are able to obtain the necessaries of life. An unusually large proportion of their earnings can thus be afforded for its gratifications. If in consequence of fine seasons, the quartern loaf falls from tenpence to sevenpence, and the price of beef from ninepence to fivepence, the whole difference between these sums remains at the disposal of the consuming classes of society. Experience proves that very little of the money thus saved upon the necessaries of life is stored up in the form of capital, so as to be withdrawn from circulation. By far the greater proportion of it is employed in the purchase of the luxuries or conveniences of life. There cannot be a doubt that fine seasons, from the cheap rate of provisions, puts at least thirty or forty millions a-year at the disposal of the consuming classes of society, nine-tenths at least of which is laid out in the purchase of manufactures. It may safely be affirmed, that one fine autumnal month would at once bring round the manufactures of this country, from the lowest state of depression, to comparative affluence. Adam Smith was never more correct than when he said, that the home trade of every country is worth all the foreign trades put together.

Nor is it a less important effect of such seasons of agricultural plenty upon the manufacturing interests, that the greater part of the quickened incitement to industry which thus exists, is felt at home, and that not only is but little of it shared with foreign states, but the ruinous *drain upon the metallic treasures* of the country is completely stopped. This is a matter, as recent experience has proved, of the very highest importance. All classes of society being at their ease in so far as subsistence is concerned, there is an universal disposition to accommodate, to expand rather than contract purchases, and to extend rather than diminish credit. The effect of such a state of things, in a commercial community, dependent almost entirely upon that most sensitive of created things credit, is incalculable. Bankers, finding their profitable transactions daily increasing, and a general feeling of security pervading all classes, become liberal in their advances; and hence the universal prosperity which immediately ensues. Such was the effect of these causes, operating for four or five successive years, that in spite of all the paralysis to credit, which at the commencement of the period resulted from reform agitation, not only was Government enabled to remit taxes to the amount of about six millions sterling; but the revenue, so far from exhibiting as it now does a woful deficit, showed a surplus, not large indeed, but still perceptible, of from five hundred thousand to a million sterling a-year. *

It is perhaps the most important effect of such a state of things, that it thus effectually prevents that ruinous export of the precious metals to foreign states, which experience has proved to be so extremely detrimental to all, but especially the commercial interests of the empire. The necessaries of life being extremely cheap at home, there is no drain of specie to purchase subsistence abroad, and thus our export trade, how great soever, is carried on chiefly with those countries, and for those articles for which the export of

* Taxes remitted.

Annual surplus of revenue.

1832—	£747,000	.	.	.	£5,696
1833—	1,000,000	.	.	.	1,023,000
1834—	1,200,000	.	.	.	1,776,000
1835—	480,000	.	.	.	1,270,000
1836—	200,000	.	.	.	1,590,000

our manufactures only is required ; the ruinous exchange of specie for imported grain being stopped, mercantile speculation takes the more natural and salutary direction of exchanging the luxuries of British manufacture for the luxuries of foreign growth ; and thus, while the home market is rendered ample by the vast surplus funds at the disposal of the consumers, the foreign trade is rendered at once safe and productive, by being turned into channels which exchanges production against production, not gold against grain.

It has been proved, that the nations from whom we import grain will not receive in return our manufactures, and will take nothing but gold in exchange for their grain ; whereas those from whom we import luxuries that we do not ourselves raise, are quite willing to take our manufactures. Who are the nations from whom we must purchase grain ? Being a bulky article, it will not bear, unless the prices are extravagantly high, sea-carriage from any great distance ; and we must, therefore, draw our supplies from the neighbouring states. Poland, Prussia, and the southern provinces of Russia, constitute the great granaries from which our foreign supplies have always been derived ; and from which in particular, during the great scarcity of 1838, by far the greater part of our imported subsistence was obtained. But these states will not take our manufactures off our hands, nor would they do so even if we were to repeal our Corn-Laws. The reason is obvious. They are actuated by an indelible jealousy of our manufacturing greatness ; and they are under the influence of men who are determined, at all hazards, to rival us in those industrial establishments in which we have so long taken the lead, but in which they think they can now, by a rigid system of exclusion, effectually extinguish our superiority. Of this they have given a decisive proof in the vital point of the Navigation laws ; for while we, seventeen years ago, repealed those laws, and thereby destroyed our own commercial navy employed in the intercourse with these states, they have not only done nothing to diminish the duties on any one branch of British produce, but have gone on continually increasing them ; so that our exports to the

northern states of Europe are now less than they were eight-and-thirty years ago. They would willingly establish, indeed, a reciprocity treaty in regard to grain as they did in regard to shipping ; that is to say, they will admit our grain on the same terms on which we admit their grain. But will they establish a treaty admitting our cotton and iron goods without duty, in consideration of our admitting their grain without duty ? Let the Prusso-Germanic League form the answer, by which, in consideration of the English having taken off all the restrictions on the entrance of foreign shipping into their harbours, Prussia imposed a discriminating duty on every article of British manufacture, which practically amounted to fifty per cent.

The countries, on the other hand, with whom we carry on a great commercial trade in mutual luxuries, America, the West Indies, the East Indies, Brazil, Australia, Canada, Turkey, Italy, &c., are actuated by no such jealousy of our manufacturing industry, and by no such political hostility or commercial rivalry ; for this simple reason, that they lie in *a different latitude* from ourselves, and consequently their industry is directed to totally different objects. Our cotton and iron establishments are no subjects of jealousy to them ; for they are intent upon the production of wheat or cotton, of tea or sugar, of wine or fruits, of oil or spices, of coffee or tobacco. The greater or more prosperous our manufactures are, the better for them ; because they are thereby enabled to obtain the manufactured articles they require from Europe at a cheaper rate ; while they, on the other hand, secure a larger vent for their own produce. Hence these distant nations impose hardly any duties upon our manufactures, but they take them off our hands as largely as we can furnish them ; whereas the European states, from whom we are compelled to buy grain, being in the same latitude with ourselves, and actuated by national or commercial jealousy, cannot be induced by any considerations to relax their enormous duties upon all our manufactured articles. And of such vital importance is this consideration in the present question, and so vast its effect upon our manufacturing ex-

ports to distant parts of the world, that while every inhabitant of America consumes nineteen shillings and sixpence worth of British manufactures,—of the West Indies, three pounds ten shillings' worth,—and of Australia, eleven pounds' worth,—every inhabitant of Prussia takes off only threepence worth of British manufactures, and of Russia only sixpence worth! And this is the reason why a great export of our manufactures, in seasons of agricultural plenty, and corresponding import of luxuries, is attended with no drain upon the banks, and no shake to commercial credit; while a great importation of foreign grain, consequent on a bad season, being necessarily paid for in specie, is immediately attended with both the one and the other.

Let us turn now to the bad seasons that have occurred since 1836, which have led for a considerable time to a practical repeal of the Corn-laws, and immense importation of foreign grain, and see whether experience has proved the results which the anti-national faction uniformly anticipate from the large importation of grain, and whether it would be safe for the nation, especially with reference to its commercial interests, to go on permanently with that system of importation of foreign grain, which was forced upon us by the bad harvests of 1838 and 1839.

The harvest of 1836 first broke in upon the long train of fine seasons. The rains in the autumn of that year, as every body recollects, especially in Scotland, were incessant; the prices, in consequence, rose considerably; and although the harvest of 1837 was somewhat better, yet those of 1838 and 1839 were so deficient as to have given the nation a full specimen of the blessings to be expected from an unrestricted trade in grain. The harvests of the former of these years were so very bad, that the prices rose rapidly till the beginning of December 1838, when the ports were opened, and immediately such a prodigious deluge of foreign grain was admitted, that, as is well known, upwards of six millions in sovereigns were drawn out of the bank to pay for it; and although the

prices are now not so high, in consequence of the harvest of 1839 being not quite so disastrous, yet they are still sufficiently elevated to admit of a very great speculation in grain, and a large importation into the bonded warehouses. The average price of the week ending 6th March 1840, being sixty shillings and elevenpence a quarter for wheat, and twenty-five shillings and twopence for oats—prices which, though not high enough to admit the free issue of grain from the bonded warehouses, are yet sufficient to have kept up a great speculation in grain stored in these warehouses, and consequently drained away, to a large extent, the specie of the country. And what has been the result? Wide-spread commercial distress. One of the leading Whig noblemen, a steady anti-corn-law advocate, Lord Milton, lately presented a petition to Parliament, in which it was stated, with perfect truth, that the manufacturing distress which had existed for the last two years, though not accompanied with the general panic of the great disaster of 1825, has been far more depressing to general industry, and felt far more acutely by the productive classes of the community. There is no man acquainted with commerce, in any of the great commercial emporiums of the kingdom, who can doubt that this has been the case, and that ever since spring 1837 has been a period of almost uninterrupted and wide-spread commercial distress. To those engaged in, or connected with commercial pursuits, all proof of this is unhappily superfluous. To those who are not, a glance at the instructive returns in the note, will amply demonstrate how seriously the national resources have been impaired by the combination of erroneous government with commercial distress during the last three disastrous years.*

Now, admitting that the commercial crash in America, in the close of 1836 and beginning of 1837, was the immediate cause of the great commercial distress of the year 1837 in the British islands; what is it that has occasioned the far greater and far longer wide-spread distress of 1838 and 1839? Why, the great drain of specie in the end of 1838 and spring of 1839,

* Deficit, 1837, £726,000; 1838, £440,000; 1839, £512,000.

amounting to above six millions sterling, which took place for the importation of foreign grain. Every farthing's worth of this grain had to be purchased in specie, for such was the effect of the onerous duties on British manufactures in Russia and Prussia, that the holders of grain would take no part of its price in British manufactures. The result was, that the drain set in so severely upon the Bank of England for specie to carry on this lucrative trade in foreign grain, that the stock of bullion and specie in their coffers was reduced in a few months from eight millions five hundred thousand, to two millions five hundred thousand sovereigns—that to avert bankruptcy, they were obliged, for the first time, to open a credit with the Bank of France, in order to provide the necessary funds to meet the incessant demand for cash at their establishment; and that between the immediate advances for grain, and the repayment of the sums borrowed from the Bank of France, not less than *ten millions sterling* in specie has been drawn from this country, within the last fifteen months.

The effects of this prodigious drain have been felt with extreme severity in every part of the civilized world. At home it immediately compelled the Bank to take defensive measures for their own security, both by restricting the circulation, and more effectually drawing in their advances to other Banks, and discount of bills. All other banking establishments throughout the country, of course, immediately followed the example. Money quickly became scarce; credit was abridged or suspended; bankruptcies speedily followed among the least opulent portion of the trading community, and that universal distrust and anxiety ensued which is at once the consequence and the cause of public distress.

On the other side of the Atlantic the consequences were still more disastrous. The British merchants, pushed to the wall themselves, were obliged to demand payment from their American correspondents of the large balances due to them since the year 1837; the United States Bank—the National Bank of America—has stopped payment; every banking establishment in the Southern States has followed the example; and although those of New York have contrived to avoid

coming to that extremity, yet they have done so only by refusing credit, and thence innumerable bankruptcies.—The almost total destruction of American credit has shaken that of even the greatest capitalists at home, while the inability of a large portion of the American consumers to continue their wonted purchases, has seriously affected the demand for our manufacturing industry among our best customers—who heretofore have taken above twelve millions' worth of our manufactured produce annually off our hands.

These results occurring within the short period of eight years, and illustrating the opposite effects of the system which they decried and that for which they contend, are decisive against the arguments of the anti-national faction. In the first four years are to be seen plentiful harvests, abundance of provisions, a rigid exclusion of foreign importation, accompanied by the very highest degree of commercial and manufacturing prosperity. In the latter, a forcible repeal of the Corn-laws, occasioned by the badness of the seasons which opened the ports—an immense importation of foreign grain, and the fullest experiment, upon a large scale, of the effects to be anticipated from a free importation of foreign subsistence. The consequences have been high prices—a general depression of the home market for our manufactures—commercial distress unsurpassed even in this age of vicissitudes, and a narrow escape from national bankruptcy.

If we would figure to ourselves, therefore, what must be the result of a repeal of the Corn-laws, we have but to imagine *the commercial state of 1838 and 1839, perpetuated amongst us*. We have only to figure six or eight millions of specie a-year drained annually from the nation to purchase foreign subsistence—the screw perpetually applied by the Bank of England to the currency in order to enable them to withstand this pressure,—every subordinate bank in the kingdom contracting their issues and pressing their customers for payment of the balances or bills due by them—distress and anxiety universal among the trading classes—the revenue constantly falling from the progressive decline of exports and imports—and new taxes upon comforts or necessities of life imposed or threatened, in order to

fill up the yawning deficits of the Exchequer, and we shall have a lively picture of the blessings which we may anticipate from the complete realization of all the projects of the anti-national faction. It is in vain to say that these anticipations are chimerical or exaggerated: they have been realized to the letter by the experience of the last two years; hundreds on hundreds of the anti-Corn-law clamourers have been reduced to bankruptcy; hundreds of thousands of the multitude whom they strove to delude have been landed in the workhouse.

It is no answer to these observations to say, that a commercial crisis like that of 1839, though it was doubtless owing to the bad harvest of the preceding year, which caused all the specie to be drained out of the country for the purchase of foreign grain, is not to be considered as a natural or necessary attendant upon a free trade in corn; but that, on the contrary, if we would take off our duties on foreign grain, those countries would take off their duties on British manufactures; and that thus the commerce, beneficial to both sides, would take place by an exchange of commodities, without that excessive drain on specie which has recently been felt as so distressing. Before the anti-national faction has any right to *assume* that such will be the case, they are bound to show that a similar relaxation of foreign duties, in return for British concessions, *has taken place* in regard to other articles where the reciprocity system has been tried. Has experience proved that this has been the case? We repealed the Navigation law, and established the reciprocity system in February 1823. Have one of the nations, benefited by that great change, relaxed a single iota of their duties upon our manufactures? Have they not all on the contrary increased them, insomuch that the nations, as we have repeatedly demonstrated, who have been benefited the most largely in their shipping by our concessions, have contrived almost entirely to exterminate our exports in manufactures to their people. We introduced the free-trade system, and lowered the duties on a great variety of articles of foreign manufacture,—on French silks, French clocks, French wines, foreign fruits, and almost all the luxuries of foreign manufacture. Have they, in one single instance, relaxed

one shilling of their duties upon our goods, in which we have the advantage of them, and in regard to which, consequently, a real reciprocity might be established? Not one.—What ground, therefore, is there for supposing that the same men, who have obstinately refused for seventeen years to make even the smallest relaxation of their duties on British manufactured produce, in consequence of our prostrating the safeguards of British industry at their feet, are to make any change in their system, hitherto so steadily adhered to, in regard to the matter of the corn trade? And would it not be well to see some realization of our expectations of a reduction of duties on British manufactured goods, in return for our repeal of the Navigation laws, and the establishment of the free-trade system, before we adventure upon the more perilous and decisive step in placing the national subsistence in their hands?

The cause is perfectly apparent which has hitherto prevented, and will continue to prevent, the governments of continental Europe from making the smallest relaxation in their burdens on British manufactured produce, in return for any concessions we have made, or may make to them. Being situated nearly in the same latitude with ourselves, their manufactured productions are, for the most part, the same as ours, and they are all making the most strenuous efforts to rival us in every department of manufacturing skill. Though considerably behind our manufacturers in many important particulars, especially in the amount or price of fuel at their command, and the perfection of the machinery which they can obtain, yet there are other respects in which they have decidedly the advantage; among which, the water-power in some places, the cheapness of labour in others, and the absence of trades-unions and strikes in all, are some of the most conspicuous. Their manufacturers, therefore, are persuaded, that by continuing the prohibitive system for ten or twenty years longer, they will be able completely to rival British manufacturing skill; whereas, by opening the doors of free competition just now, immediate ruin of their numerous and promising establishments would ensue. Their governments are thoroughly imbued with the same principles; they con-

sider the prohibitory system as having been the nursery which raised British manufacturing industry to its present pitch of greatness; and to the extent and grandeur of British manufactures, they justly ascribe the political pre-eminence which this country has long enjoyed. Regarding, as they do, commerce and manufactures as the bases of national wealth, they are fixed in their determination to admit nothing to interfere with the system destined for their protection. No relaxation or abandonment of British duties on foreign grain, would induce them for one moment to relax their duties on British manufactures. Their principle is, that agriculture can stand upon its own basis; but that manufactures, especially before they have attained their full maturity, require the fostering encouragement of fiscal protection. We have seen this strongly exemplified in the case of France, the government of which has never relaxed one sou in the duties on British manufactures, although we have reduced the duties on their wines above fifty per cent.

But farther, is it not plain that the only effect of abolishing the protecting duty on corn would be, *even if they did consent to take our manufactures*, to transfer the purchase of these manufactures from home growers of grain to foreign growers, without making any addition to the sum-total of the demand for the manufacturing produce of the nation? If the annual consumption of grain by the present inhabitants of Great Britain is thirty millions of quarters, which is probably not far from the mark, and that for some years prior to the disastrous harvest of 1838, this amount has been yearly raised by the agricultural cultivators of the united empire, what benefit would accrue to the British manufacturers by having the production of a half, or a third of this produce transferred from British to foreign growers? Would their condition be improved—would the market for their produce be increased—if, instead of the whole thirty millions being raised by the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland, a third of it were to be transferred to the farmers of Poland and the Ukraine? Would not the former set of cultivators, our own fellow-countrymen and brethren, be as much injured as the latter, our aliens and enemies, would be benefited?

But the case is infinitely stronger than this; for the preceding comparison proceeds on the supposition, that the “new world” of agricultural cultivators who are to be “called into existence” on the continent, to supply the race of the old cultivators exterminated in the British islands, will consume as large a portion of British manufactures, as their predecessors who now flourish on the banks of the Thames, the Tay, or the Shannon. But it is utterly impossible that this effect can take place; and nothing can be clearer, than that any extension of the market for our manufactures, in consequence of the enlarged growth of grain on the banks of the Vistula or the Volga, would be a perfect trifle in comparison of that which would be lost by the cessation of the production of grain to the same amount in the British islands. The great consumption of our manufactures in the home market, has been owing to the enjoyment of freedom, affluence, and comfort, by the working-classes, for many centuries; and at least as many centuries, and as much freedom and prosperity, will be requisite to bring the Polish or Russian peasants to a similar level, or capacity of enjoyment. Artificial wants among the masses of the people, are of the slowest possible growth, even in the most favoured circumstances. To suppose that they will ever extend to any considerable degree under the present villanage system of Poland and Russia, is, of all absurdities, the most extravagant. The idea that a Polish peasant, who now takes nothing but rye-bread and water, who inhabits a clay-built cottage with an earthen floor, and is clothed in the coarse woollens of his own country, is to replace or compensate the loss of the Norfolk, the East Lothian, or the Carse of Gowrie farmer in the consumpt of British manufactures, is perfectly ridiculous. No man now alive would see any material change in the habits of the Polish or Ukraine peasants, or in the amount of our exports for their consumption. Whatever was gained by the importation of foreign grain into the British harbours, at the expense of the British cultivators, would accrue to the benefit of the Polish and Russian landholders, and they would expend it upon the manufactures of their own country, or the dissipation of Paris or Naples,

leaving scarce a perceptible fraction to be diverted to the encouragement of British manufactures.

Let the truth, then, be fairly stated at once. It is neither from any idea that our farmers, weighed down with the burdensome rents and taxes of this country, can compete in the growth of grain with the agriculturist of foreign states, who pay half-a-crown an acre for the best wheat land, and can command the stoutest labourer at fivepence a-day, nor from any idea that the opulent and sturdy race of British cultivators, consuming at an average five pounds' worth of British manufactures a-head, can ever be compensated in the encouragement of our manufacturing industry by the wretched and squalid serfs of Poland or Russia, who have hardly a shirt to their backs, and consume sixpence worth of the same manufactures, that the efforts of the anti-national faction are so strongly directed to the substitution of foreign for British grain in the supply of the home market. It is because they think that the price of provisions, and consequently of wages, will be permanently *lowered* in this country; that they make such strenuous exertions to effect the destruction of domestic, for the protection of foreign agriculture. But is this a change in which the other classes of society have any interest? Must not the wages of labour immediately fall in proportion to the cost of subsistence? Nay, is it not on the supposition of such a fall, and of its being durable, that all the calculations of the anti-national faction are founded? What the better will the labouring man be then, when wheat falls from sixty to forty shillings a quarter, if, at the same time, his wages descend from eighteenpence to a shilling a-day?

Nay, will even the master manufacturers themselves be, in the end, benefited by such a reduction in the money wages of labour? Must not the price of the commodities which they manufacture be speedily reduced, by competition, to the lowest level consistent with making a moderate profit at the re-

duced rate of wages? There is at once an end, then, of all profit to be derived on each individual bale, from the reduction in the rate of wages. And as to the extension of the foreign market from this lower rate of price, or the increased opulence of the foreign growers of grain, is not this the most illusory and chimerical of all possible advantages, if it is to be purchased by the sacrifice of our own agricultural industry—straining thus after a remote, uncertain, precarious foreign commerce, which nourishes only our enemies, instead of a certain, steady, and constantly increasing market just at our own doors, which enriches only ourselves?

Agriculture, in all its branches, yields about two hundred and fifty millions' worth a-year of produce in the British islands. Manufactures, in all their branches, produce one hundred and fifty millions' worth a-year of produce, of which only fifty millions' worth are raised for exportation, the remainder being consumed in the home market. The families employed in agriculture, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounted, in 1831, to eighteen hundred thousand; those employed in manufactures, as distinguished from retail dealers, &c., amounted to eight hundred thousand, of whom not more than a half, or four hundred thousand, are employed in producing for the foreign market. Thus, neither the number of the inhabitants in the empire employed in manufactures for foreign exportation, nor the wealth they produce, is so much as a fourth part of that which is produced or maintained by agricultural industry. And it is this anti-national faction—not a fourth either in number or value to their antagonists—who, relying on the possession of capital, and in the force of concentrated masses, have the audacity to call upon the Legislature to sacrifice, for the problematical contingent extension of their sales in distant lands, the certain welfare, subsistence, and independence, of the immense majority of the people of both Great Britain and Ireland!

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

It is said continually—that the age of miracles is past. We deny that it is so in any sense which implies this age to differ from all other generations of man except one. It is neither past, nor ought we to wish it past. Superstition is no vice in the constitution of man: it is not true that, in any philosophic view, *primus in orbe deos fecit timor*—meaning by *fecit* even so much as *raised into light*. As Burke remarked, the *timor* at least must be presumed to pre-exist, and must be accounted for, if not the gods. If the fear created the gods, what created the fear? Far more true, and more just to the grandeur of man, it would have been to say—*Primus in orbe deos fecit sensus infiniti*. Even in the lowest Caffre, more goes to the sense of a divine being than simply his wrath or his power. Superstition, indeed, or the sympathy with the invisible, is the great test of man's nature, as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition lies the possibility of religion. And though superstition is often injurious, degrading, demoralizing, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development. The crab is harsh, and for itself worthless. But it is the germinal form of innumerable finer fruits: not apples only the most exquisite, and pears; the peach and the nectarine are said to have radiated from this austere stock when cultured, developed, and transferred to all varieties of climate. Superstition will finally pass into pure forms of religion as man advances. It would be matter of lamentation to hear that superstition had at all decayed until man had made corresponding steps in the purification and development of his intellect as applicable to religious faith. Let us hope that this is not so. And, by way of judging, let us throw a hasty eye over the modes of popular superstition. If these manifest their vitality, it will prove that the popular intellect does not go along with the bookish or the worldly (philosophic we cannot call it) in pronouncing the miraculous extinct. The popular feeling is all in all.

This function of miraculous power,

which is most widely diffused through Pagan and Christian ages alike, but which has the least root in the solemnities of the imagination, we may call the *Ovidian*. By way of distinction, it may be so called; and with some justice, since Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* gave the first elaborate record of such a tendency in human superstition. It is a movement of superstition under the domination of human affections; a mode of spiritual awe which seeks to reconcile itself with human tenderness or admiration; and which represents supernatural power as expressing itself by a sympathy with human distress or passion concurrently with human sympathies, and as supporting that blended sympathy by a symbol incarnated with the fixed agencies of nature. For instance, a pair of youthful lovers perish by a double suicide originating in a fatal mistake, and a mistake operating in each case through a noble self-oblivion. The tree under which their meeting has been concerted, and which witnesses their tragedy, is supposed ever afterwards to express the divine sympathy with this catastrophe in the gloomy colour of its fruit:—

“ At tu, quæ ramis (arbor!) miserabile
corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum,
Signa tene cædis:—pulosque et luctibus
aptos
Semper habe fructus—gemini monumenta
cruoris:”

Such is the dying adjuration of the lady to the tree. And the fruit becomes from that time a monument of a double sympathy—sympathy from man, sympathy from a dark power standing behind the agencies of nature, and speaking through them. Meantime the object of this sympathy is understood to be not the individual catastrophe; but the universal case of unfortunate love exemplified in this particular romance. The inimitable grace with which Ovid has delivered these early traditions of human tenderness, blending with human superstition, is notorious; the artfulness of the pervading connexion, by which every tale in the long succession is made to arise spontaneously out of

that which precedes, is absolutely unrivalled: and this it was, with his luxuriant gayety, which procured for him a preference, even with Milton, a poet so opposite by intellectual constitution. It is but reasonable, therefore, that this function of the miraculous should bear the name of *Ovidian*. Pagan it was in its birth; and to paganism its titles ultimately ascend. Yet we know that in the transitional state through the centuries succeeding to Christ, during which paganism and Christianity were slowly descending and ascending, as if from two different strata of the atmosphere, the two powers interchanged whatsoever they could. (See Conyers Middleton; and see Blount of our own days.) It marked the earthly nature of paganism, that it could be little or nothing by organization: it was fitted to no expansion. But the true faith, from its vast and comprehensive adaptation to the nature of man, lent itself to many corruptions—some deadly in their tendencies, some harmless. Amongst these last was the Ovidian form of connecting the unseen powers moving in nature with human sympathies of love or reverence. The legends of this kind are universal and endless. No land, the most austere in its protestantism, but has adopted these superstitions: and everywhere by those even who reject them they are entertained with some degree of affectionate respect. That the ass, which in its very degradation still retains an under-power of sublimity,* or of sublime suggestion through its

ancient connexion with the wilderness, with the Orient, with Jerusalem, should have been honoured amongst all animals, by the visible impression upon its back of Christian symbols—seems reasonable even to the infantine understanding when made acquainted with its meekness, its patience, its suffering life, and its association with the founder of Christianity in one great triumphal solemnity. The very man who brutally abuses it, and feels a hard-hearted contempt for its misery and its submission, has a semi-conscious feeling that the same qualities were possibly those which recommended it to a distinction† when all things were valued upon a scale inverse to that of the world. Certain it is, that in all Christian lands the legend about the ass is current amongst the rural population. The haddock, again, amongst marine animals, is supposed, throughout all maritime Europe, to be a privileged fish; even in austere Scotland, every child can point out the impression of St Peter's thumb, by which from age to age it is distinguished from fishes having otherwise an external resemblance. All domesticated cattle, having the benefit of man's guardianship and care, are believed throughout England and Germany to go down upon their knees at one particular moment of Christmas-eve, when the fields are covered with darkness, when no eye looks down but that of God, and when the exact anniversary hour revolves of the angelic song, once rolling over the fields and flocks of Palestine.‡ The Glastonbury

* "*An under-power of sublimity*"—Every body knows that Homer compared the Telamonian Ajax, in a moment of heroic endurance, to an ass. This, however, was only under a momentary glance from a peculiar angle of the case. But the Mahometan, too solemn, and also perhaps too stupid to catch the fanciful colours of things, absolutely by choice, under the Bagdad Caliphate, decorated a most favourite hero with the title of the *Ass*—which title is repeated with veneration to this day. The wild ass is one of the few animals which has the reputation of never flying from an enemy.

† "*Which recommended it to a distinction*"—It might be objected that the Oriental ass was often a superb animal; that it is spoken of prophetically as such; and that historically the Syrian ass is made known to us as having been used in the prosperous ages of Judea for the riding of princes. But this is no objection. Those circumstances in the history of the ass were requisite to establish its symbolic propriety in a great symbolic pageant of triumph. Whilst, on the other hand, the individual animal, there is good reason to think, was marked by all the qualities of the general race as a suffering and unoffending tribe in the animal creation. The asses on which princes rode were of a separate colour, of a peculiar breed, and improved, like the English racer, by continual care.

‡ Mahometanism, which every where pillages Christianity, cannot but have its own face at times glorified by its stolen jewels. This solemn hour of jubilation, gathering even the brutal natures into its fold, recalls accordingly the Mahometan legend (which

Thorn is a more local superstition; but at one time the legend was as widely diffused as that of Loretto, with the angelic translation of its sanctities: on Christmas morning, it was devoutly believed by all Christendom, that this holy thorn put forth its annual blossoms. And with respect to the aspen tree, which Mrs Hemans very naturally mistook for a Welsh legend, having first heard it in Denbighshire, the popular faith is universal—that it shivers mystically in sympathy with the horror of that mother tree in Palestine which was compelled to furnish materials for the cross. Neither would it in this case be any objection, if a passage were produced from Solinus or Theophrastus, implying that the aspen tree had always shivered—for the tree might presumably be penetrated by remote presentiments, as well as by remote remembrances. In so vast a case the obscure sympathy should stretch, Janus-like, each way. And an objection of the same kind to the rainbow, considered as the sign or seal by which God attested his covenant in bar of all future deluges, may be parried in something of the same way. It was not then first created—true: but it was then first selected by preference, amongst a multitude of natural signs as yet unappropriated, and then first charged with the new function of a message and a ratification to man. Pretty much the same theory, that is, the same way of accounting for the natural existence without disturbing the supernatural functions, may be applied to the great constellation of the other hemisphere, called the Southern Cross. It is viewed popularly in South America, and the southern parts of our northern hemisphere, as the great banner, or gonfalon, held aloft by heaven before the Spanish heralds of the true faith in 1492. To that superstitious and ignorant race it costs not an effort to suppose, that by some synchronising miracle, the constellation had been then specially called into existence at

the very moment when the first Christian procession, bearing a cross in their arms, solemnly stepped on shore from the vessels of Christendom. We Protestants know better: we understand the impossibility of supposing such a narrow and local reference in orbs, so transcendently vast as those composing the constellation—orbs removed from each other by such unvoyageable worlds of space, and having, in fact, no real reference to each other more than to any other heavenly bodies whatsoever. The unity of synthesis, by which they are composed into one figure of a cross, we know to be a mere accidental result from an arbitrary synthesis of human fancy. Take such and such stars, compose them into letters, and they will spell such a word. But still it was our own choice—a synthesis of our own fancy, originally to combine them in this way. They might be divided from each other, and otherwise combined. All this is true: and yet, as the combination does spontaneously offer itself* to every eye, as the glorious cross does really glitter for ever through the silent hours of a vast hemisphere, even they who are not superstitious, may willingly yield to the belief—that, as the rainbow was laid in the very elements and necessities of nature, yet still bearing a prededication to a service which would not be called for until many ages had passed, so also the mysterious cypher of man's imperishable hopes may have been entwined and enwreathed with the starry heavens from their earliest creation, as a prefiguration—as a silent heraldry of hope through one period, and as a heraldry of gratitude through the other.

All these cases which we have been rehearsing, taking them in the fullest literality, agree in this general point of union,—they are all silent incarnations of miraculous power—miracles, supposing them to have been such originally, locked up and embodied in the regular course of nature, just as we see linea-

the reader may remember is one of those incorporated into Southey's *Thalaba*,) of a great hour revolving once in every year, during which the gates of Paradise were thrown open to their utmost extent, and gales of happiness issued forth, upon the total family of man.

* “*Does spontaneously offer itself.*”—Heber (Bishop of Calcutta) complains that this constellation is not composed of stars answering his expectation in point of magnitude. But he admits that the dark barren space around it gives to this inferior magnitude a very advantageous relief.

ments of faces and of forms in petrifactions, in variegated marbles, in spars, or in rocky strata, which our fancy interprets as once having been real human existences; but which are now confounded with the substance of a mineral product. Even those who are most superstitious, therefore, look upon cases of this order as occupying a midway station between the physical and the hyperphysical, between the regular course of nature and the providential interruption of that course. The stream of the miraculous is here confluent with the stream of the natural. By such legends the credulous man finds his superstition but little nursed; the incredulous finds his philosophy but little revolted. Both alike will be willing to admit, for instance, that the apparent act of reverential thanksgiving, in certain birds, when drinking, is caused and supported by a physiological arrangement; and yet, perhaps, both alike would bend so far to the legendary faith as to allow a child to believe, and would perceive a pure childlike beauty in believing, that the bird was thus rendering a homage of deep thankfulness to the universal Father, who watches for the safety of sparrows, and sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. In short, the faith in this order of the physico-miraculous is open alike to the sceptical and the non-sceptical: it is touched superficially with the colouring of superstition, with its tenderness, its humility, its thankfulness, its awe; but, on the other hand, it is not therefore tainted with the coarseness, with the silliness, with the credulity of superstition. Such a faith reposes upon the universal signs diffused through nature, and blends with the mysterious of natural grandeurs wherever found—with the mysterious of the starry heavens, with the mysterious of music, and with that infinite form of the mysterious for man's dimmest misgivings—

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns.”

But, from this earliest note in the ascending scale of superstitious faith, let us pass to a more alarming key. This first, which we have styled (in equity as well as for distinction) the

Ovidian, is too aerial, too allegoric, almost to be susceptible of much terror. It is the mere *fancy*, in a mood half-playful, half-tender, which submits to the belief. It is the feeling, the sentiment, which creates the faith; not the faith which creates the feeling. And thus far we see that modern feeling and Christian feeling has been to the full as operative as any that is peculiar to paganism; judging by the Romish *Legenda*, very much more so. The Ovidian illustrations, under a false superstition, are entitled to give the designation, as being the first, the earliest, but not at all as the richest. Besides that, Ovid's illustrations emanated often from himself individually, not from the popular mind of his country; ours of the same classification uniformly repose on large popular traditions from the whole of Christian antiquity. These again are agencies of the supernatural which can never have a private or personal application; they belong to all mankind and to all generations. But the next in order are more solemn; they become terrific by becoming personal. These comprehend all that vast body of the marvellous which is expressed by the word *Ominous*. On this head, as dividing itself into the ancient and modern, we will speak next.

Every body is aware of the deep emphasis which the Pagans laid upon words and upon names, under this aspect of the ominous. The name of several places was formally changed by the Roman government, solely with a view to that contagion of evil which was thought to lurk in the syllables, if taken significantly. Thus, the town of Maleventum, (Illcome, as one might render it,) had its name changed by the Romans to Beneventum, (or Welcome.) *Epidamnium* again, the Grecian Calais, corresponding to the Roman Dover of Brundisium, was a name that would have startled the stoutest-hearted Roman “from his propriety.” Had he suffered this name to escape him inadvertently, his spirits would have forsaken him—he would have pined away under a certainty of misfortune, like a poor Negro of Koromantyn who is the victim of Obi.* As a Greek word, which it

* “*The victim of Obi.*”—It seems worthy of notice, that this magical fascination is generally called Obi, and the magicians Obeah men, throughout Guinea, Negroland, &c.; whilst the Hebrew or Syriac word for the rites of necromancy was *Ob* or *Obh*, at least when ventriloquism was concerned.

was, the name imported no ill; but for a Roman to say *Ibo Epidamnium*, was in effect saying, though in a hybrid dialect, half-Greek half-Roman, "I will go to ruin." The name was therefore changed to *Dyrrachium*; a substitution which quieted more anxieties in Roman hearts than the erection of a lighthouse or the deepening of the harbour-mouth. A case equally strong, to take one out of many hundreds that have come down to us, is reported by Livy. There was an officer in a Roman legion, at some period of the Republic, who bore the name either of *Atrius Umber* or *Umbrus Ater*: and this man being ordered on some expedition, the soldiers refused to follow him. They did right. We remember that Mr Coleridge used facetiously to call the well-known sister of Dr Aikin, Mrs Barbauld, "that pleonasm of nakedness"—the idea of nakedness being reduplicated and reverberated in the *bare* and the *bald*. This *Atrius Umber* might be called "that pleonasm of darkness;" and one might say to him, in the words of Othello, "What needs this iteration?" To serve under the Gloomy was enough to darken the spirit of hope; but to serve under the Black Gloomy was really rushing upon destruction. Yet it will be alleged that Captain Death was a most favourite and heroic leader in the English navy; and that in our own times, Admiral Coffin, though an American by birth, has not been unpopular in the same service. This is true: and all that can be said is, that these names were two-edged swords, which might be made to tell against the enemy as well as against friends. And possibly the Roman centurion might have turned his name to the same account, had he possessed the great Dictator's presence of mind; for he, when landing in Africa, having happened to stumble—an omen of the worst character, in Roman estimation—took out its sting by following up his own oversight, as if it had been intentional, falling to the ground, kissing it, and ejaculating that in this way he appropriated the soil.

Omens of every class were certainly regarded, in ancient Rome, with a reverence that can hardly be surpassed. But yet, with respect to these omens derived from names, it is certain that our modern times have more

memorable examples on record. Out of a large number which occur to us, we will cite two:—The present King of the French bore in his boyish days a title which he would not have borne, but for an omen of bad augury attached to his proper title. He was called the Duc de Chartres before the Revolution, whereas his proper title was Duc de Valois. And the origin of the change was this:—The Regent's father had been the sole brother of Louis Quatorze. He married for his first wife our English princess Henrietta, the sister of Charles II., (and through her daughter, by the way, it is that the House of Savoy, *i. e.* of Sardinia, has pretensions to the English throne.) This unhappy lady, it is too well established, was poisoned. Voltaire, amongst many others, has affected to doubt the fact; for which in his time there might be some excuse. But since then better evidences have placed the matter beyond all question. We now know both the fact, and the how, and the why. The Duke, who probably was no party to the murder of his young wife, though otherwise on bad terms with her, married for his second wife a coarse German princess, homely in every sense, and a singular contrast to the elegant creature whom he had lost. She was a daughter of the Bavarian Elector; ill-tempered by her own confession, self-willed, and a plain speaker to excess; but otherwise a woman of honest German principles. Unhappy she was through a long life; unhappy through the monotony as well as the malicious intrigues of the French court; and so much so, that she did her best (though without effect) to prevent her Bavarian niece from becoming dauphiness. She acquits her husband, however, in the memoirs which she left behind, of any intentional share in her unhappiness; she describes him constantly as a well-disposed prince. But whether it were, that often walking in the dusk through the numerous apartments of that vast mansion which her husband had so much enlarged, naturally she turned her thoughts to the injured lady who had presided there before herself; or whether it arose from the inevitable gloom which broods continually over mighty palaces, so much is known for certain, that one even-

ing, in the twilight, she met, at a remote quarter of the reception-rooms, something that she conceived to be a spectre. What she fancied to have passed on that occasion, was never known except to her nearest friends; and if she made any explanations in her memoirs, the editor has thought fit to suppress them. She mentions only, that in consequence of some ominous circumstances relating to the title of *Valois*, which was the proper second title of the Orleans family, her son, the Regent, had assumed in his boyhood that of *Duc de Chartres*. His elder brother was dead, so that the superior title was open to him; but, in consequence of those mysterious omens, whatever they might be, which occasioned much whispering at the time, the great title of *Valois* was laid aside for ever as of bad augury; nor has it ever been resumed through a century and a half that have followed that mysterious warning; nor will it be resumed unless the numerous children of the present Orleans branch should find themselves distressed for ancient titles; which is not likely, since they enjoy the honours of the elder house, and are now the *children of France* in a technical sense.

Here we have a great European case of state omens in the eldest of Christian houses. The next which we shall cite is equally a state case, and carries its public verification along with itself. In the spring of 1799, when Napoleon was lying before Acre, he became anxious for news from Upper Egypt, whither he had dispatched Dessaix in pursuit of a distinguished Mameluke leader. This was in the middle of May. Not many days after, a courier arrived with favourable despatches—favourable in the main, but reporting one tragical occurrence on a small scale that, to Napoleon, for a superstitious reason, outweighed the public prosperity. A *djerme*, or Nile boat of the largest class, having on board a large party of troops and of wounded men, together with most of a regimental band, had run ashore at the village of Benouth. No case could be more hopeless. The neighbouring Arabs were of the Yambo tribe—of all Arabs the most ferocious. These Arabs and the Fellahs (whom, by the way, many

of our countrymen are so ready to represent as friendly to the French and hostile to ourselves,) had taken the opportunity of attacking the vessel. The engagement was obstinate; but at length the inevitable catastrophe could be delayed no longer. The commander, an Italian named Morandi, was a brave man; any fate appeared better than that which awaited him from an enemy so malignant. He set fire to the powder magazine; the vessel blew up; Morandi perished in the Nile; and all of less nerve, who had previously reached the shore in safety, were put to death to the very last man, with cruelties the most detestable, by their inhuman enemies. For all this Napoleon cared little; but one solitary fact there was in the report which struck him with consternation. This ill-fated *djerme*—what was it called? It was called *L'Italie*; and in the name of the vessel Napoleon read an augury of the fate which had befallen the Italian territory. Considered as a dependency of France, he felt certain that Italy was lost; and Napoleon was inconsolable. But what possible connexion, it was asked, can exist between this vessel on the Nile and a remote peninsula of Southern Europe? "No matter," replied Napoleon; "my presentiments never deceive me. You will see that all is ruined. I am satisfied that my Italy, my conquest, is lost to France!" So, indeed, it was. All European news had long been intercepted by the English cruisers; but immediately after the battle with the Vizier in July 1799, an English admiral first informed the French army of Egypt that Massena and others had lost all that Bonaparte had won in 1796. But it is a strange illustration of human blindness, that this very subject of Napoleon's lamentation—this very campaign of 1799—it was, with its blunders and its long equipage of disasters, that paved the way for his own elevation to the Consulship, just seven calendar months from the receipt of that Egyptian despatch; since most certainly, in the struggle of Brumaire 1799, doubtful and critical through every stage, it was the pointed contrast between *his* Italian campaigns and those of his successors which gave effect to Napoleon's pretensions with the political combatants, and which

procured them a ratification amongst the people. The loss of Italy was essential to the full effect of Napoleon's previous conquest. That and the imbecile characters of Napoleon's chief military opponents were the true keys to the great revolution of Brumaire. The stone which he rejected became the keystone of the arch. So that, after all, he valued the omen falsely; though the very next news from Europe, courteously communicated by his English enemies, showed that he had interpreted its meaning rightly.

These omens, derived from names, are therefore common to the ancient and the modern world. But perhaps, in strict logic, they ought to have been classed as one subdivision or variety under a much larger head, viz. words generally, no matter whether proper names or appellatives, as operative powers and agencies, having, that is to say, a charmed power against some party concerned from the moment that they leave the lips.

Homer describes prayers as having a separate life, rising buoyantly upon wings, and making their way upwards to the throne of Jove. Such, but in a sense gloomy and terrific, is the force ascribed under a wide-spread superstition, ancient and modern, to words uttered on critical occasions; or to words uttered at any time, which point to critical occasions. Hence the doctrine of *εὐφημισμός*, the necessity of abstaining from strong words or direct words in expressing fatal contingencies. It was shocking, at all times of paganism, to say of a third person—"If he should die;" or to suppose the case that he might be murdered. The very word *death* was consecrated and forbidden. *Si quiddam humanum passus fuerit* was the extreme form to which men advanced in such cases. And this scrupulous feeling, originally founded on the supposed efficacy of words, prevails to this day. It is a feeling undoubtedly supported by good taste, which strongly impresses upon us all the discordant tone of all impassioned subjects, (death, religion, &c.) with the common key of ordinary conversation. But good taste is not in itself sufficient to account for a scrupulousness so general and so austere. In the lowest classes there is a shuddering recoil still felt from uttering coarsely and roundly the anticipation of a person's death. Suppose

a child, heir to some estate, the subject of conversation—the hypothesis of his death is put cautiously, under such forms as, "If any thing but good should happen;" "if any change should occur;" "if any of us should chance to miscarry;" and so forth. Always a modified expression is sought—always an indirect one. And this timidity arises under the old superstition still lingering amongst men, like that ancient awe, alluded to by Wordsworth, for the sea and its deep secrets—feelings that have not, no, nor ever will, utterly decay. No excess of nautical skill will ever perfectly disenchant the great abyss from its terrors—no progressive knowledge will ever medicine that dread misgiving of a mysterious and pathless power given to words of a certain import, or uttered in certain situations, by a parent, to persecuting or insulting children; by the victim of horrible oppression, when labouring in final agonies; and by others, whether cursing or blessing, who stand central to great passions, to great interests, or to great perplexities.

And here, by way of parenthesis, we may stop to explain the force of that expression, so common in Scripture, "*Thou hast said it.*" It is an answer often adopted by our Saviour; and the meaning we hold to be this: Many forms in eastern idioms, as well as in the Greek occasionally, though meant *interrogatively*, are of a nature to convey a direct categorical *affirmation*, unless as their meaning is modified by the cadence and intonation. *Art thou*, detached from this vocal and accentual modification, is equivalent to *thou art*. Nay, even apart from this accident, the popular belief authorized the notion, that simply to have uttered any great thesis, though unconsciously—simply to have united verbally any two great ideas, though for a purpose the most different or even opposite, had the mysterious power of realizing them in act. An exclamation, though in the purest spirit of sport, to a boy, "*You shall be our imperator,*" was many times supposed to be the forerunner and fatal mandate for the boy's elevation. Such words executed themselves. To connect, though but for denial or for mockery, the ideas of Jesus and the Messiah, furnished an augury that eventually they would be found to coincide, and

to have their coincidence admitted. It was an *argumentum ad hominem*, and drawn from a popular faith.

But a modern reader will object the want of an accompanying design or serious meaning on the part of him who utters the words—he never meant his words to be taken seriously—nay, his purpose was the very opposite. True: and precisely that is the reason why his words are likely to operate effectually, and why they should be feared. Here lies the critical point which most of all distinguishes this faith. Words took effect, not merely in default of a serious use, but exactly in consequence of that default. It was the chance word, the stray word, the word uttered in jest, or in trifling, or in scorn, or unconsciously, which took effect; whilst ten thousand words, uttered with purpose and deliberation, were sure to prove inert. One case will illustrate this:—Alexander of Macedon, in the outset of his great expedition, consulted the oracle at Delphi. For the sake of his army, had he been even without personal faith, he desired to have his enterprise consecrated. No persuasions, however, would move the priestess to enter upon her painful and agitating duties for the sake of obtaining the regular answer of the god. Wearied with this, Alexander seized the great lady by the arm, and using as much violence as was becoming to the two characters—of a great prince acting and a great priestess suffering—he pushed her gently backwards to the tripod on which, in her professional character, she was to seat herself. Upon this, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, the priestess exclaimed, *Ω παῖ, ἀνίκητος εἶ*—*O son, thou art irresistible*; never adverting for an instant to his martial purposes, but simply to his personal importunities. The person whom she thought of as incapable of resistance, was herself, and all she meant *consciously* was—*O son, I can refuse nothing to one so earnest*. But mark what followed: Alexander desisted at once—he asked for no further oracle—he refused it, and exclaimed joyously:—“Now then, noble priestess, farewell; I have the oracle—I have your answer, and better than any which you

could deliver from the tripod. I am invincible—so you have declared, you cannot revoke it. True, you thought not of Persia—you thought only of my importunity. But that very fact is what ratifies your answer. In its blindness I recognise its truth. An oracle from a god might be distorted by political ministers of the god, as in time past too often has been suspected. The oracle has been said to *Medize*, and in my own father's time to *Philippize*. But an oracle delivered unconsciously, indirectly, blindly, that is the oracle which cannot deceive.” Such was the all-famous oracle which Alexander accepted—such was the oracle on which he and his army reposing went forth “conquering and to conquer.”

Exactly on this principle do the Turks act, in putting so high a value on the words of idiots. Enlightened Christians have often wondered at their allowing any weight to people bereft of understanding. But that is the very reason for allowing them weight: that very defect it is which makes them capable of being organs for conveying words from higher intelligences. A fine human intelligence cannot be a passive instrument—it cannot be a mere tube for conveying the words of inspiration: such an intelligence will intermingle ideas of its own, or otherwise modify what is given, and pollute what is sacred.

It is also on this principle that the whole practice and doctrine of Sortilegy rest. Let us confine ourselves to that mode of Sortilegy which is conducted by throwing open privileged books at random, leaving to chance the page and the particular line on which the oracular functions are thrown. The books used have varied with the caprice or the error of ages. Once the Hebrew Scriptures had the preference. Probably they were laid aside, not because the reverence for their authority decayed, but because it increased. In later times Virgil has been the favourite. Considering the very limited range of ideas to which Virgil was tied by his theme—a colonizing expedition in a barbarous age, no worse book could have been selected: * so little indeed

* “No worse book could have been selected.”—The probable reason for making so unhappy a choice seems to have been that Virgil, in the middle ages, had the

does the *Æneid* exhibit of human life in its multiformity, that much tampering with the text is required to bring real cases of human interest and real situations within the scope of any Virgilian sentence, though aided by the utmost latitude of accommodation. A king, a soldier, a sailor, &c., might look for correspondences to their own circumstances; but not many others. Accordingly, every body remembers the remarkable answer which Charles I. received at Oxford from this Virgilian oracle, about the opening of the Parliamentary war. But from this limitation in the range of ideas it was that others, and very pious people too, have not thought it profane to resume the old reliance on the Scriptures. No case, indeed, can try so severely, or put upon record so conspicuously, this indestructible propensity for seeking light out of darkness—this thirst for looking into the future by the aid of dice, real or figurative, as the fact of men eminent for piety having yielded to the temptation. We give one instance—the instance of a person who, in *practical* theology, has been, perhaps, more popular than any other in any church. Dr Doddridge, in his earlier days, was in a dilemma both of conscience and of taste as to the election he should make between two situations, one in possession, both at his command. He was settled at Harborough, in Leicestershire, and was “pleasing himself with the view of a continuance” in that situation. True, he had received an invitation to Northampton; but the reasons against complying seemed so strong, that nothing was wanting but the civility of going over to Northampton, and mak-

ing an apologetic farewell. On the last Sunday in November of the year 1729, the doctor went and preached a sermon in conformity with those purposes. “But,” says he, “on the morning of that day an incident happened, which affected me greatly.” On the night previous, it seems, he had been urged very importunately by his Northampton friends to undertake the vacant office. Much personal kindness had concurred with this public importunity: the good doctor was affected; he had prayed fervently, alleging in his prayer, as the reason which chiefly weighed with him to reject the offer, that it was far beyond his forces, and chiefly because he was too young,* and had no assistant. He goes on thus:—“As soon as ever this address” (meaning the prayer) “was ended, I passed through a room of the house in which I lodged, where a child was reading to his mother, and the only words I heard distinctly were these, *And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.*” This singular coincidence between his own difficulty and a scriptural line caught at random in passing hastily through a room, (but observe, a line insulated from the context, and placed in high relief to his ear,) shook his resolution. Accident co-operated: a promise to be fulfilled at Northampton, in a certain contingency, fell due at the instant; the doctor was detained, this detention gave time for further representations; new motives arose, old difficulties were removed, and finally the doctor saw, in all this succession of steps, the first of which, however, lay in the *Sortes Biblicæ*; clear indications of a providential guidance. With that conviction he

character of a necromancer, a diviner, &c. This we all know from Dante. Now, the original reason for this strange translation of character and functions we hold to have arisen from the circumstance of his maternal grandfather having borne the name of *Magus*. People in those ages held that a powerful enchanter, exorciser, &c., must have a magician amongst his *cognati*—the power must run in the blood, which on the maternal side could be undeniably ascertained. Under this preconception, they took *Magus* not for a proper name but for a professional designation. Amongst many illustrations of the magical character sustained by Virgil in the middle ages, we may mention that a writer about the year 1200, or the era of our Robin Hood, published by Montfaucon, and cited by Gibbon in his last volume, says of Virgil—that “*Captus a Romanis invisibiliter exiit, ivitque Neapolim.*”

* “*Because he was too young.*”—Dr Doddridge was born in the summer of 1702; consequently he was at this era of his life about twenty-seven years old, and consequently not so obviously entitled to the excuse of youth. But he pleaded his youth not with a view to the exertions required, but to the *auctoritas* and responsibilities of the situation.

took up his abode at Northampton, and remained there for the next thirty-one years, until he left it for his grave at Lisbon; in fact, he passed at Northampton the whole of his public life. It must, therefore, be allowed to stand upon the records of Sortilegy, that in the main direction of his life—not, indeed, as to its spirit, but as to its form and local connexions—a Protestant divine of much merit, and chiefly in what regards practice, and of the class most opposed to superstition, took his determining impulse from a variety of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*.

This variety was known in early times to the Jews—as early, indeed, as the era of the Grecian Pericles, if we are to believe the Talmud. It is known familiarly to this day amongst Polish Jews, and is called *Bath-Col*, or the *daughter of a voice*; the meaning of which appellation is this:—The *Urim and Thummim*, or oracle in the breast-plate of the high priest, spoke directly from God. It was, therefore, the original or mother voice. But about the time of Pericles, that is, exactly one hundred years before the time of Alexander the Great, the light of prophecy was quenched in Malachi or Haggai; and the oracular jewels in the breast-plate became simultaneously dim. Henceforward the mother voice was heard no longer: but to this succeeded an imperfect or daughter voice, (*Bath-col*), which lay in the first words happening to arrest the attention at a moment of perplexity. An illustration, which has been often quoted from the Talmud, is to the following effect:—Rabbi Tosechanan, and Rabbi Simeon Ben Lachish, were anxious about a friend Rabbi Samuel, 600 miles distant on the Euphrates. Whilst talking earnestly together on this subject in Palestine, they passed a school; they paused to listen: it was a child reading the first book of Samuel; and the words which they caught were these—*And Samuel died*. These words they received as a *Bath-col*: and the next horseman from the Euphrates brought word accordingly that Rabbi Samuel had been gathered to his fathers at some station on the Euphrates.

Here is the very same case, the same *Bath-col* substantially, which we have cited from Orton's *Life of Doddridge*. And Du Cange himself notices, in his Glossary, the relation

which this bore to the Pagan *Sortes*. "It was," says he, "a fantastical way of divination, invented by the Jews, not unlike the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the heathens. For, as with them the first words they happened to dip into in the works of that poet were a kind of oracle whereby they predicted future events,—so, with the Jews, when they appealed to *Bath-col*, the first words they heard from any one's mouth were looked upon as a voice from heaven directing them in the matter they enquired about."

If the reader imagines that this ancient form of the practical miraculous is at all gone out of use, even the example of Dr Doddridge may satisfy him to the contrary. Such an example was sure to authorize a large imitation. But, even apart from that, the superstition is common. The records of conversion amongst felons and other ignorant persons might be cited by hundreds upon hundreds to prove that no practice is more common than that of trying the spiritual fate, and abiding by the import of any passage in the Scriptures which may first present itself to the eye. Cowper, the poet, has recorded a case of this sort in his own experience. It is one to which all the unhappy are prone. But a mode of questioning the oracles of darkness, far more childish, and, under some shape or other, equally common amongst those who are prompted by mere vacancy of mind, without that determination to sacred fountains which is impressed by misery, may be found in the following extravagant silliness of Rousseau, which we give in his own words—a case for which he admits that he himself would have *shut up* any other man (meaning in a lunatic hospital) whom he had seen practising the same absurdities:—

"Au milieu de mes études et d'une vie innocente autant qu'on la puisse mener, et malgré tout ce qu'on m'avoit pu dire, la peur de l'Enfer m'agitoit encore. Souvent je me demandois—En quel état suis-je? Si je mourrois à l'instant même, serois-je damné? Selon mes Jansénistes, [he had been reading the books of the Port Royal,] la chose est indubitable: mais, selon ma conscience, il me paroissoit que non. Toujours craintif et flottant dans cette cruelle incertitude, j'avois recours (pour en sortir) aux expédients les plus risibles, et pour lesquels je ferois volontiers enfermer un homme si je lui en voy-

ois faire autant. . . . Un jour, rêvant à ce triste sujet, je m'exerçois machinalement à lancer les pierres contre les troncs des arbres ; et cela avec mon adresse ordinaire, c'est-à-dire sans presque jamais en toucher aucun. Tout au milieu de ce bel exercice, je m'avisai de faire une espèce de pronostic pour calmer mon inquiétude. Je me dis—je m'en vais jeter cette pierre contre l'arbre qui est vis-à-vis de moi : si je le touche, signe de salut : si je le manque, signe de damnation. Tout en disant ainsi, je jette ma pierre d'une main tremblante, et avec un horrible battement de cœur, maissi heureusement qu'elle va frapper au beau-milieu de l'arbre : ce qui véritablement n'étoit pas difficile : car j'avois eu soin de le choisir fort gros et fort près. *Depuis lors je n'ai plus douté de mon salut.* Je ne sais, en me rappelant ce trait, si je dois rire ou gémir sur moi-même.”
—*Les Confessions, Partie I. Livre VI.*

Now really, if Rousseau thought fit to try such tremendous appeals by taking “a shy” at any random object, he should have governed his sortilegy (for such it may be called) with something more like equity. Fair play is a jewel : and in such a case, a man is supposed to play against an adverse party hid in darkness. To shy at a cow within six feet distance gives no chance at all to his dark antagonist. A pigeon rising from a trap at a suitable distance might be thought a *sincere* staking of the interest at issue : but, as to the massy stem of a tree “fort gros et fort près”—the sarcasm of a Roman emperor applies, that to miss under such conditions implied an original genius for stupidity, and to hit was no trial of the case. After all, the sentimentalist had youth to plead in apology for this extravagance. He was hypochondriacal : he was in solitude : and he was possessed by gloomy imaginations from the works of a society in the highest public credit. But most readers will be aware of similar appeals to the mysteries of Providence, made in public by illustrious sectarians, speaking from the solemn station of a pulpit. We forbear to quote cases of this nature, though really existing in print, because we feel that the blasphemy of such anecdotes is more revolting and more painful to pious minds than the absurdity is amusing. Meantime it must not be forgotten, that the principle concerned, though it may happen to disgust men when associated with ludicrous circumstances,

is, after all, the very same which has latently governed very many modes of ordeal, or judicial enquiry ; and which has been adopted, blindly, as a moral rule, or canon, equally by the blindest of the Pagans, the most fanatical of the Jews, and the most enlightened of the Christians. It proceeds upon the assumption that man by his actions puts a question to Heaven ; and that Heaven answers by the event. Lucan, in a well-known passage, takes it for granted that the cause of Cæsar had the approbation of the gods. And why ? Simply from the event. It was notoriously the triumphant cause. It was victorious, (*victrix causa Deis placuit ; sed victa Catoni.*) It was the “*victrix causa* ;” and, as such, simply because it was “*victrix*,” it had a right in his eyes to postulate the divine favour as mere matter of necessary interference : whilst, on the other hand, the *victa causa*, though it seemed to Lucan sanctioned by human virtue in the person of Cato, stood unappealably condemned. This mode of reasoning may strike the reader as merely Pagan. Not at all. In England, at the close of the Parliamentary war, it was generally argued—that Providence had decided the question against the Royalists by the mere fact of the issue. Milton himself, with all his high-toned morality, uses this argument as irrefragable : which is odd, were it only on this account—that the issue ought necessarily to have been held for a time as merely hypothetic, and liable to be set aside by possible counter-issues through one generation at the least. But the capital argument against such doctrine is to be found in the New Testament. Strange that Milton should overlook, and strange that moralists in general have overlooked, the sudden arrest given to this dangerous but most prevalent mode of reasoning by the Founder of our faith. He first, he last, taught to his astonished disciples the new truth—at that time the astounding truth—that no relation exists between the immediate practical events of things on the one side, and divine sentences on the other. There was no presumption, he teaches them, against a man's favour with God or that of his parents, because he happened to be afflicted to extremity with bodily disease. There was no shadow of an argument for believing a party of men criminal objects

of heavenly wrath because upon them, by fatal preference, a tower had fallen, and because *their* bodies were exclusively mangled. How little can it be said that Christianity has yet developed the fulness of its power, when kings and senates so recently acted under a total oblivion of this great though novel Christian doctrine, and would do so still, were it not that religious arguments have been banished by the progress of manners from the field of political discussion.

But, quitting this province of the ominous, where it is made the object of a direct personal inquest, whether by private or by national trials, or the sortilege of events, let us throw our eyes over the broader field of omens, as they offer themselves spontaneously to those who do not seek, or would even willingly evade them. There are few of these, perhaps none, which are not universal in their authority, though every land in turn fancies them (like its proverbs) of local prescription and origin. The death-watch extends from England to Cashmere, and across India diagonally to the remotest nook of Bengal, over a three thousand miles' distance from the entrance of the Indian Punjaub. A hare crossing a man's path on starting in the morning, has been held in all countries alike to prognosticate evil in the course of that day. Thus, in the *Confessions of a Thug*, (which is partially built on a real judicial document, and every where conforms to the usages of Hindostan,) the hero of the horrid narrative* charges some disaster of his own upon having neglected such an omen of the morning. The same belief operated in Pagan Italy. The same omen announced to Lord Lindsay's Arab attendants in

the desert the approach of some disaster, which partially happened in the morning. And a Highlander of the 42d Regiment, in his printed memoirs, notices the same harbinger of evil as having crossed his own path on a day of personal disaster in Spain.

Birds are even more familiarly associated with such ominous warnings. This chapter in the great volume of superstition was indeed cultivated with unusual solicitude amongst the Pagans—*ornithomancy* grew into an elaborate science. But if every rule and distinction upon the number and the position of birds, whether to the right or the left, had been collected from our own village matrons amongst ourselves, it would appear that no more of this Pagan science had gone to wreck than must naturally follow the difference between a believing and a disbelieving government. Magpies are still of awful authority in village life, according to their number, &c.; for a striking illustration of which we may refer the reader to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, reported not at second-hand, but from Sir Walter's personal communication with some seafaring fellow-traveller in a stage-coach.

Among the ancient stories of the same class is one which we shall repeat—having reference to that Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, before whom St Paul made his famous apology at Casarea. This Agrippa, overwhelmed by debts, had fled from Palestine to Rome in the latter years of Tiberius. His mother's interest with the widow of Germanicus procured him a special recommendation to her son Caligula. Viewing this child and heir of the popular Germanicus as the rising sun, Agrippa

* “*The hero of the horrid narrative.*” Horrid it certainly is; and one incident in every case gives a demoniacal air of coolness to the hellish atrocities, viz. the regular forwarding of the *bheels*, or grave-diggers. But else the tale tends too much to monotony; and for a reason which ought to have checked the author in carrying on the work to three volumes, namely, that although there is much dramatic variety in the circumstances of the several cases, there is none in the catastrophes. The brave man and the coward, the erect spirit fighting to the last and the poor creature that despairs from the first—all are confounded in one undistinguishing end by sudden strangulation. This was the original defect of the plan. The sudden surprise, and the scientific noosing as with a Chilian *lasso*, constituted in fact a main feature of Thuggee. But still, the gradual theatrical arrangement of each Thug severally by the side of a victim, must often have roused violent suspicion, and that in time to intercept the suddenness of the murder. Now, for the sake of the dramatic effect, this interception ought more often to have been introduced—else the murders are but so many blind surprises as if in sleep.

had been too free in his language. True, the uncle of Germanicus was the reigning prince; but he was old, and breaking up. True, the son of Germanicus was not yet on the throne; but he soon would be; and Agrippa was rash enough to call the Emperor a *superannuated old fellow*, and even to wish for his death. Sejanus was now dead and gone; but there was no want of spies: and a certain Macro reported his words to Tiberius. Agrippa was in consequence arrested; the Emperor himself condescending to point out the noble Jew to the officer on duty. The case was a gloomy one, if Tiberius should happen to survive much longer: and the story of the omen proceeds thus:—"Now Agrippa stood in his bonds before the Imperial palace, and in his affliction leaned against a certain tree, upon the boughs of which it happened that a bird had alighted which the Romans call *bubo*, or the owl. All this was steadfastly observed by a German prisoner, who asked a soldier what might be the name and offence of that man habited in purple. Being told that the man's name was Agrippa, and that he was a Jew of high rank, who had given a personal offence to the Emperor, the German asked permission to go near and address him; which being granted, he spoke thus:—"This disaster, I doubt not, young man, is trying to your heart; and perhaps you will not believe me when I announce to you beforehand the providential deliverance which is impending. However, this much I will say—and for my sincerity let me appeal to my native gods, as well as to the gods of this Rome, who have brought us both into trouble—that no selfish objects prompt me to this revelation—for a revelation it is—and to the following effect:—It is fated that you shall not long remain in chains. Your deliverance will be speedy; you shall be raised to the very highest rank and power; you shall be the object of as much envy as now you are of pity; you shall retain your prosperity till death; and you shall transmit that prosperity to your children. But'—and there the German paused. Agrippa was agitated; the bystanders were attentive; and after a time, the German, pointing solemnly to the bird, proceeded thus:—"But this remember

heedfully—that, when next you see the bird which now perches above your head, you will have only five days longer to live! This event will be surely accomplished by that same mysterious god who has thought fit to send the bird as a warning sign; and you, when you come to your glory, do not forget me that foreshowed it in your humiliation.'"

The story adds, that Agrippa affected to laugh when the German concluded; after which it goes on to say, that in a few weeks, being delivered by the death of Tiberius; being released from prison by the very prince on whose account he had incurred the risk; being raised to a tetrarchy, and afterwards to the kingdom of all Judea; coming into all the prosperity which had been promised to him by the German; and not losing any part of his interest at Rome through the assassination of his patron Caligula—he began to look back respectfully to the words of the German, and forwards with anxiety to the second coming of the bird. Seven years of sunshine had now slipped away as silently as a dream. A great festival, shows and vows, was on the point of being celebrated in honour of Claudius Cæsar, at Strato's Tower, otherwise called Cæsarea, the Roman metropolis of Palestine. Duty and policy alike required that the king of the land should go down and unite in this mode of religious homage to the emperor. He did so; and on the second morning of the festival, by way of doing more conspicuous honour to the great solemnity, he assumed a very sumptuous attire of silver armour, burnished so highly as to throw back a dazzling glare from the sun's morning beams upon the upturned eyes of the vast multitude around him. Immediately from the sycophantish part of the crowd, of whom a vast majority were Pagans, ascended a cry of glorification as to some manifestation of Deity. Agrippa, gratified by this success of his new apparel, and by this flattery, not unusual in the case of kings, had not the firmness (though a Jew, and conscious of the wickedness, greater in himself than in the heathen crowd) to reject the blasphemous homage. Voices of adoration continued to ascend; when suddenly, looking upward to the vast awnings prepared for screening the

audience from the noonday heats, the king perceived the same ominous bird which he had seen at Rome in the day of his affliction, seated quietly, and looking down upon himself. In that same moment an icy pang shot through his intestines. He was removed into the palace; and at the end of five days, completely worn out by pain, Agrippa expired in the 54th year of his age, and the seventh of his sovereign power.

Whether the bird, here described as an owl, was really such, may be doubted, considering the narrow nomenclature of the Romans for all zoological purposes, and the total indifference of the Roman mind to all distinctions in natural history which are not upon the very largest scale. We should much suspect that the bird was a magpie. Meantime, speaking of ornithoscopy in relation to Jews, we remember another story in that subdivision of the subject which it may be worth while repeating; not merely on its own account, as wearing a fine oriental air, but also for the correction which it suggests to a very common error.

In some period of Syrian warfare, a large military detachment was entering at some point of Syria from the desert of the Euphrates. At the head of the whole array rode two men of some distinction: one was an augur of high reputation, the other was a Jew called Mosollam, a man of admirable beauty, a matchless horseman, an unerring archer, and accomplished in all martial arts. As they were now first coming within enclosed grounds, after a long march in the wilderness, the augur was most anxious to inaugurate the expedition by some considerable omen. Watching anxiously, therefore, he soon saw a bird of splendid plumage perching on a low wall. "Halt!" he said to the advanced guard: and all drew up in a line. At that moment of silence and expectation, Mosollam, slightly turning him-

self in his saddle, drew his bow-string to his ear; his Jewish hatred of Pagan auguries burned within him; his inevitable shaft went right to its mark, and the beautiful bird fell dead. The augur turned round in fury. But the Jew laughed at him. "This bird, you say, should have furnished us with omens of our future fortunes. But had he known any thing of his own, he would never have perched where he did, or have come within the range of Mosollam's archery. How should that bird know our destiny, who did not know that it was his own to be shot by Mosollam the Jew?"

Now, this is a most common but a most erroneous way of arguing. In a case of this kind, the bird was not supposed to have any conscious acquaintance with futurity, either for his own benefit or that of others. But even where such a consciousness may be supposed, as in the case of oneiromancy, or prophecy by means of dreams, it must be supposed limited, and the more limited in a personal sense as they are illimitable in a sublime one. Who imagines that, because a Daniel or Ezekiel foresaw the grand revolutions of the earth, therefore they must or could have foreseen the little details of their own ordinary life? And even descending from that perfect inspiration to the more doubtful power of augury amongst the Pagans, (concerning which the most eminent of theologians have held very opposite theories,) one thing is certain, that, so long as we entertain such pretensions, or discuss them at all, we must take them with the principle of those who professed such arts, not with principles of our own arbitrary invention.

One example will make this clear:—There are in England* a class of men who practise the Pagan rhabdromancy in a limited sense. They carry a rod or rhabdos (*ῥαβδος*) of willow: this they hold horizontally; and by the bending of the rod towards the ground they discover the favourable places

* "*There are in England.*"—Especially in Somersetshire, and for twenty miles round Wrington, the birthplace of Locke. Nobody sinks for wells without their advice. We ourselves knew an amiable and accomplished Scottish family, who, at an estate called Belmadrothie, in memory of a similar property in Ross-shire, built a house in Somersetshire, and resolved to find water without help from the jowser. But after sinking to a greater depth than ever had been known before, and spending nearly £200, they were finally obliged to consult the jowser, who found water at once.

for sinking wells; a matter of considerable importance in a province so ill-watered as the northern district of Somersetshire, &c. These people are locally called *jowers*; and it is probable, that from the suspicion with which their art has been usually regarded amongst people of education, as a mere legerdemain trick of Doutserswivel's, is derived the slang word to *chouse* for *swindle*. Meantime, the experimental evidences of a real practical skill in these men, and the enlarged compass of speculation in these days, have led many enlightened people to a Stoic *αποχή*, or suspension of judgment, on the reality of this somewhat mysterious art. Now, in the East, there are men who make the same pretensions in a more showy branch of the art. It is not water, but treasures which they profess to find by some hidden kind of rhabdomanancy. The very existence of treasures with us is reasonably considered a thing of improbable occurrence. But in the unsettled East, and with the low valuation of human life wherever Mahometanism prevails, insecurity and other causes must have caused millions of such deposits in every century to have perished as to any knowledge of survivors. The sword has been moving backwards and forwards, for instance, like a weaver's shuttle, since the time of Mahmoud the Ghaznevide,* in Anno Domini 1000, in the vast regions between the Tigris, the Oxus, and the Indus. Regularly as it approached, gold and jewels must have sunk by whole harvests into the ground. A certain per-centage has been doubtless recovered: a larger per-centage has disappeared for ever. Hence naturally the jealousy of barbarous Orientals that we Europeans, in groping amongst pyramids, sphynxes, and tombs, are looking for buried treasures. The wretches are not so wide astray in what they believe as in what they disbelieve. The treasures do really exist which they fancy; but then also the other treasures in the glorious antiquities have that existence for our sense of beauty which to their brutality is inconceivable. In

these circumstances, why should it surprise us that men will pursue the science of discovery as a regular trade? Many discoveries of treasure are doubtless made continually, which, for obvious reasons, are communicated to nobody. Some proportion there must be between the sowing of such grain as diamonds or emeralds, and the subsequent reaping, whether by accident or by art. For, with regard to the last, it is no more impossible, *primâ fronte*, that a substance may exist having an occult sympathy with subterraneous water or subterraneous gold, than that the magnet should have a sympathy (as yet occult) with the northern pole of our planet.

The first flash of careless thought applied to such a case will suggest, that men holding powers of this nature need not offer their services for hire to others. And this, in fact, is the objection universally urged by us Europeans as decisive against their pretensions. Their knavery, it is fancied, stands self-recorded; since, assuredly, they would not be willing to divide their subterranean treasures, if they knew of any. But the men are not in such self-contradiction as may seem. Lady Hester Stanhope, from the better knowledge she had acquired of Oriental opinions, set Dr Madden right on this point. The Oriental belief is that a fatality attends the appropriator of a treasure in any case where he happens also to be the discoverer. Such a person, it is held, will die soon, and suddenly—so that he is compelled to seek his remuneration from the wages or fees of his employers, not from the treasure itself.

Many more secret laws are held sacred amongst the professors of that art than that which was explained by Lady Hester Stanhope. These we shall not enter upon at present: but generally we may remark, that the same practices of subterranean deposits, during our troubled periods in Europe, led to the same superstitions. And it may be added, that the same error has arisen in both cases as to some of these superstitions. How often must it have struck people of liberal feelings, as a scandalous proof of

* Mahmood of Ghizni, which, under the European name of Ghaznee, was so recently taken in one hour by our Indian army under Lord Keane. Mahmood was the first Mahometan invader of Hindostan.

the preposterous value set upon riches by poor men, that ghosts should popularly be supposed to rise and wander for the sake of revealing the situations of buried treasures. For ourselves, we have been accustomed to view this popular belief in the light of an argument for pity rather than for contempt towards poor men, as indicating the extreme pressure of that necessity which could so have demoralized their natural sense of truth. But certainly, in whatever feelings originating, such popular superstitions as to motives of ghostly missions did seem to argue a deplorable misconception of the relation subsisting between the spiritual world and the perishable treasures of this perishable world. Yet, when we look into the Eastern explanations of this case, we find that it is meant to express, not any overvaluation of riches, but the direct contrary passion. A human spirit is punished—such is the notion—punished in the spiritual world for excessive attachment to gold, by degradation to the office of its guardian; and from this office the tortured spirit can release itself only by revealing the treasure and transferring the custody. It is a penal martyrdom, not an elective passion for gold, which is thus exemplified in the wanderings of a treasure-ghost.

But, in a field where of necessity we are so much limited, we willingly pass from the consideration of these treasure or *khasnê* phantoms (which alone sufficiently ensure a swarm of ghostly terrors for all Oriental ruins of cities) to the same marvellous apparitions, as they haunt other solitudes even more awful than those of ruined cities. In this world there are two mighty forms of perfect solitude—the ocean and the desert: the wilderness of the barren sands, and the wilderness of the barren waters. Both are the parents of inevitable superstitions—of terrors, solemn, ineradicable, eternal. Sailors and the children of the desert are alike overrun with spiritual hauntings, from accidents of peril essentially connected with those modes of life, and from the eternal spectacle of the infinite. Voices seem to blend with the raving of the sea, which will for ever impress the feeling of beings more than human: and every chamber of the great wilderness which, with little interruption, stretches

from the Euphrates to the western shores of Africa, has its own peculiar terrors both as to sights and sounds. In the wilderness of Zin, between Palestine and the Red Sea, a section of the desert well known in these days to our own countrymen, bells are heard daily pealing for matins, or for vespers, from some phantom convent that no search of Christian or of Bedouin Arab has ever been able to discover. These bells have sounded since the Crusades. Other sounds, trumpets, the *Alala* of armies, &c., are heard in other regions of the Desert. Forms, also, are seen of more people than have any right to be walking in human paths: sometimes forms of avowed terror; sometimes, which is a case of far more danger, appearances that mimic the shapes of men, and even of friends or comrades. This is a case much dwelt on by the old travellers, and which throws a gloom over the spirits of all Bedouins, and of every *cafila* or caravan. We all know what a sensation of loneliness or “eeriness” (to use an expressive term of the ballad poetry) arises to any small party assembling in a single room of a vast desolate mansion: how the timid among them fancy continually that they hear some remote door opening, or trace the sound of suppressed footsteps from some distant staircase. Such is the feeling in the desert, even in the midst of the caravan. The mighty solitude is seen: the dread silence is anticipated which will succeed to this brief transit of men, camels, and horses. Awe prevails even in the midst of society: but, if the traveller should loiter behind from fatigue, or be so imprudent as to ramble aside—should he from any cause once lose sight of his party, it is held that his chance is small of recovering their traces. And why? Not chiefly from the want of footmarks where the wind effaces all impressions in half-an-hour, or of eye-marks where all is one blank ocean of sand, but much more from the sounds or the visual appearances which are supposed to beset and to seduce all insulated wanderers.

Every body knows the superstitions of the ancients about the *Nympholeptoi*, or those who had seen Pan. But far more awful and gloomy are the existing superstitions, throughout Asia and Africa, as to the perils of those who

are phantom-haunted in the wilderness. The old Venetian traveller Marco Polo states them well: he speaks, indeed, of the Eastern or Tartar deserts; the steppes which stretch from European Russia to the footsteps of the Chinese throne; but exactly the same creed prevails amongst the Arabs, from Bagdad to Suez and Cairo—from Rosetta to Tunis—Tunis to Timbuctoo or Mequinez. "If, during the day-time," says he, "any person should remain behind until the caravan is no longer in sight, he hears himself unexpectedly called to by name, and in a voice with which he is familiar. Not doubting that the voice proceeds from some of his comrades, the unhappy man is beguiled from the right direction; and soon finding himself utterly confounded as to the path, he roams about in distraction until he perishes miserably. If, on the other hand, this perilous separation of himself from the caravan should happen at night, he is sure to hear the uproar of a great cavalcade a mile or two to the right or left of the true track. He is thus seduced on one side: and at break of day finds himself far removed from man. Nay, even at noon-day, it is well known that grave and respectable men to all appearance will come up to a particular traveller, will bear the look of a friend, and will gradually lure him by earnest conversation to a distance from the caravan; after which the sounds of men and camels will be heard continually at all points but the true one; whilst an insensible turning by the tenth of an inch at each separate step from the true direction will very soon suffice to set the traveller's face to the opposite point of the compass from that which his safety requires, and which his fancy represents to him as his real direction. Marvelous, indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories reported of these desert phantoms, which are said at times to fill the air with choral music from all kinds of instruments, from drums, and the clash of arms: so that oftentimes a whole caravan are obliged to close up their open ranks, and to proceed in a compact line of march."

Lord Lindsay, in his very interesting travels in Egypt, Edom, &c., agrees with Warton in supposing (and probably enough) that from this account of the desert traditions in Marco Polo was derived Milton's fine passage in *Comus* :—

"Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

But the most remarkable of these desert superstitions, as suggested by the mention of Lord Lindsay, is one which that young nobleman, in some place which we cannot immediately find, has noticed, but which he only was destined by a severe personal loss immediately to illustrate. Lord L. quotes from Vincent le Blanc an anecdote of a man in his own caravan, the companion of an Arab merchant, who disappeared in a mysterious manner. Four Moors, with a retaining fee of 100 ducats, were sent in quest of him, but came back *re infectâ*. "And 'tis uncertain," adds Le Blanc, "whether he was swallowed up in the sands, or met his death by any other misfortune; as it often happens, by the relation of a merchant then in our company, who told us, that two years before, traversing the same journey, a comrade of his, going a little aside from the company, saw three men who called him by his name; and one of them, to his thinking, favoured very much his companion; and, as he was about to follow them, his real companion calling him to come back to his company, he found himself deceived by the others, and thus was saved. And all travellers in these parts hold, that in the deserts are many such phantasms seen, that strive to seduce the traveller." Thus far it is the traveller's own fault, warned as he is continually by the extreme anxiety of the Arab leaders or guides, with respect to all who stray to any distance, if he is duped or enticed by these pseudo-men: though, in the case of Lapland dogs, who ought to have a surer instinct of detection for counterfeits, we know from Sir Capel de Broke and others, that they are continually wiled away by the wolves who roam about the nightly encampments of travellers. But there is a secondary disaster, according to the Arab superstition, awaiting those whose eyes are once opened to the discernment of these phantoms. To see them, or to hear them, even where the traveller is careful to refuse their lures, entails the certainty of death in no long time. This is another form of that universal faith which made it impossible for any man to survive a bodily commerce, by

whatever sense, with a spiritual being. We find it in the Old Testament, where the expression, "I have seen God and shall die," means simply a supernatural being; since no Hebrew believed it possible for a nature purely human to sustain for a moment the sight of the Infinite Being. We find the same faith amongst ourselves, in case of *doppelgänger* becoming apparent to the sight of those whom they counterfeit; and in many other varieties. We modern Europeans, of course, laugh at these superstitions; though, as La Place remarks, (*Essai sur les Probabilités*), any case, however apparently incredible, if it is a recurrent case, is as much entitled to a fair valuation as if it had been more probable beforehand.* This being premised, we, who connect superstition with the personal result, are more impressed by the disaster which happened to Lord Lindsay, than his lordship, who either failed to notice the *nexus* between the events, or possibly declined to put the case too forward in his reader's eye, from the solemnity of the circumstances, and the private interest to himself and his own family, of the subsequent event. The case was this:—Mr William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion (and we believe relative) of Lord Lindsay, a man whose honourable character, and whose intellectual accomplishments speak for themselves, in the posthumous memorabilia of his travels published by Lord L., had seen an array of objects in the desert, which facts immediately succeeding demonstrated to have been a mere ocular *lusus*, or (according to Arab notions) phantoms. During the absence from home of an Arab sheikh, who had been hired as conductor of Lord Lindsay's party, a hostile tribe (bearing the name of Tellahens) had assaulted and pillaged his tents. Report of this had reached the English travelling party; it was known that the Tellahens were still in motion, and a hostile rencounter was looked for for some days. At length, in crossing the well-known valley of the

Wady Araba, that most ancient channel of communication between the Red Sea and Judea, &c., Mr Ramsay saw, to his own entire conviction, a party of horse moving amongst some sand-hills. Afterwards it became certain, from accurate information, that this must have been a delusion. It was established, that no horsemen *could* have been in that neighbourhood at that time. Lord Lindsay records the case as an illustration of "that spiritualized tone the imagination naturally assumes, in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity;" and he reports the case in these pointed terms:—"Mr Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sand-hills; and I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of that impression." No—and, according to Arab interpretation, very naturally so; for, according to their faith, he really *had* seen the horsemen; phantom horsemen certainly, but still objects of sight. The sequel remains to be told—by the Arabian hypothesis, Mr Ramsay had but a short time to live—he was under a secret summons to the next world. And accordingly, in a few weeks after this, whilst Lord Lindsay had gone to visit Palmyra, Mr Ramsay died at Damascus.

This was a case exactly corresponding to the Pagan *nympholepsis*—he had seen the beings whom it is not lawful to see and live. Another case of Eastern superstition, not less determined, and not less remarkably fulfilled, occurred some years before to Dr Madden, who travelled pretty much in the same route as Lord Lindsay. The doctor, as a phrenologist, had been struck with the very singular conformation of a skull which he saw amongst many others on an altar in some Syrian convent. He offered a considerable sum in gold for it; but it was by repute the skull of a saint;

* "Is as much entitled to a fair valuation under the laws of induction as if it had been more probable beforehand:"—one of the cases which La Place notices as entitled to a grave consideration, but which would most assuredly be treated as a trivial phenomenon, unworthy of attention, by common-place spectators, is—when a run of success, with no apparent cause, takes place on heads or tails, (*pile ou croix*.) Most people dismiss such a case as pure accident. But La Place insists on its being duly valued as a fact, however unaccountable as an effect. So again, if, in a large majority of experiences like those of Lord Lindsay's party in the desert, death should follow, such a phenomenon is as well entitled to its separate valuation as any other.

and the monk with whom Dr M. attempted to negotiate, not only refused his offers, but protested that even for the doctor's sake, apart from the interests of the convent, he could not venture on such a transfer: for that, by the tradition attached to it, the skull would endanger any vessel carrying it from the Syrian shore: the vessel might escape; but it would never succeed in reaching any but a Syrian harbour. After this, for the credit of our country, which stands so high in the East, and should be so punctiliously tended by all Englishmen, we are sorry to record that Dr Madden (though otherwise a man of scrupulous honour) yielded to the temptation of substituting for the saint's skull another less remarkable from his own collection. With this saintly relic he embarked on board a Grecian ship; was alternately pursued and met by storms the most violent; larboard and starboard, on every quarter, he was buffeted: the wind blew from every point of the compass; the doctor honestly confesses that he often wished this baleful skull back in safety on the quiet altar from which he took it; and finally, after many days of anxiety, he was too happy in finding himself again restored to some oriental port, from which he secretly vowed never again to sail with a saint's skull, or with any skull, however remarkable phrenologically, not purchased in an open market.

Thus we have pursued, through many of its most memorable sections, the spirit of the miraculous as it moulded and gathered itself in the superstitions of Paganism; and we have shown that, in the modern superstitions of Christianity, or of Mahometanism, (often enough borrowed from Christian sources,) there is a pretty regular correspondence. Speaking with a reference to the strictly popular belief, it cannot be pretended for a moment, that miraculous agencies are slumbering in modern ages. For one superstition of that nature which the Pagans had, we can produce twenty. And if, from the

collation of numbers, we should pass to that of quality, it is a matter of notoriety, that from the very philosophy of Paganism, and its slight root in the terrors or profounder mysteries of spiritual nature, no comparison could be sustained for a moment between the true religion and any mode whatever of the false. Ghosts we have purposely omitted, because that idea is so peculiarly Christian* as to reject all counterparts or affinities from other modes of the supernatural. The Christian ghost is too awful a presence, and with too large a substratum of the real, the impassioned, the human, for our present purposes. We deal chiefly with the wilder and more aerial forms of superstition; not so far off from fleshly nature as the purely allegoric—not so near as the penal, the purgatorial, the penitential. In this middle class, "Gabriel's hounds"—the "phantom ship"—the gloomy legends of the charcoal burners in the German forests—and the local or epichorial superstitions from every district of Europe, come forward by thousands, attesting the high activity of the miraculous and the hyperphysical instincts, even in this generation, wheresoever the voice of the people makes itself heard.

But in Pagan times, it will be objected, the popular superstitions blended themselves with the highest political functions, gave a sanction to national counsels, and oftentimes gave their starting point to the very primary movements of the state. Prophecies, omens, miracles, all worked concurrently with senates or princes. Whereas in our days, says Charles Lamb, the witch who takes her pleasure with the moon, and summons Beelzebub to her sabbaths, nevertheless trembles before the beadle, and hides herself from the overseer. Now, as to the witch, even the horrid Canidia of Horace, or the more dreadful Erichtho of Lucan, seems hardly to have been much respected in any era. But for the other modes of the supernatural, they have entered into more frequent combinations with state functions and state movements in our modern ages

* "*Because that idea is so peculiarly Christian.*"—One reason, additional to the main one, why the idea of a ghost could not be conceived or reproduced by Paganism, lies in the fourfold resolution of the human nature at death, viz. :—1. *corpus*; 2. *manes*; 3. *spiritus*; 4. *anima*. No reversionary consciousness, no restitution of the total nature, sentient and active, was thus possible. Pliny has a story which looks like a ghost story; but it is all moonshine—a mere *simulacrum*.

than in the classical age of Paganism. Look at prophecies, for example: the Romans had a few obscure oracles afloat, and they had the Sibylline books under the state seal. These books, in fact, had been kept so long, that, like port wine superannuated, they had lost their flavour and body.* On the other hand, look at France. Henry the historian, speaking of the fifteenth century, describes it as a national infirmity of the English to be prophecy-ridden. Perhaps there never was any foundation for this as an exclusive remark; but assuredly not in the next century. There had been with us British, from the twelfth century, Thomas of Ercildoune in the north, and many monkish local prophets for every part of the island; but latterly England had no terrific prophet, unless indeed Nixon of the Vale Royal in Cheshire, who uttered his dark oracles sometimes with a merely Cestrian, sometimes with a national reference. Whereas, in France, throughout the sixteenth century, every principal event was foretold successively, with an accuracy that still shocks and confounds us. Francis the First, who opens the century, (and by many is held to open the book of *modern history*, as distinguished from the middle or *feudal history*;) had the battle of Pavia foreshown to him, not by name, but in its results—by his own Spanish captivity—by the exchange for his own children upon a frontier river of Spain—finally, by his own disgraceful death, through an infamous disease conveyed to him under a deadly circuit of revenge. This king's son, Henry the Second, read some years *before* the event a description of that tournament, on the marriage of the Scottish Queen with his eldest son, Francis II., which proved fatal to himself, through the awkwardness of the Compté de Montgomery and his own obstinacy. After this, and we

believe a little after the brief reign of Francis II., arose Nostradamus, the great prophet of the age. All the children of Henry II. and of Catharine de Medici, one after the other, died in circumstances of suffering and horror, and Nostradamus pursued the whole with ominous allusions. Charles IX., though the authorizer of the Bartholomew massacre, was the least guilty of his party, and the only one who manifested a dreadful remorse. Henry III., the last of the brothers, died, as the reader will remember, by assassination. And all these tragic successions of events are still to be read more or less dimly prefigured in verses of which we will not here discuss the dates. Suffice it, that many authentic historians attest the good faith of the prophets; and finally, with respect to the first of the Bourbon dynasty, Henry IV., who succeeded upon the assassination of his brother-in-law, we have the peremptory assurance of Sully and other Protestants, countersigned by writers both historical and controversial, that not only was he prepared, by many warnings, for his own tragical death—not only was the day, the hour, pre-fixed—not only was an almanack sent to him, in which the bloody summer's day of 1610 was pointed out to his attention in bloody colours; but the mere record of the king's last afternoon shows beyond a doubt the extent and the punctual limitation of his anxieties. In fact, it is to this attitude of listening expectation in the king, and breathless waiting for the blow, that Schiller alludes in that fine speech of Wallenstein to his sister, where he notices the funeral knells that sounded continually in Henry's ears, and, above all, his prophetic instinct, that caught the sound from a far distance of his murderer's motions, and could distinguish, amidst all the tumult of a mighty capital, those stealthy steps—

* “*Like port wine superannuated, the Sibylline books had lost their flavour and their body.*”—There is an allegoric description in verse, by Mr Rogers, of an ice-house, in which winter is described as a captive, &c., which is memorable on this account, that a brother poet, on reading the passage, mistook it, (from not understanding the allegoric expressions,) either sincerely or maliciously, for a description of the house-dog. Now, this little anecdote seems to embody the poor Sibyl's history—from a stern icy sovereign, with a petrific mace, she lapsed into an old toothless mastiff. She continued to snore in her ancient kennel for above a thousand years. The last person who attempted to stir her up with a long pole, and to extract from her paralytic dreaming some growls or snarls against Christianity, was Aurelian, in a moment of public panic. But the thing was past all tampering. The poor creature could neither be kicked nor coaxed into vitality.

—"Which even then were seeking him Throughout the streets of Paris."

We profess not to admire Henry the Fourth of France, whose secret character we shall, on some other occasion, attempt to expose. But his resignation to the appointments of Heaven, in dismissing his guards, as feeling that against a danger so domestic and so mysterious, all fleshly arms were vain, has always struck us as the most like magnanimity of any thing in his very theatrical life.

Passing to our own country, and to the times immediately in succession, we fall upon some striking prophecies, not verbal but symbolic, if we turn from the broad highway of public histories, to the by-paths of private memoirs. Either Clarendon, it is, in his Life (not his public history,) or else Laud, who mentions an anecdote connected with the coronation of Charles I., (the son-in-law of the murdered Bourbon,) which threw a gloom upon the spirits of the royal friends, already saddened by the dreadful pestilence which inaugurated the reign of this ill-fated prince, levying a tribute of one life in sixteen from the population of the English metropolis. At the coronation of Charles, it was discovered that all London would not furnish the quantity of purple velvet required for the royal robes and the furniture of the throne. What was to be done? Decorum required that the furniture should be all *en suite*. Nearer than Genoa no considerable addition could be expected. That would impose a delay of 150 days. Upon mature consideration, and chiefly of the many private interests that would suffer amongst the multitudes whom such a solemnity had called up from the country, it was resolved to robe the King in *white* velvet. But this, as it afterwards occurred, was the colour in which victims were arrayed. And thus, it was alleged, did the King's council establish an augury of evil. Three other ill omens, of some celebrity, occurred to Charles I., viz. on occasion of creating his son Charles a knight of the Bath; at Oxford some years after; and at the bar of that tribunal which sat in judgment upon him.

The reign of his second son, James II., the next reign that could be considered an unfortunate reign, was inaugurated by the same evil omens. The day selected for the coronation (in 1685) was a day memorable for Eng-

land—it was St George's day, the 23d of April, and entitled, even on a separate account, to be held a sacred day as the birthday of Shakspeare in 1564, and his deathday in 1616. The King saved a sum of sixty thousand pounds by cutting off the ordinary cavalcade from the Tower of London to Westminster. Even this was imprudent. It is well known that, amongst the lowest class of the English, there is an obstinate prejudice (though unsanctioned by law) with respect to the obligation imposed by the ceremony of coronation. So long as this ceremony is delayed, or mutilated, they fancy that their obedience is a matter of mere prudence, liable to be enforced by arms; but not consecrated either by law or by religion. The change made by James was, therefore, highly imprudent; shorn of its antique traditional usages, the yoke of conscience was lightened at a moment when it required a double ratification. Neither was it called for on motives of economy, for James was unusually rich. This voluntary arrangement was, therefore, a bad beginning; but the accidental omens were worse. They are thus reported by Blennerhassett; (*History of England to the end of George I.*, vol. iv., p. 1760, printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 1751.) "The crown, being too little for the King's head, was often in a tottering condition, and like to fall off." Even this was observed attentively by spectators of the most opposite feelings. But there was another simultaneous omen, which affected the Protestant enthusiasts, and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly. "The same day the king's arms, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause, and broke to pieces, whilst the rest of the window remained standing." Blennerhassett mutters the dark terrors which possessed himself and others. "These," says he, "were reckoned ill omens to the king."

In France, as the dreadful criminality of the French sovereigns through the 17th century began to tell powerfully, and reproduce itself in the miseries and tumults of the French populace through the 18th century, it is interesting to note the omens which unfolded themselves at intervals. A volume might be written upon them. The French Bourbons renewed the

picture of that fatal house which in Thebes offered to the Grecian observers the spectacle of dire auguries, emerging from darkness through three generations, *à plusieurs reprises*. Every body knows the fatal pollution of the marriage pumps on the reception of Marie Antoinette in Paris; the numbers who perished are still spoken of obscurely as to the amount, and with shuddering awe for the unparalleled horrors standing in the background of the fatal reign—horrors

“That, hush’d in grim repose, await their evening prey.”

But in the life of Goethe is mentioned a still more portentous (though more shadowy) omen in the pictorial decorations of the arras which adorned the pavilion on the French frontier: the first objects which met the Austrian Archduchess on being hailed as Dauphiness was a succession of the most tragic groups from the most awful section of the Grecian theatre. The next alliance of the same kind between the same great empires, in the persons of Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie Louisa, was overshadowed by the same unhappy omens, and, as we all remember, with the same unhappy results, within a brief period of five years.

Or, if we should resort to the fixed and monumental rather than to these auguries of great nations—such, for instance, as were embodied in those *Palladia*, or protesting talismans, which capital cities, whether Pagan or Christian, glorified through a period of twenty-five hundred years, we shall find a long succession of these enchanted pledges, from the earliest precedent of Troy (whose palladium was undoubtedly a talisman) down to that equally memorable, and bearing the same name, at Western Rome. We may pass, by a vast transition of two and a half millennia, to that great talisman of Constantinople, the triple serpent, (having perhaps an original reference to the Mosaic serpent of the wilderness, which healed the infected by the simple act of looking upon it, as the symbol of the Redeemer, held aloft upon the Cross for the deliverance from moral contagion.) This great

consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by Pagan, and by Mahometan, was struck on the head by Mahomet the Second, on that same day, May 29th of 1453, in which he mastered by storm this glorious city, the bulwark of eastern Christendom, and the immediate rival of his own European throne at Adrianople. But mark the superfetation of omens—omen supervening upon omen, augury engrafted upon augury. The hour was a sad one for Christianity: just 720 years before the western horn of Islam had been rebutted in France by the Germans, chiefly under Charles Martel. But now it seemed as though another horn, even more vigorous, was preparing to assault Christendom and its hopes from the eastern quarter. At this epoch, in the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station, and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical Sultan, riding to his stirrups in blood, and wielding that iron mace which had been his sole weapon, as well as cognizance, through the battle, advanced to the column, round which the triple serpent soared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman; he shattered one head; he left it mutilated as the record of his great revolution; but crush it, destroy it, he did not—as a symbol prefiguring the fortunes of Mahometanism, his people noticed, that in the critical hour of fate, which stamped the Sultan’s acts with efficacy through ages, he had been prompted by his secret genius only to “scotch the snake,” not to crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mahometan prophecies about the Adrianoplegate of Constantinople, to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all its insolence. The very haughtiest of the Mussulmans believe that the gate is already in existence, through which the red Giaours (the *Russi*) shall pass to the conquest of Stamboul; and that everywhere, in Europe at least, the hat of Frangistan is destined to surmount the turban—the crescent must go down before the cross.

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From the first settlement to the present

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THE DEAD MAN OF ST ANNE'S CHAPEL. A CRIMINAL STORY.

IN FOUR PARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTO LUDWIG.*

PART I. THE SEARCH.

ON the top of an eminence forming the outskirts of a mountainous and woody region in the south of Germany, stands a small chapel dedicated to St Anne, rarely visited except by passing peasants, or on the festivals of the saint or other holidays, when crowds of pilgrims are in the habit of resorting to it. Early in the morning of the 26th of August 1816, a peasant from a village at some distance was ascending the narrow footpath leading to the chapel. His little boy, who accompanied him, had run on before. As he reached the immediate neighbourhood of the chapel, the child turned back with breathless haste, and in accents of terror urged his father to advance. The old man hastened forward in alarm; and his first glance, as he reached the level of the chapel, rested upon a corpse. Steeped in blood, and stripped to the shirt, the lower part of the body covered with long, loose, and light-coloured pantaloons, covering boots with spurs—there lay upon the steps of the chapel the body of a well-shaped young man: his right hand rested on his breast, and on his finger sparkled a heavy gold seal-ring.

The peasant instantly dispatched the boy to the nearest village to communicate the discovery, while he himself remained by the body. It struck him as singular, that so little blood should be found beside it. If a murder had taken place, this surely had not been the spot where it had been

perpetrated. The trace of footsteps, still visible, though evidently artificially obliterated, pointed sideways into the wood, above which, at some distance, rose a rugged and lofty peak of rock called the Raubstein, on the summit of which the fragments of an old building were still visible, to which the usual traditionary tales of superstitious terror were attached. The direction which the enquiry was likely to take was quite sufficient to deter the peasant from further investigation, till the arrival of the *juge de paix* and the surgeon of the village, who, accompanied by a numerous tribe of those idlers who are always in attendance on such occasions, soon after made their appearance.

The body was examined, on which slight symptoms of incipient decay were already perceptible. Under the shirt a particoloured bandage, apparently the fragment of a woman's shawl, was found carefully wrapped around the breast. Beneath it, and on the left breast, lay a second roll of cloth, adhering closely to the body by means of coagulated blood, and covering a broad and deep wound penetrating to the heart, and evidently inflicted with a sharp two-edged instrument, apparently a knife. The dissection of the body led to the conclusion that death had taken place after indulgence in wine, and probably to excess.

While the examination was proceeding, one of the spectators who had

* We have taken the liberty of condensing throughout, and in some respects altering the German original;—we venture to say with no disadvantage to the story.

followed the traces of the footsteps in the direction of the Raubstein, returned and announced to the judge that the crime had undoubtedly been committed within the ruined building on the summit. The judge, the physician, and the spectators immediately hastened to the spot, which all appearances indicated to have been the scene of the murder. Blood besmeared the floor and was sprinkled along the walls; round about lay the remains of a recent meal; crusts of bread, parings of fruit, and the remains of a broken bottle, in which some drops of a sweet and heavy wine were still left.

The traces of footsteps leading from the chapel towards the ruin were indistinct, but in the opposite direction leading from the ruin towards the highroad to Hilgenberg, they were plainly discernible; not far from the building was found another stripe of the same particoloured silk which was wrapped round the body, and deeper in the underwood, suspended on a low bush, along a woman's glove, of *Danish leather*, finely wrought and quite new, but stained with some dark spots, in which the physician recognised the appearance of blood. By degrees the footprints became less distinct, and were at last lost in the beaten highway leading to Hilgenberg.

In the hope that it might lead to a recognition, the spectators who thronged to the spot were allowed to view the corpse without impediment. The examination, however, led to no result, and with the approach of evening the body was conveyed to its last resting-place in the churchyard of the neighbouring village of Hoffstede.

Next morning, however, the landlord of a small forest inn at a little distance made his appearance before the judge, who had seen the dead man the evening before, after the body had been put into the coffin. He had recognised in him a stranger who had lodged in his house, the night before the 24th August, and had left it early that morning. Of his name, his rank, his former residence, or his destination, he was ignorant. His own conjecture—which, however, rested on nothing more conclusive than that the deceased wore boots and spurs—was, that he was an officer of some of the corps which were cantoned in the neighbourhood. Being urged still farther to describe any

other articles of dress belonging to the stranger, the landlord mentioned a gold watch with a chain and key; a red pocketbook, a green silk double purse which he had put into the landlord's hand before going to sleep, and had received from him again next morning; and two rings, one of which was a seal-ring, the other a slender hoop-ring. The seal-ring, which had been found upon the finger of the deceased, being shown to him, was recognised by him as that which had been worn by his guest.

For some time no further clue was found, either to the person of the victim, or the cause of his death, though the investigation was actively pursued by the *Ober-Procurator** of the criminal tribunal, which then held its sittings at Hainburg. In the course of the month of November, however, a communication was made to the tribunal from the president of the police of the department of K—, to this effect: that a certain Herr Von Breisach, said to be a native of the province of B—, who had for some time resided as a private individual at K—, and was in the habit of making excursions from thence—sometimes for days at a time—into the mountains, had disappeared towards the end of August, and had never returned. His housekeeper, who, alarmed at his absence, had made application to the police, was now summoned to Hainburg; and, from her information, there seemed little reason to doubt that the deceased and Von Breisach were the same person. She came, accompanied by an invalid soldier, who had been for some time in the service of Breisach, and who at once recognised the boots as having frequently passed through his hands. Both of them, of their own accord, particularized the gold watch and the two rings of which the landlord had spoken: though they could not absolutely identify the seal-ring, they thought it the same which their master had worn; the other ring they described as a plain one, resembling a marriage-ring.

The accounts given by them and others as to the habits of Breisach were far from favourable. He had led a retired, but, as it appeared, discreditable life in K—. Report spoke of his connexion with an actress of that theatre; a connexion which had ab-

* Public Prosecutor.

ruptly terminated some time before his disappearance; the actress had afterwards quitted the town—for what quarter was unknown.

Promising as these explanations at first sight appeared, they were not found materially to advance the enquiry. Who was this Herr von Breisach? The name was totally unknown in the district; it was not to be found in any of the registers of nobility; the arms upon the seal-ring, though shown to many, were not recognised by any one: both name and arms might be the mere assumption of an adventurer.

A fortunate chance, however, removed the difficulty which had baffled enquiry. The name of Breisach happening to be mentioned in a private circle, in the presence of an ex-diplomatist distinguished for his skill in heraldry, he remarked that there might be a mistake in the writing of the name; that he knew a noble family of the name of Preussach, and was himself in possession of their coat of arms. The remark was communicated to the official persons who were engaged in the enquiry, and the stranger was requested to exhibit to them the arms of the noble family to which he had alluded. They corresponded in the minutest particulars with those engraved upon the seal-ring.

One branch of this family it appeared was settled in the province of B——, the alleged birthplace, it may be recollected, of the personage who, towards the close of August, had disappeared from K——.

The Ober-Procurator immediately put himself in communication with the government of that province, and in a short time a written answer was received from a Ferdinand von Preussach, who announced himself as the second son of the old Baron Anselm von Preussach, proprietor of an entailed estate in that quarter.

The eldest son, Hermann, had gone abroad about two years before, and for a considerable time past the family knew nothing as to his residence.

"Every thing," continued Ferdinand von Preussach, "every thing indicates that the deceased is my brother Hermann. The family are deeply interested in the ascertainment of the truth. I am the next heir to the family estates; for my brother left but a single daughter, the fruit of his short marriage. I shall present my-

self personally before the court, and afford every information which may tend to throw light on this melancholy event."

In January 1817, Ferdinand appeared in Hainburg. He read the documents which contained the result of the investigations which had taken place; and expressed his unhesitating conviction that the dead man was his brother Hermann. He applied to the court for an attestation of Hermann's death, which would open the succession to him on his father's death—an event which he regretted to think could not be far distant;—but he was given to understand that, however little doubt they might entertain as to his testimony, the evidence of a single witness, and that too the person most interested in establishing the death, would not justify the granting of an official certificate to that effect. He was advised to place his case in the hands of an advocate of the court, and as the readiest means of obtaining his end, in the event of any clue being found to the perpetrator of the deed, to appear in the criminal proceedings for his interest as private complainer.

Ferdinand accepted this advice, and chose for his counsel the advocate Senkenberg, a man of great ability and activity, whose local knowledge and numerous personal relations in the district peculiarly fitted him to advance the views of his client. The importance of the task assigned to him, and the rank of his employer, concurred to stimulate the zeal of the advocate.

Whether it was owing to chance, or that the exertions of one personally interested were more effective than the operations of the police, certain it is that, with the appearance of Ferdinand, light began to be thrown on several points, which, but for his activity, might either have remained undiscovered, or at least their bearing upon the case but imperfectly appreciated.

Ferdinand's first visit was to K——, the last residence of his brother. After some hesitation, the effects belonging to the deceased were removed from the place where they had been sealed up, and exhibited to him. He examined with eagerness every paper that might help to throw light upon his brother's fate. Among others, a page of paper in the form of a letter came into his hands; the address was torn away, but the contents, which

were in French, and written in a delicate hand, seemed important. We quote it as it stood, with its characteristic orthography.

"Je vous accorde cette entrevue pourvu qu'elle soye decisive. Vos menaces ne pourront jamais m'épouvanter, je saurais me defendre m'oyennaut les armes lesquelles me preteront l'honneur et la vertue. Voici ma derniere. La correspondance segrete ne peut se continuer.

"Bl. cc. 21 Juill. A.*"

Prussach transmitted the document thus found to the Ober-Procurator, to whom he at the same time stated the view he entertained as to its connexion with the subject of the investigation.

"The tribunal," he observed, "had hitherto gone on the idea of robbery. Such had never been his belief. Any circumstances that might seem to countenance such a notion were the result of artificial contrivance to disguise the truth. The hand which dealt the blow, he was persuaded, was a woman's. Several passages in the pre-cognitions alluded to a woman's having been seen in the neighbourhood of the chapel about the time in question; fragments of a shawl had been wrapped round the body; a woman's glove found in the neighbourhood; the handwriting of the letter of 21st July was decidedly that of a woman; it spoke of a decisive interview; the interview had taken place near the chapel, too decisive unfortunately for the deceased.

"I would not willingly cast suspicion on the innocent," he proceeded; "but I cannot disguise what no stranger can be so well acquainted with as myself. Sensual and unbridled passion was a prominent trait in the character of my otherwise estimable brother. This was the cause of separation after his short marriage; his excesses afterwards, when he was left without control, involved him in difficulties which had more than once threatened a tragic termination. In K——, report spoke of his connexion with an opera dancer, who had disappeared from thence nearly at the same time. The point as to the presence of a woman in the neighbourhood of the scene of action about the time of

the murder, ought to be more narrowly enquired into."

The Ober-Procurator was struck with the justice of some of these observations. The enquiry at which Ferdinand pointed was resumed, and the following additional particulars were the result. They related to the 24th of August, the day on the morning of which the deceased had left the forest inn, and which the witnesses were enabled to recollect, as being the birthday of one of the reigning princesses, which had been celebrated by fêtes in the neighbouring villages.

A Swiss youth of twenty, but of weak intellect, who had occasion to ascend the path leading to the Raubstein for the purpose of cutting wood for the village bonfire, early in the forenoon, had seen a man and woman at some distance before him in the wood; the man in the dress of a Jäger, the woman in a particoloured gown with straw-hat and parasol. The particular colours he could not describe. They disappeared among the under-wood. He caught sight of them only once more. They were then close to the Raubstein, behind one of the projections of which they were soon concealed.

The information given by the bath-keeper at Schlingin, a small village almost connecting with the outskirts of the watering-place of Hilgenberg, was more distinct and important. About noon a lady, finely dressed, tall and slender, with a pleasing countenance, but pale and worn out, with dark hair falling down in curls, entered their house, and begged the bath-keeper to dress a wound on the palm of the right hand, which she held covered with a handkerchief. The bath-keeper dressed and bound up the wound, which was broad but not deep, and apparently caused by a sharp instrument; and his wife, at the stranger's request, furnished her with a clean handkerchief. The lady placed a ducat in his hand, and hastily retired. At the garden-gate she was received by an old man in the garb of a woodman, in company with whom she took the path towards Hilgenberg.

A neighbour who, from behind the hedge of his garden, had witnessed

* "I grant you this interview on condition that it be decisive. Your threats will never terrify me. I can defend myself with the weapons with which honour and virtue will supply me. This is my last. The secret correspondence must terminate."

the interview between the lady and her guide, before she entered the bath-keeper's house, described her as expressing, with a burst of tears, the deepest anxiety and alarm; to which he heard the old woodman distinctly reply—

“God in Heaven! be calm. Weeping will not bring him to life again—with me you are safe. I shall be silent—silent as the grave!”

The dress of the lady, according to their recollection, was a green silk gown, a straw hat with flowers, and a parasol of light-coloured silk.

Preussach was well satisfied with the result of these enquiries. “We shall have light soon,” said he to Senkenberg. “The glove is a strong piece of evidence. It is clear the wounded lady must have lost it. It is for the right hand. We have the glove, we shall have the hand presently.”

The active Senkenberg again set the police in motion. He procured a description of the suspected opera-dancer; which, as is generally the case, suited *tolerably* well with the description given by the bath-keeper and his wife. At last he was fortunate enough to discover her place of residence. But the anticipations of Preussach were not in this instance to be realized. The opera-dancer was in a condition to establish an unquestionable *alibi*. Her passports and certificates were completely *en règle*: she was proved to have left K— by the middle of July, and to have never been in that neighbourhood since.

The glove, which she had been requested in the course of the investigation to put on, was found to be far too small for her hand. It was with difficulty, indeed, that it could be drawn off without tearing. But in doing so a circumstance came to light which showed that the investigations had not been made with such minuteness but that more might yet be discovered. In removing the glove it was turned inside out, and close to the sleeve was discovered a name stamped upon the leather,—Wilb: T. . ff. The intermediate letters were illegible.

Attention was now, of course, directed to the discovery of the person whose name was thus stamped upon the glove. The name might be that of the proprietor, or it might be that of the maker of the glove; but even in this last case, it might lead to farther dis-

coveries. With this view the glove was put into the hands of a confidential agent of the police, for the purpose of making farther enquiry among the dealers in such articles as to the name.

Meantime, a singular circumstance occurred. The festival of St Anne was at hand, and the clergyman of Hoffstede, according to his usual custom, had gone up to remove from the little chapel the offerings which had been deposited through the year in the poor's chest. The box on this occasion contained an unexpected addition;—a green purse, damp and mouldy as if it had lain there for some time, containing a good many silver and a few gold coins. A stripe of paper was fastened to the purse, on which was written in pencil, and apparently in a disguised hand, with large and straggling characters, the words—“Bury the dead as a Christian and a Catholic. God will reward you.”

The clergyman communicated the fact to the authorities; they recollected the statement of the landlord as to the purse belonging to his guest: he was again summoned, and declared that the purse now shown to him closely resembled that worn by the stranger.

“I saw from the first,” observed Preussach, when this new circumstance was made known to him, “that robbery was out of the question; gold and silver no robber would cast aside. Some other passion, jealousy perhaps, or revenge for disappointed love, guided the murderer's hand; remorse followed the act; the same hand which dealt the blow was now employed to obtain Christian burial for the victim; and these lines were assuredly written in the hope that they would be found at the same time with the body.”

In the mean time, letters from home arrived which obliged Preussach for some time to leave the further prosecution of the enquiry in Senkenberg's hands. Decisive steps had now become urgently necessary with regard to the *civil* consequences of Hermann's death; for the old baron was visibly dropping into the grave. Ferdinand was advised to repair in person to the capital, where it was thought likely that his personal influence with the central power might remove those obstacles to the obtaining a formal judicial recognition of Hermann's death, which in the provincial court were found to be insurmountable. In this object at

least—however little cordiality otherwise subsisted between the families—he was likely to be assisted by the relations of Hermann's wife; since, upon the death of Hermann being ascertained, the widow would step into the enjoyment of an annual income from the estate, considerably exceeding the allowance which had been made to her after her separation.

The idea of this renewed intercourse, however, with a family with whom, since the separation, now three years past, he had had no communication, was any thing but agreeable to Ferdinand. His sister-in-law he had never liked, and the stern obstinacy of her father, Colonel Siegfeld, who had steadily repulsed every attempt made by Hermann towards a reconciliation with his wife, had sorely wounded the pride of the house of Preussach. There remained, however, no alternative; and in August 1817 Ferdinand set out for the capital.

Shortly after his arrival he announced himself at the residence of Colonel Siegfeld. Albertine, the widow, was not at home; his reception from the colonel and his wife was at first of the coldest character. The intelligence, however, which he brought, produced an immediate change. The honourable character of the colonel, and the refined feelings of his wife, made them receive the melancholy tidings with that sympathy which, in noble minds, overpowers every hostile feeling. The colonel readily promised his aid in promoting the object which Ferdinand had in view; and Preussach was about to take his leave, when Albertine's carriage drove up to the gate. The mother had just time to entreat him to conceal from Albertine on the present occasion the death of her husband, promising to break the matter to her as soon as they were alone.

Albertine entered. She paused a moment at the sight of Ferdinand, who was advancing respectfully to meet her; then, as if suddenly recognising him, she became deadly pale, staggered back, and, without a word of salutation, disappeared in the ante-room. Her mother followed her. Preussach felt deeply annoyed at this public and unequivocal indication of dislike—a feeling which, in his own heart, he was conscious of reciprocating; but which at least, he thought, need not be manifested so very openly. He stood before the old man

silent and confused. The colonel hastened to relieve him from his embarrassing situation, shook hands with him, as if to give him a hint of departure, and said, "We shall see each other frequently; let us do what we have to do as men, calmly and considerately." He laid a strong emphasis on the words "*as men*," and "*calmly*," as if he felt annoyed that Ferdinand should have been a witness to this recent display of female irritability.

Three days afterwards the colonel returned the visit, but the intelligence he brought was by no means encouraging. In regard to the succession to the Preussach estates, two courses only were open; either to procure a formal judicial attestation of Hermann's death, proceeding on strict legal evidence; or to go through the form of edictal citation of the deceased, who, after the expiry of the legal period, would be legally held dead. This, however, would require an interval of years; and should the old baron die in the mean time, the estates must be put under a provisional management, an arrangement which the family naturally felt would be extremely disagreeable. The colonel had, with a view to the interests of his daughter, employed his utmost interest at court to have the proceedings shortened; but had little hope that the prince, who entertained strict notions on such matters, would be induced to interfere to obtain any relaxation of the rules of law in a particular case.

From the colonel's conversation, Preussach farther gathered that the intelligence of the death of her husband had been communicated to Albertine, and that she had been more deeply affected by it than her father seemed willing to allow.

In the course of the tedious proceedings and audiences of ministers which the affair demanded, Preussach had occasion to be more than once in company with Albertine. She appeared in a widow's dress—a mark of respect for the memory of her late husband, for which he could not but feel indebted to her. Nor, with all the deep-rooted dislike which he felt for his sister-in-law, could he disguise from himself the exquisite beauty of her face and form, attired in all the bloom and fulness of youth, and set off to advantage by the mourning garb she wore; the grace and elegance of her movements; or the refined gentleness of her manners,

though her bearing towards himself was reserved and formal.

In September he received a letter from Senkenberg. "I have a novelty in its way to communicate to you," the advocate wrote, "in regard to our painful enquiry. Our well-known glove has found its fellow—the left. It resembles the blood-spotted one—as one twin does another; the stamp is the same, though more legibly impressed. The name is Tieffe. It is generally supposed to be the name of the maker; but it has led to what I have now in a few words to communicate.

"In the course of his enquiries the police agent had occasion to exhibit the right hand glove to a milliner here—Madame Lax; one of her customers, a lady—Madame Zeltwach—who had seen the glove in her possession, and had learned that it formed the subject of some enquiry by the police, took it up and examined it. Madame Lax must, in the course of conversation, have mentioned my name; for, two or three days afterwards, Madame Zeltwach waited upon me, and presented me with its counterpart, the left hand glove. She is intimate, it seems, with the family of the Protestant clergyman in Blumenrode, about three leagues from hence. On a late visit there with her daughters, and in the course of some cabinet council among the young ladies as to matters of dress, the second daughter of the clergyman happened accidentally to pull out from her drawer this left hand glove;—there was some jesting as to the name, Wilhelmine Tieffe. The name had struck Madame Zeltwach, so that she had immediately recollected the incident when the right hand glove was shown to her by Madame Lax. She had since pressed the clergyman's daughter for an explanation how she came by it. Her account is, that she had received it from the waiting-woman of a lady who had been on a visit to the baronial family in the neighbourhood the summer before.

"This took place yesterday. Today the clergyman—his name is Rauch—with his daughter Adelaide, appeared before me. They were both anxious and distressed at the idea that they might be suspected of any unfair acquisition of the unfortunate glove. I begged the girl to tell me in the minutest manner how she came by it. She told me, with perfect simplicity,

that she had it from a third party. A young widow from the capital, a Madame Sussfeld, had been long on a visit at the house of Baron Kettler, in the immediate neighbourhood of the parsonage: Adelaide, who had a turn for music, had occasionally played with the lady, and had formed an acquaintance with her waiting-woman. On Madame Sussfeld's departure, Adelaide had assisted the attendant in some of her preparations: in a small dressing-box, among other odds and ends, lay this single new glove, which the waiting-woman, not thinking it worth while to take with her, as its fellow was wanting, had thrown upon the floor. Adelaide, pleased with the fineness of the work, had taken it up, and said, in jest, she would keep it as a remembrance—which she had done.

"I am inclined to believe the story, both because Mademoiselle Rauch is a girl of good character; and also because some things led me to the conclusion that your unfortunate brother had some connexion with Blumenrode.

"Under the apocryphal *French* letter found at K—, you well remember the letters *Bl—*, and an *A*. Strangely enough, however, the Christian name of the waiting-woman, to whom the glove belonged, was Agatha, her surname Roger. An *A* and a *French* name. She is described to me as tall and slender, (Adelaide is neither.) As to the lady, I have learned nothing more than that she was a young widow, of high connexions, and resident at court.

"You have often manifested, in this melancholy investigation, a penetration which I readily acknowledge: you are possessed of information as to your brother's course of life, with which I am but imperfectly acquainted. Possibly you may find the clue where to me the connecting links are awaiting."

Preussach laid down the letter with indifference. "Strange!" he could not help saying, "that the cautious Senkenberg should attach such weight to this discovery. If the stamp be but the signature of the firm, how many hundreds of such gloves, exactly resembling each other, must be now in circulation through the world! I shall write him to that effect, after I have paid my last visit at the colonel's, on the subject of this wearisome succession question."

PART II. THE SUSPICION.

FERDINAND paid his visit. On this occasion Albertine's mother was alone. The conversation turned on Hermann's death, and the discovery of the body, of which she now learned the details for the first time.

"Your brother, then," said she, "is buried where he met with his melancholy end?"

"He is. He rests in the churchyard of the village of Hoffstede, not far from Hilgenberg!"

"Hilgenberg! If Albertine had suspected this! How near she was—at that very time—to the scene of this atrocity!"

"How! was your daughter then in Hilgenberg?"

"She was on a visit to the family of Baron Kettler, at their estate of Blumenrode; from whence she often visited Hilgenberg."

"Blumenrode!" repeated Preussach thoughtfully. A thought began to arise in his mind, to which he felt reluctant to give admission. "Albertine!—a third A!—and this time perhaps the right one." He saw that his absence of mind attracted the lady's attention, and took his leave as soon as he could find an opportunity.

He returned to his lodgings; he read over Senkenberg's letter again; a new light seemed to flash upon him. The billet of 21st July, the glove, were Albertine's. She was the wounded lady at the bath-house; her appearance corresponded sufficiently with the well-remembered description given by the witness. Madame *Sussfeld*—a young widow;—this also admitted of explanation. The separated wife might prefer appearing among strangers in the character of a widow; the name might be mistaken, as has already been the case with that of the leading sufferer in this tragedy.—Siegfeld was the real name. The colonel, in the first vehemence of his indignation against the family of Preussach, had insisted, as he knew, on his daughter's resumption of her family name; and though, from both the married parties being Catholic, he could not effect a dissolution of the marriage, Albertine in private circles, even in the capital, bore the name of Madame Siegfeld. The extraordinary reception he had met with was now accounted for. It was the fear of discovery, the feeling of conscious guilt,

which had overpowered her presence of mind.

The suspicion, once fairly admitted into his mind, he pondered day and night how to put the proofs into such a shape as to induce the authorities to proceed against his sister-in-law as an accomplice in the assassination of her husband.

Agatha Roger, the waiting-woman, he had known before; but she had left the Siegfeld family, and he was afraid of exciting the suspicions of Albertine by venturing on any enquiry after her present residence.

At last he resolved on having a conversation with Albertine, in hopes that, during the interview, something might occur which would bring the matter more distinctly to a point. He found both the ladies at home; and introduced the subject of the investigation which was going on as to the circumstances and the author of Hermann's death. Albertine listened, with evident interest, but without embarrassment.

Preussach turned suddenly to his sister-in-law. "You are acquainted, I believe, with the family of the Baron von Kettler of Blumenrode." Albertine answered in the affirmative. "You are perhaps acquainted, then, with the daughter of the Protestant clergyman there."

"The clergyman has several daughters."

"I mean the second, named Adelaide."

"I know her well: what of her?"

Preussach hesitated; he was in some confusion. He secretly wished that he possessed that penetrating glance for which Senkenberg had given him credit: he felt how difficult it was to steer his way, but he resolved to venture.

"I would willingly," he resumed, after a pause, "learn some particulars as to that girl. She is involved, in a very peculiar manner, in this investigation; the police have discovered"—

"For the love of Heaven what?" exclaimed Albertine—"The poor unfortunate girl! She is innocent, wholly innocent!" She trembled as she uttered these words; every drop of blood had vanished from her cheeks; her mother hurried to her side, thinking she was about to faint.

By a strong effort she regained her composure. "O mother!" she ex-

claimed, "is it possible? I must hence. I must—I *can* save the unfortunate."

Her mother rang: a female attendant entered. Albertine was conducted to her room. At that moment the colonel entered. He stood in silence opposite to Ferdinand. "Another scene!" he muttered to himself.

Preussach clasped his hand. "You will blame me, colonel; but, by heavens!"

"Nay, I blame you not; but you are not acquainted with the irritable nerves of females. One thing only I beg of you: avoid such scenes during the rest of your stay—we have had enough already."

"Enough indeed," said Preussach. "I take my leave, colonel. I regret the pain I have been the means of causing. I regret it more than you can believe."

He took his leave; but in the capital he could rest no longer. "What need of further witnesses?" he said to himself. "Albertine undertakes to prove Adelaide's innocence; who can do that but one who knows the *real* perpetrator of the crime?"

He wrote to Senkenberg. "You praised my penetration, because from a woman's glove I inferred the presence of a woman's hand. You shall hear more. You found the second glove, I have found the hand that fits it. Stop all further proceedings against the clergyman's daughter; let there be no further disturbance made in Blumenrode. In eight days at the farthest I shall be with you."

On mature consideration, Preussach thought it desirable to ascertain to what resolution Albertine had come: he was therefore glad to receive a message that she would wish to see him before his departure. She received him with composure; and pressed him earnestly to explain what had occurred to attach suspicion to Adelaide. Preussach dexterously evaded the desired explanation till he should discover how far she was acquainted with the state of the proceedings. Perceiving her entire ignorance, he spake in dark and doubtful language; told her his advocate wrote vaguely and indefinitely on the subject;—thus much only was certain, that *grievous suspicions* rested on the girl.

Albertine instantly announced her resolution of repairing in person to Hainburg, in order to save the unfor-

tunate Adelaide. Her testimony and that of the Kettler family would be sufficient, she thought, for that purpose. A written interposition, which her mother had at first proposed, appeared to her insufficient. Of this her mother was now convinced, and would accompany her on her long journey.

Preussach encouraged the ladies in their determination. Nothing could suit better with his plans. Once within the sphere of the tribunal of investigation, Albertine would be more easily reached than under the protection of her paternal mansion. In the provinces, too, the forms of the French law prevailed, while in the capital the old German forms were still in use. All his efforts were directed to this end. He advised Albertine to address herself at once to the Ober-Procurator, and to offer every explanation she might have to afford,—generally, and without specifying the person to whose justification these explanations were directed.

The colonel now communicated to him the final result of his negotiations at Court with regard to the succession. The question whether Hermann's death was to be held so far established as to open the succession to the estate to Ferdinand on his father's death, was to be referred to the Court of Appeal at K——, as the supreme tribunal of the province in which Hermann had last resided; with the decision of that court the reigning prince *would not* interfere.

Such being the case, Ferdinand, with his usual prudence, deemed it advisable to be on the spot. He passed through Hainburg, where he had an interview with Senkenberg, who was not a little confounded at the nature of his verbal communications; and directing him to write to him as soon as any thing deserving of attention should occur, he made the best of his way to K——.

Shortly afterwards arrived a packet from Senkenberg.

"I have learned some particulars from a servant in Blumenrode, which seem to connect with those spoken by the Swiss boy, the bath-keeper, and his wife. They remember that the 24th of August was a Saturday. It was the day on which the families of the gentry in the neighbourhood used to hold their weekly assembly in Hilgenberg; on that day the family of Kettler was *not* there, but Madame

Siegfeld was. She had gone in company with the Countess of Koss and her daughters; my informant had accompanied them. In Hilgenberg, Madame Siegfeld had been called away from her party early in the forenoon, and had only rejoined them towards evening. What took place during these hours of absence? The families of Blumenrode and Langsitz could say much; but *will they?*

"Should you think of pursuing your investigations personally in those quarters; let me hint to you that with the Kettlers you need not expect a favourable reception. Like others, they have no suspicion as yet that the murdered officer, as they thought him, was the husband of their guest. But the name of Preussach is not unknown to them; and, from the representations of your sister-in-law, doubtless not favourably known to them. This demands caution. In Langsitz your chance is better. The estate is for sale; many intending purchasers have already visited it; this is in itself a sufficient introduction. If you gain admittance, enquire into every particular of that eventful Saturday. If the story of the wound be true, it could not have escaped the notice of the ladies. At least you will learn whether Madame Siegfeld was dressed that day as the bath-keeper's wife describes; ladies have a good memory for such matters. Note carefully the minutest particulars."

So far the advocate. Let us now see how his client acted upon these hints.

In Blumenrode, as Senkenberg had foreseen, his reception was so discouraging as at once to convince him that this was no time to enter upon the desired investigation. In Langsitz it was very different. The countess was delighted with the admiration which Baron von Preussach expressed for the estate; the curate of the village, who acted as a sort of steward to the countess, won by his insinuating manners, invited him to remain a day or two at the parsonage, to enable him to examine its beauties at leisure: he was soon established as a daily visiter at the castle. The old countess was talkative; the three young ladies, Aurelia, Matilda, and Elizabeth, full of life, playfulness, and spirit.

Ferdinand, a man of tact, and well acquainted with society, soon contrived to turn the conversation on their neighbours of Blumenrode—

their guest Madame Siegfeld, and her visit to Hilgenberg.

"It was in the forenoon," the ladies said, "that Madame Siegfeld was called out of the room at Hilgenberg, and received from a girl in a peasant's dress a letter, which she put into the hands of the countess for her perusal. It was an invitation from some old acquaintance, a Pole or Russian,—the name they remembered distinctly, Madame Seehausen,—urgently pressing her to pay her a visit, as she was then in Hilgenberg. The countess advised her to go; Albertine, begging them not to delay dinner for her, consented; she took her hat and cloak in haste."

"And her parasol, no doubt?" said Preussach smiling.

"Of course," was the answer. "The distance was considerable; for Madame Seehausen's note was dated somewhere in the upper part of the town. The girl accompanied her."

"It was almost dark, and the candles were already lighted in the apartment when she returned. She appeared heated and agitated; her eyes showed traces of weeping; and, in answer to the sympathizing enquiries of her friends, she gave them a pathetic account of the distresses of her friend, and of the suffering to herself which the recital had caused."

Preussach saw that the ladies had formed the idea that the extreme curiosity which he manifested as to every particular relative to Madame Siegfeld, was owing to a tender interest on his part in the lady; for they smiled at the minuteness of his questions, as if they penetrated the motive by which they were dictated. He thought, therefore, that he might venture to play the part of the inquisitor still more boldly.

"Her dress—did they recollect the colour?"

They hesitated; they were not certain; but it was silk.

"Perhaps, if he might hazard a conjecture, it was *green silk?*"

The ladies smiled. The countess remembered a green silk petticoat which Madame Siegfeld occasionally wore, but could not recollect whether she wore it that day.

"O no!" said Aurelia, "not that day. I know she had a dress with short sleeves, for she wore *long gloves.*"

Preussach listened with fixed attention.

"True, true!" exclaimed the ladies, laughing in chorus. "That was the day that she made so strange an exchange."

Preussach had some difficulty in concealing his anxiety under the mask of pleasantry.

"If I might only be permitted a peep into this mystery," said he, with a gallant bow to Aurelia, "these long gloves seem to be associated with some agreeable recollections."

"Don't deceive yourself," replied Aurelia; "a mere trifle—only one of your fair friend's caprices of the toilet."

The countess interfered. "Come, tell the story at once. Baron Preussach must not look for wonders here."

Aurelia with mock earnestness began. "It was a fine summer morning, when mamma with two of her daughters—Elizabeth was not of the party—called at Blumenrode to convey Albertine to Hilgenberg. The Kettlers were otherwise engaged, and could not attend the *reunion*. We were rather late, and so did not dismount, but waited for our protegee in the carriage. She came at last, accompanied by her waiting-maid, and stepped into the carriage, while the maid mounted the box. Compliments had been exchanged; the horses were just put in motion, when Albertine unluckily dropped from the carriage window one of her fine long white gloves. Alas! it fell into the mud, and was totally destroyed.

"A substitute must be found. The waiting-woman hurried into the house, and returned with another pair: but—of *Danish* leather.

"Madame Siegfeld was annoyed, for she had set her heart on white gloves. For the present, however, there was no help; and the Danish gloves, which were new and elegant, were accepted. In the evening, when she returned from her northern friend, my first glance accidentally fell on her gloves. She again wore white. My mother and I made no remark. The touching story of her friend's misfortunes had made us melancholy. Matilda, however, who had been out of the room when she returned, came up to her and looked at her with a smile. 'Why do you look at me so?' said Albertine, somewhat confused. 'I am admiring your consistency; as you began the day with white gloves, you are resolved so to end it.' 'Ah!' ex-

claimed Madame Siegfeld, 'consistency has nothing to do with the matter; in the agitation of taking leave of my friend, I made an involuntary exchange,—the gloves belong to a young lady, her companion, and I only discovered my mistake when too late.'

"I could not help thinking," added Matilda, "her distraction of mind must have been considerable; for the third edition of the gloves was any thing but an improved one; they were of very ordinary materials, large, and ill made."

Preussach hinted at the story of the wound in the hand; but here he met with a decided negative, accompanied by an expression of surprise. That Madame Siegfeld had met with a wound none of them suspected or believed. "It must have been," said Matilda, slyly, "an invisible one—in the heart."

Preussach stopped: he had learned enough; more than he could have hoped for. As he took his leave of Langsitz, the countess expressed a hope that they might renew their acquaintance at a future period:—the hope was fulfilled sooner than they expected or wished for.

In passing through Hilgenberg on his way to K—, he caused the most careful enquiries to be made after Madame Seehausen; but without success. The name was wholly unknown in Hilgenberg.

He laid the result of his investigations before Senkenberg, who now thought the time had arrived for proceeding criminally against the suspected party. He prepared a detailed memorial, in which he recapitulated the combination of circumstances which seemed to implicate Madame von Preussach in a guilty participation, at least, in the murder of her husband; adverted to her arrival within the district, which might be shortly expected; and urged the authorities, as soon as she appeared, to proceed in the usual way to her examination as a party charged with a criminal offence. At the same time that Senkenberg laid his memorial before the Ober-Procurator, Ferdinand appeared in the formal character of private complainer. He hesitated not to ascribe the crime, of which he alleged his sister-in-law to be either the perpetrator or the accomplice, to pecuniary embarrassment arising from extravagance in the capital, and the anxiety to anticipate the increased allowance which would fall to her from the entailed estates upon

the death of her husband ; an allowance, however, which she would now forfeit in favour of himself, if her participation in the murder could be brought home to her, and which formed the ground on which his appearance as private complainer was justified.

Whether the Ober-Procurement would have been inclined at once to proceed upon Senkenberg's requisition had it stood alone, we know not ; but his hesitation was at once put an end to when he combined it with another circumstance which took place at the time, and which, though slight in itself, acquired importance from the way in which it was connected with others. Albertine had arrived in Hainburg, and, following Preussach's suggestion, had immediately addressed herself in writing to the Ober-Procurement, requesting an interview with the member of the court to whom the investigation into her husband's death had been delegated. She had been given to understand, she said, that suspicion had fallen on an individual whom she felt herself both able and bound to vindicate.

This last allusion was naturally unintelligible to the Ober-Procurement ; since no proceedings had been taken against the clergyman's daughter. He delivered the letter to the judge who had the charge of the investigation ; and directed him to interrogate the writer further as to the point in question. The judge looked at the letter ; the handwriting struck him as familiar ; he compared it with that of the letter of 21st July ; to himself the resemblance appeared to be strong. He laid both before professional men, as well as the stripe of paper found in the poor's chest. As to the last they could pronounce no decided opinion ; the characters were disguised ; the other two, they thought, were the production of one hand.

In a day or two after, Albertine presented herself before the judge of instruction in K—, accompanied by her mother.

The judge contrived to direct the conversation in such a way as to induce Albertine to enter on the particulars of her last summer's residence : he enquired, as if under the guise of mere legal formality, after the names of the persons with whom she had associated, and dwelt particularly, though apparently without any par-

ticular purpose, on her visits to Hilgenberg.

Albertine's answers were distinct, short, and cautious, indicating a resolution not to say more, in answer to the questions, than was absolutely necessary.

The audience had continued for some time, when Albertine's glance accidentally rested on the clerk of court, who, sitting at some distance, was anxiously watching every movement on her part, and committing to paper every word she uttered. She asked whether it was *her statement* which was thus taken down. The judge answered in the affirmative. "Then I have been misunderstood," said she. "It was not a judicial examination I asked for, but a private audience with the judge, on a matter too delicate to be committed to writing, or made the subject of formal and public discussion."

The judge answered politely, but decidedly :—"The deposition must be taken down, but its contents would be read over to her."

A pause ensued. "I suspect," she resumed, "that I have been deceived as to the necessity of my presence here. I know nothing of the course of your proceedings ; but persons who represented themselves as cognizant of these, spoke of suspicion having fallen on an innocent and defenceless being, whom I felt it to be my duty to protect. I find that that is not the case ; I presume, therefore, my presence may in future be dispensed with."

The judge was embarrassed. He felt the difficulty of continuing the enquiry without plainly betraying its object. As a *detour* in the mean time, he took up Albertine's last words, and asked, "Who is the person of whom you speak?"

Albertine hesitated, and looked at her mother ; that lady spoke. "We have no occasion for concealment," said she. "Baron Ferdinand von Preussach was our informant, and the person whom he represented as suspected is a Madlle. Rauch, the daughter of the reformed clergyman of Blumenrode. Of the grounds of the suspicion we know nothing."

"Is it so?" said the judge, turning to Albertine. "Your object was to clear this Demoiselle Rauch from suspicion?"

"It was," answered Albertine ; "if

suspicion really existed—the possibility of which I cannot conceive.”

“What are your reasons for thinking it impossible?”

“I know that Madlle. Rauch never knew, never saw my deceased husband.”

“How so? When did you yourself last see your deceased husband?”

Albertine appeared at first somewhat surprised; then replied calmly, and with dignity—

“It was my parents’ will that I should neither see nor speak to the Baron von Preussach after our separation.”

“And their will you have obeyed, without exception?”

“Exceptions they alone could have permitted; and to them, and them only, do I conceive myself bound to answer for my conduct.”

The mother rose, and begged that the interview might now terminate. What Albertine had to state had been stated; that testimony the Blumenrode family could confirm: if further explanations were still required from her daughter, they could be afterwards given, as they purposed remaining for a few days in the neighbourhood, before setting out on their homeward journey.

The judge was under the necessity, for the present, of complying. The ladies took their leave, after being informed that their presence *would* be necessary once more two days afterwards. The object of the judge was to see whether Albertine could be identified by the bath-keeper’s wife as the lady who had appeared in Schlingin on the 24th August, and, if so, at once to issue an order for her apprehension.

On the day appointed, Albertine again appeared, accompanied by her mother. They were requested to walk into an adjoining apartment; they appeared surprised, but obeyed without remark on being told that such was the usual course.

On this occasion the task of examination, in consequence of the illness of the usual judge, devolved upon a younger member of the bar, who, with all the zeal of a new-comer, was disposed to press every point to the uttermost. After some unimportant questions, he came to the events of the 24th August. He suggested the various circumstances which might enable her to recollect the precise

date—a Saturday—the day of the weekly assembly in Hilgenberg—the birthday of the reigning Princess. Albertine recollected these perfectly; she stated that this *was* the date of her last visit to Hilgenberg. She was then asked to specify how she was occupied on that day from morning till evening. Albertine paused. The question was repeated. She was silent. She became more and more anxious and agitated, the judge more pressing. He mentioned, that the Countess von Koss and her daughters had already been examined.

Albertine became pale. “What means all this?” she asked, with a faltering voice. “What has the examination of the countess to do with me?”

“The countess,” continued the judge, “states that you left her party early, and did not return till evening. Where were you in the interval?”

“I do not understand the object of these questions.”

“The judge puts questions in virtue of his office. He expects an answer—you are bound to give it for your own justification.”

Albertine rose from her chair:—“Justification!” she exclaimed, “Against what charge? Who is my accuser?”

“Accusation is not the question,” replied the judge, “but an answer I demand; and, in the name of the king—WHERE WERE YOU IN THE INTERVAL?”

With solemn dignity Albertine stood before the judge: “You call on me in the king’s name. For that king my father bled, my brothers died the death of heroes!—I know my duty also to the king. I have been torn from those who are my natural protectors; overpowered with questions, the drift of which I cannot comprehend—which I cannot answer. I will not invent answers: that were beneath me. But I can be silent, and I will. Henceforward my mouth is dumb. No person on earth shall unseal it. Act according to your rules. This is my last word.”

She sank upon her chair, and burst into tears. The further enquiries of the judge were addressed to her in vain. He was obliged to confine himself to recording exactly the expressions which she had used; and then passed into the antechamber, where the bath-keeper’s wife, with the Swiss boy, were in waiting: the bath-

keeper himself had died in the spring of that year. The boy could say nothing as to Albertine's resemblance to the person he had seen; but the woman, who through the glass door had witnessed the whole of the stormy interview between Albertine and the judge, answered the question of the judge without hesitation—

"Yes, that is the lady! So fair a creature could not be mistaken;—walk, manner, voice, every thing corresponds."

They proceed to confront her with the accused. Albertine still sat, in deep thought, in the place where he had left her. She raised her head as the judge entered, along with the witnesses; but her glance rested with the coldness of a stranger on the face of the old woman.

The judge began: "This woman deposes that she saw you, on the day in question, in her house at Schlingin, with a wound in the hand, which her husband bound up." Albertine laid her head down again; no word crossed her lips, but her tears flowed unceasingly. Even the witness was infected by her grief; she wept along with her, but she adhered to her story. So ended the audience.

A painful duty now devolved on the young judge—that of communicating to the mother that her daughter could not accompany her. It may be imagined with what feelings she received the appalling tidings. She tried to ask questions; the words died upon her lips: in a state of insensibility she was conveyed to her carriage.

The judge expected a still more agitating scene in announcing her apprehension to Albertine. He was mistaken: he found her in a state of calmness which he could not understand. She received the intelligence of her arrest without emotion; and when she learned that her mother had been conveyed to her house, she said, with resignation—"It is better so. God will give her strength to bear the blow!"

The arrest was carried into effect with all the delicacy which the sex and rank of the accused demanded: the best accommodation which circumstances permitted; the use of books and music was allowed to her; only a rigid system of exclusion against all visitors was enforced, to which rule even her mother formed no exception,

One point to which, before the formal commencement of the proceedings, the judge thought it right to advert, was the trace which the wound in the hand to which the witnesses had spoken might be supposed to leave behind. Albertine was required to present her hand to the inspection of surgeons. With a deep feeling of wounded pride, but without hesitation, she complied. Opinions were divided as to the result. One of the surgeons could perceive no trace of any wound; another was of opinion that a certain faint line might be traced across the palm of the hand, perceptible rather to touch than to sight, which might not improbably be the remains of a wound inflicted by some sharp instrument; the third concurred with the first—he could see and feel nothing.

One quarter only remained in which it appeared to the court to be necessary that the examinations should be completed before proceeding to trial. This was at Blumenrode, to which the family of Baron Kettler had now returned. The baron and his family, now first made aware of the close relation in which the dead man of St Anne's chapel stood to their former guest, obeyed the judicial summons most unwillingly; but the baron knew his duty too well to decline answering any questions which might be put to him.

As to the wound no one had heard of it. They recollected, indeed, that Madame Siegfeld, or rather Preussach, had, during some short part of her residence with them, been unwell, and had kept her room for several days. The house surgeon recollected the lady's indisposition, but did not think her ill, only nervous and out of spirits.

The communications of the eldest daughter Hedwig were important. Madame von Preussach had left Blumenrode in the beginning of September, though her intention had originally been to remain till October. Letters from home, she said, required her presence there. Some time after her departure, Hedwig wrote to her, and, among other news of the day, mentioned that an officer had been found robbed and cruelly murdered among the mountains. The subject seemed to have taken a deep hold of Madame von Preussach's mind; for in more than one of her answers she

adverted to it. In one there occurred this passage:—

“So in your beautiful neighbourhood robbery and murder are not unknown? The unfortunate officer—I hope he is none of your admirers from France. Write to me again when you hear more of the matter. Do not forget.”

In another, dated in January 1817, the postscript contained these words:—

“Have you heard nothing more of the murder among the mountains?”

In a music-book, which she had left behind, was found a scrap of paper, which appeared to have been the unfinished draft of an intended letter, the contents of which were singular.

“I honour the motives from which your warning proceeds; but my resolution is taken. *I will see him.* Matters on which the peace of my life depends, must be brought to a settlement. A—— knows me. He knows that in decisive moments the weaknesses of my sex”——

Here the scroll broke off. A few unconnected words were written on other parts of the paper, as if by some one trying a pen.

The letter was indisputably from the now well-known hand of Madame von Preussach. It was exhibited to her, and appeared to produce a strong impression on her mind; but she persisted in her silence.

In this state the proceedings were transmitted to the Supreme Court, whose judgment was to determine whether there appeared sufficient grounds for bringing the accused immediately to trial, or whether any points required further investigation before that decisive step was resorted to.

The result of their deliberations evinced the caution, impartiality, and love of justice of that tribunal. Pregnant as the grounds of suspicion appeared to be, they did not think it expedient to resort to the institution of criminal proceedings until some points which appeared to require, or to be susceptible of, further elucidation should be cleared up. First, the authorities were directed to enquire more minutely into the previous character and temperament of the deceased Baron von Preussach; second, to investigate how far the statement made by the complainer Ferdinand was well founded, that the accused, in consequence of her pecuniary embar-

rassments, had an interest in bringing about her husband's death; thirdly, to ascertain what sentiments or manner of treatment she had habitually manifested towards her husband; and fourthly, to take immediate possession of the whole papers belonging to her within her father's residence. Lastly, all further interference with the judicial procedure on the part of the private complainer, which had already been carried too far, was directed to be *repressed*.

The directions of the tribunal, in regard to the papers, were carried into effect in such a manner as to leave the colonel ignorant of the object of the search, or the accusation which was impending over the head of his daughter. He was led to understand they were required by her with reference to her civil interests, as having right to a widow's annuity from the estate. Still, a vague feeling of anxiety and fear, arising from the prolonged absence of his wife and daughter, coupled with this judicial inspection of the papers of the latter, began to haunt his mind. He wrote with the most pressing earnestness to his wife, that if she wished to see him alive, she must no longer delay her return. The unfortunate mother, distracted between her duty to her husband and her daughter, knew not at first how to decide. At last conjugal affection prevailed, and she resolved, for some time at least, to leave her daughter.

By the kindness, or it might be the policy of the judge, a parting interview between the mother and daughter, at the lodgings of the former, was permitted. It appeared to have been an agitating one, if the account of a witness could be trusted, who had *accidentally* overheard the conversation from the adjoining apartment. The dialogue was carried on in French; but the witness, a private schoolmaster, *not altogether unknown to the police*, being perfectly acquainted with the language, lost not a word. According to his account, the elder lady had exclaimed to the younger—

“Unhappy girl, you are no stranger to Hermann's death!”

To which the latter, with loud sobs, replied—

“Mother! God knows what has happened. I cannot speak; I may die in misery, but I will be silent.”

On reaching her home, a severe

conflict awaited her; how to account to her husband for the continued absence of her daughter. Nothing better occurred to her than to confirm him in the belief, that the cause of her detention was simply the necessity of her personal presence in the civil proceedings relative to her allowance as Hermann's widow.

The commissioner who had been employed in the delicate task of taking possession of the papers and private effects of the accused, had now returned to Hainburg, bringing with him the contents of her repositories; in the inspection of which he had found a useful assistant in her former waiting-woman—that Agatha Roger of whom we have already heard in the narrative of the clergyman's daughter. Agatha had, in the mean time, risen in the world. Shortly after her return to Blumenrode, she had married the former teacher in the Siegfeld family, now rector of a school in a little town not far from the capital.

The box which contained the letters contained also some of the jewels and trinkets of Albertine. In one corner lay a sealed packet; it was opened, and its contents were a gold watch, with key and seal, and a wedding-ring. "Ah!" exclaimed the rector's wife on seeing them, "this is Baron Hermann's watch which he always wore, and this his marriage-ring. The watch was a wedding present from his wife. No doubt, he has sent them back to her after the separation."

No letters were found which threw any new light on the immediate subject of investigation. It appeared, however, from some of her correspondence with third parties, that proposals of marriage had more than once been made to her after the separation—a fact which had escaped even the searching investigation of Ferdinand von Preussach.

On the other hand, the numerous testimonies, both private and public, to the character and conduct of Albertine, were highly favourable. She was described as uniting pride and dignity with benevolence and condescension; great natural accomplishments to much artificial cultivation; the most undeviating affection and duty to her parents, with the most careful attention to the education of her daughter. One drawback only

seemed to be universally admitted: this was her excessive passion for dress and costly amusements, particularly music, as to which the secret report of the police of the capital, otherwise favourable, was to this effect.—"Truth requires it to be stated, that the Baroness von Preussach has not observed due order in the management of her affairs; that demands have occasionally been made against her for large sums long due; and that she has even been threatened with legal measures for their recovery."

Among the numerous bills for dress and articles of fashion which were found, scattered through her drawers, were several bearing the name of Wilhelmine Tieffe, which had given rise to so many enquiries; and the rector's wife explained that this was the name of a fashionable milliner in the capital, with whom Albertine had dealt extensively.

The deposition of the rector's wife, which was among the most important which had yet come under the notice of the authorities, was in substance, though somewhat more long-winded, to this effect:—

"I knew the Baroness von Preussach from her childhood; I had been taken as an orphan into the house, and had been suffered, when a child, to play with her and her brothers. She received a good, but at the same time showy education: her mother's view, from the first, had been to fit her for the Court, at which she made her debut when only sixteen years old.

"She was the admiration of all, and deserved to be so, for she was beautiful as an angel. Just about this time Baron Hermann von Preussach, who had served along with the young Siegfelds, arrived at the capital. A handsome man, a beautiful rider, and graceful dancer, he soon became an adorer of my young lady; who, on the other hand, was from the first attracted by his exquisite voice, a peculiarly fine tenor, and his taste for music. Music, indeed, soon formed the secret tie which united them. The baron, the next successor to the entailed estates, was no bad match, particularly as the lady could not boast of much fortune. The marriage soon took place, and the baron quitted the military service, somewhat to the annoyance of his father-in-law, for a country life.

"The bride was not then seventeen, the baron about six-and-twenty. Du-

ring the summer they lived at a residence on the Preussach estates, which his parents had vacated for their accommodation. She proposed to me to accompany them: she was accustomed to my society and counsel in the secrets of the toilet; and I accompanied her.

"The union in its commencement was a happy one. The old Baron Preussach and his wife were delighted with their daughter-in-law: the daughters, two old maids who had once been beauties, appeared to be so. Baron Ferdinand, the younger brother, was then at the university.

"The only misfortune was, that the young baroness, the spoiled child of the court and the capital—though she was pleased with a country life, viewing it on its poetical side—had not the slightest turn for those domestic arrangements, or the least idea of the discomfort and misery which a want of economy is sure to bring in its train. Their income, properly managed, would have been amply sufficient for their comfort. As it was, involved in an incessant round of visiting and expensive pleasures, it soon failed. At first the old baroness assisted them: she had a considerable private fortune of her own, and Hermann was her favourite child. This, as may be imagined, annoyed the others, particularly Baron Ferdinand, who looked better after money matters. He and his sisters had only their mother's fortune to look to when the estate opened to Hermann; and it was certainly annoying to see that fund diminished by the very person who was otherwise so favoured by fortune. This was the first source of the dissension, to which the continued extravagance of the Baroness constantly supplied new aliment. In truth, she possessed a wardrobe that many princesses would have envied; and the sums which she thoughtlessly squandered would have been sufficient to have clothed several families with respectability.

"The evil increased when a child, Alfred, was born, and was followed a year afterwards by the little Constance. The children required a French nurse: every year a visit was paid to the capital, an expensive mansion hired, and new inroads made by anticipation on the future revenues of the estate, for the expenses of society, servants, and equipage.

"Still between the married pair all went well. Hermann sided with his wife, and quarrelled with his brother and sisters; the parents were neutral: they were of any opinion which their beloved Hermann might adopt.

"But, alas! the peace of the married pair now received a severe shock, and that through the fault of the husband. Heaven knows how it happened—for he loved his wife, and she was in the very bloom of youthful beauty—but she detected him in a shameful intrigue, the more shameful that one of her own women was his guilty accomplice. Herself conscious of her own fidelity, Madame von Preussach was not disposed, as some wives might have done, to treat this insult gently. She betook herself instantly, along with her children, to her father's house; a step at which the Preussachs were confounded. Hermann himself called frequently, along with his mother: at last, old affection and love for her children, and the fear of being separated from her son, prevailed. She consented to pardon her husband's fault, who, with the most vehement protestations, reiterated his remorse, and his resolution to live only for her in future.

"Alas! the resolution, if sincere, was short-lived. The little Alfred died: his mother, as may be expected, was dreadfully affected by this her first loss. She had exhausted herself in watching the poor child: after his burial she fell into a nervous fever, on her partial recovery from which she was ordered by the physicians to a bathing-place to recruit her strength.

"Her husband could not accompany her; for his brother was on his travels, his father in weak health, and in his dotage. I and her mother were her companions.

"Some evil spirit, methinks, must have come over Baron Hermann in our absence. The disreputable and fatal connexion which he had abjured was resumed; so openly, indeed, that it reached the ears of the baroness. Her resolution was immediately taken: we returned no more to the castle: we went straight from the watering-place to her father's house. No opposition, no entreaties on the part of the Preussach family, were this time listened to: the formal separation was pressed forward, as far as our church (for both were Catholics) would per-

mit. The colonel exerted all his influence: the sentence was soon pronounced, and it was most unfavourable for the guilty party. The separated wife was to retain possession of her daughter, and to be provided with an ample yearly allowance.

"The pecuniary consequences of the separation would have affected the thoughtless and passionate Hermann but little; but wise too late, the loss of his wife, his separation from his child, struck deep into his heart. He spared no efforts at first to obtain a reconciliation: the young wife might, perhaps, have yielded; for, after the first burst of feeling, I believe her heart was still with her husband, but the colonel was inexorable. He strictly forbade all intercourse between them, either verbal or written. The daughter honoured and respected her father too much not to yield an implicit obedience, at whatever cost. So it remained. We heard no more of the Preussachs; Madame Siegfeld, (the name she now took,) communicative towards me in other respects, never mentioned her husband's name. I heard only accidentally from another source, that Hermann, after an entire breach with his family, had left the country, vowing never to return until he could call the estates his own; and then all should have cause to tremble who stood between him and his wife. His mother had, in the mean time, died, and Hermann had claimed and obtained his share of her fortune: with that he had taken his journey, no one knew whither, into the wide world.

"Madame Siegfeld resided, along with the little Constance, in the house of her father, with the exception of a few months which she spent, in summer 1816, with the family of Baron Kettler at Blumenrode. I accompanied her on that visit, but became ill in Blumenrode, and so was latterly little about her, and did not accompany her on her return, having been confined till the beginning of October.

"I know that, after the separation, several brilliant proposals of marriage were made to my mistress. As long as Hermann lived that was impossible according to our laws; but devices can sometimes be found for getting over such difficulties; and I have reason to think hints of that sort were thrown out by a Protestant nobleman of our acquaintance, whose name, however, I cannot take the liberty of mention-

ing. Whether my mistress countenanced this idea or not, I know not: if she did, she communicated on the subject only with her most intimate friends. Certain it is that the colonel, who is a deeply religious man, was thoroughly opposed to it.

"After my return from Blumenrode, I remained till Christmas in the service of my lady. I then married my present husband, who had obtained the rectorship in his native town. Since my marriage, I have seen the family of Siegfeld once or twice: my mistress has been uniformly kind and gracious to me.

"I own," she continued, in answer to some special interrogatories as to Madame von Preussach's temper—"I own she is hasty and violent in a high degree. In her anger she is capable of excesses, which in cooler moments her real excellence of heart has induced her bitterly to regret." And she instanced several occasions in which this violence of temper, manifesting itself even in a very unbecoming violence of action, had been displayed both towards the witness and towards her husband, on some supposed ground—she did not deny it might be well founded—of provocation.

The Court of Appeal had directed particular enquiry to be made after two persons, whose evidence they considered in the previous enquiry. These were the girl who had conducted Madame von Preussach from her party to Madame Seehausen's, and the old woodman who had been the companion of the wounded lady at the baths of Schlingin.

The woodman could not be traced. The girl was at last discovered, through the unceasing efforts of the police. She was now in the service of a merchant in the market-town of Wollheim, not far from K——.

Her statement was to this effect. "I was in service two years with a shoemaker in Hilgenberg. In 1816, the front part of his house was hired by a Madame Veitel from Wollheim, with the view of letting it out in apartments to the bathers. The rooms, however, had stood empty for some time. One day—it was towards the beginning of August—Madame Veitel sent for me, and asked if I would go a message for her. I dressed myself, and went up into her room. I found a young gentleman with her, to whom

she was very polite. She gave me a sealed letter. I was to take it to the assembly room, and to deliver it personally to a lady whom I would find there, and whose name she mentioned. The name I have forgotten, and, were it mentioned to me, I should not recognise it. There was much company at the rooms, old and young. I enquired according to the address, and was directed to a lady, whom, from her appearance, I should have taken to be unmarried. She read the letter, and, after some conversation with the party, she prepared to accompany me. Madame Veitel had told me before, that I was to show her the way. She made me walk before, and followed so fast that we soon reached our destination. Scarcely a word was spoken during our walk. Madame Veitel received her at the door, thanked me, and dismissed me: what happened afterwards I know not. The gentleman I never saw again. My mistress told me afterwards a lady and gentleman had walked through the garden, and out in the direction of the mountains. Whether they were the persons I have mentioned, I cannot say.

"The dress of the lady I could not particularly observe, as I walked before her. I noticed, however, that she had a fine complexion; that she was in full dress, and her make, in proportion to her height, extremely slender. Of her clothing I can remember nothing, except that it was of several colours—what they were, I cannot now say; she wore a straw hat with flowers.

"The gentleman, as I have said, was young also, tall, slender, and dark-complexioned. He wore a short green coat, and tight buckskin pantaloons, with short boots drawn over them, and spurs."

She pointed out the house in Hilgenberg which Madame Veitel, who was since dead, had inhabited. The shoemaker and his wife had now no recollection of the lady and gentleman passing through the garden; and farther, they were positive no person of the name of Madame Seehausen had ever inhabited their house.

Thus closed the supplementary investigation; and in this shape the case returned to the Court of Appeal for its final direction.

The decision was not long delayed. It directed that criminal proceedings should be forthwith instituted against the accused; and that the trial should take place at the next assizes at Hainburg. An advocate was appointed to assist the prisoner in case of need. This, however, proved unnecessary. An old and experienced counsel, a friend of the Seigfeld family, and in considerable practice before the Court of Cassation, announced himself as authorized with her permission to act for the defence. He received access to the vast mass of documents which had now accumulated, and conferred with his client on the subject. It will appear, however, in the sequel, that she had not been more communicative to her counsel than to her accusers.

PART III. THE TRIAL.

THE time of the sittings approached; and the case of Preussach stood first on the list. The interesting nature of the subject-matter—the personal attractions of the accused—the number and rank of the expected witnesses—all concurred to give the trial a peculiar importance, and to attract an extraordinary crowd of spectators.

The office of president of the assizes had been undertaken by one of the oldest judges of the Court of Appeal, and that of public prosecutor was filled by one of the most distinguished members of the public ministry of the province, a man of established reputation, the procurator-general Schomberg.

The opening of the sittings took place on the 1st of July 1818. At eight in the morning the galleries were opened to the public, and, in a quarter of an hour, they were filled to overflowing. Among the spectators were many ladies.

About nine the president directed the accused to be introduced. All eyes were directed towards the door by which she was to enter.

Albertine appeared, conducted by her counsel, and took her seat in the place appointed for her.

Beautiful indeed she seemed this accused, though the rose had vanished from her cheek, and had been replaced by a marble paleness; for still the

noble expressive features, the look of high bearing and dignity, were there. Her dress was as simple as it was becoming: a black silk robe, a hat and veil of the same colour, and her only ornament a slender gold chain which sustained her watch. The favourable impression which her appearance made upon the public could not be mistaken.

Near her sat the private complainer, Ferdinand von Preussach, the subject also of great observation, though obviously of a less favourable kind. His well formed features betrayed a painful restlessness, which, in the course of the proceedings, sometimes amounted almost to distortion. The witnesses in general sat silent, and with down-cast eyes; many of the ladies dissolved in tears.

The president, a man of imposing exterior, addressed the accused. She rose and answered the usual questions as to name, rank, and residence, in a low tone, scarcely audible to the court. The jury were then empanelled and sworn; the act of accusation, which was long and detailed, and which charged the accused with being an accomplice in the murder of her husband, was read; her counsel denied the charge, and the examination of the witnesses commenced.

We need not pursue these examinations in detail. Suffice it to say, that about forty witnesses were examined; and that, though some important points were elicited on cross-examination, their depositions before the court were, in substance, the same with those which they had given on their preliminary examination. The points in which they differed, will be sufficiently indicated by the observations made by the counsel for the defence.

At the conclusion of the evidence, which had occupied the greater part of two days, and in the course of which several warm debates had taken place on contested questions of evidence, the president addressed the prisoner.

"Had she any evidence to adduce? If so, the necessary delay would be granted to her."

A short and earnest conversation took place in an under tone between the lady and her counsel. The latter seemed to press upon her some advice to which she was disinclined.

She shook her head mournfully but decidedly.

The advocate turned to the court—"My client declines to adduce any evidence. She will abide the result as it stands."

The public prosecutor rose to address the jury. Instead of following him through his long, and in some respects impressive, commentary on the evidence, we shall state briefly the conclusions to which his speech was directed.

"He held it to be clear," he said, "that Baron Hermann von Preussach had been assassinated, and by means of a sharp instrument, apparently a knife. That there had been others on the spot at the time who were the authors of the deed, seemed plain from all the evidence.

"The time of the assassination, though not fixed to an hour, was plainly brought within the compass of the 24th August, the day on the morning of which the deceased had been last seen alive. The place was evidently the ruin on the Raubstein, from whence the body had been conveyed to St Anne's chapel below."

He proceeded to detail the combination of circumstances which had led to the suspicion, and the subsequent conviction that the accused was connected with the murder.

"The idea of the crime having been committed with a view to robbery, was out of the question. The ring left on the finger of the deceased—his purse left in the poor's chest of the chapel—excluded that supposition.

"That a woman had been concerned in the deed was proved by many circumstances, some of real, some of parole evidence. The stripes of a silk dress found round the body and among the bushes—the Danish leather glove—the evidence of the witnesses who had seen a lady ascending the path to the Raubstein on the forenoon of the 24th August—that of the bath-keeper and others who had seen her again at Schlingin, wounded, agitated, in company with a stranger who had used expressions, the import of which could not be mistaken as pointing to some recent tragedy—clearly connected a female with the assassination of the 24th August.

"But was it not equally certain that this female was the Baroness von Preussach? The evidence proved

unquestionably that after their separation, and unknown apparently to her parents, a secret correspondence continued between the spouses, he writing from K—, and she from Blumenrode. It was proved by the letters themselves that a secret and decisive interview had been resolved on: that interview had taken place on the 24th August. The baroness had joined her husband in the house of Madame Veitel; her dress on that occasion corresponded, as far as could be seen, with that worn by the stranger at Schlingin. From Madame Veitel's the parties had continued their walk to the lonely and unfrequented thickets of the Raubstein, which had proved the scene of the lamentable catastrophe.

"Every thing confirmed this view. The baroness returns to her party in Hilgenberg late in the evening, pale and agitated, with white gloves substituted for the pair of Danish gloves, of which one had been left behind in her flight. She feigns a story of the distresses of a Madame Seehausen, who never existed; conceals the wound in her hand by the constant use of gloves; shortens her stay at Blumenrode by nearly two months; writes anxiously, again and again, to know whether any thing is discovered as to the murder; is overpowered by the sight of the brother of her murdered husband, and by the intelligence that an innocent person had been arrested on suspicion of the crime of which she herself had been guilty: last of all, the watch and marriage-ring of her husband, which the witnesses from K— spoke to his wearing, are found in her possession.

"Taking these circumstances together, are we not compelled to echo the exclamation which escaped from her mother,—'Unhappy girl, you are no stranger to Hermann's death!'

"That another person was also concerned along with her;—that that person was the woodman who had been seen in her company at Schlingin, was not improbable; but that did not the less leave the charge of a guilty participation in her husband's murder proved against her.

"But the motive, it might be asked, the motive for the crime? That motive he was not bound to explain; but he thought it might be naturally explained. He gave no weight to the insinuation that the deed had been

the result of a deliberate plan, arising from the embarrassment caused by pecuniary extravagance: he admitted that the balance of the evidence in favour of character, appeared inconsistent with the notion of a murder perpetrated from interested motives, and concerted long before.

"But her passionate temper was as distinctly proved as the better parts of her character. The passions of her husband were as impetuous as her own. His object in the interview plainly was, to obtain in any way her consent to a reconciliation and renewal of their intercourse; by fair means, if possible; if these failed, probably by force. That he had threatened violent measures on some former occasion was evident; for her letter had alluded to warnings received from a third party, which, confident in her own strength of mind, she had despised. Might not the violence thus threatened have been attempted to be carried into execution at this *decisive* interview of the 24th of August, when the stimulus of intoxication appeared to have been added to the natural violence of his character, and the excitement of passion? If on that occasion he attempted forcibly to remove her from the spot, was it improbable that she too, of passions as violent as his own, might be hurried into crime—might snatch the knife which lay beside, and plunge it into the heart of her husband?

"And what answer does the accused make to all the charges against her? What proofs does she oppose to them? What witnesses does she call? What is her defence? Obstinate silence—a silence inexplicable upon the supposition of innocence, perfectly natural upon the supposition of guilt; particularly in one not so depraved as to resort to artifice and falsehood in order to shield her from the consequences of the crime into which she has been hurried."

The auditory had listened with deep anxiety to the long address of the public prosecutor. Opinions were much divided at its conclusion. The female part of the spectators inclined to the theory that the baroness was not guilty of the murder of her husband, though not ignorant of the circumstances of the murder; the male part of the auditory were disposed, in the main, to concur in the conclusions of the public prosecutor. The con-

duct of the baroness in Hilgenberg—the mysterious visit to Madame Veitel's—the expressions which she appeared to have uttered—above all, her silence in answer to all accusations—spoke too decidedly against her to admit the supposition of innocence.

The advocate for the accused rose to address the court, amidst the deep silence of expectation and anxiety. We pass over the introduction of his pleading, and come at once to the subject-matter:—

"It was strange," he said, "that the public prosecutor had assumed, without argument, the very basis of the whole accusation—that the dead man of St Anne's chapel was Hermann von Preussach, the husband of the accused.

"What, after all, was the proof of the *corpus delicti*, that Hermann was dead or assassinated by any hand whatever? To the civil court the proof of his death had appeared insufficient. They had refused their attestation to that effect when solicited by the private complainer. Would the criminal tribunal be satisfied with less evidence, in a matter of life and death, than the civil court required in a question of property?

"True, a man had been found dead in the neighbourhood of the chapel. Circumstances seemed to prove that this person was a Herr von Breisach, once resident in K—, and who had slept at the forest inn on the night before the 24th of August. But what proof existed that this man, described as a low adventurer, shunning society, and leading an obscure and discreditable life, was the gay, handsome, and noble Baron Hermann von Preussach? No one who had seen the body before interment knew the baron, or could speak to his identity with Breisach. The landlord, no doubt, recognised in the dead man his guest of the night before; but of who the guest was he knew nothing. To what, then, did the evidence connecting the dead adventurer with the baron come? Simply to this:—The dead man wore a seal-ring bearing the arms of Preussach, and said to have belonged to Hermann.

"Was it Hermann's? Even this was not proved; for the only evidence on the subject was the suspicious testimony of Ferdinand von Preussach, the interested party, who would suc-

ceed to the estates by the proof of Hermann's death, and whose zeal in the present case had already drawn down upon him the well-deserved rebuke of the authorities.

"But grant that the ring was Hermann's, did it follow that Hermann was the wearer? In how many ways might another person become the possessor of a ring which had belonged to him? It might have been dropped, it might have been sold, gifted, stolen, and found on the finger of the finder, the purchaser, the friend, or the thief: any one of these cases would equally account for what had happened.

"How many instances had occurred in the annals of courts of justice of persons who had long disappeared, who had been supposed dead or murdered, re-appearing after the lapse of years, sometimes just in time to save from the scaffold the innocent beings who had been accused of depriving them of life? How laudable, therefore, the extreme jealousy and caution of the law, in demanding strict evidence of that which must form the basis of every accusation? How fearful would be their responsibility, if, after a sentence of conviction against the accused, the very man who was supposed to be murdered should re-appear, but too late to save the victim of a mistaken prosecution and a rash and misjudging verdict.

"But let it be supposed that Hermann and the dead man of the chapel are one—what is the evidence which is to connect the accused with his death?

"I begin with the letters. I deny that there is any proof that the letter of the 21st July, written in French, is in the handwriting of my client. The mere resemblance of handwriting is, of all evidence, the most fallacious and unsatisfactory; the faults of orthography, with which the letters are filled, are inconsistent with the supposition that the letter is the production of an educated person. That Hermann was a man addicted to licentious amours, seems to be part of the prosecutor's case. How many such billets, then, may he not have received? How close, in general, is the resemblance of female hands, when educated in the same school, or under the same system?

"The prosecutor, in order to connect the accused with this letter, assumes the theory of a secret correspondence car-

ried on between the spouses after their separation ; and then he adduces the letter itself as proof of that correspondence. There is no evidence that that letter was written by the accused. The real evidence it affords is the other way.

"But the scrap found in the music-book at Blumenrode. That I admit to be in the handwriting of the accused ; but it would be difficult to discover any resemblance between that fragment and the handwriting of the French letter. The one is written in German characters, the other in French. There can be no argument from one to another. They do not appear in fact to resemble each other.

"But the meaning put upon this scrap by the public prosecutor is a forced one. He says the words 'A. knows me,' refer to Hermann. He arrives at this conclusion by translating the name Hermann into French, *Armand*. But why a French name in the midst of a German letter ? Then, to whom is the letter addressed ? To some third party who had given a warning to the writer. Who was this ? On the theory of the public prosecutor, he should have explained who was thus the confidant of the secret correspondence ; for might not that third party, thus cognizant of the secret relations that existed between the husband and wife, be, on his own theory, the real author of the crime, if crime were committed ?

"For his own part, he did not think the fragment was a real letter at all. He believed it to be part of an imaginary epistle, probably a portion of a novel which she might have copied.

"But then there was a chain of circumstances relied on to connect the Baroness von Preussach with the commission of the crime. A woman had been seen, on the 24th August, on the path to the Raubstein ; in Sehlingin, on the after part of the same day, wounded in the hand, agitated, trembling, accompanied by a woodman : her dress, it was said, corresponded with Madame von Preussach's, who had been mysteriously absent from her party in Hilgenberg during the whole day ; had had an interview in the forenoon with a gentleman at the house of Madame Veitel, and had afterwards been seen accompanying him in the direction of the Raubstein. This person then, it was assumed,

was the baroness ; and the baroness had been present at the scene of the murder.

"That a woman might have been seen on the mountain-path that day, and that the scene described by the bath-keeper's wife as to the binding of the wound might have taken place, he did not question. But though the woman had at first pretended to identify the lady with Madame von Preussach, she had plainly owned, in her evidence on the trial, that she could not. Her house was dark ; the scene, according to her own account, was over in a few minutes ; scarce a word was spoken ; how then, at the distance of a twelvemonth, could she pretend to recognise the person whose wound had been bound up ? Her husband, who had bound up the wound, was dead ; from him her testimony could receive no corroboration.

"Was the dress of the Baroness von Preussach proved to correspond with that of the person who had been wounded ? Assuredly not. The bath-keeper's wife was the only witness who had any distinct recollection as to the one, and she thought the gown was of green silk. The Countess von Koss and her daughters, who spoke to the dress worn by the baroness in Hilgenberg, were clear that it was *not* of green silk ; though the private complainer had done all in his power to assist their memory. Both, to be sure, seemed to have worn a bonnet and parasol—of a light colour ; the wonder would have been if in summer it had been otherwise.

"But a stripe of silk is found wrapped round the body, and another fragment is found sticking upon a bush. It is assumed that these belonged to, and had been worn by, the female who was wounded. I am willing to take it so ; it is a proof that that person was not the baroness. One of the leading witnesses for the prosecution (the rector's wife) states, that these formed part of a shawl so coarse and vulgar, both in colour and texture, that no cook would have worn it. Does that suit with the idea of the Baroness von Preussach, who lavishes fortunes on dress, patronises Madame Tieffe, and never sleeps but with gloves on ?

"And this brings me to the glove. A right hand glove is found near the Raubstein ; it bears the stamp of Madame Tieffe. A *left* hand glove, bear-

ing the same stamp, is found in the possession of the clergyman's daughter, which she appears to have received from the waiting-woman of the baroness. *These must be a pair; therefore* the baroness was upon the mountain: the baroness dropped the right hand glove which bears the spots of blood.

"But why *must* the gloves be a pair? Because they resemble each other in size, in material, in workmanship? Why, how many thousand pairs, exactly of the same kind, must be annually put into circulation from such an establishment as Madame Tieffe's; the same pattern, the same materials, according to the reigning fashion? Who can pretend, out of a hundred pairs, to say this right hand glove belongs to that left hand one? What, then, is the result? Simply this at the utmost: That *some* customer of Madame Tieffe dropped one of her gloves in the Raubstein, and that the accused is a customer of Madame Tieffe.

"But when was this glove dropped? Why on the 24th August? Why not long before? Why not after? Before the glove was found, a crowd had collected about the Raubstein, including many females: they were busily exploring in all directions; how easily might any one of them have dropped the glove in question?

"What importance can be attached to the story told by the countess and her daughters, that the baroness went out with Danish gloves in the morning, and returned in the evening with white. If, as she says, she paid a visit to a friend, and her feelings were agitated—particularly as she only left her towards dusk—was it very unlikely that she *might* make an involuntary exchange of gloves, and then only discover her mistake when she was too far off to return and correct the error?

"But, according to the hypothesis of the public prosecutor, she returned wounded. Those white gloves concealed a wound in the hand. Who ever saw this wound—which, if as described by the bath-keeper's wife, must have been of some size? I doubt whether by any process a hand so bandaged could be forced into a glove, even of large size. But the family of Langsitz saw nothing of the kind. They laugh at the supposition. The family of Baron Kettler, to whose house she returned the next day, never

heard of it. The house-surgeon never was applied to to dress it. He speaks, indeed, of an attack of nervousness and low spirits, but of no wound in the hand. If she wore her glove when he felt her pulse, he states also that this was her constant practice.

"Such a wound as is described must have left a trace. But on this point the evidence is in favour of the accused. One surgeon, indeed, speaks doubtfully of some invisible, and, as he admits, almost impalpable line running across the hand—which, with all deference, appears simply to have been a natural one. The other two candidly admit that they see no traces of any wound whatever.

"So far every thing is against the supposition on which the whole case of the prosecutor rests—that the wounded person and the Baroness von Preussach are the same.

"But, farther, the charge against the baroness involves the supposition that the murder took place during the forenoon of the 24th August. On that day only she was in Hilgenberg. On the 25th she returned to Blumenrode.

"But, after all, what is the proof that the murder, if such it was, *was* committed on the 24th? Why not on the 25th? The whole proof on the subject consists of the conjectures of the medical man, derived from the appearances of incipient corruption. The body was found early on the 26th August; 'a considerable time,' he thinks, must have elapsed before such an effect would have been produced by the influence of the sun and air: the deceased had been seen alive in the morning of the 24th; therefore he thinks the assassination must have taken place early in the course of that day.

"'A considerable time!' How indefinite! how unsatisfactory! as if the symptoms of putrefaction might not depend upon a thousand circumstances which baffle all conjecture as to time: a shower of rain, an hour or two of hotter sunshine, the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere, the previous habit of body of the deceased, might either accelerate or retard the approaches of decay. How can any one, who never once saw the deceased before, pretend to say that, if the death took place on the 25th, all these symptoms which were actually found would

not equally have developed themselves?

"Nay, the probability is, that it was at least in the course of the night following the 24th that the murder was committed. Had the body, according to the notion of the public prosecutor, been placed in the chapel in the forenoon of the 24th, it is next to impossible that it should not in the course of that day have been observed. That Saturday was the birthday of the Princess—a day when the road to the chapel must have been frequented by the villagers in the neighbourhood. The probability is that the deed had not then been committed; for the public prosecutor himself assumes, that the murder and the conveyance of the body to the chapel took place at the same time. But if the deed only took place on the night of the 24th, the whole fabric of presumptions, so ingeniously built on the mysterious absence of the baroness from Hilgenberg on that day, falls to the ground.

"And, after all, what was there in her conduct during that day to lead to the presumption of guilt! The view of the prosecutor, it must be recollected, is, that she came to Hilgenberg on that day, in consequence of previous concert, to keep the appointment alluded to in the letter of the 21st July, and the fragment found in the music-book.

"But do the circumstances suit with that supposition? It was mere accident that the family of Baron Kettler did not accompany her to Hilgenberg on that day; in which case, how was she to have extricated herself from their company? By a pretended invitation from a friend who never existed? They who were her intimate friends, who knew with whom she had associated, could not have been deceived by such a fable. The idea of a concerted scheme of this kind is farther contradicted by her conduct. She receives a letter from Madame Seehausen—reads it—puts it into the hands of the countess—is prevailed on by her to accept the invitation. Is there any evidence that she did not visit Madame Seehausen? It is said no such person was ever known to reside in Hilgenberg. That may be: it is not said that she *resided* in Hilgenberg. She was a foreigner: she may have been passing through the watering-place where her friend

was; she may have stopped but for a single day at Madame Veitel's.

"I do not dispute that, on the day in question, my client did visit the house of Madame Veitel. I say she went there to visit the friend who had requested her presence. The public prosecutor says she went there to meet her husband, with whom she afterwards walked through the garden, and in the direction of the mountains. The servant who carried the message speaks, indeed, of a young man whom she saw in Madame Veitel's; and this, it seems, according to the prosecutor's theory, was Hermann. She does not say she saw the parties meet; for Madame Veitel met and dismissed her at the door.

"But it is plain, from her description of the gentleman she saw, that it was *not* Hermann. The dead man was found dressed in long loose nankeen pantaloons above his boots; this was the dress also in which he was last seen by the landlord early on the morning of the 24th. The young man in Madame Veitel's house wore 'tight buckskin pantaloons, with boots drawn over them.' How is this reconcilable? If Hermann was murdered in the course of the forenoon of the 24th, when did he change his dress so as to appear differently attired in Hilgenberg? When and where did he again change his dress between leaving Madame Veitel's and his murder? The idea that this person was Hermann, a position essential to the theory of the public prosecutor, is totally untenable.

"That any lady and gentleman had been seen leaving Madame Veitel's in the direction of the mountains, rested on no evidence. The maid had not seen them; she spoke only of some report to that effect which she thought came from her mistress. Both the master and mistress were examined, and they stated distinctly they had seen nothing of the kind, and could not have said so.

"The scene at Madame Veitel's had no connexion whatever with the events in the Raubstein.

"But the prosecutor insists that all doubt is removed by the fact, that the watch and the marriage-ring of the deceased are found in the possession of the accused. I admit at once the watch is Hermann's watch; the ring is Hermann's marriage-ring. But I ask what proof is there that these ever

belonged to the *deceased*; what proof, in particular, that they were in his possession at or near to the time of his murder? The housekeeper, the servants at K—, the innkeeper at the forest, all speak only of 'a gold watch,' 'a gold ring'; none of them did or could identify this gold watch and this ring.

"Did Baron Ferdinand? He saw his brother in life for the last time when his marriage with my client took place. The separation occurred while he was on his travels; when he returned, Hermann had already gone abroad. What he may have possessed, what trinkets he may have worn after that time, it is impossible that Baron Ferdinand can know.

"But how simple, after all, is the explanation? The watch was a marriage present, the ring was Hermann's wedding-ring. Is it not a well known practice for lovers or spouses who have separated, to return to each other the gifts they have received in their days of affection or of union; gifts which would only serve in future to awaken painful recollections? Was it not natural that, when the separation took place, these tokens of affection should have been returned by the husband to his wife? This was the view that occurred at once to the waiting-maid, as she has explained in her evidence. My client, too, never wore her wedding-ring after the separation. And why? It was returned, as the waiting-maid states, to her husband.

"Thus, then, the circumstance on which the prosecutor insisted so strongly, admits of the simplest explanation.

"But were it proved that Albertine von Preussach had really seen and spoken to her husband shortly before his death, is the case of the prosecutor materially advanced, so far as regards a guilty participation on her part in her husband's death? Were we even to concede that the involuntary exclamation of an agitated mother, uttered in a moment of distraction, inferred in her mind a suspicion—the prosecutor calls it a conviction—that her daughter was not a stranger to her husband's death, it remains to be shown that that knowledge was of a criminal character. The prosecutor meets the point fairly, for he maintains that she was herself the perpetrator of the deed.

"But by what proofs does he sup-

port this charge? None whatever. By *assuming* a fine-spun theory of a secret correspondence—a concerted interview—a meal among the ruins—a fit of intoxication on the part of the husband—a quarrel—an attempt at violence—the convenient discovery of a knife, and a blow dealt therewith by the wife, which at once reaches the heart of her husband! And this is all—literally all—which is gravely urged as *proof* against a person of the noble, the stainless character enjoyed by the prisoner at the bar.

"But no! It is said, the evidence may not prove the deed, but it proves that she was capable of committing the deed. What is that evidence?

"Has any single act in the course of her life been pointed out which leads to such a conclusion? Any act of cruelty which would make her careless of the life of a fellow-creature, capable of committing the deepest of crimes against the being who stood towards her in the most endearing of relations—her husband, the father of her dead son, of her surviving daughter? No;—trifling miserable gossip as to quarrels with servants, a box on the ear bestowed upon an impertinent waiting-woman, a sharp reply in answer to the imperious speeches of a dictatorial husband. What human being could be safe from the suspicion of being capable of murder, if trifles like these were to be raked up, collected, and seriously brought forward as proofs of such an accusation?

"Let the case be supposed that she *had* met her husband at the time appointed; that others also had been present, (and every thing seemed to point to more than one having been present on the occasion;) that a quarrel of some kind had ensued, in which the husband fell—the wife having no share in it—on the contrary, standing by a helpless spectator of the dreadful scene; that her own safety could only be purchased by *her vowing secrecy* in regard to what had passed—would not this account for all which had taken place, at least as plausibly as the hypothesis of the public prosecutor? Even if he insisted on the wound as a proved fact in the case, would it not be as well explained upon the supposition *that she had, ineffectually interfered to prevent her husband's fate*, and been wounded in the attempt? The loss of the glove—the scene in the bath-keeper's—her agitation on her return to

the family of the countess—her confusion on meeting Ferdinand—the expressions attributed to her—even her obstinate silence, which he fairly allowed to be the circumstance that seemed to weigh most against her, admitted, upon this view of the case, of a satisfactory explanation. That silence might be the result of a mistaken notion of religious obligation—it might be the result of gratitude for her preservation;—the more strongly felt, the more consistently acted on, in proportion to the purity and ingenuousness of her own mind, and to her punctilious sense of duty in regard to the performance of obligations, even when these were in some measure extorted.”

Such was the substance (imperfectly

reported) of a two hours' speech on the part of the advocate for the defence.

The president proceeded to sum up. His speech was a masterpiece of clearness and precision—impartial and candid in the highest degree; yet the impression which it left on the mind of the advocate for the defence was, that his inclination was on the whole unfavourable to the prisoner, so far as his moral conviction went, though he pointed out, with the utmost fairness, the points of the case where the proof appeared to be narrow or defective. The jury were furnished with all the documents necessary for their consideration, and were retiring, after the address of the president, to consider their verdict.

PART IV. THE DISCOVERY.

SCARCELY had the first of the jury entered the retiring room in which they were to consider their sentence, when a violent confusion arose at one of the entrances to the court. Sounds were heard of some one endeavouring to force his way, whose entrance was resisted either by the officers of court or by the crowds, who, having already thronged the court to excess, were by no means disposed to give admission to any new comer. The determination of the stranger appeared, however, to have prevailed. A well-dressed man was observed making his way along the passage leading towards the bar: he reached it, and, addressing the judge with the utmost energy, exclaimed, “In the name of Almighty God, I demand a hearing; the accused is innocent!”

All eyes were directed to the speaker. The jury, who were on the point of entering the jury-room, stood still. The president, doubtful whether he should at once interfere in consequence of this irregular disturbance of the proceedings, looked anxiously and sternly at the intruder. Some old ladies, who had taken a marvellous interest in the proceedings, exclaimed, “It is Hermann! The defender's counsel was prophetic in his anticipation.”

The old ladies were mistaken. The stranger was *not* Hermann. Ferdinand looked at him coldly and strangely; he passed Ferdinand without noticing him. His glance sought

only the accused; and she—she recognised him. With pale and agitated features she saw him approach. She exerted herself to recover her composure, and hastily whispered to him a few words in English.

The president, after some reflection, directed the jury to retire to their apartment, and the court to be cleared, and the accused to remain. It was done. He enquired the name of the stranger; and was answered, “Maximilian von Nordech, an officer of the army; of the fourth regiment of hus-sars.”

“What were the words whispered to you by the accused just now?” said the president.

Nordech replied, “Remember the oath.” She holds herself bound by an oath; but, if I may be permitted a few minutes' conversation with her, I think I can satisfy her that the obligation, if such existed, is at an end. I ask no private audience. The judge may be a witness to our conference.

“Lady,” began Nordech, his voice faltering, “death has loosed the bonds by which you conceived yourself bound. Your father is no more. He now looks down from a higher sphere upon a daughter who was never unworthy of his affection, and who was led to the only rash step of which she was guilty in life by *maternal affection*. He died without the pain of knowing in what suffering it had been the means of involving you; he died in happy ignorance, in resignation,

and in faith. His last word was a blessing upon his daughter. The cause for silence is now at an end. Permit me, then, to reveal to the president, as to a man of honour and intelligence, the whole truth."

Albertine looked kindly and gratefully towards her deliverer, but answered only with silence and with tears.

Nordech, addressing himself to the president, began:—

"When our troops returned from France in 1816, I was quartered with the several squadrons of the fourth hussar regiment in this neighbourhood. The idleness of quarters led me to excursions into the surrounding country. We officers were hospitably received among the neighbouring gentry, and in the numerous bathing places, such as K—, which at that time possessed an excellent theatre.

"In that theatre, to which I had accompanied some friend, I accidentally met with Baron Hermann von Preussach. We had served together in the campaign of 1809, and I was under obligations to him, I felt pleasure in meeting him again, but not unmingled with a feeling of pain. He was sadly altered. The handsome and noble-looking youth had become prematurely old; his limbs stiff and feeble; his spirit gone; even his dress bore the traces either of negligence or of poverty. I knew he had been rich; I had heard he had made a brilliant match; and this I could not reconcile with his present appearance. He seemed to have a suspicion of my thought; but on this occasion we had no time for any explanations.

"In the course of our subsequent intercourse, I saw that his mind was ill at ease with itself: he lived in society beneath his rank, and with which in his better moments he was disgusted. I was happy to give him the opportunity of finding a better circle among the officers of my regiment.

"By degrees he became more communicative: he told me, in fragments, the history of his marriage and separation. He avowed himself, with remorse, to be the guilty person. He told me farther, how he had broken with his friends, gone abroad for a time, returned, and had now lived on for some months at K— without a plan or object. An unfortunate attachment still fettered him, though the connexion had long become wearisome to him. The subject

of it was a member of the *corps de ballet* of the theatre.

"Accident led to further disclosures on his part. Among other acquaintances which I and my comrade had formed, was that of the family of Baron Kettler von Blumenrode, at whose house a young lady was on a visit—Madame Siegfeld. She was too attractive and beautiful not to form the frequent subject of our conversations. At one of these Preussach was present, and the extreme attention with which he listened could not escape my observation. The next time we were alone, he began the most particular enquiries as to Madame Siegfeld. I told him all I knew, and when I had exhausted the subject, he sat for a little, brooding and thoughtful, and then broke silence in earnest. To my astonishment I now learned that Albertine von Siegfeld was his separated wife. He spoke of her with such affection, with such animation, that he affected me in turn. He confessed that, since the separation, he had lived in a state of moral degradation at which he shuddered. He felt that his only chance of reformation depended on a re-union with his wife. He implored me to act as mediator between them; to be the bearer of his repentant prayer to his wife. I shrunk back: I was terrified at the task; I represented to him the chimerical, the hopeless nature of the attempt. This time he desisted. But the attempt was often renewed. Weary of the subject, I began to avoid Preussach. But I did not avoid Blumenrode; and, strangely enough, I began to think that Albertine eyed me with particular attention. I was not vain enough to ascribe her notice to any personal attractions; but the suspicion flashed across my mind that Hermann had, without my interference, found the means of opening a written communication with his wife, and had alluded to me as one to whom he had confided his secret. I learned afterwards that my conjecture was correct.

"To be brief; disclosures took place between Albertine and myself. Albertine told me one evening on which I had the pleasure of accompanying her in an evening walk, that she knew I was acquainted with her situation; that she knew the commission with which I had been charged by Hermann; that she believed me to be a man of honour, and as such would con-

fide in me; but that to Hermann she had but one answer to make—that she never would accede to his wish for a re-union. She had forgiven him; but the will of her father, which she never would oppose, rendered all thoughts of re-union hopeless, even if her own feelings could have led her to such a step. I vowed that I would never lend countenance to any plan on the part of Hermann which did not meet with her approbation.

“So ended my first conversation with Albertine. I communicated every thing to Hermann. He was silent. The matter appeared to rest. To my surprise and terror, however, I discovered not only that he continued his correspondence with Blumenrode, but received answers from thence. I reproached him; he embraced me, and exclaimed in an agitated tone,—‘O Max! interfere not with my plans. I count upon you. Albertine trusts to me—and yourself! All will soon be clear to you.’

“My astonishment was indescribable. I still doubted: I thought Hermann must be deceiving me or himself. Yet it was as he said. Albertine had consented, not indeed to a re-union, but to give him a meeting. Hermann, it appears, had assailed her in her tenderest part—her affection for her child. He had threatened that he and his family could and would reclaim the child by law, if she refused him the interview he asked. How Albertine, with her clear intellect, could allow herself to be terrified with this bugbear of a legal reclamation of the child, I know not; but so it was. She consented to Hermann’s plan. That plan was as follows:—

“The gentry of the neighbourhood held weekly assemblies in Hilgenberg, and Albertine generally accompanied the Kettler family thither. The parties were numerous—gentlemen and ladies of all ages; excursions—amusements of all kinds—afforded opportunities for any one who chose to separate from the rest to do so without being observed.

“It was arranged that Albertine should be summoned from her party by a pretended message from a friend, to whom we gave the name of Madame Seelhausen, and conducted to an appointed spot where I should be in waiting. The place fixed was the residence of a respectable woman in Hilgenberg.

“From this house I was to conduct Albertine to a lonely ruin on the top of a neighbouring eminence; a spot which Hermann had discovered in the course of his rambles, and where he himself was to be in waiting.

“I could not disguise from myself the questionable, even the dangerous nature of this scheme. I would willingly have frustrated it; but now Albertine seemed anxious for the interview. She was determined to bring the question as to the child to a point. I was obliged at last to reconcile myself to the plan. Hermann himself could not enter Hilgenberg, where he was known; Albertine could not venture to be seen in his company. To see him at Blumenrode was impossible; while her being seen in my company, either in Hilgenberg or the neighbourhood, would excite no remark. In short the plan, hazardous as it might be, was the only one which appeared practicable.

“The 10th of August was fixed for its execution. That day, however, the inclemency of the weather prevented. It was delayed for another week.

“I know not how it was, but during this interval the thought more than once crossed my mind that Hermann had designs which he did not communicate to me or to Albertine. I hinted this to her in writing. I received no written answer; but I learned in haste from Albertine verbally, that on the 17th she would be at the place of rendezvous.

“Hermann and I were at our posts. But Albertine—I thanked Heaven for it in secret—Albertine came not. The illness of one of the family detained her.

“Hermann was not daunted. On the 24th, he was positive that Albertine would make her appearance.

“That ill-omened day approached; the most eventful, the most painful of my life. Early in the morning—it was a Saturday—I rode towards Hilgenberg. As I cast my eyes upwards in passing, I saw the concerted signal that Hermann was in the ruin. I hurried towards the assembly-room at Hilgenberg.

“I looked at the visiting list. I prayed that the Kettlers might be again detained. They were: but Albertine came—she had accompanied the family of Langsitz.

“There now remained no choice. The billet was despatched. After an

hour of anxious expectation on my part, Albertine came.

"The calm dignity, the composure with which this extraordinary woman proceeded on her trying mission—while I, a man, felt my heart beat with an indefinable feeling of terror—overpowered me with surprise, and at last with shame. Time was valuable; without delay we hurried through the garden, and in the direction of the woods, within whose deep shadows we were soon involved. From thence the path ascends, first gradually, then more steeply towards the ruin. Albertine was in her assembly dress; she slid frequently with her thin smooth shoes; it was only by exerting all my strength that I was able to support and assist her in her ascent. Her heroic perseverance, however, overcame every difficulty.

"At the distance of a few steps from the ruin we were met by Hermann. Albertine's heart beat audibly. There he stood before her—the broken-down, degraded man, before the woman blooming in the lustre of almost maiden beauty. What a meeting! What feelings must have been awakened in the pure and noble heart of Albertine! Willingly could I conceal the degrading fact—but it must be spoken. Hermann appeared in a state of unnatural excitation; he had brought wine with him to the ruin—for what purpose I know not—and it soon became plain to me that he had indulged in it to excess.

"Even Albertine, who had not at first observed it, could not long be insensible to Hermann's condition. His whole behaviour had in it something wild, savage, and revolting. I saw by her looks that she repented the step which she had taken; but the deed was done. I exerted myself accordingly to bring the conversation to the point, in the hope that the painful interview might the sooner terminate. Directing the old man, who had been Hermann's guide, to accompany us, we entered the ruin: he could not understand our conversation, which was carried on in French.

"What shall I say of this conversation? Its constant, ever-repeated theme was, on the one hand, Hermann's entreaties for a reconciliation and a re-union, on which he felt that his whole chance of amendment depended; on the other, Albertine's inflexible resolution not to violate the

injunction of her father. Both parties became warm—reproachful expressions were uttered by Hermann. There was a pause—the day had become hot. Hermann directed the guide to unpack the refreshments. We men applied ourselves to them vigorously. Albertine, at my request, ate a few morsels to repair her strength. Hermann, in spite of my remonstrances, indulged in long draughts of strong and fiery wine; his entreaties, addressed to his wife, became more urgent, and at last assumed the tone of threats, directed both against her and her child. Albertine rose—she saw it was time to depart—I watched her every look.

"Hermann perceived it, and, with a demoniac look and wildly rolling eye, exclaimed,—'Ay, you are in league—I see through you.'

"Albertine cast on him a look of pity and contempt. 'Herr von Nordeck,' she said, 'I go.'

"'So, you go!' cried Hermann in a fearful tone. He held a large two-edged knife in his hand. 'You go!—go then—forsake me—cast me back into a life which to me is hell. Life!—no; it is death itself. Go—but first see me die!' And he made a motion with the knife as if to stab himself.

"What happened afterwards? I try in vain to realize to myself the order of events in the next moment. I know only that the words thoughtlessly escaped me.

"'Hermann, are you not ashamed to play off this mummery before your noble wife?'

"This reproach seemed to have inflamed him to madness.

"'Wretch!' he exclaimed, 'do I not know how to die!'

"Scarcely had he uttered these words when he lay at my feet in his blood, the handle of the knife convulsively clasped in his hand, the blade plunged into his heart. Albertine lay beside him, herself bleeding and insensible.

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I raised her. Her right hand bled. In the moment of the death-blow she had seized hold of the knife to stay his hand—but in vain.

"The guide drew the knife from Hermann's breast—it was too late. A single slight movement of the head, a faint rattling in the throat, and Hermann was no more.

"Albertine, the weak and tender woman, was the first who evinced

promptitude and coolness in these trying circumstances. The deceased was the object of her solicitude. The body, she said, could not be allowed to remain there. Her husband, the father of her children, must not be left exposed and unburied—at all hazards, she was resolved that his remains should find a grave in Christian earth.

"The guide suggested the scheme of carrying the body down from the ruin and placing it in the neighbourhood of the chapel beneath, where it was certain in a short time to be discovered, and would be taken for the body of some one who had been robbed and murdered on the mountain; in which case it would obtain interment in consecrated ground, which would be denied to it if known to be the remains of a suicide. We thought the plan feasible. With the assistance of the guide I stripped the body of its upper garments, purse, watch, and portfolio. The clothes we concealed in a pit behind the ruin, covering them carefully with stones. The watch, the purse, the marriage-ring, and the portfolio, Albertine, at my request, took into her possession. The seal-ring we were obliged to leave on the right hand; it could not be drawn off without mutilation. We tore to pieces the silk cravat which Hermann wore, and bound it tightly round the body to stanch the torrent of blood which still flowed from the wound, and by which my clothes were already sullied—then raising the body in our arms, we carried it from the ruin and deposited it on the greensward before the chapel.

"It was now full time to make the best of our way to Hilgenberg. The guide undertook to conduct Albertine to some surgeon who would dress her wound. I supported her in her descent. Bitterly did she now express her regret that she had violated her promise to her father, under the terror of being separated from her child; perhaps—though she did not confess it—under the influence of old attachment to her husband. 'But never, never!' she exclaimed, 'shall he have the misery of knowing that I have violated his injunctions; the idea of such disobedience on the part of a beloved daughter would be his death. Come what will—nay, though I should be myself suspected of being a murderer—though the arm of the law should be extended to persecute me—

I will be silent; silent to the scaffold—to the grave!'

"I exerted all my eloquence to dissipate this unhappy idea by which Albertine was haunted, but without success. In a tone which cut me to the heart, she repeated, that her last prayer to me was—that, as long as her father lived, I would reveal to no one that she had seen Hermann. I promised solemnly what she required. The guide, touched by her grief, promised, with tears in his eyes, to do the same.

"Already we were beginning to emerge from the wood. My clothes, I knew, were spotted with blood; but on Albertine's dress there was only a few specks, which might easily be accounted for by the wound in her hand. At this moment she discovered that she had dropped her glove. We saw how important it was to recover it; I offered to re-ascend for that purpose, thinking I should have no difficulty in overtaking her. My search was long and vain: the glove was not to be found. When I again reached the road, Albertine was gone. She had proceeded on her way, accompanied by her guide. I reached my quarters about dusk; and I saw her no more till I met her here. Thank God! my coming was not too late!"

"Thanks to God, indeed!" said the worthy president. "I believe your story: it bears on its face the stamp of truth. But the forms of law must be complied with. The evidence of the woodman will be necessary to confirm your statement. Where is he?"

"I have kept my eye upon him," said Nordech. "His name is Florian Krauss; and he inhabits a small cottage in the village of Zellenbach."

"He shall be summoned. One other circumstance I should wish explained. The purse of the deceased was dropped into the poor's-chest of the chapel, with this scrap of writing. How does that cohere with your plan of representing the deceased as having been robbed?"

Nordech looked at the paper with surprise. "I cannot explain it," he replied; "except that Albertine, solely occupied with her own scheme of procuring Christian burial for her husband, may have forgotten our arrangement, and dropped the purse into the box while she remained in the chapel, during the time we removed the body."

The old man made his appearance, and his testimony completely corroborated the story of Nordech.

One doubt may still remain to be cleared up. How came it that Nordech had been so long separated from the chief actor in this extraordinary event?—how came it that the news of her danger only reached him in the most critical moment?

Thus it was:—His regiment, within a few weeks after the eventful 24th of August, was ordered into another quarter, and afterwards reduced. Nordech resumed his original profession, that of a mining engineer, and distinguished himself so much, that he was selected to accompany a mining expedition which the Government sent out to Brazil. Pleased with the prospects which the New World afforded, he determined to settle there entirely. Before doing so, however, he resolved to visit his native country once more, finally to arrange his affairs before leaving it for ever.

His business concluded, he resolved to pay a parting visit to the scenes where he had fought in defence of his country. His way led him through that district where he had been the involuntary witness of such eventful occurrences.

The newspapers of the department announced the opening of the assizes in Hainburg; one case was mentioned as likely to attract peculiar attention: the initials only of the parties were given, but to him they were enough. There was no doubt: the accused was Albertine! Thus fearfully had her dark presentiment been fulfilled.

He hurried to Blumenrode: there he would hear all; he learned all that the family had to tell: it was enough to convince him of the pressing nature of the danger. Albertine's sentence was expected to be pronounced that day, and the worst fears were entertained as to the result.

"And her parents," he enquired, "Do they know of this? Are they here?"

"The colonel is dead," was the reply, "he never learned the danger in which Albertine stood. The unfortunate mother, with admirable prudence, contrived to make him believe to the last that Albertine was merely involved in a troublesome process with Ferdinand von Preussach as to her settlements. Her mother has not yet dared, however, to break the tidings

to her, fearing that the shock might be too much for her, when coupled with her own misfortunes.

"In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed Nordech, "Albertine has not yet heard of her father's death! She must hear of it, and that instantly."

The ground seemed to burn beneath his feet: he was deaf to every question which was asked. "To Hainburg!" he exclaimed—"to Hainburg! Every instant is precious."

In a moment his horse was ready, and in full gallop for Hainburg. He was told the court was still sitting. He made his way through the thronged passages with difficulty; he saw the jury retiring; his eyes lighted upon the prisoner. The rest the reader already knows.

Happening to be in Marseilles in 1820, I met, in the saloon of the inn, the young nurse of a pretty little girl of seven years old, to whom the attendant gave the name of Constance. Seeing she was a German, I entered into conversation with her, and learned that the sweet was waiting for her parents, who were just expected—and that the family were about to sail from thence for the Brazils.

I asked their names, and was told Nordech. "Now that the lady's mother is dead," continued the nurse, "they have nothing to bind them any longer to this country."

Nordech! The name sounded to me as familiar. I enquired further.

I learned that Constance was the stepdaughter of Nordech—that her name was Fraulein von Preussach.

I saw it all. The lovely child was Albertine's daughter—the daughter of the unfortunate Hermann von Preussach—the dead man of St Anne's Chapel.

A servant entered to announce that the family were come, and were waiting in the carriage. The nurse dressed the child, and hurried down with her. I advanced to the window. A lady and gentleman sat in the carriage. The lady looked up; it gave me an opportunity of perusing again those well known and still beautiful features which could never be forgotten. It was Albertine.

The carriage drove onwards to the pier; and the ocean soon lay between her and that land where she had encountered so many sorrows.

GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

No. IV.

FROM MY LIFE: POETRY AND TRUTH.

Book IV.

MUCH inconvenience as the intrusion of the French had caused us, yet we had grown so accustomed to it that we could not but miss it, nor we children fail to feel as if the nurse were dead. Moreover, it was not appointed that we should return to entire domestic unity. New lodgers were already agreed on; and after some sweeping and scouring, planing and waxing, painting and white-washing, the house was completely arranged again. The Chancery director Moriz, with his family, very worthy friends of my parents, came into occupation. He was not a native of Frankfort, but an able lawyer and man of business, and conducted the legal affairs of many smaller princes, counts, and noblemen. I had never seen him otherwise than cheerful, obliging, and diligent at his law-papers. His wife and children, gentle, quiet, and kind, certainly did not increase the society in our house, for they stayed by themselves; but a stillness, a peace had returned, which for a long time we had not enjoyed. I now occupied once more my garret-room, in which the ghosts of the many pictures sometimes hovered before me, which I tried to frighten away by work and study.

The counsellor of legation Moriz, a brother of the Chancery director, came frequently from henceforth to our house. He was even more a man of the world, of striking appearance, and with suitably pleasing manners. He, too, managed the affairs of different persons of rank; and on occasions of meetings of creditors and imperial commissioners, came often into contact with my father. Both hung much together, took commonly the part of the creditors; but found, to their vexation, that the greater number of the agents in such matters are usually gained over to the debtors. The Counsellor of Legation willingly imparted his acquirements, was fond of mathematics; and because

these had no place in his present mode of life, he procured himself a pleasure by helping me on in this study. Thus I was enabled to draw my architectural designs more accurately than before, and to profit more by the instruction of a drawing-master who also gave us daily an hour's lesson.

This good old man was certainly but half an artist. We had to make strokes and put them together, from which eyes and noses, lips and ears, and finally, entire faces and heads, were to arise. But in this process there was no thought of the forms in nature or in art. We were long tormented with this *quid pro quo* of the human structure; and it was believed at last that we had made great progress, when the so-called Passions of Le Brun were given us to copy. But neither did these caricatures improve us. Then we wavered away into landscapes, foliage, and every thing that is practised, without consistency or method, in common teaching. At last we got into accurate imitation and neatness of strokes, and troubled ourselves no further about the merit or the taste of the original.

In this attempt my father led the way, that he might show it to us. He had never drawn; but now, as his children pursued this art, he would not lag behind, but even in his old age would give them an example how they ought to proceed. He copied, therefore, some heads of Piazzetta, after his well-known plates in small octavo, and executed them with English black-lead on the finest Dutch paper. In these he not only preserved the greatest neatness of outline, but even imitated most accurately the hatching of the copperplate, with a light hand, only too slightly, as, from wishing to avoid hardness, he gave no gradation to his drawing. Yet they were all of them soft and accurate. His persevering unwearied labour proceeded so far, that he drew the whole of that large collection, number by number;

while we children jumped from one head to another, and selected only those which pleased us.

About this time, also, the project which had been long under consideration for teaching us music, was executed; and assuredly the last decisive impulse to it deserves some notice. That we were to learn the harpsichord was determined; but there had always been a dispute as to the choice of a master. At last I went once by accident into the room of one of my companions who was taking a harpsichord lesson, and I found the teacher a most delightful man. For every finger of the right and left hand he had a nickname, by which he pointed it out most amusingly when it was to be used. The black and white keys were also figuratively named, and even the tones appeared under metaphorical titles. Such a various company worked most merrily together. Fingering and time appeared to be quite easy and obvious; and, while the scholar was animated into the pleasantest temper, every thing else succeeded admirably.

Scarcely had I reached home before I entreated my parents to be in earnest at last, to give us this incomparable man for master on the harpsichord. They still delayed a little, and made some enquiries, and heard nothing bad of the master, but also nothing particularly good. Meanwhile, I had repeated to my sister all the funny names: we could hardly wait for the lesson, and succeeded in securing that the man should be employed.

The reading the notes began first; and as no jokes were introduced in this, we comforted ourselves with the hope that when we should reach the instrument, and have to deal with the fingers, the hidden merriment would come to light. But neither the keys nor the fingering seemed to give occasion for any comparisons. The black and white keys remained as dry as the notes themselves, with their strokes upon and between the five lines, and there was not a syllable said either of *thumbkin*, or *pointling*, or *gold-finger*. The man's face changed as little in his dry teaching as it had before changed in his dry jesting. My sister reproached me most bitterly for having deceived her, and believed that it had really been a mere invention of mine. But I was myself confounded and learned little, although the man went

at once regularly to work; for I was always expecting that the former jokes would be repeated, and consoled my sister with hopes from day to day. But still the jokes came not, and I should never have been able to solve this riddle, if another accident had not explained it to me.

One of my companions came in, and all the pipes of the comic *jet-d'eau* opened at once. Then, like the queerest little men, re-appeared at once the thumbkins and pointlings, the crawlers and hawlers, as he used to call the fingers; the *fa-lets* and *ga-lets*, his names for the notes *f* and *g*, and *fee-lets* and *gee-lets*, for *fis* and *gis*. My young friend could not cease laughing, and rejoiced that so much could be learned so pleasantly. He vowed that he would leave his parents no rest till they had given him so admirable a man for master.

Thus the way to two arts was early enough opened to me, according to the principles of a modern theory of education, by mere hap-hazard, without any belief that natural talent could help me any further forward. My father maintained that every one must learn to draw; and therefore held in particular honour the Emperor Maximilian, who had made this an express command. He also held me more steadily to it than to music, which, on the contrary, he recommended specially to my sister, and even out of her lesson-hours kept her a good part of the day fixed to the harpsichord.

But the more I was in this way excited to press on, the more I wished to press myself, and employed even my play-hours in all manner of the strangest occupations. From my earliest days I had felt a love of enquiry into natural things. It is often thought to show a tendency to cruelty, if children, after playing long with objects, and handling them this way and that, at last break, tear, and devour them. But this may also be a manifestation of curiosity—of the desire to find out how such things hang together, and what is their internal aspect. I remember that, when I was a child, I pulled flowers to pieces, to see how the pistils were fixed into the calix. I even stripped birds, to observe the insertion of the feathers into the wings. And, in fact, children ought not to be ill thought of for this, as even naturalists believe they gain

knowledge oftener by separation and division, rather than by union and combination—rather by killing than by making alive.

One day an armed loadstone, very prettily sewed up in scarlet cloth, became the object for this spirit of enquiry. For the secret attraction which it exercised, not merely on the iron rod connected with it, but which, moreover, was of such a kind that it increased, and daily became capable of bearing a greater weight—this mysterious virtue had so conquered my admiration, that I was long satisfied with mere amazement at its effects. But at last I conjectured that I should obtain some nearer explanation if I removed the outward covering. This was accomplished, but made me none the wiser, for the naked iron casing taught me nothing further; I removed this also, and held in my hands the mere stone, with which I made endless trials on filings and sewing-needles, which, however, yielded no further advantage to my boyish brain but that of a varied experience. I could not put together the mechanism again; the parts were scattered; and I lost the wondrous phenomenon, together with the apparatus.

I was not more fortunate in putting together an electrical machine. A friend of the family, whose youth had fallen in the time when electricity employed all minds, often told us how, as a boy, he had often wished to possess such a machine—how he had sought out the chief requisites, and, with the help of an old spinning-wheel and some medicine bottles, had produced tolerable results. As he gladly and frequently repeated this to us, and also gave us some general information as to electricity, we children thought the thing very plausible, and long tormented ourselves over an old spinning-wheel and some medicine bottles, without being able to produce even the smallest result. Nevertheless we kept fast our faith, and were much delighted when at the fair time, among other rarities, magical and juggling tricks, an electrical machine also performed its wonders, which, as well as the magnetic ones, were for that time already much multiplied.

The distrust of the public mode of instruction increased from day to day. People looked about for domestic tutors; and, because single families

could not incur the expense, several combined in order to secure their object. But the children seldom agreed; the young man had not sufficient authority; and, after frequently renewed vexations, the parties commonly separated in bitterness. No wonder, therefore, that people thought of making arrangements which might be at once more durable and more advantageous.

The thought of setting up boarding-schools had been suggested by the necessity felt by all for having the French language taught and communicated in living use. My father had brought up a young man in his house who had become his footman, valet, secretary, and in fine, successively all in all. This man, whose name was Pfeil, spoke French well, and understood it thoroughly. After he married, and his patrons had to think of some situation in life for him, they fell upon the project of making him set up a boarding-school, which extended gradually into a small academical institution, in which every thing needful, and at last even Greek and Latin, were taught. The widespread connexions of Frankfort brought young Frenchmen and Englishmen to this establishment, who were intrusted to it that they might learn German, and also be cultivated in other ways. Pfeil, who was a man in the prime of life, and of the most extraordinary energy and activity, governed the whole very laudably. As he never could have work enough, and was obliged to have music-masters for his pupils, he betook himself occasionally to music, and practised the harpsichord with such zeal, that, having never before touched a note, he very soon played readily and well. He seemed to have adopted my father's maxim, that nothing is more cheering and exciting to young people, than when, being already of mature years, one makes one's self again a learner, and at an age when it is hard to gain new accomplishments, yet by zeal and perseverance seeks to excel those who are younger, and have thus more natural facility.

By this taste for playing the harpsichord, Pfeil had his attention turned to the instruments themselves, and, hoping to obtain the best, got into correspondence with Friderici of Gera, whose work in this kind was

celebrated far and wide. He took a number of them on commission, and now had the pleasure of seeing displayed in his house, not some single piano, but many, and of hearing himself practise on all.

This man's activity excited also in our house a great deal of musical performance. Except as to some points of difference, my father remained in lasting friendship with him. We, too, had a great piano of Friederici's bought for us, which I, preferring my harpsichord, hardly touched. It was the means, however, of increasing my sister's troubles, as, in order to do due honour to the new instrument, she was compelled to employ some hours more daily in practising on it; while my father as inspector, and Pfeil as example and animating friend, stood alternately beside her.

An odd fancy of my father's gave much discomfort to us children. It was the preparation of silk, of the advantage of which, if it were spread more extensively, he had a high conception. Some acquaintances in Hanau, where the worms were kept with great care, gave him the immediate impulsion. The eggs were sent to him from thence at the right time; and as soon as the mulberry-trees showed sufficient leaf, they were stripped, and the almost invisible animals were most sedulously attended to. Tables and frames were fixed up in a garret-room, that they might have more space and nourishment; for they grew fast, and after the last casting of the skin were so voracious, that it was hardly possible to give them leaves enough for their sustenance. They had even to be fed day and night, because all depends on their having no want of nourishment at the time when the great and wondrous change is to take place in them. If, indeed, the weather was favourable, this business might be considered a pleasant entertainment. But if it turned cold, so that the mulberry-trees suffered, there was great trouble. But it was still more unpleasant if rain fell during the last period—for these creatures cannot at all bear moisture, and therefore the wetted leaves had to be carefully wiped and dried, which could not always be quite accurately done; and from this, or perhaps from some other cause, many diseases broke out among the flock,

by which the poor things were swept away in thousands. The subsequent corruption produced a truly pestilential smell; and as it was necessary to remove the dead and dying from the healthy, in order to save only a few, the business was in truth extremely laborious and disgusting, and caused many an unhappy hour to us children.

After we had passed the finest weeks of the spring and summer of one year in attendance on the silk-worms, we had to help my father in another business, which, although simpler, did not give us less trouble. The Roman views had hung for many years on the walls of the old house, stretched by a black rod at top and bottom, and by the light, dust, and smoke, had become very yellow, and been defaced not a little by the flies. If this dirtiness could not be permitted in the new house, yet, on the other hand, those representations had become more and more interesting to my father by his lengthening absence from the places themselves. For at first such views serve to refresh and enliven the impressions lately received. They appear trifling in comparison with these, and seldom more than a melancholy substitute. But as the recollection of the original forms fades more and more away, the copies insensibly occupy their place, and become as dear to us as those once were; and what we formerly despised, now gains our esteem and love. Thus is it with all delineations, and particularly with portraits. It is hard for any one to be satisfied with the resemblance of a present object; but how highly do we value every shadow of an absent, and especially of a deceased person.

In fine, with this feeling of his former prodigality, my father wished those engravings to be as far as possible restored. That this might be done by bleaching was well known; and this operation, which as to large plates is always critical, was now undertaken in rather unfavourable circumstances; for the large boards on which the smoke-stained engravings were damped and exposed to the sun, stood before the garret windows in the gutters, leaning against the roof, and were thus exposed to many accidents. The chief point was, that the paper was never to dry, but re-

quired to be kept always damp. This was the duty of my sister and me; and the weariness and impatience which it caused, and the continual watchfulness, admitting no relaxation, made an extreme vexation of the idleness which we should otherwise have so much enjoyed. The thing was nevertheless accomplished; and the bookbinder, who fixed each sheet on thick paper, did his best to re-unite and restore the margins which had here and there been torn by our negligence. All the sheets were collected into a volume, and were for this time saved.

That we children might not want variety of life and learning, an English language-master appeared just at this time, who engaged that within four weeks he would teach English to any one not quite new in acquiring languages, and advance him so far that, with a little labour, he would be able to go on by himself. He took a moderate honorarium, and was indifferent how many pupils took advantage at the same time of one of his lessons. My father immediately resolved to try the experiment; and agreed to take lessons with myself and my sister from the expeditious master. The appointed hours were faithfully kept, and we diligently went over the lessons by ourselves; and throughout the four weeks, we neglected some of our other studies rather than this. The teacher took leave of us and we of him with mutual satisfaction. As he remained afterwards in the town, and found many employers, he came now and then to see us, and help us, thankful that we had been among the first to place confidence in him, and proud that he could present us as examples to the others.

In consequence of this, my father had a new anxiety that English might be neatly fitted into the series of my other exercises in languages. Now, I acknowledge that it was always burdensome to me to take the groundwork of my tasks now from one, now from another grammar or collection of examples; now from one, now from another author; and then with every hour to dissipate afresh my interest in my subject. The thought therefore occurred to me of carrying on the whole together; and I invented a romance of six or seven brothers and

sisters, who when separated from each other, and dispersed over the world, give each other alternately information of their position and feelings. The eldest brother gives an account in honest German of all the objects and occurrences of his journey. The sister, in a feminine style, with neat stops and short sentences, much as *Siegwart* was afterwards written, answers now him and now the other brothers, relating partly domestic events and partly affairs of the heart. One brother studies theology, and writes a very formal Latin, to which he often adds a Greek postscript. The English correspondence naturally fell to the share of a younger one, who was placed as a clerk at Hamburg; and the French was in the hands of one at Marseilles. A musician, on his first flight into the world, took up the Italian; and the youngest, a kind of pert, unfledged booby, had betaken himself, the other languages being appropriated, to Jews' German; and by his horrible hieroglyphics threw the rest of his family into despair and mine into laughter at the joke.

I looked out for matter to suit this strange form of composition, by studying the geography of the countries in which my personages were placed, and by filling those dry localities with many kinds of human life, suited to the characters of my heroes, and to their various employments. My exercise books became, in this way, much more voluminous, my father was better satisfied, and I became sooner aware what knowledge and what kinds of dexterity I was deficient in.

Now, as such things, when once set a-going, have neither end nor limits, so it was in this case with me. For, in trying to master the queer Jew-German, and to write it as easily as I could read it, I soon found that I required to know Hebrew, from which alone the modern, corrupt, and distorted language can be drawn, and so handled with certainty. I therefore explained to my father the necessity of my learning Hebrew, and very eagerly pressed for his consent, having in this a higher aim. I heard it always said that, in order to understand the Old Testament as well as the New, the original languages were requisite. I could read the latter quite easily, because, that I might have practice even

on Sundays, I was obliged after church to recite, translate, and in a measure explain, the so-called gospels and epistles. I now thought of doing the same with the Old Testament, which, on account of its singularity, had always particularly interested me.

My father, who did not like to do any thing by halves, determined to ask Dr Albrecht, the rector of our gymnasium, to give me private lessons, until I should have acquired what was most essential in so simple a language; for he hoped that, if this could not be accomplished so quickly as the English, it might yet be done in twice the time.

The rector Albrecht was one of the most original figures in the world: little, not fat but broad; shapeless, though not deformed—in fine, an Æsop in gown and wig. A face of more than seventy was completely twisted to a sarcastic smile, while his eyes continued large, and, though red, were still brilliant and intelligent. He lived in the old convent of the Franciscans, the seat of the gymnasium. Even as a child I had often visited him, in company with my parents, when the long dark passages, the chapels turned into reception-rooms, the place all broken up into stairs and corners, had impressed me with a fearful joy. Without annoying me, he examined me as often as we met, and gave me praise and encouragement. One day, at the new arrangement of the pupils after a public examination, he saw me standing not far from his chair as a mere spectator, while he distributed the silver *præmia virtutis et diligentiae*. I was looking very eagerly at the little bag out of which he took the medals. He beckoned to me, came down a step, and gave me one of the silver pieces. My joy was great; although others thought this gift, bestowed on a boy not of the school, quite out of order. But for this the honest old man cared little, being always an oddity, and that in a striking way. He had a very good reputation as a schoolmaster, and understood his trade, although his age no longer permitted him to practise it perfectly. But he was hindered almost more by greater circumstances than by his own infirmities. As I had already learned, he was satisfied neither with the consistories, nor the school-inspectors, nor the clergy, nor even with the masters. His disposition in-

clined him to lay wait for errors and defects, and to the use of satire, and he gave it free play, both in his programmes and in his public discourses; and, as Lucian was almost the only writer whom he read or valued, he spiced all that he said or wrote with biting ingredients.

Happily for those he was discontented with, he never went to work directly, but only jeered at the faults which he wished to punish by hints, allusions, classical quotations, and Biblical sentences. Moreover, his delivery—he always read his speeches—was unpleasant, unintelligible, and besides often interrupted by a cough, and frequently by an inward paunch-convulsing laugh, with which he used to announce and accompany the pungent passages. I found this singular man gentle and obliging when I began to take my lessons from him. I went now daily at six o'clock in the evening, and always felt a secret satisfaction when the outer door closed behind me, and I had to travel through the long and dusky cloistered passage. We sat in his library, at a table covered with oil-cloth. A much-read Lucian never left his side. In spite of all my inclination, I could not get to the matter without difficulty; for my teacher could not suppress certain sarcastic remarks as to the real truth about Hebrew. I concealed from him my views towards the Jew-German, and talked of a better understanding of the original text. At this he smiled, and said I should soon be satisfied if I only learned to read. This vexed me in secret, and I collected all my attention when we began with the letters. I found an alphabet very similar to the Greek, of which the forms were easy, and the names mostly not strange to me. I had very soon caught and remembered all this, and thought we were now to begin reading. That this was done from the right to the left hand I was quite aware. But now suddenly there appeared a new host of little letters and signs, of points and strokes of all kinds, which in fact were to represent the vowels. I wondered at this the more, because there were manifestly some vowels in the larger alphabet, and the others appeared only to be hidden under strange designations. It was also told me that the Jewish nation, as long as it flourished, did, in fact, rest satisfied with their former signs, and

knew no other mode of writing or reading. Most willing would I have adopted this ancient, and, as it seemed to me, more convenient fashion. But my old man declared, rather severely, that we must go by the grammar, as it had already been approved and set down. Reading without these points and strokes was a very difficult enterprise, and could be accomplished only by the learned, and those most accustomed to it. I must, therefore, make up my mind to learn these little additional signs. The business, however, seemed to me more and more confused. Now, it turned out that some of the first and greater primitive signs had no value in their own places, that their younger little rivals might not stand there in vain. At one time they indicated a light breathing, at another a softer or harsher guttural, and again served only as supports and buttresses. Nay, lastly, when one thought one had perfectly noticed every thing, some of the great, as well as of the little personages, were reduced to inaction, so that the eye had always a great deal and the lip very little to do.

As that of which I already knew the substance had now to be stuttered out in a strange jargon, while a certain snuffle and grunt, unattainable in its full perfection, were not a little recommended to me, I lost a good deal of my interest in the matter, and amused myself childishly with the old names of these accumulated signs. There were emperors, kings, and dukes, who, domineering here and there in accents, entertained me not a little. But these thin jests also soon lost their charm; while, nevertheless, I came off a gainer, as in reading, translating, repeating, learning by heart, the substance of the book came out the more vividly, and it was properly in this that I wished for explanation from my old friend. Even before this time, the discrepancy between the traditional and the actual and possible had struck me forcibly, and I had put my domestic teachers to much distress about the sun which stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, to say nothing of other difficulties. All this was now stirred up, while, in order to become master of Hebrew, I occupied myself exclusively with the Old Testament, and studied it through, no longer in Luther's version, but in the verbal

translation printed beside the text by Sebastian Schmidt. Here, unhappily, our lessons began to be cut short, so far as knowledge of the language was concerned. Reading, interpretation, grammar, transcription, and repetition of words, seldom lasted a full half hour; for I began immediately to attack the meaning, and although we were still engaged on the first book of Moses, to give vent to much which had been suggested to me by the later books. At first the kind old man attempted to recall me from such excursions; but at last he too seemed entertained by them. He now could not at all restrain his usual cough and laughter; and although he took good care to give me no pretext for compromising him, yet I did not relax in my zeal. Nay, as I was more concerned to propose my doubts than to have them solved, I advanced in vigour and boldness, which his demeanour seemed to justify. In fine, I could draw nothing from him, but that over and over, with his paunch-convolving laugh, he exclaimed, "Ah, mad fellow! ah, mad boy!"

Nevertheless, my childish vivacity, which examined the Bible on all sides, must have seemed to him tolerably serious, and deserving of some help. He therefore referred me, after some time, to the great English Biblical work which stood at hand in his library, and in which the explanation of difficult and uncertain passages was attempted in an intelligent and judicious way. The translation had, by the great labours of German divines, obtained some advantages over the original. The different opinions were stated, and at last a kind of reconciliation attempted, by which the dignity of the book, the ground of religion, and our human understanding, were enabled in a manner to co-exist. Now as often as, towards the close of the hour, I expressed some of my common questions and doubts, he referred me to the *Repository*. I took the volume, he let me read, turned over his Lucian, and when I uttered my remarks upon the book, his usual laugh was all the answer he gave to my acuteness. In the long summer day he let me sit as long as I pleased, often alone. By-and-by, he permitted me to take one volume after another home with me.

A man may turn as he will, and

undertake any thing whatsoever, but will always return into the road which Nature has once for all prescribed to him. And so it happened with me in the present case. My pains about the language, about the substance of the sacred writings themselves, all ended at last in producing a livelier picture in my imagination of that fair and celebrated land, and of all that lay around it, as well as of the peoples and events which through thousands of years ennobled that spot of earth.

This small space was to see the origin and growth of the human race. Thence were to come our first and only accounts of primitive history; and this locality was to lie before our imagination, no less simple and conceivable than varied, and suited to the most wondrous migrations and settlements. Here, between four recorded rivers, rises a small delightful space, set apart from the whole habitable earth for youthful man. Here was he to develop his first capacities; and here, at the same time, was the lot to befall him, which was appointed for all his posterity, of losing peace by striving after knowledge. Paradise was forfeited; men increased and corrupted themselves; and were utterly destroyed by the wrathful Elohim. Only a few were saved from the general inundation; and scarcely had this horrible flood disappeared, when the well-known ancestral soil lay once more before the eyes of the grateful survivors.

Two rivers out of four, the Euphrates and the Tigris, still flowed in their beds. The name of the former remained, the other seemed marked by its course. More accurate traces of the Paradise could not be expected after such a revolution. The renewed race of man went forth from hence a second time. They were impelled to nourish and employ themselves in many different ways; but chiefly to collect about them great herds of tame animals, and to wander with them in all directions.

This mode of life, as well as the increase of the families, compelled the peoples soon to separate from each other. They could not immediately resolve to bid farewell for ever to their kindred and friends, and they struck upon the thought of building a lofty tower, which, from a great distance, would mark to them the way back. But this attempt failed like that

former enterprise. They were not to be at once happy and wise, numerous and united. They were put to confusion; the building stopped; the men dispersed; the world was peopled, but divided.

Our gaze, our interest remain, however, still fastened on these regions. At last a founder of a race comes forth from hence anew, and impresses a decided character on his descendants, thereby to combine them for all time into a great nation, holding together through all changes of fortune and of country.

From Euphrates, Abraham, not without Divine guidance, wanders towards the west. The desert opposes no final hinderance to his march. He reaches the Jordan, passes over the river, and spreads himself in the fair southern regions of Palestine. This land had been taken possession of before, and tolerably peopled. Mountains, not of extreme height, but stony and unfruitful, were cut through by many watered valleys, favourable to cultivation. Cities, towns, single settlements, lay scattered over the plain, and on slopes of the great valley which pours its waters into Jordan. Thus peopled, thus tilled was the country; but the world was still so wide, and the men so little careful, necessitous, or laborious, that they did not at once occupy all about them. Between their possessions large spaces spread, in which pasturing herds could move freely hither and thither. In these spaces Abraham disposes himself, with his brother Lot near him. But they cannot remain long in such spots. That very mode of settlement in the land, with a population that shrinks and swells, and productions which never remain in equipoise with the wants, brings unexpectedly a famine, and the stranger suffers with the native, whose own support his accidental presence has made more difficult. The two Chaldean brothers remove towards Egypt; and thus the stage is pointed out to us on which, for some thousands of years, the most important events of the world were to take place. From Tigris to Euphrates, from Euphrates to Nile, we see the earth peopled, and in this space a man, beloved of Heaven, and whom we already esteem worthy, moves to and fro with his herds and possessions, and in a short time amply increases them.

The brothers return; but, taught by the distress they had suffered, they take the resolution of separating from each other. Both indeed remain in southern Canaan; but while Abraham stays at Hebron, by the wood of Mamre, Lot goes towards the vale of Siddim. If our imagination is bold enough to give to the Jordan a subterranean outlet, so as to gain, instead of the present Dead Sea, a dry soil, this place will appear to us a second paradise; the more because the inhabitants and neighbours, notorious for effeminacy and crime, lead us from this to suppose their life commodious and luxurious. Lot lives among them, but apart.

But Hebron and the wood of Mamre appear to us as the dignified spots where the Lord speaks with Abraham, and promises him all the land so far as his gaze can reach in all directions. From these quiet regions, from these pastoral peoples, who associate with the celestials, receive them as guests, and hold many dialogues with them, we are compelled to turn our eyes once more towards the East, and to think of the state of the surrounding world, which, on the whole, may perhaps have resembled that of the single land of Canaan.

Families stay together; they combine, and the mode of life of the tribes is determined by the locality which they have appropriated, or now appropriate. On the mountains which pour their waters into the Tigris we find warlike peoples, who even thus early foreshow those future conquerors and rulers of the world; and in a military expedition, prodigious for those times, give us a prelude of their coming exploits. Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, has already a powerful influence over his allies. He reigns long; for twelve years before Abraham's arrival in Canaan, he had made the peoples as far as Jordan tributary. They resisted at last, and the allies prepared for war. We find them unexpectedly on a road by which probably Abraham also reached Canaan. The peoples on the left and lower side of Jordan were subdued. Chedorlaomer directs his march southwards to the peoples of the wilderness, then, turning north, strikes the Amalekites; and when he has also mastered the Amorites, reaches Canaan, falls upon the kings of the Valley of Siddim, strikes

and scatters them, and moves with great booty up the course of Jordan, in order to extend his conquests as far as Lebanon.

Among the prisoners, plundered and dragged along with their property, Lot is one, who shares the fate of the country where he lives as a stranger. Abraham hears it, and at once we see the patriarch as a warrior and hero. He draws together his servants, divides them into bands, falls upon the cumbersome load of spoil, confuses the victors, who could not suspect an enemy in the rear, and recovers his brother and his goods, together with much of those of the conquered kings. By this short expedition Abraham takes, as it were, possession of the land. He appears to the inhabitants a protector, a rescuer, and by his disinterestedness a king. The kings of the Valley receive him with thanks; Melchisedec, the king and priest, with blessings.

The prophecies of an endless posterity are now renewed, nay, take a wider and wider extension. From the waters of Euphrates to the river of Egypt all the land is promised him. Yet there seems a failure of his immediate offspring. He is eighty years old, and has no son. Sarah, trusting less in the Divine power than he, becomes impatient. She wishes, in the Oriental fashion, to have a descendant through her maid. But scarcely has Hagar been committed to the master of the family, scarcely is there hope of a son, before dissension breaks out. The wife treats her own dependant harshly enough, and Hagar flies, in order to find a better fortune among other tribes. She turns back, not without signs from on high, and Ishmael is born.

Abraham is now ninety-nine years old, and the promises of a numerous posterity are constantly repeated, so that at last both the pair think them ridiculous. And yet is Sarah at last pregnant, and brings forth a son, to whom is given the name Isaac.

On the legitimate continuation of the human race, history, for the most part, depends. It becomes necessary to trace the most important public events up into the secrets of families; and thus also do the marriages of the patriarchs suggest some peculiar considerations. It seems that the Divine power which loved to guide the destiny of man, had wished to represent

here, as in an archetype, connubial events of all kinds. Abraham, so long united in childless marriage with a beautiful woman whom many coveted, finds himself, in his hundredth year, the husband of two women, the father of two sons, and at this moment his domestic peace is broken. Two women side by side, and two sons by two mothers, cannot possibly agree. The side least favoured by law, usage, and opinion, must give way. Abraham must sacrifice his regard for Hagar and for Ishmael. Both are dismissed, and Hagar is now compelled, against her will, to enter on a road which she once pursued in voluntary flight. At first it seems as if both her child and she must perish; but the angel of the Lord, who had before sent her back, now again rescues her, that Ishmael also may become a great people, and the most improbable of all prophecies may have even an overflowing fulfilment.

Two parents in advanced years, and one son of their old age—here at last, at all events, we may look for domestic quiet and earthly happiness! Not at all. Heaven is still preparing the heaviest of trials for the patriarch. But of this we cannot speak, without first proposing several considerations.

If a natural universal religion were to arise, and a special revealed one to be developed from it, then the countries in which our imagination has been lingering, the mode of life, and race of men, were the very fittest for the purpose. At least, we do not find that in the whole world any thing equally favourable and encouraging existed. Even natural religion, if we suppose that it had arisen before in the human mind, implies much sensibility; for it rests upon the persuasion of an universal providence, which conducts the course of the world as a whole. A particular religion, revealed by Heaven to this or that people, brings with it the belief in a special providence, pledged by the Divine Being to certain favoured men, families, races, and peoples. It seems hard for this to develop itself in men from within. It requires tradition, usage, assurance from of old.

It is therefore beautiful that the Israelitish tradition represents the very first men who confide in this providence as heroes of faith, following all the commands of that high Being,

whose servants they profess themselves as unreservedly as they undoubtingly persevere in expecting the final fulfilment of his promises.

As a particular revealed religion lays for its ground the idea that one man may be more favoured by Heaven than another, it arises also pre-eminently from the separation of classes. The first men appeared nearly allied; but their employments soon divided them. The hunter was the freest of all; from him arose the warrior and the ruler. Those who tilled the field, bound themselves to the soil, and raised dwellings and barns to preserve what they had gained, might also thus early think themselves of some importance, because their condition promised continuance and security. To the herdsman in his employment, there seemed given the most unlimited condition, and a boundless heritage. The increase of the herds proceeded without end, and the space which was to support them expanded on all sides. These three classes seem from the very first to have regarded each other with dislike and contempt; and, as the herdsman was an abomination to the townsmen, so in turn he avoided them. The hunters vanish from our sight among the hills, and re-appear only as conquerors.

The patriarchs belonged to the class of herdsmen. Their manner of life upon the sea of deserts and pastures, gave breadth and freedom to their minds. The vault of heaven, under which they dwelt, with all its mighty stars, elevated their feelings. They had more need than the active, skilful huntsman, or the secure, careful, householding husbandman, of the immovable faith that a God walked beside them, visited them, cared for them, guided and protected them.

We are compelled to make another reflection in passing to the rest of the history. Humane, beautiful, and cheering as is the religion of the patriarchs, yet traits of savageness and cruelty are mingled with it all, out of which man may either rise or again sink in it, and be lost.

That hatred should appease itself by the blood, by the death of the conquered enemy, is natural. That men concluded a peace upon the battle-field among the ranks of the slain, may easily be conceived. That they should similarly think to strengthen a com-

pact by slain animals, follows from what has been just said. Nor can it more be an object of wonder, that by slaughtered beasts they believed they could call down, propitiate, and prevail upon the heavenly powers, whom they always regarded as partisans, either opposing or assisting them. But if we consider only the offerings, and the way in which they were performed in that primeval time, we find a strange usage, to us altogether abhorrent, which probably had been derived from war: this, namely—the sacrificed animals of every kind, however great the number, had to be hewn in twain, and laid on either hand, and in the space between those placed themselves who wished to make a covenant with the Deity.

Another fearful trait passes wonderfully and awfully through all that fair world—that all which was consecrated and devoted must die; probably also a war custom, transferred to peace. The inhabitants of a town which defends itself strongly, are threatened with such a vow. It falls by storm or otherwise, and nothing is left alive; men never, and often not the women, the children, even the cattle. Precipitately and superstitiously such offerings are, with more or less distinctness, vowed to Heaven; and thus those whom the votary would fain spare, even the nearest to him, his own children, are exposed to perish as the sin-offerings of such a madness.

So barbarous a kind of devotion could not arise in the mild, truly patriarchal character of Abraham. But Heaven, which often, in order to tempt us, seems to exert those qualities which man is inclined to attribute to it, lays monstrous commands on him. He must sacrifice his son as a pledge of the new covenant; and if usage is followed, must not only slay and burn him, but divide him into two parts, and between the smoking members expect a new promise from the benign Power. Without delay, and blindly, Abraham prepared himself to execute the command. But the will is sufficient. Abraham's trials are now over, for they could not be carried to a higher point. But Sarah dies, and this gives occasion for Abraham taking possession typically of the land of Canaan. He wants a grave, and this is the first time when he concerns himself for any possession on this earth. He had probably before sought out a double cavern

at the wood of Mamre. This he buys with the field about it; and the legal form which he observes in the purchase, shows how important is this possession to him. It was so, perhaps more than he could himself imagine. For he, his children, and his grandchildren, were to rest there; and the chief claim to the whole land, as well as the ever-increasing wish of his descendants to gather themselves in it, was thereby to be most appropriately grounded.

Henceforth the manifold family scenes continue to vary. Abraham still keeps himself severely apart from the inhabitants; and if Ishmael himself, the son of an Egyptian woman, has moreover married a daughter of that country, so Isaac, too, must wed a kinswoman and an equal.

Abraham sends his servant to Mesopotamia, to the relatives whom he has left there. The prudent Eleazar arrives unknown, and, in order to take home the right bride, he tries the serviceableness of the damsels at the well. He begs to drink himself, and Rebecca, unasked, gives drink also to his camels. He gives her presents, and demands her in marriage; nor is she refused him. Thus he takes her home to his master, and she is united to Isaac. In this case, also, the offspring must be long waited for. Not till after years of trial is Rebecca blessed; and the same division which arose from Abraham's double marriage is here produced by one. Two boys of opposite characters struggle even in the mother's womb. They come to light; the elder lively and strong, the younger mild and prudent. The former is the father's, the latter the mother's favourite. The strife for the precedence, which begins even with their birth, always continues. Esau is quiet and indifferent in his possession of those rights of the first-born which fate has given him; Jacob does not forget that his brother thrust him back. Attentive to every opportunity of gaining the desired advantage, he buys the right of the first-born from his brother, and overreaches him as to their father's blessing. Esau is enraged, and vows his brother's death, and Jacob flees to seek his fortune in the land of his forefathers.

Now, for the first time in so noble a family, appears one who has no hesitation in seeking by prudence and cunning the advantages which na-

ture and circumstance refused him. It has often enough been noticed and expressed, that the sacred writings by no means aim at representing the patriarchs and other divinely favoured men as models of virtue. They, too, are men of the most different characters, with many defects and failings. But there is one chief quality, which these men after God's heart could not want—an immovable faith that God had special regard to them and theirs.

General, natural religion, requires, properly speaking, no faith. For the persuasion that a great, productive, regulating, and guiding Being, as it were, hides himself behind Nature, in order to make himself conceivable by us—a persuasion of this kind impresses itself on every one. Nay, if one often lets go the thread of it, which conducts him through life, yet will he be able immediately and every where to resume it. But it is quite otherwise with a particular religion, which announces to us that this great Being distinctly and pre-eminently loves some one individual, one race, one people, one country. This religion is grounded on faith, which must be immovable if it is not to be instantly levelled with the ground. Every doubt of such a religion is mortal to it. One may return to persuasion, but not to faith. Hence the endless trials, the delay in the fulfilment of so often repeated promises, by which the capacity for faith of those great forefathers is set in the clearest light.

It is in faith, too, that Jacob begins his expedition; and if, by his cunning and deception, he has not gained our liking, yet he secures it by his lasting and inviolable love for Rachel, whom he himself on the moment sues for, as in his father's name Eleazar had sued for Rebecca. In him was the promise of a countless people first to be fully unfolded. He was to see many sons about him, but through them and their mothers was to suffer many pangs of heart.

He serves seven years for his beloved, without impatience and without wavering. His father-in-law, resembling him in cunning, and disposed, like him, to consider this means to his end legitimate, deceives him, and so repays him what he had done to his brother. Jacob finds in his arms a wife whom he does not love. In order

to appease him, Laban indeed, after a short time, gives him his beloved also, but under the condition of seven more years of service. So now there comes vexation on vexation. The unbeloved wife is fruitful, the beloved brings no children. The latter wishes, like Sarah, to become a mother by means of her maid. The former grudges her even this advantage. She, too, presents a maid to her husband; and now the good patriarch is the most troubled of men—four women, children from three, and none from the beloved one! At last she too is favoured, and Joseph comes into the world, a late offspring of the most passionate love. Jacob's fourteen years of service are past. But Laban will not part with his chief and most faithful servant. They form a new contract, and divide the herds between them. Laban keeps the white ones as the more numerous; Jacob must be content with the spotted—as it were with the refuse. But he too is able to secure his own advantage; and as he gained the rights of the first-born by a bad decision, and his father's blessing by a disguise, so now too he is able, by art and sympathy, to appropriate the best and largest part of the herds, and in this way also becomes the truly worthy ancestor of the people of Israel, and a model for his descendants. Laban and his dependants remark not perhaps the stratagem, but the results. Vexation arises. Jacob flees with all his family, with all his possessions, and escapes from his pursuer Laban, partly by fortune, partly by cunning. Rachel is now to bear him a son; but she dies in giving him birth. The son of sorrow, Benjamin, survives her; but the old father is to feel yet greater sorrow from the apparent loss of his Joseph.

Some one may perhaps ask, for what reason these well-known and oft-repeated and explained narratives are here again circumstantially told. Such an enquirer must be satisfied with the answer, that I could no otherwise exhibit how it was that, in my scattered life and desultory instruction, I yet collected my mind and feelings on one point, and in one kind of quiet activity; and no otherwise could paint the peace which surrounded me, even when the world about me was in the wildest and strangest commotion. When an ever-busy imagination, of

which that boy's legend may give witness, led me now here now there—when the mixture of fable and history, mythology and religion, threatened to bewilder me, I fled eagerly to those eastern regions—I immersed myself in the first book of Moses, and among the scattered tribes of herdsmen found myself at once in the greatest solitude and the greatest society.

These family scenes, before they were to lose themselves in a history of the Israelitish people, show now in conclusion a shape with which the hopes and imaginations, more particularly of the young, may most pleasantly delight themselves. Joseph, the child of the most passionate wedded love—he appears to us tranquil and clear, and foretells to himself the advantages which are to raise him above his family. Cast by his brothers into misfortune, he remains constant and upright in slavery, resists the most dangerous temptations, frees himself by prophecy, and is raised for his services to high honours. He first shows himself helpful and useful to a great kingdom, and then to his own kin. He resembles his ancestor Abraham in tranquillity and greatness, his grandfather Isaac in stillness and devotion. He exercises on a large scale the spirit of traffic inherited from his father. It is no longer herds gained for one's-self from a father-in-law—it is peoples, with all their professions, which he knows how to purchase for a king. Most graceful is this natural story, only it seems too short, and one feels called to expand it into details.

Such an expansion of the characters and events presented only in outline in the Bible, was no longer strange to the Germans. The persons of the Old and New Testaments had received through Klopstock a tender and sympathetic kind of existence, which admirably suited the boy as well as many of his contemporaries. Of the labours of Bodmer in this kind, little or nothing reached him; but Daniel in the Lion's Den, by Moser, made a strong impression on the young heart. In this, a right-minded man of business and of the Court passes through many afflictions to high honours; and his piety, through which he was threatened to be destroyed, becomes from first to last his shield and sword. I had already long wished to work out the history of Joseph. But I could not make any thing satisfactory of the

form of the composition, particularly as no kind of metre was familiar to me which would have suited such a work. But now I thought the treatment of it in prose would be very proper, and devoted myself with all my strength to the execution. I now tried to distinguish and paint the characters, and, by the insertion of incidents and episodes, to make the old simple history a new and complete work. I did not consider, what indeed cannot be considered by the young, that for this purpose a substance is required, and this can arise in us only by the intimations of experience. In fine, I represented to myself all the incidents even to the smallest detail, and repeated them to myself most accurately, one after another.

My undertaking was much facilitated by a circumstance which threatened to make this work and my authorship in general very voluminous. A young man of great capacity, but who had become imbecile by over-exertion and self-conceit, lived as a ward in my father's house, mixed quietly with the family, and, if let go on in his usual way, was contented and pleasant. He had written out his notes of the lectures at the university very carefully, and had attained a rapid and legible hand. He employed himself in writing more willingly than in any thing else, and was gratified if something was given him to copy. But he was still more pleased if any one dictated to him, because he then felt himself carried back to his happy academical years. My father, who did not write a ready hand, and whose German character was small and trembling, desired nothing better; and he was therefore accustomed, in carrying on either his own business or that of others, to dictate for some hours daily to this young man. I found it no less convenient, during the intervals of this employment, to see fixed on paper, by another's hand, all that flew swiftly through my head, and my powers of feeling and of imitation strengthened from the facility with which their products were caught and preserved.

I had not as yet attempted any work so great as that Biblical prose epic poem. There was now a tolerably peaceful time, and nothing called back my imagination from Palestine and Egypt. Thus my manuscript flowed forth day after day, while the poem, which I repeated to myself as

it were into the air, lay length after length upon the paper, and only a few pages now and then required to be written over.

When the work was done, for to my own astonishment it was really accomplished, I reflected that I had many poems by me from former years, which even now did not seem to me worthless, and which, if written out in the same size with *Joseph*, would make a very handsome quarto, and might have the title of *Miscellaneous Poems*. This gave me great pleasure, as I had thus an opportunity of imitating in private well known and celebrated authors. I had composed a good number of so-called Anacreontic poems, which, on account of the convenience of the measure and the easiness of the subject, were very readily produced. But these I could not well make use of, because they had no rhymes, and I wished above all things to do what would gratify my father. Therefore the Spiritual Odes seemed here quite suitable, having been composed with much zeal in imitation of the *Last Judgment* of Elias Schlegel. One written in honour of the Descent of Christ into Hell, received much applause from my parents and friends, and had the fortune to please me myself for some years afterwards. The so-called texts of the Sunday music for the churches, which were to be had every where in print, I studied diligently. They were in truth very weak, and I could well venture to believe that mine, of which I had composed many in the prescribed manner, deserved as well to be set to music, and executed for the edification of the congregation. More than a year before I had written out these with my own hand, and many like them, because in favour of this private practice I was released from the copies of the writing-master. All was now corrected and brought into good order, and little persuasion was required to have all neatly copied by the young man who was so fond of writing. I hastened with them to the bookbinder, and, when very soon after, I presented the handsome volume to my father, he exhorted me, with much satisfaction, to give him every year a similar quarto, which he did with the greater confidence because I had ac-

complished the whole only in my hours of recreation.

Another circumstance also increased my inclination to these theological, or rather Biblical studies. The senior of the clergy, John Philip Fresenius, a mild man, of handsome and pleasing appearance, who was respected by his congregation and by the whole city as an exemplary minister and good preacher, but who, because he had stood forth against the Moravians, was not in esteem with the peculiarly devout; while, on the contrary, he had rendered himself famous, and almost sacred among the multitude, by the conversion of a free-thinking general who had been mortally wounded;—this man died, and his successor Piitt, a large handsome dignified person, who had brought from his professorial chair at Marburg the gift rather of instructing than of edifying, announced immediately a kind of religious course, in which his sermons were to be delivered with a certain methodical connexion. Even before, as I was obliged to go to church, I had noticed the distribution of the subject, and could occasionally display my talents in a tolerably complete recitation of the sermon. But now, as much was said in the congregation for and against the new senior, and many had no great confidence in his announced didactic sermons, I undertook to write them down more carefully. I succeeded in this the better, from having already made some smaller attempts in a seat very convenient for hearing, and yet concealed from view. I was very attentive and alert; the moment he had said *Amen* I hurried from the church, and employed a couple of hours in hastily dictating what I retained on paper and in my memory, so that it was still before dinner when I was able to present my father with the written sermon. My father was very proud of this achievement, and the good friend of the family, who came in then to dinner, had his share of the pleasure. He was at all events very kindly disposed towards me, because I had so made his *Messiah* my own, that in my frequent visits to him to get impressions of seals for my collection of coats-of-arms, I used to repeat long passages to him till the tears stood in his eyes.

JUDITH; OR, THE OPERA-BOX.

A VOLUME of tales by the celebrated Eugene Scribe, fell lately into our hands; and as we had never met with any of his performances in that department, though every stage in Europe is supplied with his innumerable farces, and though we have seen, at a moderate computation, five hundred of them for our own share, we thought it likely that our readers would have the same curiosity as ourselves to see him in a walk to which he is so little accustomed; and we present them with the story which we consider the best in the collection.

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening—if I remember rightly, it was at the end of 1831—there was a great crowd at the Opera, for Taglioni was to dance. The spectators had crowded themselves on the steps of the orchestra, and the extra stools, furnished for the friends of the conductor, formed a sort of barricade which I found it difficult to surmount, amidst cries of “Hush, hush, silence, silence!” from the enthusiastic amateurs whom I disturbed. For when Taglioni dances, one not only gazes but listens. It seems as if the eye were not sufficient to admire with. I found myself in an awkward position, forced to stand amidst a group of my friends whom I met there by appointment, and who were too much crowded to make room for me, when a young man rose and offered me his seat, which of course I declined, not wishing to deprive him of the pleasure of the spectacle.

“It is no deprivation,” he said; “I am going out.”

I accepted his offer with thanks; and my obliging neighbour casting a last look at the stage before taking his departure, stopped an instant, and leaning his back against the box of General Claparede, seemed to look for some one in the distance; and then, sinking gradually into a profound reverie, thought no more of retiring.

He was right in saying I did not deprive him of the view; for, turning his back to the stage—seeing nothing—hearing nothing—he appeared entirely to forget where he was. I examined him attentively. It was impossible to imagine a face more handsome or expressive. Dressed simply and elegantly, there was something noble and distinguished in all his movements. He seemed about five-and-twenty; his fine black eyes were fixed incessantly on a front box of the second tier with an indefinable expres-

sion of melancholy and despair. Involuntarily I turned in that direction, and I saw that the box was empty.

“He expects somebody who has not come!” I said. “She has deceived him—she is ill—or her father has prevented her—and he loves and expects in vain! Poor young man!” And I watched as attentively as he; I pitied him, and would have given the world to see the door of the box opened—but it remained closed the whole night.

The ballet was about to end; and while the inferior dancers were performing, conversation as usual proceeded almost aloud. Among other things we talked of *Robert le Diable*, which was then in rehearsal, and was about to appear in a few days. My friends made all sorts of inquiries—about the music—the ballets—the situations, &c., and begged very earnestly to attend the last rehearsals. A rehearsal seems so strange and wonderful to those unaccustomed to it! I promised to introduce them, and we all rose up to go away—for the curtain was about to fall—and as I found myself near my unknown friend, who remained still motionless in the same place, I expressed my regret that I had accepted his offer, and my gratification if I could do any thing to oblige him in return.

“You can do so, quite easily,” he replied; “I have just gathered that you are M. Meyerbeer.”

“I have not the honour”—

“At any rate, you are one of the authors of *Robert le Diable*?”

“After a sort,” I said; “I wrote the words.”

“Well, then,” he rejoined; “let me be present at the rehearsal to-morrow.”

“We are so little prepared as yet, that I can only venture to ask my friends.”

“That is one reason more for my repeating the request.”

"And," I said, "I am delighted you have repeated it on these terms."

He shook my hand, and the hour was fixed for the following day.

He was exact to his appointment : we walked for a few minutes about the stage before the rehearsal commenced. He spoke gravely, yet pleasantly and cleverly ; but it was easy to perceive that it needed an effort to keep up the conversation, and that he was pre-occupied with other thoughts. Our goddesses of the dance and of song began to arrive one after another. Several times I perceived him tremble, and once his agitation was so great that he had to support himself on the side scenes. I began to suspect he was a rejected lover of one of our *Clios* or *Terpsichores*—a suspicion which his extreme handsomeness and his "style" altogether rendered by no means probable ; and in reality I was mistaken. He spoke to no one—went near no one—and, moreover, no one knew who he was.

The rehearsal began. I looked for him in the orchestra among the amateurs—he was not there ; and though the body of the house was somewhat dark, I thought I saw him in the front box which he had gazed on so constantly the night before. I was anxious to make sure of this ; and at the end of the rehearsal, after the admirable trio of the fifth act, I ascended to the second tier. Meyerbeer, who had something to say to me, accompanied me. We arrived at the box, of which the door was half open, and saw the unknown with his head resting on his hands. At our approach he turned quickly round and rose up—his pale face was covered with tears ! Meyerbeer was overjoyed, and, without saying a word, shook his hand most kindly, as if to thank him. The unknown, trying to conceal his embarrassment, muttered some words of compliment in such a vague and unconnected manner, that we saw he had not listened to the performance ; and that for two hours he had been thinking of any thing rather than the music. Meyerbeer whispered to me in despair—"The wretch has not heard a note !"

We all three descended the stairs ; and, crossing the large and beautiful court which leads to the Rue Grange Bateliere, the unknown bowed to M. Sausseret, who at that time had the letting of the seats.

I went to M. Sausseret—"You know that handsome young fellow who has just left me ?"

"M. Arthur—Rue du Helder—No. 9. I know nothing more—he has engaged a box on the second tier for this winter."

"He was there this moment," I said.

"Then he seems to use it in the morning only, for he never goes near it at night. The box is always empty."

And in fact the whole week the door was never opened—the box remained deserted.

The first appearance of *Robert* was now near, and on such occasions a poor devil of an author is overwhelmed with applications for boxes and tickets. You may imagine what time he has to attend to his play, and to the changes and curtailments that may be required. He has to answer letters and claims that pour in upon him from all quarters, and it is invariably the ladies who are most exacting on such nights. "You were to have got me two boxes, and I have only got one." "You promised me No. 10, next to the General's, and they have sent me No. 15, next to Madame D——, whom I detest, and who casts me into the shade with her diamonds."—A first night is a time when you get into scrapes with your best friends, who, perhaps, overlook it in a few days if your piece "takes," but who nurse their indignation a long time if you are damned ; so that you are punished both by them and the public at the same time. Misfortunes never come alone. Well, then, on the morning of the first night of *Robert*, I had promised a box to some ladies ; but the manager took it away from me to give it to—a journalist ! I complained. He replied, "'Tis for a journalist—you understand ?—a journalist who hates you ; but who has promised—thanks to my politeness in giving him your box—to speak favourably of the music."

It was impossible to resist an argument like this ; and the box was given up. But where was I to bestow my fair friends, whose wrath was a much more serious matter to me than that of the journalist ?—I luckily remembered my unknown acquaintance, and went to his residence ; his room was very simple and unostentatious, particularly for a man who had a box at the Opera.

"My dear sir," I said, "I come to ask you a great favour."

"Say on."

"Do you intend to be present at the first representation of *Robert le Diable*—in your box, I mean?"

He appeared embarrassed; and replied with some hesitation—"I should be very happy—but—it is impossible."

"Have you disposed of it?"

"No."

"Will you give it up to me—you will get me out of an awkward predicament?"

His trouble seemed to increase every moment—he *could* not refuse me; and at last, as if making a great effort to command himself, he said, "I agree, but upon one condition,—that you put nobody into that box but *men*."

"Impossible, my dear sir, I ask it expressly to accommodate some ladies."

He was silent for a while; "And among those ladies," he said, "is there any one you love?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

"Then take the box," he said, "for I leave Paris to-day."

I made a movement expressive of interest and curiosity, and he seemed to divine my thoughts; for he took me by the hand, and said, "You no doubt perceive that certain fond and sad remembrances attach themselves to that box. I can communicate them to no one. Of what use is it to complain when one is miserable—and hopeless—and when it is all by his own fault?"

That night the first representation of *Robert* took place, and my friend Meyerbeer achieved a triumph which resounded all through Europe. Since that time many other events, literary and political,—many other successes, and many failures have occurred. I saw no more of M. Arthur—I thought of him no more—I had forgotten him.

A night or two ago I found myself once more in the orchestra, at the right side of the Opera. It was not now to see *Robert*—it was to see the *Huguenots*—five years had passed away.

"You come late," said one of my friends, a professor of civil law, who has as much "esprit" at night as erudition in the morning.

"And you are very wrong in so doing," added a little man dressed in

black, with a sharp voice and a powdered head, as he tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round, and saw M. Baraton, the notary of my family.

"You here!" I cried—"and your office"——

"Sold it three months ago—I am rich—I am a widower—I am sixty years old—I have been twenty years married, and thirty years a notary—I think I am entitled to a little enjoyment."

"And he has now been a subscriber to the Opera for eight days," said the professor of civil law.

"Ay, to be sure; I like to laugh; I like comedy, and so I have bought an admission here."

"And why not at the Français?"

"Oh! not half so amusing as here—one sees and hears the most extraordinary things in the world. These gentlemen know every thing—there is not a box of which they do not know the history."

"Indeed!" I cried, and mechanically turned towards the box on the second tier, which had so excited my curiosity some years before. What was my amazement! That night it was empty as before; and the only empty one in the whole house!

I was delighted to have a history to tell, and in a few words related all that I have now told you. I was listened to with attention: my friends were lost in conjecture—the professor tried to recall some ancient recollections—the little notary smiled maliciously.

"Well, gentlemen," I said to them, "which of you (who know every thing) can unriddle this enigma for us? who can tell us the story of that mysterious box?"

They were all silent, even the professor, who passed his hand over his brow as if to refresh his recollection of some anecdote, and would probably have finished by inventing one appropriate to the occasion, if the notary had given him time.

"Who will tell you that story?" he exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "who but I?—I know the whole particulars."

"You, M. Baraton?"

"To be sure."

"Go on then—go on,"—and we all drew near to listen.

"Go on, M. Baraton."

"Well, then," said the little notary,

with an important look, and taking a pinch of snuff, "which of you was acquainted with _____?"

But at that moment the first crash of the overture began—and M. Bara-

ton, who piqued himself on not losing a single note, stopped immediately, and said—"After the first act, gentlemen."

CHAP. II.

"GENTLEMEN," said the notary, when the first act of the *Huguenots* was finished, "Queen Marguerite has to be dressed with all her maids of honour—the castle and gardens of Chenonceaux have to be got ready; and the interval will be long enough, I think, to enable me to tell you the story you wish to hear." And after a placid pinch of snuff, which gave him time to collect his thoughts, M. Baraton commenced in these words:—

"Which of you, gentlemen, was acquainted with the little Judith?"

We all looked at each other, and the oldest frequenter of the orchestra was puzzled.

"The little Judith," he went on, "who some seven or eight years ago was brought out as a figurante in the ballet?"

"Stay," said the professor of civil law, with somewhat of a pedantic air, "a little blonde who was one of the pages in the *Muette*?"

"She was dark," said the notary; "as to the part you attribute to her, I have no positive document on the subject, and prefer relying on your immense erudition."

The professor bowed.

"But whether dark or fair, there was one thing that nobody disputed, and that was, that the little Judith was a charming creature. And another point, which appeared undeniable, was, that her aunt, Madame Bonnivet, was portress in the Rue Richelieu, in the house of an old gentleman, whose confidential manager she had once been; some said his cook; but Madame Bonnivet disdained the impeachment, and went on, quietly plying her knitting needles, and managing for the different lodgers, while her niece even already began making conquests. For it was impossible to pass the porter's lodge without being struck with the extraordinary beauty of little Judith, who was scarcely twelve years old. Her eyes even then were the finest in the world; her teeth like pearls; her form exquisitely graceful; and in whatever dress she wore, she had the

most *distingué* air imaginable; and, to crown all, an expressive, clear, and open countenance, with something radiant and coquettish in its very innocence. In short, she gave promise of one of those glorious combinations of grace and beauty, enough to turn people's heads, and, as a poet would say, to change the fate of empires.

People paid Madame Bonnivet so many compliments every day on the loveliness of her niece, that she determined to make considerable sacrifices for her education. She sent her, therefore, to a charity school, where little girls were taught to read and write—an enormous amount of instruction, the advantages of which were soon felt by Madame Bonnivet herself; who, in her capacity of portress, had found it rather difficult to make out the different addresses, and to send the letters and parcels to their respective destinations. Judith took this duty on herself, to the universal satisfaction of all concerned; and Madame Bonnivet being now persuaded that with such an education, superadded to so much beauty, her niece was sure to make a sensation in the world, she waited impatiently for an opening. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself. M. Rosambeau, the ballet-master, who rented one of the attics, offered to give little Judith some lessons; and in a few days after, Madame Bonnivet communicated in confidence to all the ladies of her acquaintance, that her niece had been accepted as one of the *corps de ballet* of the Opera—a piece of news which of course was spread far and wide, and flew rapidly from door to door along the whole extent of the Rue Richelieu.

Here, then, was little Judith installed at the Opera, taking lessons every morning of M. Rosambeau, and coming on at night—totally unnoticed amidst the groups of young girls, naiads, or pages, as the professor justly observed a few minutes ago.

Judith was innocence itself, though belonging to the stage; for she had been brought up in a respectable

house, where all the lodgers were decent Benedicks. Her aunt, who was as watchful as a dragon, never left her; accompanied her to the theatre in the morning, brought her home at night, and even remained whole days in the green-room knitting her stockings, while her niece took lessons and practised her steps. You wonder what became all this time of the large house in the Rue Richelieu. I can't exactly say; but people believe that a friend of Madame Bonnivet undertook all her duties there, in the expectation of the little Judith making a catch; for you are aware, gentlemen, that no one goes on the Opera boards unless with the hope of making a catch—gaining a settlement, or however you choose to express that great object of an actress's ambition. In this way they leave the stage—they are rich—they reform; and the good aunt—for all pretty dancers, you may have remarked, have invariably aunts of the highest respectability—marries her niece, now weaned from the vanities of tin spangles and paste diamonds, to a flourishing stockbroker or"—

"A retired notary," added the professor.

M. Baraton shrugged his shoulders. "Of course," he said; "but at that time thoughts of such prodigious advancement had never entered into the heads either of Madame Bonnivet or her niece. Ambition grows on us by degrees."

"But Judith," I said; "what became of Judith?" for I saw the curtain about to rise.

"Judith! I'm coming to her directly."—Madame Bonnivet, in spite of all her caution, could not hinder her niece from talking with her companions. In the mornings in the green-room, and, above all, at night when they were on the stage—a region where the aunt found it impossible to follow—Judith heard some things that astonished her.

One of the nymphs or sylphides, her companions, whispered in her ear—"See Judith, look in the orchestra—at the right—how hard he is looking at me."

"Who?" said Judith.

"That handsome young man with the cachemire vest; don't you see him?"

"What does it all mean?"

"I've struck him."

"Struck him?" said Judith, astonished.

"Ha, ha!" said the nymph, "what a simpleton you are—girls, here's a curiosity—she has never had an admirer!"

"All her aunt's fault," said another of the sylphs.

"Indeed! Well, if I had an aunt so ridiculous, I would"—

"Hush, hush, you know nothing about it," replied the other, who seemed a few years older; "she perhaps has serious intentions about little Judith, and, to keep her from the dangers of love, is going to give her to a protector."

"She!" rejoined the other, "she hasn't wit enough to get her one. Such good fortune would be too much to expect."

Judith did not lose a syllable, but had not courage to ask any body for an explanation. But she understood enough to see she was looked down upon, and she naturally had an intense desire to avenge herself, to humble her companions, and fill them with rage and envy. Accordingly, when Madame Bonnivet informed her on their return, with a solemn face, that she would introduce her to a protector—a noble and rich protector—her first sensation was one of joyful surprise; and her aunt, who had not expected such a reception for her news, proceeded in rapture.

"Yes, my darling niece, an admirable person in all respects—a person who will secure your happiness, and a provision for your aunt; and indeed he can't do less, after all the trouble and expense your education has cost me."

Here the good aunt wiped away a few tears; and Judith, who was moved by the appearance of so much tenderness, only ventured to ask who was the protector, and how she had deserved such generosity.

"You shall know in good time," replied the aunt; "but in the meanwhile your companions will die with spite."

This was the very thing Judith wanted; and great indeed was the surprise, when the intelligence became known in the green-room.

"Is it possible? a creature like that! a figurante—a chorus girl, and I a first dancer—'tis disgusting!"

"Quite right," said the others;

"she is so good; she deserves her good-luck, she is so sweet and pretty." And in short, if it had been a marriage to a duke, they could not have made more exclamations, or envied her advancement more sincerely. And there could no longer be any doubt upon the subject, when her aunt appeared that evening in a magnificent shawl of Ternaux. But who could this protector be? some rich old curmudgeon—some gouty old banker, or worn-out old *roué*? But to all these questions Judith maintained a most prudent reserve; one great reason of which probably was, that she did not know a syllable about the matter.

In a few days, she had quitted the porter's lodge to live with her aunt in a charming suite of rooms in the Rue de Provence—a bedroom furnished splendidly, and a boudoir so tasteful, so elegantly fitted up, that the aunt never ventured to approach it; she preferred sitting in the dining parlour, or indeed in the kitchen; she felt so much more at her ease there than elsewhere. But day after day passed on, and nobody appeared, which struck Judith as something rather strange; for Judith was without education, but not without sense. Her candour and *naïveté* proceeded from innocence, not from stupidity; and after thinking over her position for some time, she would have given the world for somebody to consult—for some one to defend her against this protector whom she did not know, and whom she feared and hated. It is true, the only idea she had formed of him was of an ugly old man; for her companions had prepared her for nothing else by their conversations. She accordingly trembled, and had almost fainted with agitation, when, on the fifth day, her aunt threw open the door and announced the expected visitor.

Judith would have risen to receive him with proper respect, but her limbs shook, and she sank back again upon the sofa. When at length she raised her eyes, she saw standing before her a handsome young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years old, of a noble and elegant appearance, who looked at her with a kind and benevolent expression. In one instant she felt she was safe. A person who looked at her with so soft a smile would be her defender from all evil,

and from him she would have nothing to fear.

"Mademoiselle," he said, in a calm and respectful tone; but perceiving that Madame Bonnavet was still in the room, he made her a sign, and she immediately remembered she had orders to give about the dinner—"Mademoiselle, you are here at home, I hope you will be happy; but pardon me if I have the honour of seeing you but seldom—other engagements will prevent me the pleasure. I therefore lay claim to but one title—that of your friend; to but one privilege—that of satisfying your slightest wish."

Judith did not reply; but the beatings of her heart lifted up the light muslin of her pelerin.

"As to your aunt," and this he said with a scarcely perceptible tone of contempt, "she will hereafter be at your command; for I wish that you should give your commands to every one here, commencing with myself."

He then went near her, and took her hand, which he lifted to his lips, and seeing that the hand still trembled—"Have I alarmed you?" he said; "be assured that I shall never repeat my visit except when you desire it—adieu, Judith!"

And he went away, leaving the poor girl in a state of emotion which she could not comprehend. All day long she thought of nothing but the handsome stranger with his beautiful black eyes. She had not ventured to look at him, and yet nothing he had done, not a movement had escaped her. She was uneasy, and lost her spirits; her complexion grew pale, and her aunt smiled.

When the stranger was spoken of, she blushed the deepest scarlet, and her aunt smiled again.

But he returned no more, and she could not ask him to return. What had she to complain of?—apartments beautifully furnished—servants and carriage at her command—she had not a want in the world!

On the other hand, her companions in the theatre, seeing her so brilliantly dressed, and so radiant in beauty, overwhelmed her with questions. But those very questions made her have suspicions that there was something unusual in the whole transaction—that she was treated with a sort of disdain; and she shied the conversation as much

as she could, and never told even to her aunt how very respectfully she had been addressed. One night when the house was crowded, she perceived the stranger in the royal box looking at her. She nearly screamed with joy, and made a dancer miss the proper time, who was just then whirling a pirouette.

"What's the matter?" said Nathalie, one of her friends who held the other end of a garland.

"'Tis he! there he is!"

"Is it possible! Count Arthur de V——, one of the young nobles of the Court of Charles X., and moreover the handsomest of them all! You have nothing to complain of with such a friend to see you every day."

Judith made no reply. She was too happy. Arthur, to the great scandal of all who saw it, bowed to her from the King's box; and, better still, when the ballet was finished, just when she was about to ascend to her dressing-room, Arthur came to the side scenes, and said quite audibly, so as to be heard by the Lord Chamberlain who had the direction of the opera—"Will you allow me the honour of conducting you home?"

"'Tis too much honour for me," stammered Judith, without perceiving what a laugh her answer excited.

"Make haste then. I will wait for you on the stage."

She lost no time, you may be sure, in changing her dress; and on returning she found Arthur in conversation with a group of young fashionables, and with M. Lubert, the manager, to whom he recommended

Judith very warmly, and then openly gave her his arm before them all, and conducted her down the performers' staircase. At the door his carriage was ready to receive them; they got in, and, as it was cold, he pulled up the glasses, and put her shawl over her shoulders. How beautiful she was—so glad—so gratified; but the gladness did not last long. The distance is so short between the Rue Grange Bateliere and the Rue de Provence, and the horses went so fast! The carriage stopped; Arthur got out and offered his hand to Judith. They went up stairs together, and arrived at the door of her apartments. He rang the bell, respectfully took his leave, and disappeared.

Judith could not sleep. The conduct of the Count appeared so rude. He might at least have entered her room, and sat down for a moment. She knew very little, to be sure, of the manners of high society; but she thought that would have been more polite than to leave her so suddenly at the door. She was feverish and disturbed; and at daybreak got out of bed and went to the window to get cool. There, before her door, still stood the carriage with the fast grey horses; they pawed the ground with cold and impatience; the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the notary, when he had reached this part of his story; "the next act is just beginning, and I don't wish to lose a word of the opera—when the curtain falls"——

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, and the next again, Judith opened her window at daybreak. The Count's carriage was always at the door! It was evident that he sent it in the same manner almost every night, and she could not imagine the reason of such a proceeding; and, as to asking him for an explanation, she could not have ventured on such presumption for the world. And, besides, she hardly ever saw him, except on opera nights in a box on the second tier, which he had taken for the season. He never came upon the stage; he never again offered to

conduct her home. What then was to be done?

Luckily for her, her companions did him an injustice, and accused him of treating her ill. She was delighted, for she had now an excuse for writing to him; and accordingly she indited an epistle, beseeching him to come to her apartments. It was by no means an easy task to write a letter; so it took poor Judith the whole day. She began it over and over again, and made fifty foul copies before she achieved one to her mind. One of these she must have dropped out of her

bag; for, in the evening, she heard the young authors and others who were free of the orchestra, laughing immoderately at an ill spelt, ill written note, as they handed it about from one to the other. She was forced to hear their explosions of merriment, their satirical remarks, and the resolution they came to, to insert the unsigned note (the author of which was luckily unknown) in one of the newspapers, as a model for the De Sevignes of the ballet. What were the terror and agony of Judith, *not* at hearing her letter turned into ridicule, but to think that the Count would have the same feelings of contempt when he read the unfortunate note, which she would have purchased back again with her life. She was accordingly more dead than alive, when, on the following morning, Arthur entered her room.

"I'm come, dear Judith—I lost no time when I received your letter;" and that fatal, that horrible letter he held in his hand—"What is it you require?"

"What I require—Monsieur le Comte?—I don't know how to tell it you—but that letter—itself—since you have read it—if indeed you have been able to make it out"—

"Very easily, my dear girl," replied the Count, with a slight smile.

"Ah!" cried Judith, in despair, "that letter is enough to show you that I am a poor girl without talent, without education, who is ashamed of her ignorance and wishes to remove it. But how am I to do it? If you do not come to my assistance—if you refuse to help me with your advice—with your support"—

"What is it you wish?"

"Give me masters, and you will see if I am not industrious, if I do not profit by their lessons."

"But when can they come to you?"

"Any time—one thought keeps me anxious by day and sleepless at night."

"What thought?"

"The thought of the opinion you must have of me. You must despise me, and look on me as unworthy of your notice; and you are right," she continued hurriedly.—"I know how contemptible I am—I know myself—and I wish, if possible, to have no cause to blush for myself or to be a disgrace to you."

The Count looked at her with amazement, and said, "I shall do as you require; you shall have any masters you want."

Next day Judith had a master to teach her writing, and history and geography. You should have seen the ardour she studied with; and her natural abilities developed themselves with incredible rapidity. At first she liked study for Arthur's sake, and then she liked it for its own. It was her pleasantest enjoyment, her consolation under all her anxieties. She submitted to the fines for absence, to stay at home and devote herself to her books all day. Her companions said, "Judith has gone mad—she will lose her engagement—she is very foolish."

But Judith worked the harder, saying, I shall make myself worthy of him at last; he will see what efforts I make to improve myself—but, alas! he could see nothing of the kind; for whenever he came Judith was so agitated, and stammered and hesitated so much, and became so confused, that he thought all the lessons were thrown away upon her. The effect of the knowledge she had acquired, was to make her feel more bitterly how stupid and ridiculous he must think her; and that conviction rendered her still more constrained and embarrassed, and hindered the display of her real sentiments, so innocent—and so tender; and Arthur, as might be expected, came but seldom. Sometimes he remained a short time with her after the ballet; but when twelve o'clock sounded he always took his leave. She ventured to ask him, "When shall I see you?"

"I will tell you at the Opera, to-morrow."

But how was this to be done?—He was almost always in his box on the second tier; and when he intended to visit her on the following morning, he lifted his right hand to his ear, and that was as much as to say, I will come to the Rue de Provence.

And Judith would watch for him all the day—she admitted nobody—not even her aunt, that she might have the pleasure of seeing him entirely to herself.

In spite of the reserve of the Count she had made one discovery, and that was that he had some sorrow that weighed him down. What could the

sorrow be?—she could not bring herself to ask him, and yet she would have been so delighted to have been able to share it with him. But that was a happiness she did not dare to hope for—and yet she shared it though she did not know what it was. So when the Count asked her, as he often did, “What is the matter, Judith?—have you any grief to vex you?”—if she had dared she would have answered, “Yours!”

One day a horrible idea occurred to her—she muttered to herself, in despair, “He loves another—yes! yes, he loves another! and yet, if he does, why does he bring me here?—what can be his object? It is from no love to me—because, if he loved me” —Judith fixed her eyes on a large mirror, and she certainly looked so young, so blooming, so beautiful—no wonder she remained sunk in a reverie. The door of her boudoir was opened quickly; Arthur walked in—he had an air of trouble and chagrin, such as she had never seen before.

“Judith,” he said, “dress yourself immediately. You shall go with me to the Tuileries.”

“Is it possible?”

“Yes. The weather is delightful—all Paris will be there.”

“And you will take me there!” cried Judith, enraptured; for the Count had never walked out with her, or given her his arm in public.

“To be sure! I will take you there before the whole world!—in the great avenue,” said the Count, hurriedly walking about the room—“Come along, Madame Bonnavet,” he added quickly to the old aunt, who at that moment came in—“Dress your niece as splendidly as you can; and above every thing be quick!”

Madame Bonnavet made preparations for taking off the morning dress that Judith wore; but she blushed, and made a sign that Arthur was still in the room.

“Tush, tush!” said the aunt—“are we to be on such ceremony with Monsieur the Count?”—and without any more ado she unlaced the gown and it tumbled on the floor.

Judith did not know where to look, or what to do—and was quite oppressed with shame.

But, alas! her modesty was altogether useless on this occasion. Arthur never looked near her. Absorbed by

one idea that seemed to excite his rage and indignation, he traversed the apartment with great rapidity, and in one of his turns threw down a little vase made of shells, which broke into a thousand pieces.

“Oh, what a pity!” exclaimed Judith, forgetting at that moment the state of her toilet.

“Yes, indeed,” echoed the aunt—“it cost five hundred francs at the least.”

“Not for that! not for that!” said Judith—“but because it came from him”——

“Well, are you ready?” cried Arthur, impatiently, who had not heard a word of their reflections on the vase.

“In one moment—Aunt, my shawl; now, my gloves.”

“And your mantle,” said Arthur, “you have forgotten it—and you will find it cold.”

“Oh, no!”

“Your hand is burning,” said Madame Bonnavet; “you are feverish, my child—I don’t think you ought to go.”

“I am well—quite well,” said Judith, hurrying on—“Let us go—let us go: I would not stay at home for all the world.”

The carriage was at the door—they got in, and drove down the Boulevards—at noon-day—together! And, to complete the happiness of the elated Judith, she saw two of her companions in the Rue de la Paix, and bowed to them with the gracious condescension which extreme happiness produces—two principal performers, who on that occasion were trudging humbly on foot.

The carriage stopped at the gate of the Rue de Rivoli. Judith took the Count’s arm, and they promenaded in the principal allée. It was a fête day—all the rank and fashion of Paris had assembled—the crowd was immense.

In a moment Arthur and his companion were the objects of universal observation. They were both so handsome it was impossible to avoid remarking them. Every one turned round to look at them, and ask who they were.

“’Tis the young Count Arthur de V——.”

“Are they married?”

Judith trembled at the question with

a sensation of pleasure—and of pain at the same time—that she could not account for.

“No, indeed,” said a grand-looking old lady, in a disdainful tone—while she caressed a little spaniel in her arms, and was attended by two footmen in superb liveries—“Monsieur the Count is not married; my lord, his uncle, won’t hear of it.”

“Then who is that beautiful creature with him?—his sister, perhaps?”

“O, you wrong him, I assure you—she is his mistress—an opera girl—at least I think I have heard so.”

Luckily Judith did not hear the old dowager’s remarks; for at that moment the Baron de Blangi, who walked behind them, said to his brother the Chevalier—“’Tis little Judith.”

“What! the girl Arthur is so fond of?”

“He has gone mad about her—he ruins himself.”

“He is quite right,” replied the Chevalier—“Who would not do the same?—how beautiful she is!”

“Take care—you’ll fall in love with her.”

“I’m that already. Come, and let us see her close.”

“If the crowd will let us.”

And the crowd that kept following her went on making remarks of the same kind, and Arthur heard them. For the first time he looked at Judith as she deserved to be looked at, and was astonished to find her so beautiful. The walk, the company, and, above all, the consciousness of being admired, had given her cheeks and eyes an unusual glow; and then she was sixteen years old, and loved, and fancied, for the first time, that she was loved in return; and these are admirable reasons for looking one’s best. The sensation created by her appearance was immense; but when she saw the look of admiration that Arthur fixed on her, all her triumph sank into insignificance, the praises of the crowd were forgotten, and she went home that day exclaiming,—“What a happy girl I am!”

Next morning Judith received two letters. The first was a *carte blanche* from the Baron de Blangi; she threw it into the fire and forgot it in a moment.

The second bore a signature which Judith read over twice, as she could hardly believe her eyes; but she could

not doubt the reality—it was signed “The Bishop of —,” and was in these terms:—

“Mademoiselle,—You appeared publicly yesterday at the Tuileries with my nephew, Count Arthur de V—, and by so doing put the finishing-stroke to a scandal, the consequences of which are incalculable. Although, in punishment for the sins of men, God has permitted our ancient powers to be diminished, we have still enough left to enable us to punish your audacity. I therefore give you notice, that, if you do not put a stop to any similar scandal, I have sufficient credit with the Lord Chamberlain to have you dismissed from the Opera; if, on the other hand, you give up my nephew at once and for ever, we offer you (for the motive will sanctify the means) two thousand louis and the absolution of all your sins,” &c. &c. &c.

Judith was at first annihilated on perusing that dreadful letter; but she soon took courage, and, collecting all her energies, replied in the following words:—

“My Lord,—You use me harshly, and yet I can declare before God and to you, that I have nothing for which to reproach myself. ’Tis so, I declare most solemnly; and yet, my lord, in this there is no merit attributable to me. I owe it entirely to him who has spared and respected me. Yes, my lord, your nephew is innocent of the wrongs you impute to him; and if to love be criminal in the sight of Heaven, it is a crime of which I am guilty, and in which Arthur is not an accomplice.

“Hear, then, the resolution I have taken.

“I shall say to him—what I have never ventured to say to him for myself—but for you, my lord, I will take courage and say to him, ‘Arthur, do you love me?’—And if, as I believe, as I fear, he shall answer, ‘No, Judith, I do not love you,’—then, my lord, I shall obey you, I shall separate myself from him, I shall never see him more; and I hope, my lord, you will think of me too highly to offer me any thing as a reward, and that you will not add degradation to despair. The latter is sufficient for one who resolves to die. But if Heaven, if my good angel, if the happiness of my life shall lead him to say, ‘I love

you, Judith,'—ah! 'tis a sinful thing I am about to say to you, and you will most justly pour your maledictions on my head; but mark me, my lord, there is no power on earth that shall hinder me from being his—from sacrificing every thing to him. I will brave all, even your indignation; for, after all, what can you do?—at most you can take my life; and why should I hesitate to die if I could only feel assured I have been beloved?

"Pardon me, my lord, if this letter should offend you. It is written by a poor girl who is ignorant of the world and of her duty; but who hopes to find some mitigation of your anger in consideration of that ignorance—the openness of her confession—and, above all, in the profound respect with which she has the honour to remain," &c. &c. &c.

Judith sealed the letter and sent it without consulting with any one upon the subject; and from that moment, being determined to know her fate, she waited impatiently for the next visit of the Count. She saw him in his box, but he seemed sombre and pre-occupied. He made no sign to her—he never looked near her. She was in despair. At last, on the following night, he made the usual signal, and Judith now felt certain that she should see him in the morning, and put an end to the state of suspense

and misery, which she felt was more intolerable than the worst that could befall her.

But in the morning the *chasseur* of the Count made his appearance with an apology from his master, on the plea of business of the most urgent importance, and with an intimation at the same time that he would come that night to supper—To supper! he who had always taken his leave so early. The aunt seemed wonderfully pleased with the arrangement, and Judith remained sunk in deep thought.

At eleven o'clock the most elegant little supper that could be procured was all ready by the zeal of Madame Bonnivet. As to Judith she saw nothing—she heard nothing—she expected. She expected! All the faculties of her soul were absorbed in that one idea. But eleven o'clock came—half-past eleven—twelve—and no Arthur. The whole night elapsed—he came not—and she expected still;—and the next day passed, and the following days, and yet Arthur came not. She heard nothing of him—she saw him no more. What then was the meaning of all this? What had become of him?

"Gentlemen," said the little notary, interrupting his narration, "the curtain is just rising—After the next act."

CHAPTER IV.

"GENTLEMEN," said the little notary, when the third act of the *Huguenots* was concluded, "I suppose you are anxious to make out what has happened to our friend young Arthur; and, above all, to discover exactly who he is."

"You should have begun with that," said I.

"I have a right to arrange my story as I choose."

"And, besides," added the professor, "one shouldn't be very critical on the conduct of a story at the Opera—nobody attends to it."

"A very lucky thing for the authors of the words," said the little notary, with a bow to me; and, satisfied with his hit, he went on with his account.

Count Arthur de V—— is descended from a very ancient and distinguished

family in the south. His mother, left a widow very young, had no child besides, and was poorly provided for; but she had a brother who was immensely rich. This brother, Monseigneur the Abbe de V——, was one of the most influential prelates at the court of Louis XVIII., and afterwards at that of Charles X.; and we know very well what was the influence of the clergy at that time—an influence that governed the kingdom, the sovereign himself, and even the army. The Abbe de V—— was of a cold and haughty disposition, selfish and severe, but an excellent relation notwithstanding; for he was ambitious for himself and for every one that belonged to him. He charged himself with his nephew's education, introduced him at court, and procured the restoration to his sister of some por-

tion of the property that had been confiscated during the emigration. The mother died, blessing the name of her brother, and enjoining her son to be obedient in all things to his uncle. Arthur, who adored his mother, swore obedience to her injunctions when she was dying; and it was the more easy for him to perform his vow, from the circumstance that, from his earliest years, he had always been accustomed to receive his uncle's commands with the most unhesitating submission.

Sedate, quiet, and bashful, yet full of courage and generosity, Arthur had always had a strong inclination for a military life—partly for the uniform and the epaulettes, but principally, perhaps, because in the palace of his uncle he saw nothing but gowns and cassocks. He ventured one day, but with great shyness, to make his uncle acquainted with his wishes; but the prelate knit his brows, and answered, harshly and decidedly, he had other views for him.

The Abbe de V—— had been advanced to a bishopric, and he hoped for more. He had a good chance for the hat of a cardinal; and he was desirous of making his nephew share in his good fortune, and felt sure of being able to secure him the highest dignities of the Church. In short, the Church was at that time the surest avenue to wealth and power. Arthur did not dare openly to resist the terrible ascendant of his uncle; but he secretly vowed that he would never be a bishop. The King, in the mean time, had been spoken to on the subject, and had expressed his warmest approbation. Arthur was to enter the seminary in a few months as a matter of form, to take orders, and go through the lower offices to the highest dignities of his new profession as rapidly as possible. He remembered the promise he had given his mother, and, besides, every body would have accused him of ingratitude if he ran directly counter to the wishes of his uncle; and as he therefore did not dare to oppose his designs at once, he endeavoured to find out some method of forcing the Bishop to resign them of his own accord. He could think of no better means to effect his purpose than some good dashing scandal, that might render him unworthy of the venerable profession into which they

tried to force him against his will. But this was not so easy a matter as might be supposed. Whether it arose from Arthur's natural disposition or from his education, he had a fund of moral feeling that prevented him from being a libertine; and Arthur took as much pains to make himself a rake as might have sufficed to make him a bishop. But he had a number of friends who introduced him to their gaieties. The racketing and sprees of his companions were insipid and disgusting; and he turned his attention to the ladies of the court as a better means of gaining what he wished. But the ladies of that court avoided the slightest appearance of impropriety—not that they extended their dislike to any thing beyond the appearance—and a glaring, unmistakable impropriety was all that Arthur desired. A ray of light broke in upon his despair, when one of his friends said to him,—

"Take an opera girl for your mistress—every body will know it."

"What! I?" exclaimed Arthur, flushing with indignation at the first thought of such a proceeding—"I mix myself up with such a set!"

"You need have nothing to do with them. These matters are easily arranged; the *eclat* of a mistress is all you require. Take one; you may do as you like afterwards, but your point will be gained at once."

"Well, I consent."

You know already how the matter was arranged between Arthur and the aunt. Measures were taken to have the Bishop informed of the scandal. He took no notice. He was told that every night his nephew's carriage was stationed in the Rue de Provence; and Arthur hoped every day for a blow-up with his benefactor, when he had resolved to throw all the blame on an uncontrollable passion which rendered him unworthy of the sacred office, and he could by no means account for his uncle's *sang froid* and placid forbearance. It was the calm that precedes the storm.

One morning his lordship said to him, "The King has been displeased with you for some time; I know not wherefore."

"I guess the reason," replied the nephew.

"I have no wish to know it, sir. His Majesty has deigned to overlook

it, but insists on your entering the seminary within two days."

"I? uncle!—imp"——

"They are the King's orders, and your objections must be made to him, not to me," said the prelate haughtily, and turned away.

"Arthur, almost out of his senses with rage, hurried off to Judith—took her to the Tuileries—paraded her as his mistress before all the world, on the very evening before he was to start for the seminary. This time it was impossible to pretend ignorance of so very glaring a scandal, or to think of forcing the hero of it into the Church—at any rate for a long time. The Bishop wrote the letter I have repeated to you to Judith, and the King sent an order to the Count to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. It was impossible to disobey. Luckily he was acquainted with one of the sons of M. de Bourmont, and went off on the following night with the expedition to Algiers.

"Since the choice of the place of my exile," he said, "is left to me, I shall choose one where glory is to be gained."

He went off at night with the utmost secrecy, for all his motions were watched; and, if they had suspected his destination, he was afraid they would have hindered his departure. He wrote a few lines to Judith, to tell her he was to be absent only a few days; but that note, insignificant as it was, was intercepted, and never reached her. The Bishop had great interest with the police. A week afterwards Arthur was at sea. On the twentieth day he disembarked in Africa, was one of the first at the storming of the fort, and was wounded at the side of his gallant friend, young Bourmont, who was killed at the moment of victory. Arthur was for a long time in danger. For two months his life was despaired of; and when he recovered, his fortune, his hopes, and those of his uncle, had all disappeared, in three days, with the monarchy of Charles X.

The Bishop could not bear up against such a disaster; ill, and suffering in mind and body, he was unable to follow the exiled court as he desired. Disappointment and vexation inflamed his blood; a dangerous fever was produced by all these miseries, and not knowing what to do in the state of

irritation into which he had worked himself, he revenged himself for the Revolution of July on his unfortunate nephew. Arthur, still weak from his wounds, arrived in Paris; and it is here that I become connected with the story, (said the notary, somewhat elevating his voice.) The Count came to me about the succession—I had long been his notary, and that of his family—we proceeded first to break the seals. I will not trouble you with professional details; but in taking an inventory of all the papers deposited in his lordship's *escritoire*, a letter struck my eye, with the signature "Judith, danseuse a l'Opera." The letter of an opera dancer in the desk of a bishop!—I would have destroyed it out of respect to the church; but Arthur had already got hold of it, and from the emotion it produced, I fancied for a moment—Heaven forgive me for the thought!—that the uncle and nephew had been rivals unknown to each other.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" exclaimed Arthur, "what nobleness! what generosity! what a treasure I possessed!—There, there!" he said to me, "read that;" and when I came to the sentence—"If to love be criminal in the sight of Heaven, it is a crime of which I am guilty, and in which Arthur is not an accomplice"——

"Tis true!" exclaimed Arthur, who had tears glistening in his eyes—"She loved me with all her soul, and I never perceived it, and never thought of loving *her*—and she was sixteen years old! and pure and beautiful! for you have no idea, M. Baraton, how beautiful she is—the most beautiful woman in Paris."

"I have no manner of doubt of it," I replied; "but if you please we will go on with the inventory."

"As you please"—and he continued to read fragments of the letter aloud—"If Heaven, if my good angel, if the happiness of my life shall lead him to say, I love you, Judith—ah! 'tis a sinful thing I am about to say to you, and you will most justly pour your maledictions on my head; but mark me, my lord, there is no power on earth that shall hinder me from being his—from sacrificing every thing to him!"

"And I misunderstood her! I rejected a love like this!—I only was to blame: but I will repair my fault—

I will sacrifice my life to her—I will own her before the world! I shall be proud of her, and introduce her to my friends—to you yourself, M. Baraton—who don't listen to a syllable I am saying, but keep poring over those musty papers."

Papers, indeed! It was his uncle's will I had discovered, which disinherited him, and disposed of his enormous fortune among hospitals and other charitable foundations. I told Arthur the contents—but he did not show the least disappointment; and began to read Judith's letter again and again.

"You shall see her, M. Baraton—you shall see my beautiful Judith—you shall dine with her this very day!"

"But these papers—this will," I said.

"Well—I have nothing more to do with them," he said with a smile; "but Judith will love me.—Adieu, M. Baraton; adieu. I shall find with her more happiness than I lose by these papers, adieu:" and he left me, while his eyes beamed with joy and anticipation.

"Strange young man!"—I said to myself—"to be consoled by a pretty face for the loss of such a succession!" and I finished the inventory.

An hour or two afterwards, I was about to go home, when Arthur rushed in like a madman.

"She is not there—she is gone—I have lost her!"

"What! she's false, then?"

"Who told you so? Unsay the word—or——" he had taken tight hold of me by the collar.

"I know nothing about it."

"So much the better," he said—"three months ago she disappeared—she has left the Opera."

"What did her companions tell you?"

"They told me nonsensical stories—some said she had been carried off—another told me, with the utmost coolness, she had resolved to destroy herself."

"Possible enough," I said—"since the Revolution of July, suicide has come greatly into fashion."

"Say it not—say it not!" cried Arthur, "you will drive me mad—I went to her apartments in the Rue de Provence, but she had left them without saying where she was going."

"No trace?"

"The rooms are to let; they have never been occupied since."

"And you found nothing in them?"

"Nothing—except that in her aunt's room, on the ground floor, this card, intended for some trunk, with the address, 'To Madame Bonnivet, Bordeaux,'—and now, that I remember, she comes from that neighbourhood."

"Well."

"Take all the management of my affairs—make what arrangement you like."

"What are you going to do?"

"Follow her traces—or rather those of her aunt."

"In your present state of health you wouldn't start for Bordeaux?"

"This hour!"—He started that evening; and—But here the fourth act of the *Huguenots* began, and the notary listened in silence.

CHAPTER V.

ARTHUR remained six months at Bordeaux, making every possible enquiry about Madame Bonnivet, but nobody could give him the slightest information. He advertised for her in the newspapers—and at last an old lady, with whom it appeared she had lodged, came and informed him that his search was now useless, for Madame Bonnivet had been dead two months.

"And her niece!" exclaimed Arthur.

"She was not with her—but the aunt lived very comfortably, and had an annuity of a hundred louis."

"Where did it come from?"

"Nobody knew."

"Did she ever speak of her niece?"

"Sometimes she mentioned her name;"—but instantly checked herself, as if there was some secret to be concealed.

And this was all that Arthur had been able to ascertain by the most careful enquiry. He came back in despair; for, since he had lost Judith, his attachment had grown into a passion. It was the one idea of his existence. He bitterly recalled the minutes—so few and unobserved at

the time—he had passed beside her. Every look, every smile, rushed back upon his memory—he visited every spot where she had been—he never missed the Opera.

He wished to occupy her apartments in the Rue de Provence; but unluckily they had been engaged by a stranger, who did not live in them. He thought at all events he would go and look at them—the porter had not the keys, and the doors and window-shutters continued firmly closed! Arthur, as you may suppose, took very little interest in his own affairs, but they gave great uneasiness to me. Disinherited by his uncle, he had nothing left but the small property of his mother—about fifteen thousand livres a-year. He had squandered half of it, first in his expenses with Judith, and next in his endeavours to discover what had become of her; for he grudged nothing to attain his object. At the slightest hint, he sent out couriers all over the world, but always without success, and he kept constantly saying to me—“’Tis useless!—she is dead!” In our meetings upon business, he spoke to me of nothing but her—and I could hardly slip in a word about the state of his affairs. At last I got him persuaded to sell off every thing, and pay his debts; but it was a great sacrifice for him to part with the lands that came to him from his mother. But it was indispensable. He owed nearly two hundred thousand francs, and the interest would very soon have swallowed up the remainder of his estate. Bills, therefore, were printed; advertisements inserted in the newspapers; and, on the very evening before the sale was to take place, I received a communication from one of my legal brethren, which filled me with joy and surprise. Fate seemed at last to have grown tired of persecuting poor Arthur.

A certain M. de Corval, a man of very indifferent character, who had owed his mother a very considerable sum, now desired to pay it, with full interest from the time it had become due—making in all the sum of a hundred thousand crowns; and the notary he employed brought me the full amount in gold and bank-notes. I rushed off to tell the good news to Arthur, but he seemed neither glad nor sorry. As long as Judith was

not talked of, every thing else was indifferent to him. As for me, I lost no time in giving a receipt, paying off our creditors, clearing the estate, and every thing went on swimmingly, with the exception of one very curious incident.

One day Arthur met M. de Corval, who had behaved so honourably, and thanked him in the kindest terms. At the very moment when that gentleman had begun to excuse himself, on the plea of some recent losses, for being still unable to pay what he owed—

“But you paid me last month a hundred thousand crowns.”

“I?”

“I have no further claim on you—you owe me nothing.”

“’Tis impossible!”

“Ask my notary.”

The debtor—who was such no longer—hurried to me, and could not conceal his amazement.

“You are a lucky man,” I said.

“M. Arthur still more so,” he replied, very testily—“for I had made up my mind. As I could not possibly pay, it was exactly the same as if I did not owe, and this business does not make me a farthing richer; but the case is very different with him—he may think himself exceedingly fortunate.”

“What then?” I said. “You really don’t know where the money came from?”

“I have no notion,” replied M. de Corval;—“but if the same party should offer to pay off any more of my debts, I hope you will let me know; it would be pleasant to have some of the benefit for myself.”

We were more amazed than ever. I went to the notary who had transacted the business. The letter which instructed him to pay me the money bore the post-mark “Havre,” and the hand it was written in was unknown to us all; but Arthur uttered an exclamation of joy when he saw the seal, half broken as it was. It was Judith’s. He had presented a seal to her in former days with the motto, “Toujours seul”—and there it was upon the letter.

“The letter has come from Judith!” he said, and dropped it on the floor.

“Well then,” I replied, “you see she is still alive, and has not forgot-

ten you—you ought to be delighted."

Arthur was furious. He would have liked better if she had been dead. "For why does she conceal herself? Why, since she knows where I live, does she not come to me? She is not worthy to see me—she loves me no longer—she has forgotten me!"

"The letter," I suggested, "proves the reverse."

"And what right has she to insult me with her benefits? Where has she got her riches? How has she had the audacity to offer them to me? And since when has she considered me base enough to accept them? I won't have the money—take it back again!"

"With all my heart," I said;—"but what am I to do with it?"

"What you like—I refuse it."

"You can't refuse it now. Your debts are paid with it—your estate cleared—thanks to the hundred thousand crowns."

"I instruct you to sell my lands—realize that sum, which I shall never touch, and keep it till I find some means of returning it."

"But think what a state your affairs will be in."

"That is of no consequence. Faithless as she is, I cannot repent of having ruined myself for Judith; but to be enriched by her is a degradation I cannot submit to. Sell every thing!"

And, in spite of all my remonstrances, he persisted in his resolution. The estate was sold—the first three hundred thousand francs were deposited with me, and the surplus was sufficient to buy an annuity of six thousand livres for Arthur in the national funds—and that was the whole of his fortune.

He lived in this way for two years, striving to banish a recollection that weighed upon his heart. Sombre and melancholy, he foreswore all society. He saw me almost every day, and spoke of nothing but Judith. He told me he had forgotten her—that he despised her; and yet the only places he went to, were those which recalled her to his recollection most vividly. One day, or rather one night, there was a masked ball at the Opera, to which, by-the-by, he never went without a violent beating of the heart. Alone, in spite of the crowd, he walk-

ed in silence through all the noise of the assembly—he went on the stage, where he had seen Judith so often—then wandering among the corridors, he ascended slowly to the box on the second tier where he had sat so often in those happy days, and from which he had given the signal of a visit to the Rue de Provence on the following morning. The door of the box was open. A female in an elegant domino was sitting there alone, and apparently sunk in deep thought. At sight of Arthur she started, rose up, and would have left the box; but, scarcely able to support herself, she leaned on one of the sides, and sank down upon the sofa. Her agitation attracted Arthur's notice, and he went forward and offered his assistance.

Without answering, she rejected his offer with a motion of her hand. "The heat has made you ill," he said, with an emotion which he could not master; "if you will take off your mask for a moment"——

She refused his assistance again, and contented herself with throwing back the hood of her domino, which had covered her head.

Arthur saw the beautiful black hair falling in ringlets on her shoulder. It was exactly in the same style that Judith wore it—that graceful attitude, that exquisitely elegant form—the shape, the manners—that indefinable charm which we may feel, but cannot account for—all were there!

She rose up at last.

Arthur started. It was now his turn to feel faint—but instantly, summoning all his strength, he whispered—

"Judith! Judith! 'tis you!"

She would have left the box—

"Stay, stay! for Heaven's sake! and let me tell you that I am the most unhappy of men; that I never knew you, even when you deserved all my love!"

She trembled.

"Yes, you deserved it then, and I did not know it; and now I love you, Judith! I love nobody but you—I shall love you for ever, even now that you are unfaithful—now that you have forgotten me!"

She tried to answer, but could not. She laid her hand on her heart, as if to justify herself.

"And how, then, can I account for your absence; and, above all, for your benefits—those benefits which have

made me blush for you, and which I have rejected? Yes, Judith! I desire them not—I wish for nothing but you, and your love! And if it be, indeed, true that you have not forgotten me, and that you love me still, come to me! It is love only I can give you now, for I have no longer a fortune to offer you!—Ah, you hesitate—you answer not—I understand your silence! Farewell—for ever!”

He was turning to depart, but Judith held him by the hand.

“Speak, then, Judith! Speak, I entreat you!”

The poor girl could not. Sobs choked her voice.

Arthur fell at her feet—she had not spoken; but she was in tears—and Arthur felt that she was justified.

“You love me, then, still?—you love nobody but me?”

“No one!” she said, and gave him her hand.

“And how am I to believe you?—what proof can I have?”

“Time.”

“What can I do?”

“Wait!”

“And what token of your love?”

She dropped the bouquet which she held in her hand; and, while Arthur stooped to pick it up, she darted through the corridor, and disappeared.

He followed her—saw her at a distance among the crowd—lost her again—and had nearly recovered her traces once more, when, on arriving at the lobby, he saw her leap into a magnificent chariot, which went off at full gallop!

“Gentlemen,” said the notary, interrupting his narrative, “’tis very late—I am an early man—and, with your permission, will finish the rest of my story next opera night.”

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following Wednesday we were all in the orchestra punctual to our appointment, but the notary did not make his appearance. The opera was “*Robert*,” and it recalled to my recollection my first meeting with Arthur. I now understood his melancholy and pre-occupation; and fancied that if Meyerbeer himself had been aware of his story, he would have pardoned his inattention even to the inimitable *Trion*. But was Arthur at that moment in a less miserable condition?—was he better qualified to appreciate good music? Was he happy, and had he discovered the beautiful Judith? We were still ignorant of the causes that kept them apart; and the absence of our little historian added to our impatience. He arrived, at last, at the end of the second act, and never was so enthusiastic a reception given to a favourite actor, or a dancer, after three months’ absence, as we now gave M. Baraton. “You’ve come at last, my good friend—here—sit down—we’ve kept your place. How late you are!”

“I have been present at the signatures of a contract,” replied the notary—“I say *present* at the signatures, but not professionally. I have given up the shop; and, thank Heaven! I owe nothing to any one.”

“Yes you do—you owe us”——

“A *dénouement*,” said the professor.

“Ah, the history of Judith—well”—M. Baraton took the seat that had been kept for him, and continued his tale:—

She had said “Wait!”—and, for some days, Arthur was patient enough—he hoped every hour for a letter or a rendezvous. “I shall see her again!” he exclaimed—“she will come to me again!” But days and weeks passed on, and Judith never came. Six months passed in this way—a year—and at last two years rolled by. I felt anxious about Arthur, and sometimes I was even uneasy about his sanity. The scene at the masked ball had affected him strangely. There were moments when he believed that he was labouring under some hallucination. He fancied it was all a dream—an illusion; and he began to have doubts of every thing he heard or saw. It was with difficulty that our utmost care restored him from a dangerous illness, into which hope deferred had thrown him. He never would touch the money advanced by Judith; and his own fortune, I have told you, amounted only to six thousand livres a-year. Of these he spent four thousand in subscribing for

a box at the Opera—the box on the second tier, where he had encountered Judith the night of the masked ball. He went there every evening, as long as he had any hopes of seeing her again; and when he sank into despair, he could not summon courage to enter it. He felt himself, when he sat in it, “seul, toujours seul”—and the feeling of loneliness made him wretched. All he could do was to come occasionally to the orchestra; and, after looking long and earnestly at the box on the opposite side, he would say, “She is not there!” and leave the theatre. This was his course of life, only diversified by an occasional journey into the country, when he fancied he had obtained some trace of the lost one; but he always came back disconsolate to Paris, and resumed his old habits. It was to meet him more frequently that I secured a seat here by the year. Last week he had come—he had seated himself in the orchestra—not at this side, but at the other. On that occasion—hopeless and wretched—he had turned his back to the house, and was sunk in his own miserable reflections. But a sudden sensation among those around him, aroused him from his reverie.

A young lady of the most exquisite beauty, and magnificently dressed, had come into a box, and the whole artillery of opera-glasses was turned upon her in a moment. Nothing was heard but exclamations of “What a beautiful creature!—how brilliant!—how graceful!”

“What age should you think her, sir?” said one.

“Twenty-one, or twenty-two,” said another.

“Bah! she isn’t eighteen.”

“Do you know who she is, then?”

“No, sir, this is her first appearance at the Opera—for I’m a subscriber—and know every face that has made a sensation here since the year—hem”——

And it seemed that nobody knew any thing about her. At last a gentleman of very distinguished appearance bowed to her. Every one worried him with questions who she was.

“’Tis Lady Inggerton—the wife of a rich English nobleman.”

“Indeed!—so young—and so rich!”

And it was whispered about that she had been nobody once—a poor girl that was about to throw herself into the

water in a fit of despair; and that, after being rescued by the old nobleman, she gained his heart so entirely, that he persuaded her to marry him, to enable him to leave her his enormous fortune—which he had actually done.

“The deuce!—if she’s a widow she’s a glorious catch!”

Her time of mourning is just expired, and, of course, all the young fellows both in England and France are making up to her.

“No doubt,” said the young man who had been making these enquiries, pulling up his neckcloth; “and do you know, my good fellow, I rather think her ladyship is looking in this direction.”

“Nonsense!”

“’Tis no nonsense, I assure you—I appeal to this gentleman;” and he addressed himself to Arthur, who had heard nothing of the conversation, and had to be informed of the whole matter.

Arthur raised his eyes, and in the box in the second tier, that box that used to be his, he saw——

Ah! people, don’t die of surprise and joy, for Arthur is still alive;—he felt his heart beat quick. ’Twas she! ’twas Judith! but at the same time he continued motionless—he did not dare to stir; he was afraid of awakening.

“You know her then, sir?” enquired his neighbour.

Arthur made no reply, for at that instant his eyes met Judith’s! He saw hers lighten up with joy—and what was he to think? My heavens! how did his brain keep from turning, when he saw the hand of Judith—that hand so white and beautiful, raised slowly to her ear, (the very signal that in other days he used to give to her,) and play with the emerald drops that he had presented to her? Lucky, as I said before, that people don’t die of happiness; but Arthur felt some vague idea that he should go mad. He hid his face in his hands a moment, to convince himself it was not an illusion; and when he looked up again, the vision had vanished! Judith had disappeared!

A tremor took possession of his limbs—a hand of iron crushed his heart; but when he remembered what he had seen—what he had heard—and that she had given him a signal known only to themselves, he darted from his place; he left the orchestra, and hur-

ried into the street, saying, "If I deceive myself this time—if I am again mistaken—I shall either go mad or blow my brains out!" And having come to this sage resolution he walked steadily to the Rue de Provence, he knocked at the door, (which was instantly opened,) and asked for—Judith!

"Madame is within, sir," said the portress, very quietly.

Arthur almost fainted, and had to support himself on the banister. He went up to the second floor, crossed the well-known rooms, and opened the door of the boudoir. It was furnished exactly as it was six years before.

The supper he had ordered before his departure was there, all laid on the table. There were seats set for two; and Judith, sitting on a sofa, said to him the moment he entered, "You come late, Arthur," and held out her hand.

Arthur fell at her feet.—

Here the notary stopped short.

"Well!" we all exclaimed, "go on."

"What more have I to tell you?" said M. Baraton, with a knowing smile. "I have just come from dining with them. The ceremony took place to-day."

"They are married, then?"

"To be sure."

"A widow is a kind of animal," said one of our circle, "who"——

"Has very little resemblance to Judith," interposed the notary; "for a very curious part of the story that I have not told you is, that the old peer, her husband, never called her any thing but his daughter."

At that moment the box on the second tier opened—Judith came in wrapped up in her ermined mantle, and leaning on the arm of her lover—her husband.

And a round of exclamations might be heard among the audience,—

"How lovely she is!"

"A lucky dog!"

ON THE ESSENES.

PART III.

THE secret history of Judæa, through the two generations preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, might yet be illuminated a little better than it has been by Josephus. It would, however, require a separate paper for itself. At present we shall take but a slight glance or two at that subject, and merely in reference to the Essenes. Nothing shows the crooked conduct of Josephus so much as the utter perplexity, the mere labyrinth of doubts, in which he has involved the capital features of the last Jewish war. Two points only we notice, for their connexion with the Essenes:

First, What was the cause, the outstanding pretext, on either side, for the Jewish insurrectionary war? We know well what were the real impulses to that war; but what was the capital and overt act on either side which forced the Jewish irritation into a hopeless contest? What was the ostensible ground alleged for the war?

Josephus durst not have told, had

he known. He must have given a Roman, an *ex parte* statement, at any rate; and let that consideration never be lost sight of in taking his evidence. He might blame a particular Roman, such as Gessius Florus, because he found that Romans themselves condemned *him*. He might vaunt his veracity and his *παρρησία* in a little corner of the general story; but durst he speak plainly on the broad field of Judæan politics? Not for his life. Or, had the Roman magnanimity taken off his shackles, what became of his court favour and preferment, in case he spoke freely of Roman policy as a system?

Hence it is that Josephus shuffles so miserably when attempting to assign the cause or causes of the war. Four different causes he assigns in different places, not one of which is other than itself an effect from higher causes, and a mere symptom of the convulsions working below. For instance, the obstinate withdrawal of the daily

sacrifice offered for Cæsar, which is one of the causes alleged, could not have occurred until the real and deep-seated causes of that war had operated on the general temper for some time. It was a public insult to Rome: would have occasioned a demand for explanation: would have been revoked: the immediate author punished: and all would have subsided into a personal affair, had it not been supported by extensive combinations below the surface, which could no longer be suppressed. Into them we are not going to enter. We wish only to fix attention upon the ignorance of Josephus, whether unaffected in this instance, or assumed for the sake of disguising truths unacceptable to Roman ears.

The question of itself has much to do with the origin of the Essenes.

Secondly, Who were those *Sicarii* of whom Josephus talks so much during the latter years of Jerusalem? Can any man believe so monstrous a fable as this, viz. that not one, but thousands of men were confederated for purposes of murder; *2dly*, of murder not interested in its own success—murder not directed against any known determinate objects, but murder indiscriminate, secret, objectless, what a lawyer might call *homicidium vagum*; *3dly*, that this confederacy should subsist for years, should levy war, should entrench itself in fortresses; *4thly*, (which is more incomprehensible than all the rest,) should talk and harangue in the spirit of sublime martyrdom to some holy interest; *5thly*, should breathe the same spirit into women and little children; and *finally*, that all, with one accord, rather than submit to foreign conquest, should choose to die in one hour, from the oldest to the youngest? Such a tale in its outset, in the preliminary confederation, is a tale of ogres and ogresses, not of human creatures trained under a divine law to a profound sense of accountability. Such a tale, in its latter sections, is a tale of martyrs more than human. Such a tale, as a whole, is self-contradictory. A vile purpose makes vile all those that pursue it. Even the East Indian Thugs are not congregated by families. It is much if ten thousand families furnish one Thug. And as to the results of such a league, is it possible that a zealous purpose of murder—of murder

for the sake of murder, should end in nobility of spirit so eminent, that nothing in Christian martyrdoms goes beyond the extremity of self-sacrifice which even their enemies have granted to the *Sicarii*? “Whose courage,” (we are quoting from the bitterest of enemies,) “whose courage, or shall we call it madness, every body was amazed at; for, when all sorts of torments that could be imagined were applied to their bodies, not one of them would comply so far as to confess, or seem to confess, that Cæsar was their lord—as if they received those torments, and the very fury of the furnace which burned them to ashes, with bodies that were insensible and with souls that exceedingly rejoiced. But what most of all astonished the beholders was the courage of the children; for not one of all these children was so far subdued by the torments it endured, as to confess Cæsar for its lord. Such a marvellous thing for endurance is the tender and delicate body of man, when supported by an unconquerable soul!”

No, no, reader; there is villany at work in this whole story about the *Sicarii*. We are duped, we are cheated, we are mocked. Felony, conscious murder, never in this world led to such results as these. Conscience it was, that must have acted here. No power short of that, ever sustained frail women and children in such fiery trials. A conscience it may have been erring in its principles; but those principles must have been divine. Resting on any confidence less than *that*, the resolution of women and children so tried must have given way. Here too, evidently, we have the genuine temper of the Maccabees, struggling and suffering in the same spirit and with the same ultimate hopes.

After what has been exposed with regard to Josephus, we presume that *his* testimony against the *Sicarii* will go for little. That man may readily be supposed to have borne false witness against his brethren who is proved to have borne false witness against God. Him, therefore, or any thing that he can say, we set aside. But as all is still dark about the *Sicarii*, we shall endeavour to trace their real position in the Jewish war. For merely to prove that they have been calumniated does not remove the

cloud that rests upon their history. That, indeed, cannot be removed at this day in a manner satisfactory ; but we see enough to indicate the purity of their intentions. And, with respect to their enemy Josephus, let us remember one fact, which merely the want of a personal interest in the question has permitted to lie so long in the shade, viz. that three distinct causes made it really impossible for that man to speak the truth. First, His own partisanship : having adopted one faction, he was bound to regard all others as wrong and hostile : Secondly, his captivity and interest :—in what regarded the *merits* of the cause, a Roman prisoner *durst* not have spoken the truth. These causes of distortion or falsehood in giving that history would apply even to honest men, unless with their honesty they combined a spirit of martyrdom. But there was a third cause peculiar to the position of Josephus, viz. conscious guilt and shame. He could not admit others to have been right but in words that would have confounded himself. If they were not mad, he was a poltroon : if they had done their duty as patriots, then was he a traitor ; if they were not frantic, then was Josephus an apostate. This was a logic which required no subtle dialectician to point and enforce : simply the narrative, if kept steady to the fact and faithful, must silently suggest that conclusion to every body. And for that reason, had there been no other, it was *not* steady ; for that reason it was *not* faithful. Now, let us turn to the Sicarii. Who were they ?

Thirdly, It is a step towards the answer if we ask previously, *Who were the Galileans ?* Many people read Josephus under the impression that, of course, this term designates merely the inhabitants of the two Galilees. We, by diligent collation of passages, have convinced ourselves that it does not—it means a particular faction in Jewish politics. And, which is a fact already noticed by Eusebius, it often includes many of the new Christian sect. But this requires an explanation.

Strange it seems to us that men should overlook so obvious a truth as that in every age Christianity must have counted amongst its nominal adherents the erring believer, the par-

tial believer, the wavering believer, equally with the true, the spiritual, the entire, and the steadfast believer.

What sort of believers were those who would have taken Christ and forcibly made him a king ? Erroneous believers, it must be admitted ; but still in some points, partially and obscurely, they must have been powerfully impressed by the truth which they had heard from Christ. Many of these might fall away when that personal impression was withdrawn ; but many must have survived all hinderances and obstacles. *Semi-Christians* there must always have been in great numbers. Those who were such in a merely religious view we believe to have been called Nazarenes ; those in whom the political aspects, at first universally ascribed to Christianity, happened to predominate, were known by the more general name of Galileans. This name expressed in its foremost element opposition to the Romans ; in its secondary element, Christianity. And its rise may be traced thus :—

Whoever would thoroughly investigate the very complex condition of Palestine in our Saviour's days, must go back to Herod the Great. This man, by his peculiar policy and his power, stood between the Jews and the Romans as a sort of Janus or indifferent mediator. Any measure which Roman ignorance would have inflicted, unmodified, on the rawest condition of Jewish bigotry, he contrived to have tempered and qualified. For his own interest, and not with any more generous purpose, he screened from the Romans various ebullitions of Jewish refractoriness, and from the Jews he screened all accurate knowledge of the probable Roman intentions. But after his death, and precisely during the course of our Saviour's life, these intentions transpired : reciprocal knowledge and menaces were exchanged ; and the elements of insurrection began to mould themselves silently, but not steadily ; for the agitation was great and increasing as the crisis seemed to approach. Herod the Great, as a vigorous prince, and very rich, might possibly have maintained the equilibrium, had he lived. But this is doubtful. In his old age various events had combined to shake his authority, viz. the tragedies in his own family, and especially the death of

Mariamne ;* by which, like Ferdinand of Aragon, or our Henry VII., under the same circumstances, he seemed in law to lose his title to the throne. But, above all, his compliance with idolatry, (according to the Jewish interpretation,) in setting up the golden eagle by way of homage to Rome, gave a shock to his authority that never could have been healed. Out of the affair of the golden eagle grew, as we are persuaded, the sect of the Herodians—those who justified a compromising spirit of dealing with the Romans. This threw off, as its antipole, a sect furiously opposed to the Romans. That sect, under the management of Judas, (otherwise called Theudas,) expanded greatly; he was a Galilean, and the sect were therefore naturally called Galileans. Into this main sea of Jewish nationality emptied themselves all other less powerful sects that, under any modification, avowed an anti-Roman spirit. The religious sect of the Christians was from the first caught and hurried away into this overmastering vortex. No matter that Christ lost no opportunity of teaching that his kingdom was not of this world. Did he not preach a new salvation to the House of Israel? Where could that lie but through resistance to Rome? His followers resolved to place him at their head as a king; and his crucifixion in those stormy times was certainly much influenced by the belief that, as the object of political attachment, he had become dangerous whether sanctioning that attachment or not.

Out of this sect of Galileans, comprehending all who avowed a Jewish nationality, (and therefore many semi-Christians, that is, men who, in a popular sense, and under whatever view, had professed to follow Christ,) arose the sect of Sicarii—that is, out of a vast multitude professing goodwill to the service, these men separated themselves as the men of action, the executive ministers, the self-devoting soldiers. This is no conjecture. It happens that Josephus, who had kept us in the dark about these

Sicarii in that part of his narrative which most required some clue to their purposes, afterwards forgets himself, and incidentally betrays [*Wars*, B. vii. chap. 8, sect. 1] that the Sicarii had originally been an offset from the sect founded by Judas the Galilean; that their general purpose was the same; so that, no doubt, it was a new feature of the time giving a new momentary direction to the efforts of the patriotic which had constituted the distinction and which authorized the denomination. Was Miltiades wrong? Was Tell wrong? Was Wallace wrong? Then, but not else, were the Galileans; and from them the Sicarii probably differed only as the brave doer differs from the just thinker. But the Sicarii, you will say, used unhallowed means. Probably not. We do not know what means they used, except most indistinctly from their base and rancorous enemy. The truth, so far as it can be described through the dust of ages and the fury of partisanship, appears to be, that, at a moment when law slumbered and police was inefficient, they assumed the duties of resistance to a tyranny which even the Roman apologist admits to have been insufferable. They are not heard of as actors until the time when Gessius Florus, by opening the floodgates to military insolence, had himself given a license to an armed reaction. Where justice was sought in vain, probably the Sicarii showed themselves as ministers of a sudden retribution. When the vilest outrages were offered by foreigners to their women, probably they “visited” for such atrocities. That state of things, which caused the tribunal to slumber, privileged the individual to awake. And in a land whose inspired monuments recorded for everlasting praise the acts of Judith, of Samson, of Judas Maccabæus, these summary avengers, the Sicarii, might reasonably conceive that they held the same heavenly commission under the same earthly oppression.

Reviewing the whole of that calami-

* “*Epecially the death of Mariamne.*”—There is a remarkable proof extant of the veneration attached in Jewish imagination to the memory of this lady as a Maccabee. Long after her death, a pretender (or alleged pretender) to the name and rights of Alexander, one of her two murdered sons, appeared at Rome, and instantly drew to himself the enthusiastic support of all the Jews throughout Italy.

tous period, combining the scattered notices of the men and their acts, and the reflections of both thrown back from the mirrors offered to us by the measures of counteraction adopted at the time, we have little doubt that the Sicarii and the Zealots were both offsets from the same great sect of the Galileans, and that in an imperfect sense, or by tendency, all were Christians; whence partly the re-infusion of the ancient Jewish spirit into their acts and counsels and indomitable resolution.

But also we believe that this very political leaven it was, as dispersed through the body of the Galileans, which led to the projection from the main body of a new order called the Essenes; this political taint, that is to say, combined with the danger of professing a *proselytizing* Christianity. In that anarchy, which through the latter years of Nero covered Judæa as with the atmosphere of hell, the Christian fathers saw the necessity of separating themselves from these children of violence. They might be right politically—and certainly they began in patriotism—but too often the apprehensive consciences of Christians recoiled from the vengeance in which they ended. By tolerating the belief that they countenanced the Galileans or Sicarii, the primitive Church felt that she would be making herself a party to their actions—often bloody and vindictive, and sometimes questionable on any principles, since private enmities would too easily mingle with public motives, and if right, would be right in an earthly sense. But the persecution which arose at Jerusalem would strengthen these conscientious scruples by others of urgent prudence. A sect that proselytized was at any rate a hazardous sect in Judæa; and a sect that had drawn upon itself persecution must have felt a triple summons to the instant assumption of a disguise.

Upon this warning, we may suppose, arose the secret society of the Essenes; and its organization was most artful. In fact, the relations of Judaism to Christianity furnished a means of concealment such as could not have otherwise existed without positive deceit. By arranging four concentric circles about one mysterious centre—by suffering no advances to be made from the outside to the innermost

ring but through years of probation, through multiplied trials of temper, multiplied obligations upon the conscience to secrecy, the Christian fathers were enabled to lead men onwards insensibly from intense Judaic bigotry to the purest form of Christianity. The outermost circle received those candidates only whose zeal for rigorous Judaism argued a hatred of pagan corruptions, and therefore gave some pledge for religious fervour. In this rank of novices no ray of light broke out from the centre—no suspicion of any alien doctrine dawned upon them: all was Judaic, and the whole Mosaic theology was cultivated alike. This we will call the ultimate rank. Next, in the penultimate rank, the eye was familiarized with the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and somewhat exclusively pointed to that doctrine, and such other doctrines in the Mosaic scheme as express an imperfection, a tendency, a call for an integration. In the third, or antepenultimate rank, the attention was trained to the general characters of the Messiah, as likely to be realized in some personal manifestation; and a question was raised, as if for investigation, in what degree these characters met and were exemplified in the mysterious person who had so lately engaged the earnest attention of all Palestine. He had assumed the office of Messiah: he had suffered for that assumption at Jerusalem. By what evidences was it ascertained, in a way satisfactory to just men, that he was *not* the Messiah? Many points, it would be urged as by way of unwilling concession, did certainly correspond between the mysterious person and the prophetic delineation of the idea. Thus far no suspicion has been suffered to reach the disciple, that he is now rapidly approaching to a torrent that will suck him into a new faith. Nothing has transpired, which can have shocked the most angry Jewish fanaticism. And yet all is ready for the great transition. But at this point comes the last crisis for the aspirant. Under colour of disputing the claims of Christ, the disciple has been brought acquainted with the whole mystery of the Christian theory. If his heart is good and true, he has manifested by this time such a sense of the radiant beauty which has been gradually unveiled, that he reveals his own trustworthi-

ness. If he retains his scowling bigotry, the consistory at the centre are warned, and trust him no farther. He is excluded from the inner ranks, and is reconciled to the exclusion (or, if not, is turned aside from suspicion) by the impression conveyed to him that these central ranks are merely the governing ranks,—highest in power, but not otherwise distinguished in point of doctrine.

Thus, though all is true from first to last, from centre to circumference—though nothing is ever taught but the truth—yet, by the simple precaution of graduation, and of not teaching every where the whole truth—in the very midst of truth the most heavenly, were attained all the purposes of deceit the most earthly. The case was as though the colour of blue were a prohibited and a dangerous colour. But upon a suggestion that yellow is a most popular colour, and green tolerated, whilst the two extremes of blue and yellow are both blended and confounded in green, this last is selected for the middle rank; and then breaking it up by insensible degradations into the blue tints towards the interior, and the yellow towards the outermost rings, the case is so managed as to present the full popular yellow at the outside, and the celestial blue at the hidden centre.

Such was the constitution of the Essenes; in which, however, the reader must not overlook one fact, that, because the danger of Christianity as a religious profession was confined, during the epichristian age, to Judæa, therefore the order of the Essenes was confined to that region; and that in the extra-Syrian churches, the Christians of Palestine were known simply as the Brethren of Jerusalem, of Sepphoris, &c., without further designation or disguise. Let us now see, having stated the particular circumstances in which this disguise of a secret society called Essenes arose, what further arguments can be traced for identifying these Essenes with the Christians of Palestine.

We have already pursued the Essenes and the Christians through ten features of agreement. Now let us pursue them through a few others. And let the logic of the parallel be kept steadily in view: above, we show some characteristic reputed to be true of the Essenes; below, we show that this same characteristic is known

from other sources to be true of the Christians.

No. I.—*The Essenes*, according to Josephus, *were in the habit of prophesying*.—The only prophets known in the days of the Apostles, and recognised as such by the Christian writers, Agabus for instance, and others, were Christians of the Christian brotherhood in Judæa.

“*And it is but seldom*,” says Josephus, “*they miss in their predictions*.”—Josephus could not but have been acquainted with this prophecy of Agabus—too practical, too near, too urgent, too local, not to have rung throughout Judæa; before the event, as a warning; after it, as a great providential miracle. He must therefore have considered Agabus as one of those people whom he means by the term Essenes. Now *we* know him for a Christian. *Ergo*, here is a case of identity made out between a Christian, owned for such by the Apostles, and one of the Essenes.

No. II.—*The Essenes particularly applied themselves to the study of medicine*.—This is very remarkable in a sect like the Essenes, who, from their rigorous habits of abstinence, must of all men have had the least personal call for medicine: but not at all remarkable if the Essenes are identified with the Christians. For,

1. Out of so small a number as four Evangelists, one was a physician—which shows at least the *fact* that medicine was cultivated amongst the Christians. But,

2. The *reason* of this will appear immediately in the example left by Christ, and in the motives to that example.

As to the example, at least nine in ten of Christ's miracles were *medical* miracles—miracles applied to derangements of the human system.

As to the motives which governed our Saviour in this particular choice, it would be truly ridiculous and worthy of a modern utilitarian, to suppose that Christ would have suffered his time to be occupied, and the great vision of his contemplations to be interrupted, by an employment so trifling (trifling surely by comparison with his *transcendent* purposes) as the healing of a few hundreds, more or less, in one small district through one brief triennium. This healing office was adopted, not chiefly for its

own sake, but partly as a symbolic annunciation of a superior healing, abundantly significant to Oriental minds; chiefly, however, as the indispensable means, in an eastern land, of advertising his approach far and wide, and thus convoking the people by myriads to his instructions. From Barbary to Hindostan—from the setting to the rising sun—it is notorious that no travelling character is so certainly a safe one as that of *hakim* or physician. As he advances on his route, the news fly before him; disease is evoked as by the rod of Amram's son; the beds of sick people, in every rank, are ranged along the road-sides; and the beneficent dispenser of health or of relief moves through the prayers of hope on the one side, and of gratitude on the other. Well may the character be a protection; for not only is every invalid in the land his friend from the first, but every one who loves or pities an invalid. In fact, the character is *too* favourable, because it soon becomes burdensome; so that of late, in Afghanistan, Bokhara, &c., Englishmen have declined its aid—for inevitably it impedes a man's progress; and it exposes him to two classes of applications, one embarrassing from the extravagance of its expectations, (as that a man should understand doubtful or elaborate symptoms at a glance,) the other degrading to an Englishman's feelings, by calling upon him for aphrodisiacs or other modes of collusion with Oriental sensuality. This medical character the Apostles and their delegates adopted, using it both as the trumpet of summons to some central rendezvous, and also as the very best means of opening the heart to religious influences—the heart softened already by suffering, turned inwards by solitary musing; or melted, perhaps, by relief from anguish, into fervent gratitude. This, upon consideration, we believe to have been the secret key to the Apostolic meaning in sending abroad the report that they cultivated medicine. They became what so many of us Englishmen have

become in Oriental countries, *hakims*; and as with us, that character was assumed as a disguise for ulterior purposes that could not have been otherwise obtained*—our purposes were liberal, theirs divine. Therefore we conclude our argument No. II. by saying, that this medical feature in the *Essenes* is not only found in the Christians, but is found radiated in the very constitution of that body, as a *proselytizing* order, who could not dispense with some excuse or other for assembling the people in crowds.

No. III.—*The Essenes think that oil is a defilement*.—So says Josephus, as one who stood in the outermost rank of the order—admitted to a knowledge of some distinctions, but never to the secret meaning upon which those distinctions turned. Now with respect to this new characteristic, what is our logical duty? It is our duty to show that the *Essenes*, supposing them to be the latent Christians, had a special motive for rejecting oil; whereas on any other assumption they had no such motive. And next, we will show that this special motive has sustained itself in the traditional usages of a remote posterity.

First of all, then, how came the Jews ever to use oil at all for the purpose of anointing their persons? It was adopted as a Grecian luxury, from their Grecian fellow-townsmen in cities without number, under the Syro-Macedonian kings. Not only in Syria proper, but in many other territories adjacent to Judæa, there were cities like the two *Cæsareas*, the maritime and the inland, which were divided between Greeks and Jews; from which equality of rights came feuds and dreadful calamities in the end, but previously a strong contagion of Grecian habits. Hence, in part, it arose that the Jews in our Saviour's time were far from being that simple people which they *had* been whilst insulated in gloomy seclusion, or whilst associated only with monotonous Oriental neighbours. Amongst other luxuries which they had caught from their Grecian neighbours were those of the

* "*That could not have been otherwise obtained.*"—One thing is entirely overlooked. Neither in Syria, nor any part of Asia Minor, of Achaia, &c., could the Apostles have called a general meeting of the people without instant liability to arrest as public disturbers. But the character of physicians furnished a privileged case, which operated as a summons, instant, certain, safe, uniformly intelligible to others, and without effort of their own.

bath and the palaestra. But, in Jerusalem, as the heart of Judea,* and the citadel of Jewish principle, some front of resistance was still opposed to these exotic habits. The language was one aid to this resistance; for elsewhere the Greek was gaining ground, whilst here the corrupted Hebrew prevailed. But a stronger repulsion to foreigners was the eternal gloom of the public manners. No games in Jerusalem—no theatre—no hippodrome; for all these you must go down to the sea-side, where Cæsarea, though built by a Jew, and half-peopled by Jews, was the Roman metropolis of Palestine, and with every sort of Roman luxury. To this stern Jerusalem standard all Jews conformed in the proportion of their patriotism; to Græcize or not to Græcize had become a test of patriotic feeling; and thus far the Essenes had the same general reasons as the Christians (supposing them two distinct orders of men) for setting their faces against the luxurious manners of the age. But if the Essenes were Christians, then we infer that they had a much stronger and a special motive to all kinds of abstinence, from the memorable charge of Christ to his evangelizing disciples; for which charge there was a double motive:—1st, To raise an ideal of abstinence; 2d, To release the disciple from all worldly cares, and concentrate his thoughts upon his duty. Now, the Essenes, if Christians, stood precisely in that situation of evangelizers.

Even thus far, therefore, the Essenes, as Christians, would have higher motives to abstinence than simply as a sect of Jews; yet still against oil, merely as a mode of luxury, their reasons were no stronger than against any luxury in any other shape. But a Christian of that day had a far more special restraint with regard to the familiar use of oil—not as a luxury, but as a consecrated symbol, he regarded it with awe—oil was to him under a perpetual interdict. The very name *Christos*, the anointed, gave in

one instant an inaugurating solemnity, a baptismal value, to the act of anointing. Christians bearing in their very name (though then, by the supposition, “a secret name”) a record and everlasting memorial of that *chrism* by which their Founder was made the Anointed of God, thought it little consistent with reverential feelings to use that consecrated rite of anointing in the economy of daily life. They abstained from this Grecian practice, therefore, not as the ignorant Jew imagines, from despising it, but from too much revering it. The symbolic meaning overpowered and eclipsed its natural meaning; and they abstained from the unction of the palaestra just as any man amongst ourselves, the least liable to superstition, would (if he had any pious feeling at all) recoil from the use of sacramental vessels in a service of common household life.

After this explanation of our view, we shall hardly need to go forward in proof, that this sanctity of the oil and of the anointing act has sustained itself in traditionary usages, and propagated its symbolic meaning to a posterity far distant from the Essenes. The most solemn of the ceremonies in the coronation of Christian kings is a memorial of this usage so reverentially treated by the Essenes. The affecting rite by which a new-born stranger upon earth is introduced within the fold of the Christian Church, is but the prolongation of that ancient *chrism*. And so essential, in earlier ages, was the presence of the holy Judæan oil used by the first Christians, were it only to the amount of one solitary drop, that volumes might be collected on the exertions made for tending the trees which produced it, and if possible for multiplying or transplanting them. Many eastern travellers in our own day, have given the history of those consecrated trees, and their slow declension to the present moment; and to this hour, in our London bills of mortality, there is one subdivision headed, “*Chrysom* children,”† which echoes

* “As the heart of Judæa.”—It was an old belief amongst the Jews, upon their ideas of cosmography, that Judæa was the central region of the earth, and that Jerusalem was the *omphalos* or navel of Judæa—an idea which the Greeks applied to Delphi.

† “*Chrysom* children.”—Tell a child of three years old to pronounce the word *helm*; nine times out of ten it will say *helom* from the imperfection of its organs. By this mode

from a distance of almost two thousand years the very act and ceremony which was surrounded with so much reverence by the Essenes.

No. IV.—*The Essenes think it a thing of good omen to be dressed in white robes.*—Yes; here again we find the external fact reported by Josephus, but with his usual ignorance of its symbolic value, and the secret record which it involved. He does not pretend to have been more than a novice—that is, at most he had been admitted into the lowest or outermost class, where no hint would be given of the Christian mysteries that would open nearer to the centre. The white robes were, of course, either the baptismal robes, the *albate vestes* noticed in the foot-note, or some other of the typical dresses assumed in different ranks and situations by the primitive Christians.

No. V.—*In the judgments they pass, the Essenes are most accurate and just; nor do they pass sentence by the votes of a court that is lower than a hundred.*—Here we find Josephus unconsciously alluding to the secret arrangements of the early Christian Church—the machinery established for conducting affairs so vast, by their tendency, in a condition so critical by its politics. The Apostolical constitutions show that many of the forms in general councils, long after that age, had been traditionally derived from this infancy of the Christian Church,—a result which is natural in any case, but almost inevitable where the original organizers are invested with that sort of honour and authority attached to inspired apostles. Here are positive traces of the Christian institutions, as viewed by one who knew of their existence under another name, and witnessed some of their decisions in the result, but was

never admitted to any conjectural glimpse of their deliberations, or their system of proceeding, or their principles. Here is the truth, but traced by its shadow. On the other hand, if the Essenes (considered as distinct from Christians) were concerned, what need should *they* have of courts—numerous or not numerous? Had the Sadducees courts? Had the Pharisees courts? Doubtless they had, in their general character of Jews, but certainly not in their separate character as sects. Here again, therefore, in this very mention of courts, had there been no word dropped of their form, we see an insuperable evidence to the fact of the Christians being the parties concerned.

No. VI.—The Essenes are divided by Philo-Judæus into the *Therapeutici* and the *Practici*.—A division into four orders has already been noticed, in explaining the general constitution of the society. These orders would very probably have characteristic names as well as barely distinguishing numbers. And if so, the name of *Therapeuta* would exactly correspond to the medical evangelists (the *hakkims*) noticed under No. II.

No. VII.—*Moreover the Essenes are stricter than any other of the Jews in resting from their labours on the seventh day: for they even get their food ready on the day before, that they may not be obliged to kindle a fire on that day.*—Now, then, it will be said, these Essenes, if Christians, ought not to have kept the Jewish Sabbath. This seems a serious objection. But pause, reader. One consideration is most important in this whole discussion. The Jews are *now* ranged in hostility to the Christians; because now the very name of Jew makes open proclamation that they have rejected Christian-

of corruption came the word *chrysom*, from the baptismal *chrism* of the early Christians. In England, if a child dies within the first month of its life, it is called a *chrysom child*; whence the title in the London bills of mortality. In such a case, it was the beautiful custom amongst our ancestors, perhaps still is so amongst those who have the good feeling to appreciate these time-honoured usages, to bury the innocent creature in its baptismal robe; to which the northern Spaniards add, as another symbol of purity, on the lid of the little coffin,—

“A happy garland of the pure white rose.”

How profoundly this mysterious chrism influenced the imaginations of our forefathers, is shown by the multiplied *ricochets* through which it impressed itself upon the vocabulary of the case; the oil, the act of anointing, the little infant anointed, the white robe in which it was dressed,—all and each severally bore the name of the *chrysom*.

ity; but, in the earliest stage of Christianity, the Jew's relation to that new creed was in suspense and undetermined: he might be, 1. in a state of hostility; 2. in a state of certain transition; 3. in a state of deliberation. So far, therefore, from shocking his prejudices by violent alterations of *form*, and of outward symbol, not essential to the truth symbolized, the error of the early Christians would lie the other way; as in fact we know that it did in Judæa, that is, in the land of the Essenes, where they retained too much rather than too little of Mosaic rites. Judaism is the radix of Christianity—Christianity the integration of Judaism. And so long as this integration was only *not accepted*, it was reasonable to presume it the subject of examination; and to regard the Jew as a Christian *in transitu*, and by tendency as a Christian elect. For one generation the Jews must have been regarded as novices in a lower class advancing gradually to the higher vows,—not as enemies at all, but as imperfect aspirants. During this pacific interim, (which is not to be thought hostile, because individual Jews were hostile,) the Christians most entangled with Jews, viz. the Christians of Palestine, would not seek to widen the interval which divided them. On the contrary, they would too much concede to the prejudices of their Jewish brethren; they would adopt too many of the Jewish rites: as at first even circumcision—*à fortiori*, the Jewish Sabbath. Thus it would be during the period of suspense. Hostility would first commence when the two orders of men could no longer be viewed as the inviting and invited—as teaching and learning; but as affirming and denying—as worshippers and blasphemers. Then began the perfect schism of the two orders. Then began amongst the Syrian Christians the observance of a Christian Sunday; then began the general disuse of circumcision.

Here we are called upon to close this investigation; and for the following reason: Most subjects offer themselves under two aspects at the least, often under more. This question, accordingly, upon the true relations of the Essenes, may be contemplated either as a religious question, or as a question of Christian antiquities. Under this latter aspect, it is not impro-

perly entertained by a journal whose primary functions are literary. But to pursue it further might entangle us more intricately in speculations of Christian doctrine than could be suitable to any journal not essentially theological. We pause therefore; though not for want of abundant matter to continue the discussion. One point only we shall glance at in taking leave:—the Church of Rome has long ago adopted the very doctrine for which we have been contending: she has insisted, as if it were an important article of orthodox faith, upon the identity of the Essenes and the primitive Christians. But does not this fact subtract from the originality of our present essay? Not at all. If it did, we are careless. But the truth is—it does not. And the reason is this—as held by the Church of Rome the doctrine is simply what the Germans call a *machtspruch*, i. e. a hard dogmatical assertion, without one shadow of proof or presumptive argument—that so it *must have been*, nothing beyond the allegation of an old immemorial tradition—that so in fact it *was*. Papal Rome adopts our theory as a fact, as a blind result; but not as a result resting upon any one of our principles. Having, as she thinks, downright testimony and positive depositions upon oath, she is too proud to seek the aid of circumstantial evidence, of collateral probability, or of secret coincidence.

If so, and the case being that the Papal belief on this point (though coinciding with our own) offers it no collateral support, wherefore do we mention it? For the following reason—important at any rate—and specially important as a reason in summing up; as a reason to take leave with—as a linch-pin or iron bolt to lock up all our loose arguments into one central cohesion. Dogmatism, because it is haughty, because it is insolent, will not therefore of necessity be false. Nay, in this particular instance, the dogmatism of Rome rests upon a sense of transcendent truth—of truth compulsory to the Christian conscience. And what truth is that? It is one which will reply triumphantly to the main objection likely to be urged by the reader. He will be apt to say—This speculation is curious; but of what use is it? Of what consequence to us at this day, whether the

Essenes were or were not the early Christians? Of such consequence, we answer, as to have forced the Church of Rome into a probable lie: that Church chose rather to forge a falsehood of mere historical fact, [in its pretended tradition of St Mark,] than to suffer any risk as to the sum total and principle of truth doctrinal. The Christian religion offers two things—a body of truth, of things to be believed, in the first place; in the second place, a spiritual agency, a mediatorial agency, for carrying these truths into operative life. Otherwise expressed, the Christian religion offers—1st, a knowledge; 2d, a power—that is, 1st, a rudder to guide; 2dly, sails to propel. Now mark:—the Essenes, as reported to us by Josephus, by Philo-Judæus, or three centuries afterwards by Eusebius, do not appear to have claimed No. 2; and for this reason—because, as a secret society and for the very cause which made it prudent for them to be a secret society, that part of their pretensions could not have been stated safely; not without avowing the very thing which it was their purpose to conceal, viz. their allegiance to Christ. But as to No. 1—as to the total *truths* taught by Christianity, taken in contradistinction to its spiritual *powers*—these the Essenes *did* claim; these they *did* appropriate; and therefore take notice of this: If the Essenes were not the early Christians in disguise, then was Christianity, *as a knowledge*, taught independently of Christ; nay, in opposition to Christ; nay, if we were to accept the hyper-

bolical fairy-tale of Pliny, positively two thousand years before the era of Christ. Grant the affirmative of our hypothesis, all is clear, all consistent; and Christianity here, as for ever, justifies herself. Take the negative alternative—Suppose the Essenes a distinct body from the primitive Christians of Palestine, (*i. e.* those particular Christians who stood under the ban of Jerusalem,) and you have a deadlier wound offered to Christian faith than the whole army of infidels ever attempted. A *parhelion*—a double sun—a secondary sun, that should shine for centuries with equal proofs for its own authenticity as existed for the original sun, would not be moreshocking to the sense and to the auguries of man than a secondary Christianity not less spiritual, not less heavenly, not less divine than the primary, pretending to a separate and even hostile origin. Much more is to be said in behalf of our thesis: But say more or say less—say it well or say it ill—the main argument—that the Essenes were the early Christians, locally in danger, and therefore locally putting themselves, with the wisdom of the serpent, under a cloud of disguise, impenetrable to fierce Jewish enemies and to timid or treacherous brethren—that argument is essential to the dignity of Christian truth. That theory is involved in the almighty principle—that, as there is but one God, but one hope, but one anchorage for man—so also there can be but one authentic faith, but one derivation of truth, but one perfect revelation.

CARLO SEBASTIANI, THE AID-DE-CAMP.

THE order for his arrest did not throw Carlo into despair, but into utter astonishment. The world seemed to be changed; light was darkness, and men were *ombres Chinoises*. He felt like one in a nightmare. He had brought in a French colonel with him, and had intercepted a despatch worth his commission; and what was his reward? A dungeon, from which he might not emerge for the next fifty years, if he was not shot by a drum-head court-martial within the fiftieth part of the time. On unlucky emergencies, Frenchmen tear their hair, and Italians weep, but Carlo did neither: he was petrified, and when the close carriage, with a couple of dragoons at its side, made its appearance, he was put into it with no more remonstrance than if he had been his own knapsack.

The twenty-four hours of his journey over the heavy and broken roads of the country through which the campaign had been already fought, seemed to him interminable; but all things have an end, and the dawn of the second morning showed him the place of his destination, the fortress of Erlach-Glaringen, covering its mountain-top like a distant cloud. Germany has nothing finer than its *locale*, and the huge ramparts cresting the precipices coloured by the rains and winds of ages; the ranges of heavy guns, looking down from their embrasures on the defiles in all directions; and the whole standing in an amphitheatre of hills skirted with forest, and shooting up a thousand marble pinnacles, make it at once the most formidable and the most picturesque of all the defences of the Rhine border.

But what are all the displays of nature or art to those in whose minds they are connected with the dungeon? As the carriage wound its slow way up the road, that twined like a huge snake in spirals on the face of the mountain, the fortress reminded him only of some of those spots where the demons of the "Inferno" kept their pincers and tongs hot for recreant Cardinals, and Mussulmans refusing to be converted with the sword at their throats. The only glance which he gave at the height of the ramparts,

was to assure himself that a plunge from the summit of any of them would be enough to relieve him of all his troubles; and the only wish which he felt, on entering the huge gate, was, that the French would attack the place without delay, and give him an opportunity of dying on the breach, and thus escaping the stigma of shortening an existence now utterly worthless to him.

One part of his wish appeared likely enough to be realized; for, as he ascended the hill, it was evident that the enemy were expected. Workmen were busy in constructing batteries at the salient points. Engineers were riding about, marking out ground. A battalion of light infantry were practising at a target on the slope, and the way was obstructed by a long train of waggons, loaded with provisions and stores for the fortress.

Twenty-four hours' transitions make a vast difference in sensations. Carlo would once have bounded like a young leopard at the sight. His share of it now consisted in his being met by an adjutant, who politely assisted him to alight from his vehicle, preceded him, without a word, through a sort of labyrinth of bastions, ravelins, and covered ways, and, after ascending a long flight of stone steps, led him to a tower overlooking a horizon of forest, with a precipice of a hundred and fifty feet within an inch of his window. "Why am I brought here?" Carlo repeated almost by intuition. But the adjutant's business was not to answer, but to lock him up. The officer bowed, pointed to a chair, table, and bed, with the look of a man who had provided all that was necessary for human satisfaction, turned on his heel, and withdrew. Carlo heard the key turn in the lock, as if it turned in his heart. He made a rush at the window; but though nothing could be more effectual than the precipice below it for breaking the necks of a whole imperial staff, a huge iron bar across the casement as effectually precluded the attempt. He had nothing for it but to rail at destiny.

"Why am I here?" had been his solitary question to the dragoons, whenever he could catch the ear of

those functionaries. But dragoons have other things to do than answer the questions of prisoners; and besides, Austrian dragoons having but two earthly occupations, eating and smoking, their time was too busily employed to indulge his curiosity, even if they had thought it worth their while. "Why am I here?" was his cry in his new apartment;—a cry so often repeated, that, if it could have made an impression on the walls, it would have been read there by all posterity. Yet one little incident perplexed him scarcely less than his own incarceration. It now recurred to him, that, just as the carriage was leaving the camp, a group of mounted officers had ridden rapidly by, among whom was the Archduke, and close at his side a physiognomy which singularly reminded him of his little Corporal. "Could the Hulan have been acquainted with the cause of his arrest?" The idea grew, and grew into other shapes. "Could he have been the cause?—could he have been at once a French deserter and a French spy?—could he have contrived to get himself put on the Archduke's staff, for the purpose of being a spy?—and yet, after all, might not the Corporal have found some means of distinguishing himself in the incessant fighting of the campaign, and thus obtaining the rank which the services of a single night had obtained in his own instance? Thus was broken up the web, fine as it was. Yet he remembered a glance from this personage as he passed along, which had so much of triumph, sneer, and burlesque in it, that he was convinced of his identity.

The unlocking of his door announced the arrival of his dinner; nothing could be less calculated to foster a habit of luxury. The attendant was what remained of an old grenadier; a human body, which having bequeathed a leg to one battle, and an arm to another, had reserved its last services for the attendance on the state prisoners of the fortress. "Why am I here?" was the question mechanically put on his entrance. But the old grenadier's duty was to set his dinner on the table, and beyond that he had neither eye, hand, nor tongue. If Carlo had no conception before of the nature of discipline, he now learned the lesson to his full content. Those living for years between walls become all brick,

The adjutant attended his walk of fifty yards, back and forward, on the rampart daily; the old grenadier brought up his daily meal, but no mute in the Seraglio was ever more dumb than either. This began at length to be absolutely intolerable; and Carlo, on the third day, was on the point of making up his mind, either to seize the adjutant's sword, and assault the whole *corps de garde*, or to take that jump from the ramparts which would make all the talkers of this world indifferent to him, when the whole scene changed.

As he was sitting with his feverish forehead between his hands, meditating on the chances of this final escape, his ear was caught by an unusual tramp of feet. During the day he had heard carriages rolling over the pavement; drums beating to arms, and the hurry of newly-arrived troops. It was now evening, and he saw from his grating a crowd of officers moving along the rampart. At their head walked a broad, strong-made veteran, covered with orders, and, though stooped a little by some seventy winters, yet exhibiting the haleness and vigour of the old soldier.

The group stopped at the foot of the tower, and the old officer briskly mounted the stair, preceded only by the inflexible adjutant. The key turned in the lock, the door was thrown open, and Carlo started up to meet his visitor.

"I am Major-General Von Sharlheim, the governor of the fortress," was the brief announcement. "In inspecting the garrison on my arrival, I have come to see how matters go on with the prisoners. Have you, sir, anything to complain of?"

"Complain of?—Every thing!" was the indignant answer. "Why am I here?"

The old general was evidently not prepared for this style. He looked round in amaze to the adjutant, who, however, answered only by throwing himself into a more inflexible perpendicularity. There was a silence of a moment, during which the features of the old man's face seemed to move with some sense of the burlesque of the situation. At length he broke out into a fit of laughter.

"Ha, ha! Why, this is capital, adjutant. Why did you not tell me what prince of the empire you had

in custody." Then, turning to Carlo, "Sir, I must really beg a thousand pardons for having intruded myself into your presence; but I was not aware of your rank or your wrongs."

The general laughed again, and the adjutant echoed it, but without disturbing a muscle of his iron physiognomy.

Carlo's indignation had now given way to a sense of his circumstances, and he now repeated his question in a more moderated tone.

The general looked at him with a stern eye. "Well played, sir, I confess. You are a clever person, and act simplicity with a remarkably natural air. I confess I was taught to expect something of this; but I acknowledge that you surpass even your description. Pray, sir, what and who are you?"

Carlo's astonishment at this contempt was unbounded. He made a stride or two towards the general. The adjutant made one step in advance, as if to be in readiness for the support of his principal in the coming collision. But the collision came not. The flame was exhausted, and the unfortunate aid-de-camp, after a moment's struggle with himself, sank on his seat in utter exhaustion. The general's suspicions were only the more awakened.

"So, sir," said he, "you reverse the usual system. You give us the farce first and the tragedy after. But come, lay aside these follies, which can never impose on men of sense, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself. What! still speechless. Adjutant, hand me the report from the *etat-major* of the Archduke.

The adjutant produced the paper, and read with a voice as precise as if every syllable came by beat of drum.

"Carlo Sebastiani, Imperial Hulan, ordered into the custody of the major-general commanding the imperial fortress of Erlach-Glaringen, on charge of being a French spy."

Carlo gave a cry of wrath, like a roused tiger.

The inflexible adjutant went on:—"He is charged with the several offences of having acted as guide to the enemy in their passage of the Rhine, of having betrayed the regiment of Imperial Hulan into an ambush, from which nothing but the valour of the men and the consummate skill of their colonel saved them from

ruin; and thirdly, with having forged an order from the commander-in-chief, by which the safety of the Swabian contingent was compromised, and several brave battalions, with their general, lost to the army."

The unfortunate hearer's first feeling was utter surprise; his ears rang with strange sounds, the light left his eyes, his limbs tottered, and, but for grasping at the table, he must have fallen on the ground. But he had a fund of vigour in his mind, which had not been called forth in the life of routine which he had hitherto led. Circumstances in this world do every thing, and he now began to find the use of difficulty.

"By whom has that paper been signed?" he asked, in a resolute tone.

"By Ludwig Banstetten, major on the staff of his Highness," pronounced the adjutant.

A light flashed across Carlo's mind. He remembered to have heard the little corporal, in his vanity, tell some camp stories of his exploits under assumed names, and among these one in which Ludwig Banstetten figured with great effect. Why he had resumed a name which made discovery possible, was not easily to be accounted for; but the distinct recollection of the physiognomy which glanced on him from among the group following the Archduke, convinced him that he had fixed on the true author of his ill fortune. Yet why should his ruin have been necessary? A second thought settled this difficulty, like the former. Carlo had in his possession the secret which would have hanged the corporal. The evidence of his having been in French pay, was too plainly furnished by the skirmish on the banks of the Rhine; and of course it was the Frenchman's object to defer his own hanging, by putting Carlo in his place if possible.

Nothing could be clearer to the prisoner's conceptions, and nothing more eloquently argued on the spot; yet he failed of convincing the governor. The despatch from headquarters was, to that gallant though not very brilliant personage, like the law of the Medes and Persians, perfectly incontrovertible. The idea that Major Banstetten, the favourite officer of the favourite general of Austria, could be a Frenchman and a spy besides, seemed altogether ludicrous; and the old

man bade him good-night with a look that implied no slight doubt of the state of his brain.

Still the conference had produced its effect. The prisoner's ardour and vividness of feeling were novelties among the inmates of a German bastion. The eloquent force with which he pressed his points, exceedingly puzzled the major-general, who was more positive than profound; and the manly and classic nobleness of his countenance, strongly assisted the influence which the interview was beginning to establish for him in the weatherbeaten sensibilities of the old commandant of himself and his dungeon.

All this was visible in the next interview. The interval was brief—it took place next afternoon. The general came with an open letter in his hand. His step was now slow, and his look wholly the reverse of the bluff buoyancy of the day before.

"I am come, young man," said he, "upon a duty which I wish I could have avoided. I might have done it, it is true, by other hands; but it struck me, that, bad as the news is, you might feel even still more uncomfortably in hearing from one of my officers. You have fortitude enough to hear it like a man."

Carlo declared himself ready to receive any intelligence that would elucidate his extraordinary detention.

"The despatch, young man, is simply an order that you should be brought before a garrison court-martial to-morrow."

"General, I am ready this moment; but I must not die disgraced. I demand that General Von Staringer be summoned to my trial. He knows my conduct in the attack on the French columns. He will clear me of the infamous charge of having led him into misfortune."

"You shall have all the advantages which the court can give; but Count Staringer's testimony is not available. He has been carried prisoner into France with his officers."

"Then, at least, can I not lay my statement before the Archduke? He is honourable; he will not suffer the son of his old friend to die the death of a felon!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Ay, there, young man, I must tell you fairly, that nothing is to be hoped for. The letters which I have recei-

ved this morning on your case, state that the Archduke is more indignant at that part of the game which you have played than all the rest; but I waste time. Undone as you are, and by your own fault, I feel a kind of compassion for one forfeiting his life so early; with your appearance and intelligence, you might have risen to something."

The old man's voice dropped, and he turned away for a moment.

Carlo clasped his hand in strong emotion.

"General," said he, "I thank you for this sympathy. I have no friends, and as little hope. The world and I have no more to do with each other; yet," he recollected himself, "can it be denied that I brought a French prisoner of rank to headquarters, that on him I took an important despatch, and that this service ought to free me from the odious charge of a traitor?"

The general's pale visage flushed. He rose from his seat, and paced the narrow apartment with angry strides.

"Young man," said he, "I felt some interest in you, from your plausibility at our first interview; but you have now extinguished every thing of the kind. You knew well what you were doing when you introduced that scoundrel to headquarters. You knew that he was the chief of the enemy's staff, and expressly sent to be taken. He was not twenty-four hours in the camp when he began to play his tricks with the Archduke's secretaries—contrived to get possession of some secrets of the highest importance to the future success of the campaign—and, with the fool whom he had corrupted, managed to make his escape just five minutes before he was to have been hanged."

Carlo stood, the picture of blank despair, cold and silent, with his eyes fixed above.

"Ay, I knew that you could not say a word to this. Well, you are right," remarked Von Sharlheim. "Keep what you have to say for to-morrow. You will want all your plausibility before it is over." He hurried from the cell at the words, and rushed down the stairs. The adjutant, imperturbable as ever, locked the door with the air of a machine, and followed him. Carlo sat down to write a farewell letter to his mother.

How long he remained engaged in

this last work of his feelings on this side of the great chasm which separates us from the strange, the obscure, and the terrible beyond, he knew not; but the twilight at length put a stop to his task, and he sat in that half waking, half sleep, which so often succeeds violent emotion. He was aroused by a voice singing a little Styrian air under his casement. There was something in the sound which so touchingly contrasted with his forlorn condition, that for the first time he burst into tears. But he was to be touched still more keenly. The song ceased, and he heard another voice speaking to the minstrel. He knew it at the instant—he would have known it at the extremity of the earth. It was the voice of Carolina Cobentzel.

There are some conceptions which are absolutely indescribable by language. They crowd the mind with sensations of which it is itself unable to distinguish either the effect or the cause. The mind seems for the moment transported from the frame, into a new state of being: all is rapturous, tender, wild; yet all is confused. Carlo, for the time, forgot his cell, his misfortunes, the strange fatality which turned every thing for him into evil. He was again free, again in the pursuit of glory, again listening to the exquisite accents of Carolina's story. He saw, in all the darkness of his rude and melancholy den, the matchless features of a countenance which was to him like a spell. She was his world; all the rest was nothing.

This delirium, the delightful illusion of the heart awaking the fancy, at length subsided, and he began to think that all was a dream; but the voices commenced again. The moon had risen over the forest in her glory, and he heard one of Schiller's noble hymns to *The Night*, sung to the accompaniment of a tasteful and practised hand. The harp had scarcely ceased its chords, when a note from his casement was sent floating on the air. Whether it was ever to reach its address was doubtful; but it contained his "dying request" to know by what chance the only being for whom the earth was still dear to him had come within the fortress; and his hope that "*she*, at least, would judge him incapable of dishonour."

The serenity of the evening was a faithless representative of the night

that followed. Before Carlo closed his casement, where he lingered, lost in sweet and bitter thoughts, till the moon went down, heavy gusts announced a storm; streaks of distant lightning tinged the clouds in the west, and the faint yet incessant roar of the thunder, told him that the tempest was busy among the crests of the Vosges. But it was probably to be his last night, and, to prepare his mind to act decorously on his last day, he threw himself upon the mattress and tried to sleep.

But he had that on his spirit which banishes sleep; and his memory traced nothing but the brilliant loveliness of Carolina, and heard nothing but the silver tones of her voice.

The storm had, by this time, crossed the Rhine, and was rolling over the forest country. The bellows of the blast were tremendous; and the lightnings showed every corner of his dungeon with fearful distinctness. Yet in one of the pauses he conceived that other sounds reached his ear: he listened; there evidently were feet moving on the roof of the tower. As his eye turned to the casement, he now saw a heavy rope swinging across it, and in another moment a figure of a man, visible by a flash. He was totally without resource. To force open the grating was as impossible as to burst the door. But nothing could be plainer than that the enemy were in league with some traitors in the garrison; and it occurred to him, that some of the workmen employed in repairing the fortifications might have come to their labours before daylight. But, on touching his repeater, its little bell struck three. This was too early for honest employment, and he listened again. The rope descended, and he observed that a large open barrel was attached to it. His ear, sharpened by suspicion, too, heard low voices at the foot of the tower. He now glanced at the forest, and a glimpse of the lightning showed him a compact body of troops fixed closely under a cluster of the superb elms, which lined the road to the gate of the fortress. The rope began to move upwards again, and from the slowness of its motion it evidently bore a heavy burden. All these circumstances conspired to prove that some treachery was on foot, and that the troops whom he had seen were intended to take the garrison by

surprise. There was evidently no time to be lost. The door of the tower was bolted and barred, and all hope of arousing the fortress in that quarter vain: it was beyond calculation that, if they were suffered to make their way good to the tower, they must be masters of the bastion below, which gave them direct entrance into the body of the place. The fortress was evidently unprepared for this midnight assault; not a sound was heard, not a sentinel challenged. A French battalion, once let in, would evidently take the whole garrison in their beds.

All feelings but those of soldiership were forgotten in this crisis, and he felt his frame breathless, from the anxiety to discover some means of arousing the devoted governor and his people. He recollected that a sentinel had been stationed during the day at the foot of his stair, and to him he cried out, with all the exertion of a remarkably sonorous voice. But the storm was too loud for him, or the sentinel was stupefied with his pipe, which morning, noon, and night, alike finds in the yellow-haired lips of this most smoke-dried of all nations.

No man who has not experienced some such dilemma, can have an adequate conception of the fever to which anxiety may be wrought. Carlo utterly forgot how indifferent all this, and the world along with it, might be to him within the next twenty-four hours: he even forgot how much better his chance of existence might be, by falling into the hands of a French battalion than of a German judge-advocate. Every thing was forgotten but that the fortress was on the point of being surprised, and that Carolina Cobentzel was among its inmates, and exposed to the horrors of such scenes. Still, what was to be done? He felt along the walls of his apartment, as if he could have opened some fissure in them, and struggled into the open air. He again struck violently on the door. It was as massive as iron, and as inexorable. He rushed, for the tenth time, to the grating. Every instant was now big with fate. He saw the troops below emerging from their shelter, and evidently preparing to take advantage of the work of their comrades above. He flung himself in utter exhaustion, and with a pang like an icebolt through his heart, upon the floor, and covered

his head with his hands, that he might shut out the horrid sounds of the assault, if possible. As he bowed his burning forehead to the ground, it struck upon something that glittered in the lightning: it was the knife which had carved his melancholy meal, and which, from having fallen under the table, had been forgotten by the old grenadier, whose orders were to leave nothing that had an edge within reach of his prisoner. Carlo caught it up with an involuntary exclamation of joy. He sprang to the casement, the rope was again slowly moving upwards, and, by the tardiness of its motion, it evidently carried a heavier burden than before. On glancing down he saw two shakos ascending. He thrust his arm out to its full length, between the bars, and made a cut at the rope. He heard a cry, but the blow had been ineffectual; the windlass still creaked above. He made a second blow, and one half of the rope instantly flew up, the other went down with its cargo, and a crash and a yell told him the fate of the unlucky experimentalists. He next heard the sentinel on the adjoining bastion challenge and fire. The relief which he experienced in that moment, was like waking from the pressure of some overwhelming disease. He breathed freely once more: he knew that the garrison was, at least, awake. The patrol of the night soon came hurrying along the ramparts: his door was unlocked, and the officer ordered his apartment to be examined. Their first alarm was thus directed to himself, and his supposed dexterity in making his escape from justice. This difficulty settled, the patrol were about to move forward when Carlo told the officer what he had seen. But the gallant captain, a sullen coxcomb, and angry at being called from the comforts of his guard-house only to be drenched to the skin, turned a contemptuous glance upon him: all would have been lost but for the coming up of the old adjutant, who halted the patrol until he heard the story. His presence at the interviews of the governor with Carlo had given him an opinion of the prisoner's sagacity, which was not to be shaken by the scowl of a half-sleepy captain, only eager to get back to his bottle. The adjutant was a soldier, and had heard of French contrivances before. He

returned into the chamber—saw for himself the movement of shakos and the glitter of bayonets under the trees—was satisfied that it was no affair to be dreamed over, and despatched the intelligence to the governor's quarters. But Carlo had by this time come out upon the rampart, and he heard sounds which convinced him that some portion of the enemy had already made their way within the place.

"I must make the rounds within fifteen minutes, and report to the governor," said the adjutant, with military precision.

"Give me but five of those minutes, and as many of the guard, and I shall ascertain the point," said Carlo, almost with a look of supplication.

"Well, then, I shall go with you," and the model of discipline strode onward.

The German finances are never in the most brilliant order, and if the honest Margraves and Serene Highnesses have enough for the routine of their little courts, the most monotonous little specimens of live machinery on the globe—an allowance sufficient to keep up an orchestra—for every German in existence is either a blower of the trombone, or longs to be a blower of it; and if the revenue can be stretched out so far as to include the sustenance of a pack of wild-boar hounds and hunters, and a cellar of hock to wash down the dust of the summer's day sun, all the longings of sovereignty are satisfied. It is not to be a matter of astonishment, therefore, that the German frontier has never offered more resistance to a French invasion, than the twigs of a hamper of apples would do to the assaults of a legion of hungry schoolboys. To patch fortifications was the last employment to which the kreutzers and rixdollars were ever regarded as applicable; and there were more breaches than gates in every fortress from the Netherlands to Hungary. Erlach-Glaringen had shared only the common fate, and nothing but the Gallic love of stratagem had tempted them to the circuitous trouble of bribing some knave of the garrison, when their chance would have been better by a dash in noonday.

But we have no time for detail. This night was not destined to add to the laurels of the *grande nation*. The patrol, in winding its way among the ruins and repairs of the works, found

the unlucky hero who had made his solitary way by the windlass to the roof of the tower, and had been scared from his position by the tremendous *tintamarre* which Carlo had raised. A German bayonet was already at his breast, and his history would have been shortened but for his throwing himself, as if by instinct, at the knees of the only one of the party who would have thought of turning his life to any purpose. It struck the quick thought of the young son of Italy that he might lay a trap for the cunning of the enemy in turn; and he ordered the prisoner to follow him. He was promptly obeyed, and the whole party proceeded to the sallyport. Carlo had now obtained over his German comrades that sort of ascendancy which, in awkward times, is so readily conceded to whoever will take the perilous part of the affair upon himself. The view beyond the moat was certainly the reverse of satisfactory; for the occasional flashes, which still burst from the clouds as they swept along, almost touching the ground, showed a deep mass of caps and bayonets already in the glacié, and evidently waiting only for the first opportunity to push across. The adjutant prepared to draw up his little patrol, and give them a grand discharge. He was dragged back by his companion.

"Fly to the governor's quarters," whispered Carlo, "and leave me to manage in your absence. Awake the old general, and tell him that, if we are not the most unlucky dogs on earth, we shall have a handsome exhibition for the morning's parade. I pledge myself for a battalion at the least."

The adjutant flew; it was the first time that glory had cast a single ray on his dreary course of a quarter of a century: the prospect of promotion made him a new man, and if it had been but daylight, the whole garrison would have been in amazement at the rapidity with which he threaded the streets, rushed over the bodies of sleeping aids-de-camp and orderlies in the governor's house, and stood at the bedside of the great functionary himself, to tell him, as Hector's ghost told the Trojan hero, that he had better abandon dreaming for a while, and think of beating the enemy.

The heavy tramp of the garrison

was no sooner heard, than Sebastiani determined to try Italian dexterity against French craft. With a pistol at the ear of his prisoner, he marched him to the edge of the moat, and ordered him to give the signal concerted with his countrymen, and let down the drawbridge. The French instantly plunged forward, rushed over the bridge, and, entering the open sally-port, were in the fortress. But then the condition of things was suddenly changed. As they poured, in the confusion of a crowd, from the gate, they saw the garrison drawn up before them. A heavy volley from a crescent of a thousand muskets was their first salutation. Their attempt to answer this by the scattered fire of men stumbling in the dark over all kinds of obstacles, only brought on them the flanking fire of a couple of six-pounders. The whole affair was palpably a *coup manqué*, and happy was he who could first get within the arch that led back again. But this was instantly choked up by the fugitives—the rest had no chance for their lives but by throwing down their muskets, which they did with all possible unanimity.

The business was over just as the first pale streaks of dawn gave light enough to show the grey coats and sallow visages of the Frenchmen; they were marched to the custody of the casemates, where they and their disasters were hid from the light of day, and where, in less than five minutes, they were, to a man, making their soup, smoking their cigars, scoffing at “la Fortune,” and promising their yellow-whiskered guard that Jourdan, or Moreau, or somebody or other, would capture the fortress, carry off the garrison, and let the imprisoned *braves* forth again to a course of glory!

But where was Carlo? Nowhere to be found. Bastion, tower, and even moat, were searched for him, in vain. “*Les absens ont toujours tort*” is a maxim true in most parts of the world, but universally true on the Continent. After a hunt of a day or two for him in the forest, it was quietly settled that he was unquestionably playing some of those tricks which had fallen under the cognizance of the Archduke; that his story of the tower was nothing but a new instance of that invention for which he was so

distinguished; and that he had added to all his other malepractices the heinousness of daring to mystify Major-General von Sharlheim, even to the point of putting an Austrian fortress, governor and all, into the hands of the republicans.

The conclusion was ruinous to the unfortunate refugee, but consolatory to the honour of the mustachioed heroes of the governor's staff. There of course could be no hesitation in adopting it; and it must be owned that the idea received some plausibility from the circumstance, that the French leader of the night's misadventure happened to be the identical colonel whom Carlo had taken prisoner on the skirts of Jourdan's army. The colonel had found it easy to make his escape in the bustle of the campaign, had returned to his general, was now chef-de-brigade, and was conveying, with all possible speed, a detachment to take possession of the defiles of the forest towards the Rhine. His quick eye had informed him of the dilapidated state of the fortress as he passed; every German fortress had a little band of French deserters among its garrison, frequently sent for the express purpose; and the colonel, with the rapid calculation of his country, thought that a *coup-de-main*, by their help, would at once be the easiest thing in the world, make the prettiest despatch in the Parisian journals, and make him a general of division. A quarter of an hour was to put him in possession of the place, half an hour to write his despatch, an hour to make his toilet and receive the ladies of the garrison to a *dejeuner*; and then he was to march and complete his commission.

But this was not to be; and the colonel taken prisoner with his best battalion, the rest making their way full speed through the mountains, and his expedition shattered to fragments, was still the man of Paris. “*Cependant*,” was his remark to his circle of officers, “*puisque nous sommes ici, je tacherai de m'amuser cause des autres.*” No advice could be more instinctively taken; every man twirled his finger, turned a pirouette, and determined to be happy on the spot.

The history of Carlo's disappearance is brief. In the confusion of the morning he had been trampled down by the flying enemy, and flung into the moat; it had fortunately been filled by

the tempest, and he thus escaped finishing his career in the undisturbed slough of half a century. Swimming across, he found himself completely beyond the reach of the governor and his drum-head court-martial. And it must be acknowledged that his first feeling was one of no slight comfort from the reflection. His share in the triumph of the fortress was still far from being a valid plea; for from the point where he had climbed, the action within the walls seemed to be going on with unabated fury. All that he could see was smoke, and all that he could hear was discharges of cannon and small arms. But a few minutes settled the question, and a crowd of the French jumping into the water, covered the surface of the ditch, and began scrambling up the counter-scarp. There was now no place for the sole of his foot, and he fled along with the mass of fugitives. The forest was their common shelter for the day and night following; and Carlo more than once debated the propriety of forgetting Europe and its follies, old and young, and travelling to the antipodes.

But the fortress contained a magnet towards which his feelings vibrated; and in that fever of anxiety to which suspense may be wrought where the imagination and the heart are at once concerned, he lingered within the forest, at one time ready to brave death and throw himself at the feet of his enslaver, and at another upbraiding himself for the indecision which held him still in those unprofitable chains. Every night that fell on his uneasy pillow found him making the magnanimous resolve that it should be the last of his sojourning in Germany; every morning found him climbing some height from which he might have a distant view of the brown ramparts and gilded steeples of that spot which enshrined the goddess of his idolatry.

One evening, as he was taking his tasteless meal in a little inn of the Westerthal, he was startled by the sound of a horse tramp, and a loud voice at the door. Life was irksome to him, but to give it up to the tender mercies of a discipline-loving commandant was not among his purposes; and his first intention was to rush into the woods. But his landlord, who had already taken some interest in his gen-

tleness and his melancholy, told him that the new arrival was merely an officer with despatches; and placed him in a chamber from which he might see without being seen.

His alarms were soon quieted. The stranger was the adjutant, with vexation in every feature of his wiry visage, and weariness in every limb of his inflexible frame. He had arrived in a post-carriage, of whose freight he formed the smallest portion; the rest being a heap of handboxes and portmanteaus, worthy of the establishment of an electress or an opera-dancer. The adjutant's exclamations and interjections as he looked on those pasteboard associates of his travels, and the sulkiness with which he answered every question put to him by the landlord, for the usual roadside purpose of hearing all the news, showed palpably enough, that, whether diplomacy or discipline were the object, the traveller was more than usually out of humour.

Carlo, though conscious of the pefil of discovery, was on the point of breaking in upon the vexed official, to hear the slightest tidings of the fortress; but the arrival of a second stranger taught him prudence, and he continued unobserved to inspect the state of affairs in the grand salon of the little inn.

Nothing could be more opportune than this arrival. It was an officer who had left Erlach but a few hours before.

He had evidently come in great haste, from the tired state of his horses, and the eagerness with which he flung off cloak and sabre. The tardy style in which supper generally makes its appearance in a native inn, gave occasion to a good deal of that military eloquence which is the reverse of courtly; and nothing could be more undeniable, even when the supper arrived at last, than that they both sat down to it in exceedingly ill temper with the times.

"Pleasant work this, Walstein," said the adjutant, "to be sent, *en courier*, to Vienna for a frolic of the old governor. His capture of those French scamperers has made him half a Frenchman already, and I was to enjoy the fruits of it. Can you conceive the object of my mission?"

"Not I," answered Walstein, "un-

less it were to bring him a wife, or a riband of Maria Theresa. Yet, seventy years are no great recommendation to think of the one, and, as to the riband, no one gets things of that kind, unless he acts as valet to some of the maids of honour, and is rewarded for keeping the secrets of their toilet."

"Well, then, I was commissioned," said the adjutant, "to purchase for his excellency, from the *magazin* of Madame Vaurien, *marchande des modes* of the Imperial household, a fancy dress in which the general is to figure."

"Capital!" laughed Walstein; "I hope you chose something peculiarly brilliant. The gay *septuagenaire* merits a better fate than to be thrust into the wig and gown of your Venetian senators, or the scarlet breeches and Kevenhuller hat of an original prince of the holy Roman empire. Nothing is worthy of him but an amorous Grand Turk or an Arcadian shepherd. But what did you bring, after all?"

"The choice might have puzzled a wiser man-milliner than I ever expect to be," was the adjutant's reply. "But all trouble was saved me by the Lady Cobentzel, who, after turning over all the costumes of the Vienna balls for the last winter, settled the point in her own way."

"In the name of all the Graces, what was it?" asked the captain. "Was it Crusader or Cossack, Turk or Troubadour? So—it was the lady's doing. Well, so is every thing among us. Have you the heart to owe her an immortal grudge for your journey? She is certainly a remarkably handsome creature, does what she pleases with the general, and is fairly the commandant of the garrison."

"Yes," said the adjutant, filling a bumper of Rhenish with a contemplative air, and tossing it off with a sigh profound enough to startle the echoes of the old room. "She is a handsome creature! But if ever general was broke by a court-martial for being fooled by a pair of eyes, Von Sharlheim's chance would be but little before the Aulic Council."

"Jealous, by Jove!" exclaimed Walstein, "What! has she melted you? I should have thought as soon of her melting the metal horses on the Linsingen arch at Ratisbon. Come, here's a bumper to her victory!" He

followed the proposal with quick action.

The adjutant had neither denial to offer, nor defence to make, in which case the best thing to do is to say nothing. He was accordingly as dumb as one of the metal horses. But his countenance showed signs of rising choler. The laughter changed his tone.

"Well, well, let that pass," said the captain: "the lady has as fine a pair of eyes as any that ever set a man's bosom on fire; and no blame can attach to your thinking so; but have no hostility to the general on her account. All the little surmises which made the gossip of the garrison, have turned out like other garrison gossip; the whole was moonshine. It happens that she is the general's niece; some count, or margrave, or emperor, for any thing that I can tell, had been offered to her as a husband. She thought proper to decline the honour. Her lordly relatives thought that she was a rebel to the glories of her pedigree, and insisted on the match. She refused still more steadily. They threatened to get an imperial order to send her to a convent, until she should have the sense to be happy in their own way. I know none of the details further than that she instantly took wing from the family cage. Not one of their High Mightinesses could find out where, for their souls. In the mean time, Von Sharlheim was appointed to the command of Erlach. His niece had fled to his seat on the borders of the Tyrol, where, as she could now remain no longer, she followed him to the fortress, and there her beauty, gaiety, and wit, have done as much mischief as Helen did within the walls of Troy."

Not a word of the dialogue escaped the keen ears of Sebastiani. He would have listened, if it had continued for the twenty-four hours. He could not help indulging himself with the fond conception, that her sudden abhorrence of marriage was in some degree connected with his memory. But then came the cloud that is so seldom far off from the sunshine of the heart. He was then too humble for her rank; but what was he now?—a fugitive, and from a prison; extinguished as a soldier, lost to society, and now flying from the face of man. It was with a double pang that he felt how fully his

story must now be known by Carolina; and with what disdain she must revert to his recollection. But the dialogue again caught his ear. The table had been reinforced with a couple of bottles, and even the frigid tongue of the adjutant was warmed into unusual fluency. Woman, war, and wine, the three grand topics of soldiership, began to run their course through his brain.

"As to Vienna," said he, tossing off a bumper, "there are not three heads in the Aulic Council that are worth the powder in their curls; they plan campaigns over their toilets in the morning, and fight battles over their coffee-cups at night. An army of Savoyards and their monkeys might make somewhat more noise perhaps; but they would certainly not do less execution."

"But the Archduke!" interposed the captain; "he is good for something. Kray has the good Hungarian blood in him; and Matensleben is a first-rate officer of grenadiers."

"Yes, all tolerable in their way. But this let me tell you as my particular friend, that if preferment were not so slow in our service, and I had worn the aiguillette at the head of a handsome column of 30,000 men six months ago, we should not now have a Frenchman on this side of the Rhine." The adjutant then began to describe his manoeuvres, according to the prescribed fashion of spilling a glass of wine on the table, and demolishing battalions with a wet finger. But this species of campaigning was evidently too familiar to the captain to keep him a patient spectator of the triumph; and rescuing another glass, which was on the point of representing the course of the Rhine with a pitched battle on its banks, he rose and resumed his cloak and sabre.

"I must be gone," said he, "if I am to be in Manheim to-morrow. I cannot say that I like my mission there; I should willingly have exchanged it for your mission to Madame Vaurien, and her *magazin* for turning old generals into young shepherds."

"I suppose to make a purchase of ringlets and rouge for the Frenchmen? Those fellows never know where they are. Take them prisoners to-day, and they will prepare to fit up their jail for a ball-room to-morrow."

"No, that I presume is to be the

next order for you, adjutant; my present business is to hunt down that clever rogue Sebastiani, if that be his name, or only one of his fifty names. This *chef-de-brigade*, Vancour, or Vantour, or some such bird of passage or prey"—

"Why!" exclaimed the Adjutant, "he cannot be more than five-and-twenty, and is he a *chef* already? They rise famously fast among these Republicans, it must be confessed; and here am I garrison adjutant at twice the age." Indignation had made the adjutant let a secret loose, which was among his most cautious reserves.

Walstein cast on the startled discoverer a glance of his keen eye.

"The truth is, adjutant," said he, "that no one living would suspect you of being a month older than this coxcomb, *chef* as he is. But you are sure to have your revenge. The fair Carolina Cobentzel is as certain to jilt him as nature has made him an Adonis in his own eyes, and an ape in ours. I strongly suspect that her even suffering his attentions, has a deeper object than the vanity of a pretty woman, and that she has been making some arrangement with him for the escape of that showy and very mysterious gentleman, Sebastiani, into France. The fact is, that if the surmises of the governor, to which I may add those of the garrison, be right, that very plausible personage has completely mystified every man of us. The story of the night attack remains still to be cleared up. Whether his giving the alarm was honesty, remains to be proved; the strong probability being, that he gave it only when he saw discovery at hand, and that it was much more intended to warn those without than those within. His escape in the *mêlée*, his being totally unheard of ever since, and the extraordinary favour which the Frenchman enjoys with the governor's niece, all help us to the conclusion that we have all been very dexterously duped, and all deserve very much to be laughed at."

Carlo was on the point of bursting from his retreat, and flinging defiance in the face of his accuser. But another word stopped him.

"Do you think," said the love-stricken adjutant, in a tone of melancholy, which made the captain bury his laughter in his handkerchief,—

"do you think, from what you have observed in my absence, that the affair between this puppy and the Lady Cobentzel will come to any thing?"

"To a quarrel, undoubtedly, the moment *you* return," said Walstein. "He could have no chance until you were gone. The lady may have had taste enough to promenade, waltz, and so forth, with him while you were out of sight; but the moment you present yourself before her again, all is over with Monsieur le Chef-de-brigade."

"Then she *has* permitted his attentions?" said the adjutant, with a jealous brow, while a pang shot through the heart of the concealed listener. But both were to be further tortured; for Walstein's amusement at the idea of the iron adjutant's being the slave of the tender passion, was too keen to be easily given up.

"Why, of course," said he, "every woman permits every attention that she can get, whether in barrack or ball-room; and all Frenchmen are popular with the sex, from being as much like themselves as possible,—as light as a feather, and as fond as a pigeon, for the time, and as hard as flint, and as easily fitted to all hands as a silk glove, when the time is over. I have been in Paris in my day, and know them a little. When young, the Frenchman has the sentiments of a girl of seventeen; when old, he has the wisdom of a dowager of seventy. He is thus female all his life, notwithstanding pantaloon and mustachios. And as like produces like in every quarter of the globe, the Frenchman, from the cradle to the grave, is always of dangles the most successful."

"Confound the whole generation!" exclaimed the angry admirer. "He will run off with her before she knows what she is about. I must have a shot at his brains."

"Impossible, my dear sir!" was the reply; "nature has forbid that catastrophe just five-and-twenty years. But if you wish to disarm him of his spells, you have only to lame him, and the waltz is lost to him and love for ever; or knock out one of his front teeth, and it will be a perfect security that he smiles no more."

The clock of a neighbouring village sullenly pealed midnight. The adjutant started up, was astonished at his having lingered so late, and ordered his carriage and handboxes to the door. Walstein assisted to pack the heartbroken hero among his piles of finery, and contrived, during the operation, to make a pencil sketch of him for the amusement of the garrison on his return. All was now ready.

"Farewell, adjutant," said he; "if you are shot for being too late, remember not to lay your death at my door. It is the first *confidence* that I have had those ten years, and such a confession was essential to my undergoing the detestable supper of these places; and now fly. I give you fair warning that unless you go over the ground at a gallop you will be too late for the governor. The ball takes place immediately, and another moment's delay will deprive the world of the delight of seeing the oldest performer of *Amadis de Gaul* in Germany."

The adjutant ordered the gallop, and the carriage flew off among the pines. Walstein mounted his horse, and gave him the spur on the road to Mannheim. Carlo emerged from his retreat; torn by conflicting emotions, sometimes indignant with himself for having condescended to hear so much, sometimes stung with anxiety to have heard more. The night was magnificent, the moon in her pomp; all was calm, forest and sky. The contrast between the glorious tranquillity of nature, and the feverish disturbance of the single and obscure individual who walked among those scenes of beauty and majesty, now and then struck him with something like shame, for suffering any thing human to agitate him. But philosophy is a poor consoler after all. His honour stained, his hopes blasted, his life an actual object of pursuit, and above all, his disgrace in the eyes of the Lady Cobentzel, came like gusts to shake the quietness of his mind. He felt in that night thoughts keen, rapid, and scorching, that shot across his mind like streams of lightning.

* * * * *

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART VII.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem : SI CELERES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

[Thus nobly rendered by Dryden, whose version I here give, in consequence of applications made to Messrs Blackwood, from several lady-readers of their Magazine, for a translation of the Latin motto]

" Fortune, that with malicious joy,
 Does man, her slave, oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless:
 Still various, and inconstant still,
 But, with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 —But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd.
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
 AND VIRTUE, THOUGH IN RAGS, WILL KEEP ME WARM."]

Would you have believed it? Notwithstanding all that had happened between Titmouse and Tag-rag, they positively got reconciled to one another—a triumphant result of the astute policy of Mr Gammon. As soon as he had heard Titmouse's infuriated account of his ignominious expulsion from Satin Lodge, he burst into a fit of hearty but gentle laughter, which at length subsided into an inward chuckle that lasted the rest of the day; and which was occasioned, first, by gratification at the impression which his own sagacity had evidently produced upon the powerful mind of Titmouse; secondly, by an exquisite appreciation of the mingled meanness and stupidity of Tag rag. I don't mean it to be understood, that Titmouse had given Mr Gammon such a terse and clear account of the matter as I imagine myself to have given to my reader; but still he told quite enough to put Mr Gammon in full possession of the true state of the case. Good: but then—instantly reflected Gammon—what are we now to do with Titmouse?—where was that troublesome little ape to be caged, till it suited the purposes of his proprietors (as Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap might surely be called, for they had caught him, as, however,

they might fail to tame him) to let him loose upon society, to amuse and astonish it by his antics?—That was the question occupying the thoughts of Mr Gammon while his calm, clear, grey eye was fixed upon Titmouse, apparently very attentive to what he was saying. Tittlebat had first told the story of his wrongs to Snap, who instantly, rubbing his hands, suggested an indictment at the Clerkenwell sessions—an idea which infinitely delighted Titmouse, but was somewhat sternly "pooh-pooh-pooh-ed!" by Mr Gammon as soon as he heard of it,—Snap thereat shrugging his shoulders with a disconcerted air, but a bitter sneer upon his sharp, hard face. Like many men of little but active minds, early drilled to particular callings, Snap was equal to the mechanical conduct of business—the mere working of the machinery—but, as the phrase is, could never see an inch beyond his nose. Every petty conjuncture of circumstances that admitted of litigation, at once suggested its expediency, without reference to other considerations, or connexion with, or subordination to, any general purpose or plan of action. A creature of small impulses, he had no idea of foregoing a momentary advantage to secure an ulterior object—

which, in fact, he could not keep for a moment before his thoughts, so as to have any influence on his movements. What a different man, now, was Gammon!

To speak after the manner of physiologists, several of my characters—Titmouse, Tag-rag, (with his amiable wife and daughter,) Huckaback, Snap, and old Quirk himself—may be looked on as reptiles of a low order in the scale of being, whose simple structures almost one dash of the knife would suffice to lay thoroughly open. Gammon, however, I look upon as of a much higher order; possessing a far more complicated structure, adapted to the discharge of superior functions; and who, consequently, requir eth a more careful dissection. But let it not be supposed that I have yet done with *any* of my characters.

Gammon saw that Tag-rag, under proper management, might be made very useful. He was a moneyed man; a selfish man; and, after his sort, an ambitious man. He had an only child, a daughter, and if Titmouse and he could only be by any means once more brought together, and a firm friendship cemented between them, Gammon saw several very profitable uses to which such an intimacy might be turned, in the happening of any of several contingencies which he contemplated as possible. In the event, for instance, of larger outlays of money being required than suited the convenience of the firm—could not Tag-rag be easily brought to accommodate his future son-in-law of £10,000 a-year? Suppose, for instance, that after all, their case should break down, and all their pains, exertions, and expenditure be utterly thrown away. Now, if Tag-rag could be quietly brought, some fine day, to the point of either making some actual advance, or entering into security for Titmouse,—ah! that would do—that *would* do, said both Quirk and Gammon. But then Titmouse was a very unsafe instrument—an incalculable fool, and might commit himself too far.”

“You forget, Gammon,” said Quirk, “I don’t fear this girl of Tag-rag’s—because only let Titmouse see—hem,” he suddenly paused and looked a little confused.

“To be sure—I see,” replied Gammon quietly, and the thing passed off. “If either Miss Quirk or Miss Tag-

rag becomes Mrs Titmouse,” thought Gammon, “I am not the man I take myself for.”

A few days after Titmouse’s expulsion from *Satin Lodge*, without his having ever gone near Tag-rag’s premises in *Oxford Street*, or, in short, seen or heard any thing about him, or any one connected with him, he removed to small but very respectable lodgings in the neighbourhood of *Hatton Garden*, provided for him by Mr Quirk. Mrs Squallop was quite affected while she took leave of Titmouse, who gave her son sixpence to take his two boxes down stairs to the coach drawn up opposite to the entrance of *Closet Court*.

“I’ve always felt like a mother towards you, sir, in my humble way,” said Mrs Squallop in a very respectful manner, and curtsying profoundly.

“A—I’ve not got any small silver by me, my good woman,” said Titmouse, with a fine air, as he drew on his white kid glove.

“Lord, Mr Titmouse!” said the woman, almost bursting into tears, “I wasn’t asking for money, neither for me nor mine—only one can’t help, as it were, feeling at parting with an old lodger.”

“Ah—ya—as—and all that! Well, my good woman, good-day, good-day.”

“Good-by, sir—God bless you; and you’re going to be a rich man—excuse me, sir.”—And she seized his hand and shook it.

“You’re a—devilish—impudent—woman—’pon my soul!” exclaimed Titmouse, his features filled with amazement at the presumption of which she had been guilty; and he strode down the stairs with an air of offended dignity.

“Well—I never!—*That* for you, you little brute,” said Mrs Squallop, snapping her fingers as soon as she had heard his last step on the stairs—“Kind or cruel, it’s all one to you; you’re a nasty jackanapes, only fit to stand in a tailor’s window to show his clothes—and I’ll be sworn you’ll come to no good in the end! Let you be rich as you may, you’ll always be the fool you always were!”

Had the good woman been familiar with the *Night Thoughts* of Young, she might have expressed herself somewhat tersely in a line of his—

“Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch’d on Alps,”

And, by the way, who can read the next line—

"And pyramids are pyramids in vales," without thinking for a moment, with a kind of proud sympathy, of certain *other* characters in this history?—Well! but let us pass on.

Soon after Titmouse had got settled in his lodgings, Mr Gammon called upon him, in the evening, and took a cup of tea with him. Their conversation very naturally turned upon Tag-rag.

"He is a stupid, vulgar brute, I own," said Gammon; "I never came near his equal."

"Oh, particular—uncommon—devilish!"

"But, ha, ha! the beauty of such things is, that men of superior mind make such creatures as Tag-rag their mere puppets and playthings—and always get what they want out of them in spite of themselves."

"Ah—yes—to be sure! Clever fellows! Ha, ha! Do 'em—fools—quite! Nasty fellow Tag-rag—I were too much for him, 'pon my soul, ha, ha!"

"'Twas certainly admirably managed, my dear sir!—But how could it be otherwise between Mr Titmouse and such a fellow as Tag-rag?"

"Ah! did him hollow!—Glad I've done with him, though."

"No, no, my dear Titmouse—not if there's a single grain to be got out of him."

"Ah! I don't know, sir; brute—vulgar brute! Give a pound to a big fellow to lick him."

"I am a little surprised, Mr Titmouse," said Gammon, gravely, "that you have not yet learned how to take a real and effectual revenge on such wretches."

"Only you show me how to be revenged on him, and I'll learn fast enough; 'pon honour, I will!" replied Titmouse, eagerly.—"Could I make him bankrupt?"

"My dear sir, the scheme I have in view will effect even that object, if we choose; and also one much more important—and, at the same time, benefit *you*."

"What is it, sir?" enquired Titmouse, quickly.

"You see the old sinner doats on his daughter—and, indeed, so I suspect does some one else," added Gammon, with a sly smile, but glanc-

ing through it very keenly at Titmouse.

"Meaning me, sir, I suppose, which, 'pon honour, is not the fact! Eugh! Don't like her. Better women in the market, if one's only money enough to go to market with."

"Ha, ha, ha!—Capital! Admirably said, my dear Titmouse!—But now, suppose you were to *pretend* a passion for her?"

"But if I make love in sham, he'll makememarry in earnest—eh? Won't he? Isn't that the law?"

"Indeed, indeed, it is not! Leave that to *me*!—I feel towards you as towards a younger brother—and have ever since I first took up your cause, I assure you—I would rather lay down a thousand pounds than see you marry that little wretch; but you see, if you could only make Mr Tag-rag *think* you loved and would marry her, we could turn it to some advantage—we could work it for your advantage—but all would depend upon your discretion. I'm sure you understand me, my dear Titmouse?" enquired Gammon, looking very significantly at Titmouse, and pouring himself out another cup of tea.

"Oh! genuine—y-e-e-s," said Titmouse, hesitatingly; not, however, having the faintest notion of what was intended to be conveyed to him by his plausible companion. He was the only person on earth with whom Titmouse felt completely at home and at his ease, as in the presence of a *superior*, undoubtedly; but then one so kind, and gentle, and interested in his welfare!

"I knew, Titmouse, that you would, as you always do. Your natural acuteness—eh? You *do* see it all, I know."

"He, he, he!—To be sure! Ah, Mr Gammon! 'Pon my life—you're devilish deep! I see it all now!" and he winked his eye, and put his finger to the tip of his nose, and gave himself no further trouble about attempting to comprehend the meaning of Gammon.

"Now, you see I'll call on old Tag-rag, and set all to rights."

"Frighten him, eh?—In course you'll frighten him horribly—that's the way, 'pon honour, to go to work with Tag-rag; the old scamp!"

"Trust me I'll humble him, and get a proper apology from him: If I

don't," continued Gammon, with much energy and feeling—"You never again darken his doors; for I hope I know what is due to the injured honour of a *gentleman* who has put himself into my hands."

"Ah! I should think so!" echoed Titmouse, shaking his head with a very injured and indignant air, and running his fingers through his hair—"But what will you say to him about my humbugging him in the way I did?—Eh?"

"Oh, I'll pass that off, you'll see!—I shall tell him 'twas all a trick of yours to try the love of Miss Tag-rag."

"Oh! capital!—capital! 'Pon my soul and life, capital!" cried Titmouse, with great glee—"Excuse me, Mr Gammon, but you've got a headpiece of your own!—So, I suppose I shall have to go to his house—his lodge, as he calls it?—Eugh! how I hate the sight of it, to be sure!"

"What does it signify, my dear sir, for *your* purposes?"

"And I shall have to shake hands with the beast. 'Pon my life, I'd as lief touch a toad!"

"But when you reflect all the while how you're *doing* him, my dear sir—doing him so gloriously!"

"There's something in that, to be sure. But, Gad! I shall feel fit to spit in his face when I see him. He colared me! Cuss him! he tore my best coat all down the back—said I was a cussed scamp. My eyes! *Is* that to be borne by a gentleman? Only consider, Mr Gammon!—To be sure!"

"Squeeze your lemon before you throw it away, Titmouse! There's a little juice to be got out of Tag-rag yet."

"You say you'll manage it all, to begin with, and all that—didn't you, Mr Gammon?"

"Oh, certainly; leave it in my hands. If there's *one* thing more than another that I *can* pique myself upon, it is talking over a fool when one's any thing to gain from him, Mr Titmouse."

"Ha, ha, ha!—Yes! you *are* a hand at that—and Tag-rag will soon feel it. Shall you have a word or two with the gal? 'Pon my soul, I am a little sorry for *her*. The gal really loved me, and no mistake," said Titmouse, cocking his head conceit-

edly, and running his fingers through his hair.

"Pho! pho! my dear sir!" said Gammon, leaning back and laughing.

"Ha, but it's *so*, Mr Gammon; 'pon my soul, a bite at first sight; such things *do* happen—Eh? Never read of them?"

"Ah, ha, ha!—Really this tickles me more than all! Miss Tag-rag in love with Mr Tittlebat Titmouse! Your goodness of heart, Mr Titmouse—your delicate and sensitive nature leads you astray."

"Why, was it a take-in? No, cuss it! I should have found it out. No, by George! she loved me at first sight, and no mistake, and couldn't eat any dinner!"

"She was trifling with you, Mr Titmouse," said Gammon, gravely; "and you must take a proper revenge, by trifling with her."

"Ah, to be sure! tit for tat all the world over. So! 'twas a take-in? How I hate her! An impudent baggage! Lord, when I keep my carriage, *won't* I make a point of driving slowly past Satin Lodge; for, in course, I shall drop 'em all when that comes to pass?"

"I should think so! But believe me, my dear sir," said Gammon, rising and preparing to go, "there's a vast deal to be done before that comes to pass! To-morrow I shall call on Tag-rag, and arrange your reconciliation; and then, probably, he will call on you—if not, you will call on him—and I leave him in your hands! Good-night, my dear Titmouse—good-night!"

"Good-night!" replied Titmouse, and in a moment or two was left alone, nursing his rage against Tag-rag and his family—particularly indignant towards Miss Tag-rag—and trying hard, every now and then, to remember *what* was to be the advantage resulting from the reconciliation on which Gammon had insisted so urgently; but having tried in vain, at length he gave up the task in despair, fearing that, however perfect were all his other mental faculties, his *memory* was not so strong as he could wish. If the reader can recollect it, *he* will have an extraordinary memory.

The next day Mr Gammon wended his way towards Oxford Street, and soon introduced himself once more to Mr Tag-rag, who was standing lean-

ing against one of the counters in his shop in a musing position, with a pen behind his ear, and his hands in his breeches pockets. Ten days had elapsed since he had expelled the little impostor Titmouse from Satin Lodge, and during that interval he had neither seen nor heard any thing whatever of him. On now catching the first glimpse of Mr Gammon, he started from his musing posture, not a little disconcerted, and agitation overspread his coarse deeply-pitted face with a tallowy hue. What was in the wind? Mr Gammon coming to him, so long after what had occurred? Mr Gammon who, having found out his error, had discarded Titmouse? Tag-rag had a mortal dread of Gammon, who seemed to him to glide like a dangerous snake into the shop, so quietly, and *so deadly!* There was something so calm and imperturbable in his demeanour, so blandly crafty, so ominously gentle and soft in the tone of his voice, so penetrating in his eye, and he could throw such an infernal smile over his features. Tag-rag might be likened to the ox, suddenly shuddering as he perceives the glistening folds of the rattlesnake noiselessly moving towards, or around him, in the long grass. One glimpse of his blasting beauty of hue.—Horror! all is over.

If the splendid bubble of Titmouse's fortune *had* burst in the manner which he had represented, why Gammon here now? It was with, in truth, a very poor show of contempt and defiance that, in answer to the bland salutation of Gammon, Mr Tag-rag led the way down the shop into the little room which had been the scene of such an extraordinary communication concerning Titmouse on a former occasion.

Gammon commenced, in a mild tone, with a very startling representation of the criminal liability which Tag-rag had incurred by his wanton outrage upon Mr Titmouse, his own guest, in violation of all the laws of hospitality. Tag-rag furiously alleged the imposition which had been practised on him by Titmouse; but seemed quite collapsed when Gammon assured him that that circumstance would not afford him the slightest justification. Having satisfied Tag-rag that he was entirely at the mercy of Titmouse, who might subject him to both fine and imprisonment, Mr

Gammon proceeded to open his eyes to their widest stare of amazement by assuring him that Titmouse had been hoaxing him, and that he was really in the dazzling position in which he had been first represented by Gammon to Tag-rag; that every week brought him nearer to the full and uncontrolled enjoyment of an estate in Yorkshire, worth £10,000 a-year at the very lowest; that it was becoming an object of great anxiety to them (Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap) to keep him out of the hands of money-lenders, who, as usual in such cases, had already scented out their victim, and so forth.—Tag-rag turned very white, and felt sick at heart in the midst of all his wonder. Oh, and his daughter had lost the golden prize! and through *his* misconduct! He could have sunk into the cellar!—That he (Gammon) could not account for the singular conduct of Mr Titmouse on the melancholy occasion in question, except by referring it to the excellent wines which he had too freely partaken of at Satin Lodge, added (said Gammon, with an inimitable expression of features that perfectly fascinated Tag-rag) to a "certain tenderer influence" which had fairly laid prostrate the faculties of the young and enthusiastic Titmouse; that there could be no doubt of his real motive in the conduct alluded to, namely, a desire to test the sincerity and disinterestedness of a "certain person's" attachment before he let all his fond and passionate feelings go out towards her—[At this point the perspiration burst from every pore in the body of Tag-rag]—and no one could deplore the unexpected issue of his little experiment so much as Titmouse.

Tag-rag really, for a moment, scarcely knew where he was, who was with him, nor whether he stood on his head or his heels, so delightful and entirely unexpected was the issue of Mr Gammon's visit. As soon as his faculties had somewhat recovered themselves from their temporary obfuscation, almost breathless, he assured Gammon that no event in the whole course of his life had occasioned him such poignant regret as his treatment of Titmouse on the occasion in question; that he had undoubtedly followed unwittingly the example of Titmouse, and drunk far more than his usual quantity of wine; besides

which he had undoubtedly noticed, as had Mrs T., the state of things between Mr Titmouse and his daughter,—talking of whom, by the way, he could assure Mr Gammon that they had both been ill ever since that unfortunate evening, and had never ceased to condemn his monstrous conduct. As for his daughter, she was growing thinner and thinner every day, and he thought he must send her to the country for a short time.

To all this Mr Gammon listened with a calm, delightful, sympathizing look, that quite transported Tag-rag, and satisfied him that Mr Gammon implicitly believed every word that was being said to him. But when he proceeded to assure Tag-rag that this visit of his had been undertaken at the earnest instance of Mr Titmouse himself, (who, by the way, had removed to lodgings which would do for the present, so as they were only near to their office, for the purpose of frequent communication on matters of business between him and their firm,) who had urged him, Mr Gammon, to tender the olive-branch, in the devout hope that it might be accepted, Tag-rag's excitement knew scarce any bounds; and he could almost have started into the shop, and given orders to his shopmen to sell every article, for the rest of the day, one and a half per cent under what they had been selling before! Mr Gammon wrote down Titmouse's direction, and assured Mr Tag-rag that a call from him would be gratefully received by Mr Titmouse. "There's no accounting for these things, Mr Tag-rag, is there?" said Mr Gammon, with an arch smile, as he prepared to depart—Tag-rag squeezing his hands with painful energy as Gammon bade him adieu, saying he should not be himself for the rest of the day, and bowing the aforesaid Mr Gammon down the shop with as profound an obsequiousness as if he had been the Duke of Wellington or the Lord High Chancellor. As soon as Gammon had got fairly into the street, and to a safe distance, he burst into little gentle paroxysms of laughter, every now and then, that lasted him till he had regained his office in Saffron Hill.

The motive so boldly and skilfully suggested by Gammon to Tag-rag, as the impelling Titmouse to seek a reconciliation with him, was greedily

entertained by Tag-rag. 'Tis certainly easy for a man to believe what he wishes to be true. Was it very improbable that Tag-rag, loving only one object on earth, (next to money, which indeed he really did love with the best and holiest energies of his nature,) namely, his daughter; and believing her to be possessed of qualities calculated to excite every one's love—should believe that she had inspired Titmouse with the passion of which he had just been hearing—a passion that was consuming him, that could not be quenched by even the gross and outrageous?—but laugh! *that* Tag-rag shuddered to think of. He clapped his hat on his head, and started off to Titmouse's lodgings, and fortunately caught that gentleman just as he was going out to dinner. If Tag-rag had been a keen observer, he could hardly have failed to discover aversion towards himself written in every feature and gesture of Titmouse; and also how difficult it was to be concealed. But his eagerness overbore every thing; and took Titmouse quite by storm. Before Tag-rag had done with him, he had obliterated every trace of resentment in his little friend's bosom. Thoroughly as Gammon thought he had prepared him for the encounter, armed him at all points—'twas of no avail. Tag-rag poured such a monstrous quantity of flummery down the gaping mouth and insatiate throat of the little animal, as at length produced its desired effect. Few can resist flattery, however coarsely administered; but for Titmouse, he felt the soft fluid deliciously insinuating itself into every crevice of his little nature, for which it seemed, indeed, to have a peculiar affinity; 'twas a balm, 'twas an opiate soothing his wounded pride, lubricating all his inner man; nay, flooding it, so as at length to extinguish entirely the very small glimmering spark of discernment which nature had lit in him. "To be forewarned, is to be forearmed," says the proverb; but it was not verified in the present instance. Titmouse would have dined at *Satin Lodge* on the very next Sunday, in accordance with the pressing invitations of Tag-rag, but that he happened to recollect having engaged himself to dine that evening with Mr Quirk, at his residence in *Camberwell*,—*ALIBI HOUSE*. As I have already intimated in a previous part of this history, that most

respectable old gentleman, Mr Quirk, with the shrewdness natural to him, and which had been quickened by his great experience, had soon seen through the ill-contrived and worse-concealed designs upon Titmouse of Mr Tag-rag; and justly considered that the surest method of rendering them abortive would be to familiarize Titmouse with a superior style of things, such as were to be found at Alibi House—and a more lovely and attractive object for his best affections in Miss Quirk—Dora Quirk, the lustre of whose charms and accomplishments should instantly efface the image of that poor, feeble, vulgar creature, Miss Tag-rag; for such old Quirk knew her to be, though he had, in fact, never for a moment set eyes upon her. Mr Tag-rag looked rather blank at hearing of the grand party there was to be at Alibi House, and that Titmouse was to be introduced to the only daughter of Mr Quirk, and could not, for the life of him, abstain from dropping something, vague and indistinct to be sure, about “entraping unsuspecting innocence,” and “interested attentions,” and other similar expressions—all of which, however, were lost upon Titmouse. Tapping with an auctioneer’s hammer on a block of granite, would make about as much impression upon it as hint, innuendo, or suggestion, upon a block-head. So it was with Titmouse. He promised to dine at Satin Lodge on the Sunday after, with which poor Mr Tag-rag was obliged to depart content; having been unable to get Titmouse up to Clapham on either of the intervening evenings, on which, he told Mr Tag-rag, he was particularly engaged with an intimate friend—in fact, one of his solicitors; and Tag-rag left him, after shaking him by the hand with the utmost cordiality and energy. He instantly conceived a lively hatred of old Mr Quirk and his daughter, who seemed taking so unfair an advantage. However, what could be done? Many times during his interview, did he anxiously turn about in his mind the expediency of proffering to lend or give Titmouse a five-pound note, of which he had one or two in his pocket-book; but no—’twas too much for human nature—he *could* not bring himself to it; and quitted Titmouse as rich a man as he had entered his lodgings.

The gentleman to whom Titmouse alluded was in fact Mr Snap, who had early evinced a great partiality for him, and lost no opportunity of contributing to his enjoyment. He was a sharp-sighted person, and quickly detected many qualities in Titmouse kindred to his own. He sincerely commiserated Titmouse’s situation, than which what could be more lonely and desolate? Was he to sit night after night, in the lengthening nights of autumn and winter, with not a soul to speak to, not a book to read, (that was at least interesting or worth reading;) nothing, in short, to occupy his attention? “No,” said Snap to himself; “I will do as I would be done by; I will come and draw him out of his dull hole; I will show him life—I will give him an early insight into the habits and practices of the great world, in which he is so soon to cut a leading figure! I will early familiarize him with the gayest and most exciting modes of London life!” The very first taste of this cup of pleasure, was exquisitely relished by Titmouse; and he felt a proportionate gratitude to him whose kind hand had first raised it to his lips. Scenes of which he had heretofore only heard and read—after which he had often sighed and yearned, were now opening daily before him, limited as were his means; and he felt perfectly happy. When Snap had finished the day’s labours of the office, from which he was generally released about eight or nine o’clock in the evening, he would repair to his lodgings, and decorate himself for the evening’s display; after which, either he would go to Titmouse, or Titmouse come to him, as might have been previously agreed upon between them; and then,—

“The town was all before them, where to choose.”

Sometimes they would, arm in arm, each with his cigar in his mouth, saunter for hours together along the leading streets and thoroughfares, making acute observations and deep reflections upon the ever-moving and motley scenes around them. Most frequently, however, they would repair, at half-price, to the theatres, for Snap had the means of securing almost a constant supply of “orders” from the underlings of the theatres, and also in respect to the *Sunday Flash*, with which Messrs Quirk and Gammon were con-

nected, and other newspapers. Ah, 'twas a glorious sight to see these two gentlemen saunter into a vacant box, conscious that the eyes of two-thirds of the house were fixed upon them in admiration, and conducting themselves accordingly—as swells of the first water!—One such night counter-balanced, in Titmouse's estimation, a whole year of his previous obscurity and wretchedness! The theatre over, they would repair to some cloudy tavern, full of noise and smoke, and the glare of gas-light—redolent of the fragrant fumes of tobacco, spirits, and porter, intermingled with the tempting odours of smoking kidneys, mutton-chops, beef-steaks, oysters, stewed cheese, toasted cheese, Welsh rabbits; where those who are chained to the desk and the counter during the day, revel in the license of the hour, and eat, and drink, and smoke to the highest point either of excitement or stupefaction, and enter into all the slang of the day—of the turf, the ring, the cockpit, the theatres, and shake their sides at comic songs. To enter one of these places when the theatre was over, was a luxury indeed to Titmouse; figged out in his very uttermost best, with satin stock and double-breastpins; his glossy hat cocked on one side of his head, his tight blue surtout, with the snowy handkerchief elegantly drooping out of the breast pocket; straw-coloured kid gloves, tight trowsers, and shining boots; his ebony silver-headed cane held carelessly under his arm: to walk into the middle of the room with a sort of haughty ease and indifference, or nonchalance; and after deliberately scanning, through his eyeglass, every box, with its occupants, at length drop into a vacant nook, and with a languid air summon the bustling waiter to receive his commands. The circumstance of his almost always accompanying Snap on these occasions, who was held in great awe by the waiters, to whom his professional celebrity was well known, (for there was scarce an interesting, a dreadful, or a nasty scene at any of the police-offices, in which Snap's name did not figure in the newspapers as “on behalf of the prisoner,”) got Titmouse almost an equal share of consideration, and aided the effect produced by his own commanding appearance. As for Snap, whenever he was asked who his com-

panion was, he would whisper in a very significant tone and manner,—“Devilish high chap!” From these places they would repair, not unfrequently, to certain other scenes of nightly London life, which, I thank God! the virtuous reader can form no notion of, though they are, strange to say, winked at, if not patronised by the police and magistracy, till the metropolis is choked with them. Thus would Snap and Titmouse pleasantly pass away their time till one, two, three, and often four o'clock in the morning; at which hours they would, with many yawns, skulk homeward through the deserted and silent streets, their clothes redolent of tobacco smoke, their stomachs overcharged, their heads often muddled, swimming, and throbbing with their multifarious potations—having thus spent a “*jolly night*,” and “*seen life*.” 'Twas thus that Snap greatly endeared himself to Titmouse, and secretly (for he enjoined upon Titmouse, as the condition of their continuance, strict secrecy on the subject of these nocturnal adventures) stole a march upon his older competitors for the good opinion of Titmouse—Messrs Quirk, Tag-rag, and even the astute and experienced Gammon himself. Such doings as these required, however, as may easily be believed, some slight augmentations of the allowance made to Titmouse by Messrs Quirk and Gammon; and 'twas fortunate that Snap was in a condition, having a few hundreds at his command, to supply the necessities of Titmouse, receiving with a careless air, on the occasion of such advances, small slips of paper, by way of acknowledgments; some on stamped paper, others on unstamped paper—promissory-notes and I. O. U.'s. Inasmuch, however, as Snap was not always possessed of a stamp on the occasion of a sudden advance, and having asked the opinion of his pleader (a sharp fellow, who had been articulated at the same time as himself to Messrs Quirk and Gammon) as to whether an instrument in this form—

“I. O. U. so much—*with interest*,” would be available without a stamp, and being informed that it was a very doubtful point, Snap ingeniously met the difficulty by quietly adding to the principal what might become due in respect of interest: *e. g.* if £5 were lent, the acknowledgment would stand

for £15—these little slips of paper being generally signed by Titmouse in moments of extreme exhilaration, when he never thought of scrutinizing any thing that his friend Snap would lay before him. For the honour of Snap, I must say that I hardly think he deliberately purposed to perpetrate the fraud which such a transaction appears to amount to; all he wanted was—so he satisfied himself at least—to have it in his power to recover the full amount of principal *really* advanced, with interest, on one or other of these various securities, and hold the surplus as trustee for Titmouse. If, for instance, any unfortunate difference should hereafter arise between himself and Titmouse, and he should refuse to recognise his pecuniary obligations to Snap, the latter gentleman would be provided with short and easy proofs of his demands against him. 'Twas thus, I say, that Snap rendered himself indispensable to Titmouse, whom he bound to him by every tie of gratitude; so that, in short, they became sworn friends.

I will always say for Gammon, that he strenuously endeavoured, from whatever motive, to urge upon Titmouse the necessity of his acquiring, at all events, a smattering of the elements of useful education. Beyond an acquaintance with the petty operations of arithmetic requisite for counter-transactions, I will venture to say that poor Titmouse had no serviceable knowledge of any kind: Mr Gammon repeatedly pressed him to put himself under competent teachers of the ordinary branches of education; but Titmouse as often evaded him, and at length flatly refused to do any thing of the kind. He promised, however, to read such books as Mr Gammon might recommend, who thereupon sent him several: but a book before Titmouse was much the same as a plate of saw-dust before a hungry man. Mr Gammon, himself a man of considerable acquirements, soon saw the true state of the case, and gave up his attempts in despair and disgust. Not that he ever suffered Titmouse to perceive the faintest indication of such feelings towards him; on the contrary, Gammon ever manifested the same bland and benignant demeanour, consulting his wishes in every thing, and striving to instil into him feelings of love, tempered by re-

spect, as towards the most powerful—the only real, disinterested friend he had: and, to a very great extent, he succeeded.

Titmouse spent several hours in preparing for an effective first appearance at the dinner-table at Alibi House. Since dining at Satin Lodge, he had considerably increased his wardrobe both in quantity and style. He now sported a pair of tight black trowsers, with pumps and gossamer silk stockings. He wore a crimson velvet waistcoat, with a bright blue satin under-waistcoat, a shirt-frill standing out somewhat fiercely at right angles with his breast, and a brown dress-coat cut in the extreme of the fashion, the long tails coming to a point just about the backs of his knees. His hair (its purple hue still pretty distinctly perceptible) was disposed with great elegance. He had discarded mustachios, but had a very promising imperial. The hair underneath his chin came out curling on each side of it, above his stock, like two little tufts or horns. Over his waistcoat he wore his mosaic-gold watch-guard, and a broad black watered riband, to which was attached his eyeglass—in fact, if he had dressed himself in order to sit to a miniature painter for his likeness, he could not have taken greater pains, or secured a more successful result. The only points about his appearance with which he was at all dissatisfied, were his hair—which was not yet the thing which he hoped in due time to see it—his thick red stumpy hands, and his round shoulders. The last matter gave him considerable concern, for he felt that it seriously interfered with a graceful carriage; and that the defect in his figure had been, after all, not in the least remedied by the prodigious padding of his coat. His protuberant eyes, of very light hue, had an expression that entirely harmonized with that of his open mouth; and both together—quite independently of his dress, carriage, and demeanour—(there is nothing like being candid)—gave you the image of a—complete fool. Having at length carefully adjusted his hat on his head, and drawn on his white kid gloves, he enveloped himself in a stylish cloak, with long black silk tassels, which had been lent to him by Snap; and about four o'clock, forth sallied Mr Titmouse, carefully picking

his way, in quest of the first coach that could convey him to Alibi House, or as near to it as might be. He soon found one, and, conscious that his appearance was far too splendid for an outside place, got inside. All the way along, his heart was in a little flutter of vanity, excitement, and expectation. He was going to be introduced to Miss Quirk—and probably, also, to several people of great consequence—as the heir-apparent to £10,000 a-year! Two very respectable female passengers, his companions all the way, he never once deigned to interchange a syllable with. Four or five times did he put his head out of the window, calling out, in a loud peremptory tone—"Mind, coachman—Alibi House—Mr Quirk's—Alibi House—Do you hear?" After which he would sink back into the seat with a magnificent air, as if he had not been used to give himself so much trouble. The coach at length stopped. "Hal-libi Ouse, sir," said the coachman, in a most respectful tone—"this is Mr Quirk's, sir." Titmouse stepped out, dropped eighteenpence into the man's hand, and opening the gate, found himself in a straight and narrow gravel walk, of about twenty yards in length, with little obstinate-looking stunted shrubs on each side. 'Twas generally known, among Mr Quirk's friends, by the name of the "*Rope-walk*." Titmouse might have entered before as fine-looking a house, but only to deliver a bundle of drapery or hosiery: never before had he entered such a one as a guest. It was, in fact, a fair-sized house, at least treble that of Satin Lodge, and had a far more stylish appearance. When Titmouse pulled the bell, the door was quickly plucked open by a big footman, with showy shoulder-knot and a pair of splendid red plush breeches, who soon disposed of Titmouse's cloak and hat, and led the way to the drawingroom, before our friend, with a sudden palpitation of the heart, had had a moment's time even to run his hands through his hair.

"Your name, sir?" enquired the man, suddenly pausing—with his hand upon the handle of the door.

"Mr Titmouse."

"I—beg your pardon, sir; *what* name?"

Titmouse, clearing his throat, repeated his name,—open went the door,

and—"Mr Ticklemouse," said the servant, very loudly and distinctly—ushering in Titmouse; on whom the door was the next instant closed. He felt amazingly flustered—and he would have been still more so, if he could have been made aware of the titter which pervaded the fourteen or twenty people assembled in the room, occasioned by the droll misnomer of the servant, and the exquisitely ridiculous appearance of poor Titmouse. Mr Quirk, dressed in black, with knee breeches and silk stockings, immediately bustled up to him, shook him cordially by the hand, and led him up to the assembled guests. "My daughter—Miss Quirk; Mrs Alderman Addlehead; Mrs Deputy Diddle-daddle; Mrs Alias, my sister;—Mr Alderman Addlehead; Mr Deputy Diddle-daddle; Mr Bluster; Mr Slang; Mr Hug; Mr Flaw; Mr Viper; Mr Ghastly; Mr Gammon you know." Miss Quirk was about four or five-and-twenty—a fat young lady, with flaxen hair curled formally all over head and down to her shoulders, so that she very much resembled one of those great wax dolls seen in bazars and shop windows, especially if looked at through a strong magnifying glass. Her complexion was beautifully fair; her eyes small; her face quite round and fat. From the die-away manner in which she moved her head, and the languid tone of her voice, it was obvious that she was a very sentimental young lady. She was dressed in white, and wore a massive gold chain—her fat arms being half-covered with long kid gloves. She was sitting on the sofa, from which she did not rise when Titmouse was introduced to her—and the moment after hid her face behind the album which had been lying on her knee, and which she had been showing to the ladies on each side of her; for, in fact, neither she nor any one else could, without the greatest difficulty, refrain from laughing at the monkeyfied appearance of Titmouse. The Alderman was a stout, stupid, little man—a fussy old prig—with small angry-looking black eyes, and a short red nose; as for his head, it seemed as though he had just smeared some sticky fluid over it, and then dipped it into a flour-tub, so thickly laden was it with powder. Mr Deputy Diddle-daddle was tall and thin, and serious and slow of speech, with the solemn composure of an undertaker.

Mr Bluster was a great Old Bailey barrister, about fifty years old, the leader constantly employed by Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and was making at least a thousand a-year. He had an amazingly truculent-looking countenance, coarse to a degree, and his voice matched it; but on occasions like the present—i. e. in elegant society—he would fain drop the successful terrors of his manner, and appear the mild, dignified gentleman. He therefore spoke in a very soft, cringing way, with an anxious smile; but his bold insolent eye and coarse mouth—what could disguise or mitigate their expression? Here he was, playing the great man; making himself, however, most particularly agreeable to Messrs Quirk and Gammon. Slang was of the same school; fat, vulgar, confident, and empty; telling obscene jokes and stories, in a deep bass voice. He sang a good song, too—particularly of that class which required the absence of ladies—and of gentlemen. Hug (Mr Toady Hug) was also a barrister, a glib little Jewish-looking fellow, creeping into considerable criminal practice. He was a sneaking back-biter, and had a blood-hound scent after an attorney. See him, for instance, at this moment, in close and eager conversation with Mr Flaw, who, rely upon it, will give him a brief before the week is over. Viper was the editor of the *Sunday Flash*; a cold, venomous little fellow. He was of opinion that every thing was wrong—moral, physical, intellectual, and social; that there was really no such thing, or at least ought not to be, as religion; and, as to political rights, that every body ought to be uppermost at once. He had failed in business twice, and disreputably; then had become a Unitarian parson; but, having seduced a young female member of his congregation, he was instantly expelled from his pulpit. An action being brought against him by the mother of his victim, and heavy damages obtained, he attempted to take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act—but, on account of Miss ———, was remanded for eighteen months. That period he employed in writing a shockingly blasphemous work, for which he was prosecuted, and sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment; on being released from which,

saturated with gall and bitterness against all mankind, he took to political writing of a very violent character, and was at length picked up, half starved, by his present patron, Mr Quirk, and made editor of the *Sunday Flash*. Is not all this history written in his sallow, sinister-eyed, bitter-expressed countenance? Wo to him who gets into a discussion with Viper! There were one or two others present, particularly a Mr Ghastly, a third-rate tragie actor, with a tremendous mouth, only one eye, and a very hungry look. He never spoke, because no one spoke to him, for his clothes seemed rather rusty-black. The only man of gentlemanlike appearance in the room was Mr Gammon; and he took an early opportunity of engaging poor Titmouse in conversation, and setting him comparatively at his ease—a thing which was attempted by old Quirk, but in such a fidgety-fussy way as served only to fluster Titmouse the more. Mr Quirk gave a dinnerparty of this sort regularly every Sunday; and they formed the happiest moments of his life—occasions on which he banished from his thoughts the responsible anxieties of his profession, and, surrounded by a select circle of choice spirits, such as were thus collected together, partook joyously of the

“Feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”

“This is a very beautiful picture, Titmouse, isn't it?” said Gammon, leading him to the further corner of the drawing-room, where hung a small picture with a sort of curtain of black gauze before it, which Gammon lifting up, Titmouse beheld a picture of a man suspended from the gallows, his hands tied with cords before him, his head forced aside, and covered down to the chin with a white nightcap. ’Twas done with sickening fidelity, and Titmouse gazed at it with a shudder. “Charming thing, isn't it?” said Gammon, with a very expressive smile.

“Y—e—e—s,” replied Titmouse, his eyes glued to the horrid object.

“Very striking, a'n't it?” quoth Quirk, bustling up to them; “’twas painted for me by a first-rate artist, whose brother I very nearly saved from the gallows!”

“Like such things?” enquired Quirk, with a matter of fact air, drawing down the black gauze.

"Yes, sir, uncommon — uncommon."

"Well, I'll show you something very interesting! Heard of Gilderoy, that was hanged last year for forgery? Gad, my daughter's got a brooch with a lock of his hair in it, which he gave me himself—a client of mine: within an ace of getting him off—flaw in the indictment—found it out myself—did, by gad! Come along, and I'll get Dora to show it to you!" and, putting Titmouse's arm in his, he led him up to the interesting young lady.

"Dora, just show my friend Titmouse that brooch of yours, with Gilderoy's hair."

"Oh, my dear papa, 'tis such a melancholy thing!" said she, at the same time detaching it from her dress, and handing it to her papa, who, holding it in his hands, gave Titmouse, and one or two others who stood beside, a very interesting account of the last hours of the deceased Gilderoy.

"He was very handsome, papa, wasn't he?" enquired Miss Quirk, with a sigh, and a very pensive air.

"Wasn't bad-looking; but good looks and the condemned cell don't long agree together."

"Ah, papa!" exclaimed Miss Quirk, in a mournful tone, and, leaning back in the sofa, raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You are too sensitive, my love!" whispered her aunt, Mrs Alias, squeezing the hand of her niece, who, struggling against her feelings, presently revived.

"We were looking just now," said Mr Hug, addressing Mr Quirk, "at a very interesting addition to Miss Quirk's album—that letter of Grizzlegut."

"Ah, very striking! Value it beyond every thing! Shall never forget Grizzlegut! Very nearly got off! 'Twas an '&c.' that nearly saved his life, through being omitted in the indictment. 'Fore gad, we thought we'd got 'em!"

They were alluding to an autograph letter which had been addressed to Mr Quirk by Grizzlegut, (who had been executed for high treason a few weeks before,) the night before he suffered. He was a blood-stained scoundrel of the deepest dye, and ought to have been hanged and quartered half-a-dozen times.

"Will you read it aloud, Mr Hug?"

enquired Miss Quirk; and the barrister, in a somewhat pompous tone, read the following memorable document:—

*"Condemned Cell, Newgate,
Friday night, half-past 11 o'clock,
18th Nov. 18—.*

"Sir,

"At this awful moment, when this world is closing rapidly upon me and my fellow-sufferers, and the sounds of the wretches putting up the Grim Gallows are audible to my listening ears, and on the morrow the most horrible death that malicious tyrants can inflict awaits me, my soul being calm and full of fortitude, and beating responsive to the call of GLORIOUS LIBERTY, I feel prouder than the King upon his throne. I feel that I have done much to secure the liberties of my injured country.

'For Liberty, glorious liberty,
Who'd fear to die?'

Many thanks to you, sir, for your truly indefatigable efforts on my behalf, and the constant exercise of a skill that nearly secured us a Glorious Acquittal. What a Flame we would have raised in England! That should have blasted the enemies of True Freedom. I go to Hereafter, (if, indeed, there be a hereafter,) as we shall soon know, not with my soul crammed with Priestcraft, a Bold Briton, having laid down my life for my country, knowing that Future Ages will do me Justice.

"Adieu, Tyrants, adieu! Do your worst!! My soul defies you.

"I am,

"Sir,

"Your humble, obliged, and

"undismayed servant,

"ARTHUR GRIZZLEGUT.

"To Caleb Quirk, Esq.

"Tyrants grim,

Will on the morrow cut me limb from limb,

While Liberty looks on with terrible eye,
And says, *I will avenge him by-and-by.*"

"ARTHUR GRIZZLEGUT."

The reading of the above produced a great sensation. "That man's name will be enrolled among the Sidneys and the Hampdens of his country!" said Viper, with a grim and excited air. "That letter deserves to be

carved on a golden tablet! The last four lines are sublime! He was a martyr to principles that are silently and rapidly making their way in this country."—How much farther he would have gone on in this strain, seeing no one present had resolution enough to differ with or interrupt him, even if they had been so disposed, I know not, but fortunately dinner was announced—a sound which startled old Quirk out of a posture of intense attention to Viper, and evident admiration of his sentiments. He gave his arm with an air of prodigious politeness to the gaunt Mrs Alderman Addlehead, whose distinguished lord led down Miss Quirk—and the rest followed in no particular order—Titmouse arm in arm with Gammon, who took care to place him next to himself, (Gammon.) It was really a dashing sort of dinner. Quirk had, indeed, long been celebrated for his Sunday dinners. Titmouse had never seen any thing like it; and was quite bewildered—particularly at the number of differently shaped and coloured glasses, &c. &c. &c., placed opposite to him. He kept a constant eye on the movements of Gammon, and did whatever he did, as if the two had been moved by the same set of springs, and was thus saved innumerable embarrassments and annoyances. What chiefly struck his attention was the prodigious number of dishes, great and small, as if half-a-dozen dinners had been crowded into one; the rapidity with which they were changed, and plates removed, in constant succession; the incessant invitations to take wine that were flying about during the whole of dinner. For a considerable while Titmouse was too much flurried to enjoy himself; but a few glasses of champagne succeeded in elevating his spirits to the proper pitch—and would soon have driven them far beyond it. Almost every body, except the great folk at the top of the table, asked him to take wine; and he constantly filled his glass. In fact Gammon, recollecting a scene at his own chamber, soon perceived that, unless he interfered, Titmouse would be drunk long before dinner was over. He had not imagined the earth to contain so exquisite a drink as champagne; and he could have fallen down and worshipped it, as it came fizzing and flashing out of the bottle. Gammon earnestly assured

him that he would be ill if he drunk so much—that many eyes were upon him—and that it was not the custom to do more than merely sip from his wine-glass when challenging or challenged. But Titmouse had taken a considerably greater quantity on board, before Gammon thus interfered, than that gentleman was aware of, and began to get very voluble. Guess the progress he had made, when he called out with a confident air—"Mr Alderman! Your health!"—whether more to that great man's astonishment or disgust I cannot undertake to say: but after a steady stare for a moment or two at Titmouse, "Oh! I shall be very happy, indeed, Mr Gammon," he called out, looking at the latter gentleman, and drinking with *him*. That signified nothing, however, to Titmouse, who, indeed, did not see any thing at all pointed or unusual, and gulped down his wine as eagerly as before.

"Cool puppy that, Miss Quirk, must say," snuffled the offended Alderman to Miss Quirk.

"He's young, dear Mr Alderman," said she, sweetly and mildly—"and when you consider the immense fortune he is coming into—ten thousand a-year, my papa says"—

"That don't make him less a puppy—nor a brute," interrupted the ruffled Alderman, still more indignant; for his own forty thousand pounds, the source of all his social eminence, sunk into insignificance at the sound of the splendid income just about to drop into the lap of Titmouse. Mr Bluster, who headed the table on Miss Quirk's left-hand side, and who felt that he *ought* to be, but knew that in the presence of the Alderman he *was* not, the great man of the day, observing the irritation under which his rival was suffering, immediately raised his threatening double-glasses to his eyes, and in a tone of ostentatious condescension, looking down the table to Titmouse, called out, "Mr Titmarsh—may I have the honour of drinking your health?"

"Ya—as, brother Bumpions," replied Titmouse, who could never bear to hear his name mis-pronounced, and he raised *his* glass to his eye; "was just going to ask *you*!" All this was done in such a loud and impudent tone and manner, as made Gammon still more uneasy for his young companion. But his sally had been received by

the company as a very smart retort, and produced a roar of laughter, every one being glad to see Mr Bluster snubbed, who bore it in silent dignity, though his face showed his chagrin and astonishment; and he very heartily agreed, for once in his life, with the worshipful person opposite to him in his estimate of our friend Titmouse. "Mr Titmouse! Mr Titmouse! my daughter wonders you won't take wine with her," said Mr Quirk, in a low tone—"will you join us? we're going to take a glass of champagne."

"Oh! 'pon my life—delighted!"—quoth Titmouse.

"Dora, my dear! Mr Titmouse will take wine with you!—Jack," (to the servant,) "fill Miss Quirk's and Mr Titmouse's glasses to the brim."

"Oh no! dearest papa."

"Pho! pho!—nonsense—the first time of asking, you know."

"Well! If it *must* be," and with what a graceful inclination—with what a pointed manner, and fascinating smile, did she exchange courtesies with Titmouse! He felt disposed to take wine with her a second time immediately; but Gammon restrained him. Mr Toady Hug, having become acquainted with the brilliant prospects of Titmouse, earnestly desired to exert his little talents to do the agreeable, and ingratiate himself with Mr Titmouse; but there was a counteracting force in another direction, an attorney, a Mr Flaw, who had the greatest practice at the Clerkenwell sessions, sat beside him, and received his most respectful and incessant attentions; speaking ever in a low confidential whisper, constantly casting a furtive glance towards Bluster and Slang, to see whether they were observing him. Hug, in strict confidence, assured Mr Flaw how his case, the other day, might have been won, if such and such a course had been adopted, "which would have been the line *he*" (Hug) "would have taken;" and which he explained with anxious energy. "I must say, Flip regularly threw the case away—no doubt of it! By the way, what became of that burglary case of yours on Friday?"

"Found guilty, poor fellows!"

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, by Jove, though!"

"How *could* Gobble have lost that verdict? I assure you I would have bet ten to one on your getting a verdict; for I read over your brief as it

lay beside me, and upon my honour, Mr Flaw, it was most admirably got up. Every thing depends on the brief!"—

"Glad you thought so, sir," replied Flaw, wondering how it was that he had never before thought of giving a brief to Mr Hug.

"It's a great mistake of counsel not to pay great attention to their briefs. For my part," continued Mr Hug, in a still lower tone, "I make a point of reading every syllable in my brief, however long it is."

"It's the only way, depend on it, sir. We attorneys see and know so much of the case!"—

"Ay, and beyond that. Your practical suggestions are often—Now, for instance, in the brief I was alluding to, there was an uncommonly acute suggestion."

"Which was it, sir?" enquired the attorney, his countenance showing the progress of Hug's lubricating process.

"Oh—why—a—a—hem! No; it would hardly be fair to Gobble, and I'm sorry indeed!"—

"Well, well—it can't be helped *now*—but I must say that once or twice latterly I've thought that Mr Gobble has rather—By the way, Mr Hug, shall you be in town this week, till the end of the sessions?"

"Ye—e—s!" hastily whispered Hug, after glancing guiltily towards his brethren, who, though they did not seem to do so, were really watching him closely.

"I'm happy to hear it. You've heard of Aaron Doodle, who was committed for that burglary at——. Well, I defend him, and shall be happy to give you the brief. Do you lead Mr Dolt?" Hug nodded. "Then he will be your junior. Where are your chambers, Mr Hug?"

"No. 4, Sly Court, Gray's Inn. When does it come on?"

"Thursday—perhaps Wednesday."

"Then *do* come and breakfast with me, and we can talk it over together."

"Sir, you're *very* polite. I will do myself the pleasure."

This little stroke of business over, the disengaged couple were at liberty to attend to the general conversation of the table. Mr Bluster and Mr Slang kept the company in almost a constant roar, with descriptions of scenes in court, in which *they* had, of course, been the principal actors; and according to their own accounts they must be

wonderful fellows. Such botherers of judges!—such bafflers and browbeaters of witnesses!—such bamboozlers of juries!

You should have seen the sneering countenance of Hug all the while. He never once smiled or laughed at the sallies of his brethren, and did his best to prevent his new patron, Mr Flaw, from doing so—constantly putting his hand before his mouth, and whispering into Mr Flaw's ear at the very point of the joke or story—and the smile would disappear from the countenance of Mr Flaw.

The alderman laughed till the tears ran out of his little eyes, which he constantly wiped with his napkin. Amidst the general laughter and excitement, Miss Quirk, leaning her chin on her hand, her elbow resting on the table, several times directed soft, languishing looks towards Titmouse, unobserved by any one but himself; and they were not entirely unsuccessful, although Titmouse was wonderfully taken with the stories of the two counsellors, and believed them to be two of the greatest men he had ever seen or heard of, and at the head of their profession.

"I hope, sir, you'll have those two gents. in *my* case?" said he earnestly to Gammon.

"Unfortunately, your case will not come on in their courts," said Gammon, with a very expressive smile.

"Why, can't it come on when I choose?—or when you like?" enquired Titmouse, surprisedly.

Mr Quirk had been soured during the whole of dinner, for he had anxiously desired to have Titmouse sit beside him at the bottom of the table; but in the little hubbub attendant upon coming down to dinner and taking places, Titmouse slipped out of sight for a minute; and when all were placed, Quirk's enraged eye perceived him seated in the middle of the table, beside Gammon. Gammon *always* got hold of Titmouse. Old Quirk could have flung a decanter at his head—In his own house!—at his own table! Always anticipating and circumventing him.

"Mr Quirk, I don't think we've taken a glass of wine together yet, have we?" said Gammon, with a bland and cordial manner, at the same time pouring himself out a glass of wine. He perfectly well knew what was annoying his respected partner,

whose look of quaint embarrassment, when so suddenly assailed, infinitely amused him. "Catch me asking you here again, Master Gammon," thought Quirk, "the next time that Titmouse dines here!" The reason why Mr Snap had not been asked was, that Quirk had some slight cause to suspect his having conceived the notion of paying his addresses to Miss Quirk—a thing at any time not particularly palatable to Mr Quirk; but in the present conjuncture of circumstances quite out of the question, and intolerable even in idea. Snap was not slow in guessing the reason of his exclusion, which had greatly mortified, and also not a little alarmed him. As far as he could venture, he had, during the week, endeavoured to "set" Titmouse "against" Miss Quirk, by such faint disparaging remarks and insinuations as he dared venture upon with so difficult a subject as Titmouse, whom he at the same time inflamed by representations of the splendid matches he might very soon command among the highest women of the land. By these means Snap had, to a certain extent, succeeded; but the few melting glances which had fallen upon Titmouse's sensitive bosom from the eyes of Miss Quirk, were beginning to operate a slight change in his feelings. The old alderman, on an intimation that the "ladies were going to withdraw," laid violent hands on Miss Quirk, (he was a "privileged" old fool,) and insisted on her singing his favourite song,—"*My Friend and Pitcher*." His request was so warmly seconded by the rest of the company, Titmouse as loud and eager as any, that she was fain to comply. She sung with considerable sweetness, and much self-possession. She carried Titmouse's feelings along with her from the beginning, as Gammon, who was watching him, perceived.

"Most uncommon lovely gal, isn't she?" whispered Titmouse, with great energy.

"Very!" replied Gammon drily, with a slight smile.

"Shall I call out *encore*? A'n't that the word? 'Pon my soul, most lovely gal! she must sing it again."

"No, no—she wishes to go—'tis not usual: she will sing it for you, I dare say, this evening, if you ask her."

"Well—most charming gal!—Lovely!"—

"Have patience, my dear Tit-

mouse," said Gammon, in a low whisper, "in a few months' time you'll soon be thrown into much higher life than this—among *really* beautiful, and rich, and accomplished women"—[and, *thought* Gammon, you'll resemble a monkey that has found his way into a rich tulip-bed!]

"Fancy Miss Tag-rag standing beside her."

"Ha, ha!" gently laughed Gammon—"both of them, in their way, are very worthy persons; but"—Here the ladies withdrew. 'Twas no part of Gammon's plans that Titmouse should become the son-in-law of either Quirk or Tag-rag.

As soon as Quirk had taken the head of the table, and the gentlemen drawn together, the bottles were pushed round very briskly, accompanied by no less than three different sorts of snuff-boxes, all belonging to Mr Quirk—all of them presents from clients. One was a huge affair of Botany Bay wood, with a very flaming inscription on the inside of the lid; from which it appeared that its amiable donors, who were trying the effect of a change of climate on their moral health at the expense of a grateful country, owed their valuable lives to the professional skill and exertions of "Caleb Quirk, Esq." In short, the other two were trophies of a similar description, of which their possessor was very justly not a little proud; and as he saw Titmouse admiring them, it occurred to him as very possible that, within a few months' time, he should be in possession of a magnificent *gold* snuff-box, in acknowledgment of the services he should have rendered to his distinguished guest and client. Titmouse was in the highest possible spirits. This, his first glimpse into high life, equalled all his expectations. Round and round went the bottles—crack went joke after joke. Slang sung song upon song, of, however, so very coarse and broad a character as infinitely disgusted Gammon, and apparently shocked the alderman;—though I greatly distrust that old sinner's sincerity in the matter. Then Ghastly's performances commenced. Poor fellow! he exerted himself to the utmost to earn the good dinner he had just devoured: but when he was in the very middle of one of his most impassioned scenes—undoubtedly "tearing a passion to rags,"—interrupted Mr Quirk, impatiently—"Come, come,

Ghastly, we've had enough of that sort—it don't suit at all—don't roar so, man!"

Poor Ghastly instantly resumed his seat, with a chagrined and melancholy air.

"Give us something funny," said the alderman.

"Let's have the chorus of Pigs and Ducks," said Quirk; "you do that *remarkable* well. I could fancy the animals were running and squealing and quacking all about the room." The actor did as he was desired, commencing with a sigh, and was much applauded. At length Gammon happened to get into a discussion with Mr Bluster upon some point connected with the Habeas Corpus Act, in which our friend Gammon, who never got heated in discussion, and was very accurate in whatever he knew, had glaringly the best of it. His calm, smiling self-possession almost drove poor Bluster frantic. The less he knew, of course the louder he talked, the more vehement and positive he became; at length offering a *bet* that he was right; at which Gammon bowed, smiled, and closed the discussion. While engaged in it, he had of course been unable to keep his eye upon Titmouse, who drunk, consequently, like a little fish, never letting the bottle pass him. Every one about him filled his glass every time—why should not he?

Hug sat next to Viper; feared him, and avoided discussion with him; for, though they agreed in their politics, which were of the loosest and lowest radical description, they had a personal antipathy each to the other. In spite of their wishes, they at length got entangled in a very virulent controversy, and said so many insulting things to each other, that the rest of the company, who had for some time been amused, got at length—not disgusted—but alarmed, for the possible results. Mr Quirk, therefore, interfered.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" he exclaimed, as Viper concluded a most venomous passage, "that will do, Viper—whip it into the next *Flash*—'twill be a capital leader! It will produce a sensation! And in the mean time, gentlemen, let me request you to fill your glasses—bumpers—for I've a toast to propose, in which you'll all feel interested when you hear who's the subject of it. It is a gentleman who is likely soon to be elevated to a

station which Nature has formed him—hem ! hem !—to adorn ”——

“ Mr Quirk’s proposing your health, Titmouse ! ” whispered Gammon to his companion, who, having been very restless for some time, had at length become quite silent ; his head resting on his hand, his elbow on the table—his eyes languidly half open, and his face exceedingly pale. Gammon saw that he was in truth in a very ticklish condition.

“ I—wish—you’d—let me—go out—I’m—devilish ill ! ”—said Titmouse, faintly. Gammon made a signal to Quirk, who instantly ceased his speech ; and, coming down to Titmouse, he and Gammon hastily led him out of the room, and into the nearest bed-chamber, where he began to be very ill, and so continued for several hours. Old Quirk, who was a long-headed man, was delighted by this occurrence ; for he saw that if he insisted on Titmouse’s being put to bed, and passing the night—and perhaps the next day—at Alibi House, it would enable Miss Quirk to bring her attractions to bear upon him effectively, by exhibiting those delicate and endearing attentions which are so soothing, and indeed necessary to an invalid. Titmouse continued severely indisposed during the whole of the night ; and, early in the morning, it was thought advisable to send for a medical man, who pronounced Titmouse to be in danger of a bilious fever, and to require rest, and care, and medical attendance for some days to come. This was rather “ too much of a good thing ” for old Quirk—but there was no remedy. Foreseeing that Titmouse would be thrown constantly, for some little time to come, into Miss Quirk’s company, her prudent parent enjoined upon Mrs Alias, his sister, the necessity of impressing on his daughter’s mind the great uncertainty that, after all, existed as to Titmouse’s prospects ; and the consequent necessity there was for her to regulate her conduct with a view to either failure or success—to keep her affections, as it were, in abeyance. But the fact was, that Miss Quirk had so often heard the subject of Titmouse’s brilliant expectations talked of by her father, and knew so well his habitual prudence and caution, that she looked upon Titmouse’s speedy possession of ten thousand a-year as a matter almost of certainty. She was a girl of some natural shrewdness, but

of an early inclination to maudlin sentimentality. Had she been blessed with the vigilant and affectionate care of a mother as she grew up, (her mother having died when Miss Quirk was but a child,) and been thrown among a different set of people from those who constantly visited at Alibi House—and of whom a very *favourable* specimen has been laid before the reader—Miss Quirk might really have become a very sensible and agreeable girl. As it was, her manners had contracted a certain coarseness, which at length overspread her whole character ; and the selfish and mercenary motives by which she could not fail to perceive all her father’s conduct regulated, infected herself. She resolved, therefore, to be governed by the considerations so urgently pressed upon her by both her father and her aunt.

It was several days before Titmouse was allowed, by his medical man, to quit his bedroom ; and it is impossible for any woman not to be touched by the sight of a sudden change effected in a man by severe indisposition and suffering—even be that man so poor a creature as Titmouse. He was very pale, and considerably reduced by the severe nature of his complaint, and of the powerful medicines which had been administered to him. When he made his first appearance before Miss Quirk, one afternoon, with somewhat feeble gait, and a languid air that mitigated, if it did not obliterate, the foolish and conceited expression of his features, she really regarded him with considerable interest ; and, though she might hardly have owned it even to herself, his expected good fortune invested him with a kind of subdued radiance. *Ten thousand a-year !*—Miss Quirk’s heart fluttered ! By the time that he was well enough to take his departure, she had, at his request, read over to him nearly half of that truly interesting work—the Newgate Calendar ; she had sung to him, and played to him, whatever he had asked her ; and, in short, she felt that if she could but be certain that he would gain his great lawsuit, and step into ten thousand a-year, she could *love* him. She insisted, on the day of his quitting Alibi House, that he should write in her album ; and he very readily complied. It was nearly ten minutes before he could get a pen to suit him. At length he succeeded, and left the following interesting me-

mento of himself, in the very centre of a fresh page :—

"Tittlebat Titmouse Is My name,
England Is My Nation,
London Is My dwelling-Place,
And Christ Is My Salvation.

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE,
"halibi lodge."

Miss Quirk turned pale with astonishment and vexation on seeing this elegant and interesting addition to her album. Titmouse, on the contrary, looked at it with no little pride; for having had a capital pen, and his heart being in his task, he had produced what he conceived to be a very superior specimen of penmanship: in fact, the signature was by far the best he had ever written. When he had gone, Miss Quirk was twenty times on the point of tearing out the leaf which had been so dismally disfigured; but on her father coming home in the evening, he laughed heartily—"and as to tearing it out," said he, "let us first see which way the verdict is."

Titmouse became, after this, a pretty frequent visitor at Alibi House; growing more and more attached to Miss Quirk, who, however, conducted herself towards him with much judgment. His inscription on her album had done a vast deal towards cooling down the ardour with which she had been disposed to regard even the future owner of ten thousand-a-year. Poor Snap seemed to have lost all chance, being treated with greater coldness by Miss Quirk on every succeeding visit to Alibi House. At this he was sorely discomfited; for she would have whatever money her father might die possessed of, besides a commanding interest in the partnership business. 'Twas a difficult thing for him to preserve his temper in his close intimacy with Titmouse, who had so grievously interfered with his prospects.

The indisposition I have been mentioning, prevented Titmouse from paying his promised visit to Satin Lodge. On returning to his lodgings, from Alibi House, he found that Tag-rag had either called or sent every day to enquire after him with the most affectionate anxiety; and one or two notes lying on his table, apprised him of the lively distress which the ladies of Satin Lodge were enduring on his account, and implored him to lose not a moment in communicating the state of his health, and personally assuring them of his safety. Though

the image of Miss Quirk was continually before his eyes, Titmouse, nevertheless, had cunning enough not to drop the slightest hint to the Tag-rags of the true state of his feelings. Whenever any enquiry, with ill-disguised anxiety, was made by Mrs Tag-rag concerning Alibi House and its inmates, Titmouse would, to be sure, mention Miss Quirk, but in such a careless and slighting way as gave great consolation and encouragement to Tag-rag, his wife, and daughter. When at Mr Quirk's, he spoke somewhat unreservedly of the amiable inmates of Satin Lodge. These two mansions were almost the only private residences visited by Titmouse, who spent his time much in the way which I have already described. How he got through his days I can hardly tell. At his lodgings, he got up very late, and went to bed very late. He never read any thing excepting occasionally a song-book lent him by Snap, or a novel, or some such book as "Boxiana," from the circulating library. Dawdling over his dress and his breakfast, then whistling and humming, took up so much of every day as he passed at his lodgings. The rest was spent in idling about the town, looking in at shop windows, and now and then going to some petty exhibition. When evening came, he was generally joined by Snap, when they would spend the night together in the manner I have already described. As often as he dared, he called at Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office at Saffron Hill, and worried them not a little by enquiries concerning the state of his affairs, and the cause of the delay in commencing proceedings. As for Huckaback, by the way, Titmouse cut him entirely; saying that he was a devilish low fellow, and it was no use knowing him. He made many desperate efforts, both personally and by letter, to renew his acquaintance with Titmouse, but in vain. I may as well mention, by the way, that as soon as Snap got scent of the little money transaction between his friend and Huckaback, he called upon the latter, and tendering him twelve shillings, demanded up the document which he had extorted from Titmouse. Huckaback held out obstinately for some time—but Snap was too much for him, and talked in such a formidable strain about an indictment for a conspiracy (!) and fraud, that Huckaback at length con-

sented, on receiving twelve shillings, to deliver up the document to Snap, on condition of Snap's destroying it on the spot. This was done, and so ended all intercourse—at least on this side of the grave—between Titmouse and Huckaback.

The sum allowed by Messrs Quirk and Gammon to Titmouse, was amply sufficient to have kept him in comfort; but it never would have enabled him to lead the kind of life which I have described—and he would certainly have got very awkwardly involved had it not been for the kindness of Snap in advancing him, from time to time, such sums as his exigencies required. In fact, matters went on as quietly and smoothly as possible for several months—till about the middle of November, when an event occurred that seemed to threaten the total demolition of all his hopes and expectations.

He had not seen or heard from Messrs Quirk or Gammon for nearly a fortnight; Snap he had not seen for nearly a week. At length he ventured to make his appearance at Saffron Hill, and was received with a startling coldness—a stern abruptness of manner, that frightened him out of his wits. All the three partners were alike—as for Snap, the contrast between his present and his former manner was perfectly shocking; he seemed quite another person. The fact was, that the full statement of Titmouse's claims had been laid before Mr Subtle, the leading counsel retained in his behalf, for his opinion, before actually commencing proceedings; and the partners were indeed thunderstruck on receiving that opinion: for Mr Subtle pointed out a radical deficiency of proof in a matter which, as soon as their attention was thus pointedly called to it, Messrs Quirk and Gammon were amazed at their having overlooked, and still more at its having escaped the notice of Mr Tresayle, Mr Mortmain, and Mr Frankpledge. Mr Quirk hurried with the opinion to the first two gentlemen; and, after a long interview with each, they owned their fears that Mr Subtle was right, and that the defect seemed incurable; but they showed their agitated clients, that *they* had been guilty of neither oversight nor ignorance, inasmuch as the matter in question was one of *evidence* only—one which a *nisi prius* lawyer, with a full

detail of “proofs” before him, could hardly fail to light upon—but which, it would be found, had been assumed and taken for granted in the cases laid before conveyancers. They promised to turn it over in their minds, and to let Messrs Quirk and Gammon know if any thing occurred to vary their impression. Mr Tresayle and Mr Mortmain, however, preserved an ominous silence. As for Frankpledge, he had a knack, somehow or another, of always coming to the conclusion wished and hoped for by his clients; and, after prodigious pains, wrote a very long opinion, to show that there was nothing in the objection. Neither Mr Quirk nor Mr Gammon could understand the process by which Mr Frankpledge arrived at such a result; but, in despair, they laid his opinion before Mr Subtle, in the shape of a second case for his opinion. It was, in a few days' time, returned to them, with only a line or two—thus:—

“With every respect for the gentleman who wrote this opinion, I cannot perceive what it has to do with the question. I see no reason whatever to depart from the view I have already taken of this case.—J. S.”

Here was something like a dead lock.

“We're done, Gammon!” said Quirk, with a dismayed air. Gammon seemed lost, and made no answer.

“Does any thing—eh?—Any thing occur to you? Gammon, I *will* say this for you—you're a long-headed fellow.” Still Gammon spoke not.

“Gammon! Gammon!—I really believe—you begin to see something.”

“*It's to be done*, Mr Quirk!” said Gammon at length, with a grave and apprehensive look, and a cheek paler than before.

“Eh? how? Oh, I see!—Know what you mean, Gammon,” replied Quirk, with a hurried whisper, glancing at both doors to see that they were safe.

“We must resume our intercourse with Titmouse, and let matters go on as before,” said Gammon with a very anxious, but, at the same time, a determined air.

“I—I wonder if what has occurred to *you* is what has occurred to *me*?” enquired Quirk, in an eager whisper.

“Pooh! pooh! Mr Quirk.”

“Gammon, dear Gammon, no

mystery! You know I have a deep stake in this matter!"

"So have I, Mr Quirk," replied Gammon, with a sigh. "However"—Here the partners put their heads close together, and whispered to each other in a low, earnest tone, for some minutes. Quirk rose from his seat, and took two or three turns about the room in silence, Gammon watching him calmly.

To his inexpressible relief and joy, within a few hours of the happening of the above colloquy, Titmouse found himself placed on precisely his former footing with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

In order to bring on the cause for trial at the next spring assizes, it was necessary that the declaration in ejectment should be served on the tenant in possession before Hilary term; and, in a matter of such magnitude, it was deemed expedient for Snap to go down and personally effect the service in question. In consequence, also, of some very important suggestions as to the evidence, given by the junior in the cause, it was arranged that Snap should go down about a week before the time fixed upon for effecting the service, and make minute enquiries as to one or two facts which it was understood could be established in evidence. As soon as Titmouse heard of this movement, that Snap was going direct to Yatton, the scene of his, Titmouse's, future greatness, he made the most pertinacious and vehement entreaties to Messrs Quirk and Gammon to be allowed to accompany him, even going down on his knees. There was no resisting this; but they exacted a solemn pledge from him that he would place himself entirely at the disposal of Snap; go under some feigned name, and, in short, neither say nor do any thing tending to disclose their real character or errand.

Snap and Titmouse established themselves at the Hare and Hounds Inn at Grilston; and the former immediately began, cautiously and quietly, to collect such evidence as he could discover. One of the first persons to whom he went was old blind Bess. His many pressing questions at length stirred up in the old woman's mind recollections of long-forgotten names, persons, places, scenes, and associations, thereby producing an agitation not easily to be got rid of, and which

had by no means subsided when Dr Tatham and Mr Aubrey paid her the Christmas-day visit, which has been already described.

The reader has had already pretty distinct indications of the manner in which Titmouse and Snap conducted themselves during their stay in Yorkshire, and which, I fear, have not tended to raise either of these gentlemen in the reader's estimation. Titmouse manifested a very natural anxiety to see the present occupants of Yatton; and it was with infinite difficulty that Snap could prevent him from sneaking about in the immediate neighbourhood of the hall, with the hope of seeing them. His first encounter with Mr and Miss Aubrey was entirely accidental, as the reader may remember; and when he found that the lady on horseback near Yatton, and the lady whom he had striven to attract the notice of in Hyde Park were one and the same beautiful woman, and that that beautiful woman was neither more nor less than the sister of the present owner of Yatton,—the marvellous discovery created a mighty pother in his little feelings. The blaze of Kate Aubrey's beauty, in an instant consumed the images both of Tabitha Tag-rag and Dora Quirk. It even for a while outshone the splendours of ten thousand a-year; such is the inexpressible and incalculable power of woman's beauty over every thing in the shape of man—over even so despicable a sample of him as Tittlebat Titmouse.

While putting in practice some of those abominable tricks to which, under Snap's tutelage, Titmouse had become accustomed in walking the streets of London, and from which even the rough handling they had got from Farmer Hazel could not turn him, Titmouse at length, as has been seen, most unwittingly fell foul of that fair creature, Catharine Aubrey herself; who seemed truly like an angelic messenger, returning from her errand of sympathy and mercy, and suddenly beset by a little imp of darkness. When Titmouse discovered who was the object of his audacious and revolting advances, his soul was petrified within him; and it was fortunate that the shriek of Miss Aubrey's attendant at length startled him into a recollection of a pair of heels, to which he was that evening indebted for an escape from a most murderous cudgel-

ing, which might have been attended with one effect not contemplated by him who inflicted it; viz., the retention of the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton! Titmouse ran for nearly half-a-mile on the high-road towards Grilston, without stopping. He dared not venture back to Yatton, with the sound of the lusty farmer's voice in his ears, to get back from the Aubrey arms the horse which had brought him that afternoon from Grilston, to which place he walked on, through the snow and darkness; reaching his inn in a perfect panic, from which, at length, a tumbler of stiff brandy and water, with two or three cigars, somewhat relieved him. Forgetful of the solemn pledge which he had given to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, not to disclose his name or errand, and it never once occurring to him that, if he would but keep his own counsel, Miss Aubrey could never identify him with the ruffian who had assailed her, he spent the interval between eight and twelve o'clock, at which latter hour the coach by which he had resolved to return to London would pass through Grilston, in inditing the following letter to Miss Aubrey:—

“ Grilston, January 6th, 18—

“ Honoured Miss,

“ Hoping No Offence Will Be Taken where None is meant, (*which am Sure of*;) This I send To say Who I Am which, Is the Right And True Owner of Yatton which You Enjoy Amongst You All At This present (Till The Law Give it to *Me*) Which It quickly Will And which It Ought to Have done When I were First born And Before Yr Respect. Family ever Came into it, And Me which Yr. hond. Brother Have so Unlawfully Got Possession Of must Come Back to Then Whose Due It is wh. Is myself as will be Sone provd. And wh. am most truly Sorry Of *on your Own Acct.* (Meaning (hond. Miss,) you Alone) as Sure As Yatton is Intirely Mine So My Heart Is *yours* and No Longer my Own Ever since I Saw You first as Can Easily prove but wh. doubtless You Have forgot Seeing You Never New, seeing (as Mr Gammon, My Solliciter And a Very Great Lawyer, say) *Cases Alter Circumstances*, what Can I say More Than that I Love you *Most Amazing* Such As Never Thought Myself Capable of Doing Before and wh. cannot help

Ever Since I First saw Yor. most *Lovely and Divine and striking* Face wh. have Stuck In my Mind Ever Since Day and Night Sleeping and Waking I will Take my Oath Never Of Having Lov'd Any one Else, Though (must Say) have Had a Wonderful Many Offers From Females of *The Highest Rank* Since My Truly Wonderful Good fortune got Talked About every Where but have *Refused Them All* for yr sake, And Would All the World But you. When I Saw You on Horseback It was All my Sudden confusion In Seeing you (The Other Gent. was One of my Respe. Solicitors) wh Threw Me off in that Ridiculous Way wh. was a Great Mortification And made My brute Of A horse go on so For I Remembered You and was Wonderful struck with Your *Improv'd Appearance* (As that Same Gent. can Testify) And you was (Hond. Miss) Quite Wrong To Night when You Spoke so Uncommon Angry To Me, seeing If I Had Only Known What Female It Was (meaning *yourself which I respect So*) only So Late Alone I should Have spoke quite Different So hope You Will Think Nothing More Of that Truly *Unpleasant Event* Now (Hond Madam) What I Have To say Is if You will Please To Condescend To Yield To My Desire We Can Live Most uncommon Comfortable at Yatton Together wh. Place shall Have Great Pleasure in *Marrying You From* and I may (*perhaps*) Do Something Handsome for yr. respectable Brother And Family, wh. can Often Come to see us And Live in the Neighbourhood, if You Refuse me, Will not say What shall Happen to *Those* which (am Told) *Owe me a Precious Long Figure* wh. May (*perhaps*) Make a Handsome Abatement If You And I Hit it.

“ Hoping You Will Forget What Have So Much Grieved me, And Write pr. return of Post,

“ Am,

“ hond. Miss

“ Yr most Loving & Devoted Slave
“ (Till Death)

“ TITTEBAT TITMOUSE.

“ (*Private.*)”

This equally characteristic and disgusting production, its infatuated writer sealed twice, and then left it with sixpence in the hands of the landlady of the Hare and Hounds, to be deli-

vered at Yatton Hall the first thing in the morning. The good woman, however—having no particular wish to oblige such a strange puppy, whom she was only too glad to get rid of, and having a good deal to attend to—laid the letter aside on the chimney-piece, and entirely lost sight of it for nearly a fortnight. Shortly after the lamentable tidings concerning the impending misfortunes of the Aubrey family had been communicated to the inhabitants of Grilston, she forwarded the letter, little dreaming of the character in which its writer was likely, ere long, to re-appear at Grilston, with one or two others, a day or two after Miss Aubrey had had the interview with her brother which I have described to the reader; but it lay unnoticed by any one—above all, by the sweet sufferer whose name was indicated on it—among a great number of miscellaneous letters and papers which had been suffered to accumulate on the library table.

Mr Aubrey entered the library one morning alone, for the purpose of attending to many matters which had been long neglected. He was evidently thinner: his face was pale, and his manner dejected: still there was about him a noble air of calmness and resolution. Through the richly-pictured old stained-glass window, the mottled sunbeams were streaming in a kind of tender radiance upon the dear old familiar objects around him. All was silent. Having drawn his chair to the table, on which were lying a confused heap of letters and papers, he felt a momentary repugnance to enter upon the task which he had assigned to himself, of opening and attending to them; and walked slowly for some time up and down the room, with folded arms, uttering occasionally profound sighs. At length he sat down, and commenced the disheartening task of opening the many letters before him. One of the first he opened was from Peter Johnson—the old tenant to whom he had lent the sum of two hundred pounds; and it was full of expressions of gratitude and respect. Then came a letter, a fortnight old, bearing the frank of Lord —, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He opened it and read:—

“Whitehall, 16th January 18—.

“My dear Aubrey,

“You will remember that Lord

—’s motion stands for the 28th. We all venture to calculate upon receiving your powerful support in the debate. We expect to be much pressed with the Duke of —’s affair, which you handled shortly before the recess with such signal ability and success. When you return to town, you must expect a renewal of certain offers, which I most sincerely trust, for the benefit of the public service, will not be again declined.

“Ever yours faithfully,

“C——.

“(Private and confidential.)

“Charles Aubrey, Esq., M.P.”

Mr Aubrey laid down the letter calmly, as soon as he had read it; and, leaning back in his chair, seemed lost in thought for several minutes. Presently he re-applied himself to his task, and opened and glanced over a great many letters; the contents of several of which occasioned him deep emotion. Some were from persons in distress whom he had assisted, and who implored a continuance of his aid; others were from ardent political friends—some sanguine, others desponding—concerning the prospects of the session. Two or three hinted that it was every where reported that he had been offered one of the under secretaryships, and had declined; but that it was, at the king’s desire, to be pressed upon him. Many letters were on private, and still more on county business; and with one of them he was engaged, when a servant entered with one of that morning’s county papers. Tired with his task, Mr Aubrey rose from his chair as the servant gave him the paper; and, standing before the fire, he unfolded the *Yorkshire Stingo*, and glanced listlessly over its miscellaneous contents. At length his eye lit upon the following paragraph:—

“The rumours so deeply affecting a member for a certain borough in this county, and to which we alluded in our last paper but one, turn out to be well-founded. A claimant has started up to the very large estates at present held by the gentleman in question; and we are very much misinformed if the ensuing spring assizes will not effect a considerable change in the representation of the borough alluded to, by relieving it from the Tory thralldom under which it has been

so long oppressed. We have no wish to bear hard upon a falling man; and, therefore, shall make no comment upon the state of mind in which the person may be presumed to be, who must be conscious that he has so long been enjoying the just rights of others. Some extraordinary disclosures may be looked for when the trial comes on. We have heard from a quarter on which we are disposed to place reliance, that the claimant is a gentleman of decided Whig principles, and who will prove a valuable accession to the Liberal cause."

The tears very nearly forced their way out of Mr Aubrey's eyes on reading this most unfeeling paragraph; but they had, with a strong effort, been dispersed just as Miss Aubrey entered the room. Her brother quietly folded up the paper and laid it aside, fearful lest his sister's feelings should be pierced by so coarse and brutal a paragraph, which, in fact, had been concocted in London in the office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who were, as before stated, interested in the *Sunday Flash*, which was in some sort connected, through the relationship of the editors, with the *Yorkshire Stingo*. The idea had been suggested by Gammon, of attempting to enlist the *political* feeling of a portion of the county in favour of their client.

"Here are several letters for you, Kate," said her brother, picking several of them out. The very first she took up, it having attracted her attention by the double seal, and the vulgar style of the handwriting, was that from Titmouse, which has just been laid before the reader. With much surprise she opened the letter, her brother being similarly engaged with his own; and her face getting gradually paler and paler as she went on, at length she flung it on the floor with a passionate air and burst into tears. Her brother, with astonishment, exclaimed,—“Dear Kate, what is it?” and he rose and stooped to pick up the letter.

“Don't—don't, Charles!” she cried, putting her foot upon it, and flinging her arms round his neck. “It is an audacious letter—a vulgar, a cruel letter, dear Charles!” Her emotion increased as her thoughts recurred to the heartless paragraph concerning her brother with which the letter concluded. “I could have overlook-

ed every thing but *that*,” said she, unwittingly. With gentle force he succeeded in getting hold of the painfully ridiculous and contemptible effusion. He attempted faintly to smile several times as he went on.

“Don't—don't, dearest Charles! I can't bear it. Don't smile—It's very far from your heart; you do it only to assure me.”

Here Mr Aubrey read the paragraph concerning himself. His face turned a little paler than before, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion. “He is evidently a *very* foolish fellow!” he exclaimed, walking towards the window, with his back to his sister, whom he did not wish to see how much he was affected by so petty an incident.

“What does he allude to, Kate, when he talks of your having spoken angrily to him, and that he did not know you?” he enquired, after a few moments' pause, returning to her.

“Oh dear!—I am so *grieved* that you should have noticed it—but since you ask me”—and she told him the occurrence alluded to in the letter. Mr Aubrey drew himself up unconsciously as Kate went on, and she perceived him becoming still paler than before, and *felt* the kindling anger of his eye.

“Forget it—forget it, dearest Charles!—So despicable a being is really not worth a thought,” said Kate, with increasing anxiety; for she had never in her life before witnessed her brother the subject of such powerful emotions as then made rigid his slender frame. At length, drawing a long breath—

“It is fortunate, Kate,” said he calmly, “that *he* is not a gentleman, and that *I* endeavour to be—a Christian.” She flung her arms round him, exclaiming, “There spoke my own noble brother!”

“I shall preserve this letter as a curiosity, Kate,” said he presently; and with a pointed significance of manner, that arrested his sister's attention, he added,—“It is rather singular, but some time before you came in, I opened a letter in which your name is mentioned—I cannot say in a *similar* manner, and yet—in short, it is from Lord de la Zouch, enclosing one”——

Miss Aubrey suddenly blushed scarlet, and trembled violently.

“Don't be agitated, my dear Kate,

the enclosure is from Lady de la Zouch; and if it be in the same strain of kindness that pervades Lord de la Zouch's letter to me"—

"I would rather that *you* opened and read it, Charles"—she faltered, sinking into a chair.

"Come, come, dear Kate—play the woman!" said her brother, with an affectionate air,—“To say that there is nothing in these letters that I believe will interest you—very deeply gratify and interest your feelings—would be”——

"I know—I—I—suspect—I"—faltered Miss Aubrey, with much agitation—"I shall return."

"Then you shall take these letters with you, and read, or not read them as you like," said her brother, putting the letters into her hand with a fond and sorrowful smile, that soon, however, flitted away—and, leading her to the door, he was once more alone; and, after a brief interval of reverie, he wrote answers to such of the many letters before him as he considered earliest to require them.

Notwithstanding the judgment and tenderness with which Dr Tatham discharged the very serious duty which, at the entreaty of his afflicted friends, he had undertaken, of breaking to Mrs Aubrey the calamity with which she and her family were menaced, the effects of the disclosure had been most disastrous. They had paralysed her; and Mr Aubrey, who had long been awaiting the issue, in sickening suspense, in an adjoining room, was hastily summoned in to behold a mournful and heart-rending spectacle. His venerable mother—she who had given him life at the mortal peril of her own; she whom he cherished with unutterable tenderness and reverence; she who doated upon him as upon the light of her eyes; from whose dear lips he had never heard a word of unkindness or severity; whose heart had never known an impulse but of gentle, noble, unbounded generosity towards all around her—this idolized being now lay suddenly prostrated and blighted before him——

Poor Aubrey yielded to his long and violent agony, in the presence of her who could no longer hear, or see, or be sensible of what was passing in the chamber.

"My son," said Dr Tatham, after the first burst of his friend's grief was

over, and he knelt down beside his mother with her hand grasped in his, "despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction:

"For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

"The Lord will not cast off for ever;

"But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.

"For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It was with great difficulty that Dr Tatham could render himself audible while murmuring these soothing and solemn passages of scripture in the ear of his distracted friend, beside whom he knelt.

Mrs Aubrey had suffered a paralytic seizure, and lay motionless and insensible; her features slightly disfigured, but partially concealed beneath her long silvery grey hair, which had, in the suddenness of the fit, strayed from beneath her cap.

"But what am I about?" at length exclaimed Mr Aubrey, with a languid and alarmed air—"has medical assistance"—

"Dr Goddard and Mr Whateley are both sent for by several servants, and will doubtless be very quickly here," replied Dr Tatham; and while he yet spoke Mr Whateley—who, when hastened on by the servant who had been sent for him, was entering the park on a visit to young Mrs Aubrey, who was also seriously ill and in peculiarly critical circumstances—entered the room, and immediately resorted to the necessary measures. Soon afterwards, also, Dr Goddard arrived; but, alas, how little could they do for the venerable sufferer!

During the next, and for many ensuing days, the lodge was assailed by very many anxious and sympathizing enquirers, who were answered by Waters, whom Mr Aubrey—oppressed by the number of friends who hurried up to the hall, and insisted upon seeing him to ascertain the extent to which the dreadful rumours were correct—had stationed there during the day to afford the requisite information. The hall was pervaded by a gloom that could be felt. Every servant had a wo-begone look, and moved about as if a funeral were stirring. Little Charles and Agnes, almost imprisoned

in their nursery, seemed quite puzzled and confused at the strange unusual seriousness, and quietness, and melancholy faces every where about them. Kate romped not with them as had been her wont; but would constantly burst into tears as she held them on her knee or in her arms, trying to evade the continual questioning of Charles. "I think it will be time for me to cry too by-and-by!" said he to her one day, with an air half in jest and half in earnest, that made poor Kate's tears flow afresh. Sleepless nights and days of sorrow soon told upon her appearance. Her glorious buoyancy of spirits, that ere-while, as it were, had filled the whole hall with gladness—where were they now? Ah, me! the rich bloom had disappeared from her beautiful cheek; but her high spirit, though oppressed, was not broken, and she stood firmly and calmly amid the scowling skies and lowering tempests. You fancied you saw her auburn tresses stirred upon her pale but calm brow by the breath of the approaching storm; and that she also felt it, but trembled not. Her heart might be, indeed, bruised and shaken; but her spirit was, ay, unconquerable. My glorious Kate, how my heart goes forth towards you!

And thou, her brother, who art of kindred spirit; who art supported by philosophy, and exalted by religion, so that thy constancy cannot be shaken or overthrown by the black and ominous swell of trouble which is increasing and closing around thee, I know that thou wilt outlive the storm—and yet it rocks thee!

A month or two may see thee and thine expelled from Old Yatton, and not merely having lost every thing, but with a liability to thy successor that will hang round thy neck like a millstone. What, indeed, is to become of you all? Whither will you go? And your suffering mother, should she survive so long, is her precious form to be borne away from Yatton?

Around thee stand those who, if thouallest, will perish—and that thou knowest: around thy calm, sorrowful, but erect figure, are a melancholy group—thy afflicted mother—the wife of thy bosom—thy two little children—thy brave and beautiful sister—Yet think not, Misfortune! that over this man thou art about to achieve thy accustomed triumphs. Here, behold

thou hast a MAN to contend with; nay, more, a CHRISTIAN MAN, who hath calmly girded up his loins against the coming fight!

'Twas Sabbath evening, some five weeks or so after the happening of the mournful events above commemorated, and Kate, having spent as usual several hours keeping watch beside the silent and motionless figure of her mother, had quitted the chamber for a brief interval, thinking to relieve her oppressed spirits by walking, for a little while, up and down the long gallery. Having slowly paced backwards and forwards once or twice, she rested against the little oriel window at the furthest extremity of the gallery, and gazed, with saddened eye, upon the setting sun, till at length, in calm grandeur, it disappeared beneath the horizon. 'Twas to Kate a solemn and mournful sign; especially followed as it was by the deepening shadows and gloom of evening. She sighed; and, with her hands crossed on her bosom, gazed, with a tearful eye, into the darkening sky, where glittered the brilliant evening star. Thus she remained, a thousand pensive and tender thoughts passing through her mind, till the increasing chills of evening warned her to retire. "I will go," said she to herself, as she walked slowly along, "and try to play the evening hymn—I may not have many more opportunities!" With this view, she gently opened the drawingroom door, and, glancing around, found that she should be alone. The fire gave the only light. She opened the organ with a sigh, and then sat down before it for some minutes without touching the keys. At length she struck them very gently, as if fearful of disturbing those who, she soon recollected, were too distant to hear her. Ah! how many associations were stirred up as she played over the simple and solemn air! At length, in a low and rather tremulous voice, she begun—

' Soon will the evening star, with silver
ray,
Shed its mild radiance o'er the sacred day;
Resume we, then, ere night and silence
reign,
The rites which holiness and heaven ordain "——

She sung the last line somewhat indistinctly; and, overcome by a flood of tender recollections, ceased playing; then, leaning her head upon her

hand, she shed tears. At length she resumed—

“Here humbly let us hope our Maker’s smile

Will crown with sweet success our earthly toil—

And here, on each returning Sabbath, join”——

Here poor Kate’s voice quivered—and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to sing the next line, she sobbed, and ceased playing. She remained for several minutes, her face buried in her handkerchief, shedding tears. At length, “I’ll play the last verse,” thought she, “and then sit down before the fire, and read over the evening service, (feeling for her little prayer-book,) before I return to poor mamma.” With a firmer hand and voice she proceeded—

“Father of Heaven! in whom our hopes confide,

Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide—

In life our guardian, and in death our friend,

Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!”

She played and sung these lines with a kind of solemn energy; and she felt as if a ray of heavenly light had trembled for a moment upon her upturned eye. She had not been, as she had supposed, alone; in the farthest corner of the room had been all the while sitting her brother—too exquisitely touched by the simplicity and goodness of his sweet sister, to apprise her of his presence. Several times his feelings had nearly overpowered him; and as she concluded, he arose from his chair, and approaching her, after her first surprise was over,—“Heaven bless you, dear Kate!” said he, taking her little hands in his own. Neither of them spoke for a few moments.

“I could not have sung a line, or played, if I had known that you were here,” said she.

“I thought so, Kate.”

“I don’t think I shall ever have heart to play again.”

“Be assured, Kate, that submission to the will of God,” said Mr Aubrey, as, he with his arm round his sister, they walked slowly to and fro, “is the great lesson to be learned from the troubles of life; and for that purpose they are sent. Let us bear up awhile; the waters will not go over our heads!”

“I hope not,” replied his sister, faintly, and in tears.

“How did you leave Agnes, Charles?”

“She was asleep: she is still very feeble”——Here the door was suddenly opened, and Miss Aubrey’s maid entered hastily, exclaiming, “Are you here, ma’am?—or sir?”

“Here we are,” they replied, hurrying towards her; “what is the matter?”

“Oh, madam is *talking*! She began speaking all of a sudden. She did indeed, sir. She’s talking, and”——continued the girl, almost breathless.

“My mother talking!” exclaimed Aubrey, with an amazed air.

“Oh yes, sir! she is—she is, indeed!”

Miss Aubrey sunk into her brother’s arms, overcome for a moment with the sudden and surprising intelligence.

“Rouse yourself, Kate!” he exclaimed with animation; “did I not tell you that Heaven would not forget us? But I must hasten up stairs, to hear the joyful sounds with my own ears—and do you follow as soon as you can.” Leaving her in the care of her maid, he hastened out of the room up stairs, and was soon at the door of his mother’s chamber. He stood for a moment in the doorway, and his straining ears caught the gentle tones of his mother’s voice, speaking in a low but cheerful tone. His knees trembled beneath him with joyful excitement. Fearful of trusting himself in her presence till he had become calmer, he noiselessly sunk on the nearest chair, with beating heart and straining ear—ay, every tone of that dear voice thrilled through his heart. But I shall not torture my own or my reader’s heart by dwelling upon the scene that ensued. Alas! the venerable sufferer’s tongue was indeed loosed;—but reason had fled! He listened—he distinguished her words. She supposed that all her children—dead and alive—were romping about her; she spoke of him and his sister as she had spoken to them twenty years ago.

As soon as he had made this sad discovery, overwhelmed with grief he staggered out of the room; and motioning his sister, who was entering, into an adjoining apartment, communicated to her the mournful condition of her mother.

LINEs ON THE SALE OF THE BLACK ARAB, THE GIFT OF THE
IMAUM OF MUSCAT.

Yes ! it is well that he should go,
The matchless present of a king,
From ends so vile, and thoughts so low,
As round the soul of England cling.

He was a horse for days of old,
When British hearts were firm and true,
Unfit for times so mean and cold,
And *that* the greedy peddlars knew ;

They cared not, when to stranger-men
The courteous monarch's gift was sent ;
That link'd therewith, for ever then
The honour of the people went.

They care not that the shameful tale
Throughout the wavering East is borne,
Making the sellers, and the sale,
A mark for just and hostile scorn.

What though with throbbing hearts
we fear
Strange terrors rushing from afar,
And daily rather feel than hear
The stealthy tread of Russian war ?

Great thoughts, great deeds, and feelings high,
The sunshine of our British past,
All they can neither sell nor buy,
To heaven or hell away they cast.

Yes ! it is well that he should go,
The matchless present of a king,
From ends so vile, and thoughts so low,
As round the soul of England cling.

The spirit of his Arab sires
Would droop, as though in fetters bound,
With no reflection of its fires,
From aught that moved or breathed around.

England of yore was full of men
Made strong to run a glorious course,
Of lion-port and eagle-ken,
Fit riders for the Arab horse.

His high heart, then, like mingling flame,
Into their brightness would have flow'd ;

And, in his generous veins, the same
Free spirit would have lived and glow'd.

Such were the fearless few who stood
Around a trembling tyrant's throne,
Eager to shed their dearest blood
On freedom's primal altar-stone.

Such were the giants who upsprung
Round her who crush'd insulting Spain,
When, from our arms and hearts, we flung
The fragments of the papal chain.

Such who, in old manorial halls,
Which yet with loyal echoes ring,
Live still along the storied walls
In armour for an outraged king.

Knights who at Naseby stood, and died
Unbroken by the Roundhead boor,
Or from broad death-wounds swell'd the tide
Of faithful blood on Marston moor.

But Faith, and Truth, and Chivalry,
And emanating powers, have fled ;
The veins of the worn earth are dry,
By which each mighty growth was fed.

Scarce, through the gathering dimness, One
True-hearted heir of ancient worth
Shines, like the last ray of the sun,
The night before the floods went forth.

The rest are shadows of an hour,
A sapless, bloodless, boneless throng,
Without the spirit, or the power,
For noble right, or strenuous wrong.

Amid the fog, and icy gloom,
Round wither'd heart, and stunted brain,
We have not sympathy, or room
For aught that shows a generous strain.

Then freely let the Arab go,
That matchless present of a king,
From ends so vile, and thoughts so low,
As round the soul of England cling.

BALLADS FROM THE ROMAIC.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

I.

CHARON AND HIS CHARGE.

Τί εἶναι μαῦρα τὰ βουνά, καὶ στέκου βουρκαμένα;

WHY look the distant mountains so gloomy and so drear?
Are tempests sweeping o'er them, or is the rain-cloud near?
No shadow of the tempest is there, nor wind, nor rain,—
'Tis Charon that is passing by with all his gloomy train.

The young men march before him, in all their strength and pride;
The tender little infants, they totter by his side;
The old men walk behind him—and earnestly they pray,
Both young and old, imploring him to grant a brief delay.

“O Charon! halt, we pray thee, beside some little town,
Or near some sparkling fountain where the waters wimple down.
The old will drink and be refresh'd—the young the disc will fling,
And the tender little children pluck flowers beside the spring.”

“I will not stay my journey, nor halt by any town—
Near any sparkling fountain where the waters wimple down:
The mothers, coming to the well, would meet the babes they bore,
The wives would know their husbands—nor could I part them more.”

II.

THE VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

Σάββατον ὅλον πίναμε, τὴν κύριακ' ὅλ' ἡμέρα.

Two days we held our festival—two days we feasted high;
And on the third our wine was done—both cask and cup were dry.
The captain sent me forth alone to seek a fresh supply;
But nothing of the way I knew, for stranger there was I.

I took the first frequented path: it brought me to a cave—
Another led me through the wood—another to the wave;
At last I reach'd a rising ground, where many a cluster'd grave
Mark'd, with its cross and figured stone, the dwelling of the brave.

One stood apart from all the rest—one low and lonely bed;
I saw it not, but, wandering on, I stepp'd upon its head;
And lo! I heard a voice beneath—a voice as from the dead,
Like thunder subterranean, in answer to my tread.

“What hast thou there, O lonely tomb?—what cause disturbs thy rest?
The black earth heap'd too heavily—the stone upon thy breast?”

“I am not wearied with the stone, nor by the mould oppress;
It is thine own unhallow'd step that wakes me from my rest!

“Remove thy foot from off my head, thou stranger of the night,
And trouble not the sleep of him who fought his country's fight;
For I have been a young man too, in glory and in might,
And wander'd on the mountain side when the moon was shining bright.”

III.

LOVE'S WITNESS.

Κόρη, ὄντας φιλιάμαστον, νύκτα ἦτον, ποῖος μᾶς εἶδε;

“ WHEN I was in thy chamber,
Alone, my love, with thee,
Night cast its shadow round us,
And none was there to see;
The very breeze was lying
Asleep within the tree;
Then who could tell, or who reveal,
This cruel tale of me?”

“ The lady moon was peeping,
And watch'd us through the tree;
A little star shot downwards,
And told it to the sea;
A sailor caught the whisper,
Who bore no love to me,
And sang, before a maiden's door,
This wicked tale of thee.”

IV.

IOTIS DYING.

Σηκώνομαι πολὺ ταχυνά, δὴ ἄραις ὅσον γὰ φέξῃ.

Two hours before the dawning, while yet the night-stars gleam,
I wake me from my slumber, and plunge into the stream;
I look around and listen—the morning watch is mine—
I hear the beeches rustle, I hear the murmuring pine.

My comrades lie around me; but yet they do not sleep.
They call upon their captain—they call him and they weep;
“ Up, up, Iotis! rouse thee—to battle with thy best!
The enemy are on us!—up, up, we may not rest!”

“ What shall I say, my children?—how answer to your call?
This wound of mine is mortal; deep struck the deadly ball;
'Tis burning in my bosom—ye summon me in vain:
O! never in the combat my sword shall flash again!”

“ Your hands, my brave ones! raise me—once more erect I stand,
Once more ye gather round me, my true and trusty band!
Sounds not my voice as clearly as in the battle cry?
Then bring me wine, bright sparkling, that I may drink and die!”

“ O! were I on the mountains—the mountains wild and free!
Beside the upland forest, beneath the spreading tree;
To feel the breezes blowing, to hear the wild-bird's song,
And sheep-bells gayly jingling, as the white flock moves along!”

MR PRENDEVILLE'S MILTON.

MR PRENDEVILLE has, beyond question, the honour of belonging to the Emerald Isle; and he accordingly devotes much of his space for the appropriate purpose of giving some very amusing sketches of Irish life, in this new edition of *Paradise Lost*. The very way in which he introduces Adam to Eve, is most decidedly Hibernian. In the fourth book all readers of English poetry will remember Eve's description after first meeting with her future lord and master. Guided by the heavenly voice she found him

"— fair indeed and tall,
Under a *platan*,"

P. L. B. iv. 476-7.

according to the old, but we suppose now obsolete reading, Mr Prendeville having, with true national instinct and sagacity, made a splendid emendation. He reads, she found him

"— fair indeed and tall,
Under a *plantain*,"—

i. e. under that West Indian tree, the produce of which is the invariable companion of the yam or potato. "Yams and plantains" is the first cry which refreshes the ear of the voyagers on arriving at Jamaica, or any other island of the Caribbean seas; and the potato having so long run in Mr Prendeville's head, it is no wonder that the association of ideas should lead him to think of its companion, the plantain. Even in poetry they are linked together as well as in the market; for thus sings Waller in his *Battle of the Summer Islands*—

"With candy'd *plantains* and the juicy
pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes
they dine,
And with *potatoes* fat their wanton
swine."

There is something romantic in this picturesque appearance of Adam for the first time, and it must be consolatory to the friends of Negro emancipa-

tion. It is no great stretch of fancy to suppose, that as Adam was *under* a plantain he was *over* a potato, which indeed the context in some measure justifies us in supposing. We may suppose that he was occupied in heartily regaling himself with a copious mess of that most prolific of plants, (see Collins's highly instructive note on Thersites's "Devil luxury with his potato finger," in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. ii.,) in anticipation of the visit of her who is first told that she

"— to him shall bear
Multitudes like thyself, and so be styled
Mother of all mankind."

As this is the most ingenious *varia lectio*, out of all sight, made by Mr Prendeville in the volume, it is with much regret we find him in his notes imputing so valuable an emendation as that of *plantain* for *platan*, to "inadvertence." Such a backing out is not by any means "the potato."

But in many other places of this Hibernian edition, no plea of inadvertence can deprive Ireland of the honour of illustrating *Paradise Lost*. We shall cite a few instances. Among the devils who rose from the burning lake at the call of Satan, came they

"— who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general
names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth."

B. i. 419-22.

Which gives Mr Prendeville an opportunity of narrating some reminiscences of his youth.

"In Ireland—at least in the southwestern part—the 'Baal Thinnih,' called in English 'Bonfire,' by the peasantry, is celebrated on St John's eve. It is a day and night of great merrymaking. I have myself joined, when a boy, in the amusement and the ceremony. Close by each farm-house a fire is kindled in the evening, and the cattle are brought to it: if they

cannot be driven through it, each interested person takes a burning brand, a branch of a bush or tree, and strives to strike the animals, who are frequently hemmed in by a circle of men and women, to prevent their escape in their consternation. The affrighted beasts running to and fro, and their fire-armed pursuers, present together a curious and exciting scene, which spreads over the whole country. Some of the men and women leap through the fire. The cattle are supposed to be rendered fruitful, and preserved from evil during the ensuing seasons, by this contact with the holy fire. This ceremony ended, all the people of a district, young and old, assemble at the general 'bone-fire,' for which great preparations have been made. It is generally an immense pile of turf, of a pyramidal shape, with the decayed trunk of a tree in the middle and out-topping the lofty pile, decked round with dry bones and green boughs, and surrounded with the skull of a horse or cow, when it can be procured. Without these the fire is incomplete. There is always music and dancing till a late hour—sometimes till the dawn. In some places a long file of men bearing flambeaus proceed from the fire a considerable distance, until they meet parties belonging to another fire, marching in similar procession; and then both parties, waving their torches in mutual salutation, return. These long rows of moving light seen on the slopes of the hills, and the columns of flame from the blazing piles, exhibit a very imposing spectacle."

Mr Prendeville, we see, very properly spells, and no doubt derives "bonefire," "as the *English* (?) call it," just in the manner that his countrymen pronounce it. We think that, in these religious ceremonies, Baal is not the only god adored, being of opinion that Chemos, the peculiar nature of whose phallic worship is agreeably described by Mr Prendeville, in a note on *P. L. B. i.* 406, meets with due attention from the male and female votaries. The late Mr Henry O'Brien wrote a most entertaining Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland as connected with that worship, which we think might be judiciously transferred into Mr Prendeville's notes. It is a very ancient religion; and, notwithstanding the introduction of another creed, it is still devoutly honoured in all parts of Ireland. In one thing, however, we deem our learned annotator decidedly wrong. "In the British isles," he says, "strong

remnants of this worship, [that of Baal,] which was introduced by the Druids, still exist." It is plain that Mr Prendeville, though Irish, is not Milesian, as indeed his name would lead us to suspect. Introduced by the Druids indeed! Does not Milton himself point out its original seat, from Euphrates to the brook which parts *Egypt* from Syrian ground? And do not Keating, O'Halloran, O'Flaherty, Macgeoghegan, and other Druidical historians inform us, that Milesius, father of Heber, Herenen, and Ir, and all the other Milesians of the world, married Scota, daughter of king Pharaoh of Egypt, we know not whether Amenophis the Second or not? And was it not he, then, who brought the worship with him straight from Egypt itself, fresh as a daisy, without the Irish being beholden to the Druids or any other such second-hand authorities for the same? Mr Prendeville records in his note on

"——— fierce, with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din
of war."—*P. L. B. i.* 668.

that

"I have often heard a pugnacious Irishman say, in his native language, 'I strike the shield and call for battle;' a phrase, no doubt, derived from the custom of the Celtic tribes;"

and if he broaches theories so disparaging to the Milesians, as their being indebted to the alien Druids—mere mushroom moderns to *them*—for any thing, he may find the shield struck, and battle against him called for, by some pugnacious Celt. It is a pity he did not give us the original Irish of the cry; for it would look neat in a commentary upon Milton.

China, it might be imagined, was rather too remote from Ireland, to allow of its calling up Irish reminiscences; but the patriotic mind of Mr Prendeville saw an opportunity, and accordingly, when we, (or rather Satan,) came to some place resembling

"The barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails, and wind their cany waggons
light."—*P. L. B. iii.* 437–39.

The commentator tells us, that he

"—Saw a vehicle of somewhat a similar construction, with four wheels, at the extremity of the bay of Dublin, near

Sandymount; which, when the wind was favourable, and the tide out, ran along for miles at great speed on the level strand, requiring no other human management than that of regulating the sails, of which there were two or three; the steersman standing with several others on a platform on the deck."

But it is not merely the productions of Irish art which are thus appropriately commemorated—those of Irish nature are not forgotten. In the garden of Eden,

" Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed."—*P. L. B.* iv. 148–9.

and Eden must not be allowed to outdo Erin. Accordingly,

" It is a remarkable fact, that a species of the arbutus, which abounds near the lakes of Killarney, shooting out of the bare solid rocks, produces blossom and fruit at once. I have often, when a schoolboy, plucked blossom, green fruit, and ripe fruit from the same tree at the same time."

Another touch of Paradise puts Mr Prendeville in mind of—the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Eve says,

" As in a shady nook I stood retired,
Just then return'd. at shut of evening flowers;"

on which the commentator remarks :

" ' At shut of evening flowers.' A beautiful epithet of evening, according to the *occupation* of Adam and Eve. The Greek husbandman termed the evening *Βούλυτον*, or, 'unyoking time of oxen.' Flowers become contracted in the evening, and expand with the rising sun. As various epithets have been applied to the evening by people of all nations, according to their several pursuits, (in some of the pastoral parts of Ireland the evening is called 'milking-time,') this epithet of 'shut of evening flowers' is admirably descriptive of the occupation of Adam and Eve."

Is Mr P. so ignorant as not to know that the Greeks called morning and evening *αμελγος*, i. e. milking-time? But our national vanity makes us here put in a claim for the superiority of Scotland in marking this picturesque hour of the day. What are the base mechanical unyokings of the Greeks, or the milkings of the Irish and the Arcadians, compared with our *dating* of the hour when

" We kiss a bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame?"

Even the flowery occupation of Milton's Adam and Eve sinks into tame and sleepy prose, if brought into contrast with the Scotch mode of computing the hour of evening by polite and gallant attention to the flowers of the forest of living flesh and blood, to say nothing of bone.

We shall only extract one other Irish anecdote, because we have a somewhat peculiar and personal knowledge of the subject.

" Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
From that high mount," &c.

P. L. B. v. 642–3.

On this we have the following note.

" So Homer calls night 'ambrosial,' *Il.* ii. 97; and sleep, for the same reason, 'ambrosial,' v. 19, because it strengthens and refreshes.—(*N.*) Mr Wyse, M. P. for Waterford, a great Oriental traveller, and one of the best scholars I know, has told me that the word 'ambrosial' (*αμβροσιον*) applied to night in Homer, evidently refers to the delightful serenity of the air, and the fragrant exhalations from the flowers, during the summer nights in Ionia, (the country of Homer,) which have a composing and invigorating effect."

Mr Wise now may be a great Oriental, or hereafter a great Australasian traveller, for any thing we know to the contrary, as well as being one of the best scholars Mr Prendeville is acquainted with: no doubt a high commendation. But what can he tell about *Ambrosial nights*? Was he ever present at any of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*? If he pretends that he was, he is an impostor, and fit only to be president of the Anti-Education Board. If he had been among us, he would have known that it was not the fragrance of flowers, but of something far more potent, exhaling during not only the summer but the winter nights in Gabriel's Road, or Picardy Place, (the native countries of the *Noctes*,) which had the composing and invigorating effects upon all who enjoyed it; rendering their immortal conversations such a world's wonder of wit, eloquence, fun, pathos, poetry, learning, and balaam; and during their too brief existence delighting and instructing, awing, as Aristotle says, with terror, or soothing with pity, all the sons and daughters of mankind.

The learned Dr Maginn learnedly maintains that the

"Nepenthes which the wife of Thon
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,"

The

Νηπενθης τ' αχολον, τι κακων επι-
ληθον απαντων,

is nothing but Sanscrit for punch, which he proves by cutting off *Nη* at the beginning, and throwing away *es* at the end, changing *ε* into *u*, and *ς* into *ch*; which, it must be admitted, is very much in the approved fashion of etymologists in general. Perhaps that *Nepenthes* might have been the fragrant flower which so much pleased the nostril, and composed and invigorated, in the Ambrosian nights' entertainments. The great Oriental traveller Mr Wise, we remark in passing, settles for ever, in a parenthesis, the long-vexed question as to the birthplace of Homer, with a slapdash nonchalance which is highly edifying. After these displays of attention to the land of his birth, it is perfectly correct to find Mr Predeville maintaining its character for the illustrious figure of speech for which it is so famous—as for instance, when he tells us in a note on

"The dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

P. L. B. ii. 965—

that "*Demogorgon*" was a frightful *nameless* deity, which the ancients thought capable of producing the most terrible effects, and whose *name* they dreaded to pronounce; or maintains that when the sun is

"Jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high-
road."

P. L. B. vii. 372-3.

"Longitude here means the sun's course from east to west in a *straight line*," which is something like his countryman's purchase of a gun to shoot straight round a corner. We find him indulging in many other tropes of the same kind; but we are really sorry that he has disturbed a various reading of his own in the passage,

"Or Bactrian Sophi, from the *horns*
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste
beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To *Taurus* or Casbeen."

Where he substitutes *Taurus* in the text, unwisely changed in a note, for *Tauris*. The Predevillian reading suggests a pleasant association with the *horns* of a line or two before, and a bull should be always uppermost in the head of an Irishman.

These are among the most original passages which we can find in Mr Predeville's volume, almost every thing else in his commentary being conveyed cleanly from former editors. He gives the following account of his own labours. After having noticed Newton and Todd, he goes on to say,

"As I wished to consult not alone utility but brevity, all through this commentary, I have often given the substance merely (faithfully however) of a note of a commentator, especially if a long one; and often when two or more commentators have given in different words the same explanation of a passage, or have severally expounded several parts of a passage, I have fused all these together, so as to give, for the sake of perspicuity, a consecutive and even exposition of the whole, affixing to the note the initials of their names. Whenever I found the commentator's words brief and explicit enough, I have given them. Whenever there have been many conflicting opinions, I have given the main points, and compared them, so as to enable the reader to form his judgment, while I express my own. I often, too, intersperse in the notes ascribed to others, remarks of my own, in order to render the explanation more complete. Without swelling out the work by giving many objections, I have so shaped the answers as to let the reader know what these objections are, while they are fully refuted.

The notes to which no initial is affixed, I hold myself responsible for; of these many have been derived from various sources, and many are exclusively my own. Of my own notes it is enough for me to say, that they have been only given to rectify the misinterpretation, or supply the omissions of former commentators; or to explain difficult passages which these commentators did not explain. My own notes can be easily distinguished, for I speak in the first person; so that I alone am entitled to blame or praise for them. In unravelling the structure of many of Milton's sentences, I have often found it necessary to analyse them on classical principles, differently from those who judge of them according to the rules of English composition. The fact is, his style is peculiar to himself, embodying all the graces and peculiarities of the ancient tongues."

Of those graces and peculiarities very few fresh specimens indeed have been pointed out by the present editor.

"Dissertations on Milton's taste, character, beauties, imperfections, &c., I have not thought it necessary to introduce. It is better the reader should form his own judgment of all this from an examination of the original passages and their explanations. I have also excluded an immense mass of quotations from obscure English and Italian authors, in which similitudes have been attempted to be shown by men more ambitious of character for learning and research, than for useful and appropriate commentary; *i. e.* I have discarded what is called the treasures of the Gothic library, just because I have found them useless. Todd's edition is full of this curious though idle learning (yet he has some good original notes). All these references to such passages I have unscrupulously swept away. To no reader could they be instructive; and most readers they would tire and disgust. My wish is to fill, not to overload, the mind of the reader. It would require a great stretch of credulity to believe that there was even a remote coincidence between the original passages and most of the passages often quoted as parallel. It is doubtful to me, if Milton, allowing that he read most of these productions, (including sonnets, madrigals, low comedies, romances, and fairy tales, &c.) ever thought of them, when composing *Paradise Lost*. I have confined myself to comparisons with passages of the greatest authors, which he is known to have constantly read and admired—Shakspeare, Spenser, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso; and the most approved of the Greek and Latin authors; adding, of course, the scriptural writers. Whenever I found only a gleam of likeness, I have barely given a reference to the passage referred to: but when I find a coincidence in sentiment or style, I quote the original passage, not alone for the sake of elucidation, but for an exercise to the classical reader's mind and memory. I have observed the same rule, in a great degree, as to the scriptural authorities. Translations of the passages quoted from the classics I have also omitted, because to the learned reader they are unnecessary; and to the unclassical, delusive. Poetic translations (especially if in rhyme) of the ancient authors are never faithful; they are decorative paraphrases at best, if not mutilations carried on with great nicety of dissection. I have divided the text into paragraphs, for a more proper distinction of the several parts of the subject; and have marked the speeches by inverted

commas—a plan which, though novel in the printing of this poem, I imagine the reader will find convenient. I have also occasionally used the dash (thus —) between members of a sentence, to mark apposition, and the absence of the copulative conjunction, especially when the ordinary punctuation would be insufficient to determine the necessary pause. In the first portion of the poem, I have marked many elisions and contractions, to serve the inexperienced reader as a guide during the remainder. The text is now pretty well established, (the punctuation of Milton's editions having been, in consequence of his blindness, very incorrect,) and I have generally followed that of Todd's edition, which is the best. There may be discovered some typographical mistakes in this edition, but they cannot be very important. I have noticed in the notes errors (chiefly of punctuation) in this text and others. I cannot claim a peculiar exemption from verbal errors—no work is free from them. In the Index I have contrived to blend the advantages of an historical and verbal index."

He has discarded what is called the *treasures* of the Gothic library. Has he? Are the English authors, contemporary with Shakspeare and Milton himself? Are the Italian contemporaries of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Gothic? If they be, we do not understand the word, whether taken literally or metaphorically. A very few instances, and we shall not travel further than the first book, will show how judiciously Mr Prendeville has acted in discarding these Gothic treasures.

1. "Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky."—L. 45.

Prendeville is content to refer us to Jupiter flinging Vulcan out of heaven—

Ἠΐψι, ποδος τεταγαν, απο Εηλου θεσπι-
σιοιο —

which bears but a slight resemblance to Milton. Boyd refers, and he is followed by Todd, to Dante.

"Vedea colui, che fu nobil creato
Piu d'altra creatura, giù dal cielo
Folgoreggiando, scender da un lato."

Purgat. c. xii. 25.

And the passage quoted from Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, by Todd, is so similar to Milton's as almost to seem to have suggested it.

2. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."—L. 263.

Prendeville notices the remarkable saying of Julius Cæsar, that he would rather be the first man in a country town than the second in Rome; and observes, after Newton, that Milton has improved upon Prometheus's answer to Mercury in Æschylus. Todd would have supplied him with a passage from Phineas Fletcher's *Locusts*: when speaking of the Prince of darkness, he says:—

"To be in heaven the second he disdains,
So now the first in hell and flames he
raignes"—

and if he had read Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory over Death*, he would there have found a still closer resemblance, not noticed by the commentators.

3. "He called so loud, that all the hollow deeps

Of hell resounded.—L. 315.

On this Prendeville has no note. Todd quotes the celebrated lines of Tasso—

"Tremar le spaziose atre caverne," &c.

and two from Marino, "*Strage degl' Innocenti*," one of which is—

"Ulularo trè volte i cavi specchi,
Trè volte rimbombor l' ombre profonde."

4. "Fair Damascus," L. 468.—is the *bel* Damasco of the *Jerusalem Delivered*.—C. iv. 43.

5. "That proud honour claimed Azazel as his right."—L. 534.

Warton and others after him refer to

"Age, the hoar, he was in the vaward,
And bare the banner before death, by
right he it claimed"—

from the *Vision of Perse Ploughman*, which Milton had undoubtedly read. We may remark by-and-by, that Mr Prendeville has no notion of the reason why Azazel is the standard-bearer of hell.

6. "Thrice he assay'd, and thrice—
Tears—burst forth—interwove with
sighs.—L. 619.

Prendeville quotes Ovid's

"Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit"
after Bentley—and then adds some trifling remarks of his own. Might he not have taken from Bowles the lines of Sackville, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*?—

"Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighs did swallow up
his voice.

7. "Pandemonium." This he tells us is from *παν* and *δαιμονιον*—the dwelling of all the devils. How does he make that out? Pandemonium is formed on the same analogy as Pan-ionion, *Πανιονιον*, the assembly of all the Ionians mentioned by Herodotus. But one of the Gothic authors, Henry More, in his Song of the "Soul," had already called the castle strong on Ida hill, resorted to by a rascal rabble throng of miscreant wights, *Pandemoniathen*, as Todd might have informed him.

8. The passage quoted by the same commentator from Phineas Fletcher's *Locusts*, describing the meeting of the devils in conclave in hell's palace, is too long to extract for such a trifling purpose as that on which we are engaged; but it was evidently in Milton's mind when he wrote the concluding lines of the first book of "*Paradise Lost*."

It is needless to go through all the books in this manner: it is sufficient to say that Mr Prendeville has omitted at least two hundred strikingly illustrative passages, on the absurd principle of discarding what is called the treasures of the Gothic library. It may be answered, that we ought not to expect him to squeeze into one volume what occupies two in the edition of Todd; but we think he might safely have discarded the treasures of the schoolboy library, the mere commonplaces which every well educated lad has by heart, to make room for matter more difficult of access. For instance, we have, B. i. l. 84—"O, how fallen!" paralleled with Virgil's "*Hei mihi, qualis erat—quantum mutatus ab illo*"—208. "The ocean stream," *ωκεανον ποταμον*, which is not the thing: it is *ρους ωκεανος*—376. "Whom first, whom last," with Homer's *τινα πρωτον τινα δ' υστατον*—B. ii. "Sceptred king," with *σκηπτερχος βασιλευς*—174. "His red right hand," with Horace's "*Rubente Dexterâ*"—588. "Dire hail," with his "*Diræ grandinis*"—"The gods who live at ease," with Homer's *θεοι βειη ζωντες*, &c. &c. Trivialities like these are to be found in scores, and they are not much more than waste of paper. Equally useless are such pieces of information as those by which we learn that Moses is called "That Shepherd," i. 8, because he tended the flocks of his father-in-law Jethro; that Satan means "enemy," and Mo-

loch "king," in Hebrew; that Naaman was cured of the leprosy by Elisha, (i. 471;) that a Levite of Mount Benjamin was brutally used by the men of Gibeah, (i. 509,) which story is told at so much length as to occupy half a page of close type, (our critical editor has not, however, condescended to inform us that this is one of the very few passages which Milton altered in his second edition;) or the five hundred other things of the same kind, which any decently catechised child could tell. And again, as valueless are the bits of classical and geographical lore with which the notes swarm. We are told where Parnassus, Olympus, Dodona, &c., are to be found; we are assured that Argo was the first long ship that sailed from Greece; the history of Bellerophon is detailed to us at great length; we receive considerable information as to Bengal being in India, and the isthmus of Darien lying between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with much more of the same kind. For what class of readers of *Paradise Lost* can such schoolboy rubbish be needed? In the midst of this hornbook annotation, we stumble every now and then upon something amusing. For example, when upon—

"Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell

By Fontarabia."—B. i. 585-7.

We find such a note as this,—

"He alludes to the Saracens, who crossed over from Biserta, the ancient Utica in Africa, to Spain. The Spanish historians, whom Milton here follows as more romantic, say that Charlemagne, king of France, and emperor of Germany, undertook, about the year 800, a war against the Saracens of Spain, but was routed and slain at Fontarabia, a strong town in the province of Biscay. But the French writers say that he was victorious, and died at home in peace."—(N.)

Or of what use are such notes as these to a reader of Milton?—

"Pilasters," ornamental pillars set in a wall, with about one-fourth of their thickness outside.—"Architrave," the lower division of an entablature, or that part which rests on the capital or upper part of the column.—"Cornice," the uppermost member of the entablature, or the highest projection; it crowns the order.—"Frieze," that flat part between the architrave and

cornice, generally ornamented with figures. 'Fretted,' ornamented with fretwork or fillets interwoven at parallel distances.—(N., Johnson.)

"'Cressets,' any great light set on high, from the French *croisette*, because beacons had anciently crosses on their tops."—(Johnson.)

That 'sdeined is disdained, 'plained complained; that Gabriel, or Michael, or Raphael, is in some particular place to be pronounced as a dissyllable, elsewhere as a trisyllable; that opal is a sort of pale bluish stone; that maugre is despite of; that Asmodai is Asmodeus, and so on, things to be found in the most ordinary dictionary, or discovered by the most ordinary ear. And what shall we think of this,—

"But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call."—B. xii. 307.

"Jesus is called Joshua, Acts vii. 45, and Heb. iv. 8. The names are the same in Hebrew and Greek." He means to say that Joshua is called Jesus.

How the names are the same in the Hebrew and the Greek, it would be hard to conceive. We might as well say that Diego and James, or Hans and Jack, or Guglielmo and Will, are the same in English and Spanish, or German or Italian. *Ἰησοῦς* is the Greek manner of expressing the Hebrew name Joshua, as we see in the Septuagint, and every other Greek book in which Joshua's name occurs.

There was, then, plenty of room for other illustrations of *Paradise Lost*, by merely striking out this paltry stuff, which once might have had its value, but assuredly is of no value whatever now. Patrick Hume, the first commentator, honestly did his business, of supplying, to the utmost of his knowledge, wherewithal to make the Scriptural and classical allusions of Milton intelligible to the general reader. Callander of Craigforth, who is here (p. 324) puffed as an excellent critic, did nothing more than pillage his countryman in a most shameless manner, as we proved in this Magazine of ours many a long year ago. But since Hume's time, the schoolmaster has been most actively abroad; and Milton himself, who was actually a schoolmaster when living in the body, has, since he has departed from it, made, by means of this very *Paradise Lost*, the ordinary reading public familiarly acquainted with

many a matter which, in the days of Charles the Second, had not penetrated very much deeper than the upper circle of scholars. What, therefore, was commendable in Hume's time is contemptible now. And then, during these last forty years, the popular study of our ancient lore, which may be said to have commenced with the publication of Percy's *Reliques*, has familiarized us with words deemed in Newton's time, when an astonishing ignorance of our old language prevailed among the ordinary run of readers and writers, fit for a glossary. We need not now be told that chivalry means people who ride on horses or drive in chariots. The reader of *Hohenlinden*, no very recondite poem, understands—

“Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!”

without a patronising note of explanation. It may once have been a matter of necessity to explain that a brand is a sword. Is it now requisite for the merest loungee over a novel? What proof-armour, plate, mail, tilting, tournaments, blazonry, cressets, jousts, &c. &c., are, must be known to even the frequenters of minor theatres? Sir Walter Scott has familiarized us well to all these things, and yet they are here dully explained in formal notes. Now, really we might expect that trivial classical quotations, charity-school Scriptural lore, and circulating library knowledge, are not any longer to find a place in a critical edition of *Paradise Lost*. Whatever purpose they were originally intended to serve has been served long since, and they may now safely be discarded. At least one half of Mr Prendeville's notes are, in the present state of the most ordinary literature, quite useless.

In another department of his task, Mr Prendeville throws down the gauntlet of defiance against all other epic poets in behalf of *Paradise Lost*, as becomes a loyal editor. He copies, of course, Addison's laudatory remarks, which, however, will hardly stand the test of rigid criticism, and boldly sets Milton

“Above all Greek, above all Roman
fame.”

Some gentleman, who keeps him-

self prudently anonymous, supplies the following sagacious sentences:—

“Homer had certainly more invention than Virgil; and Virgil more judgment than Homer. But Homer had more of Virgil's talent than Virgil had of his; and, besides, possessed his own in a greater degree than Virgil did his own: in short, Homer had more judgment than Virgil had invention, and more invention than Virgil judgment. Yet the *Æneid* does not fall so short of the *Iliad*, as Virgil's genius seems to do of Homer's; which no doubt, in a great part, is owing to his skilful imitations. But Milton surpasses both; for he was equal to Homer in invention, and superior to him and Virgil in judgment.”

This is a beautiful specimen of antithetical criticism, which may be successfully applied to any thing. “Apples have certainly more fruit in them than apple-puddings, and apple-puddings more flour than apple-pies; but the pies have more of the pudding material than the puddings have of the pie material, and besides possess their own in a greater degree than the puddings do theirs: in short, the pies have more flour than the puddings have fruit, and more fruit than the puddings have flour. But plum-puddings surpass both, for they are equal to apple-pies in fruit, and surpass them and apple-puddings in flour.” Now, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, these elaborately balanced assertions, *de re pistoriâ*, will not be taken without being submitted to that decisive ordeal; and in like manner, we must be reluctant to admit, without some satisfactory test of their truth, the equally trim antitheses of the anonymous aphorist *in re criticâ*. There are people in the world who imagine that Homer had not only more invention, but more judgment than Virgil and Milton put together, and who question whether the judgment of our great English poet is exactly the point on which he is most deserving of approbation, in spite of such battledore and shuttlecock criticism as that just quoted. Elsewhere he tells us, that most of the eminent *literati* contend for the supremacy of *Paradise Lost* over any poem in any language or age, (Editor's Preface, p. 1,) and on all due occasions takes an opportunity of extolling it as superior to the epics of Homer. These eminent *literati* are, we believe, in a very respect-

able minority ; and it would be hard indeed to point out *one* capable of understanding Homer, who was ever guilty of holding such an opinion. At all events we do not think that Mr Prendeville has read

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," with any remarkable care, in those passages in which he claims Milton's superiority. For instance, in his note on the 14th and 28th lines of the Ninth Book, he assures us that his (Milton's) theme was in truth more sublime than the wrath of Achilles, who dragged his dead foe Hector thrice round the walls of Troy. Now, if he had looked into Homer, he would have found that Achilles did no such thing.

"ὥς τῷ (Hector and Achilles) τρεῖς
Πριαμοιο πολὺν περιδινητήν
καρπαλιμοῖσι ποδίσσιν."

"Thrice they did both whirl round the city of Priam with rapid step."

Hector being by no means dead, but displaying most active signs of vitality. After he was killed, indeed, Achilles tied him to his chariot, and dragged him, not round the city, but straight to the ships.

"ταχέες δὲ μιν (Hector) ἵπποι
ἔλκον ἀκηδέστας κοίλας ἐπὶ νηας
Ἀχαιῶν."

"And the swift horses dragged him pitilessly to the hollow ships of the Grecians."

If Mr Prendeville had looked at the text on which he was commenting, he would have seen that Milton made no such mistake. He describes Hector as "the foe *pursued thrice fugitive*—not thrice dragged—about Troy wall." But even Milton does not appear to be quite correct; for the wrath of stern Achilles—the *μῆνις συλομένη*—which is the theme of the Iliad, was directed, not against Hector but Agamemnon. As so complete and accurate a scholar could hardly have made any error when Homer is concerned, perhaps we may conjecture that Milton dictated—

—"the wrath

Of stern Achilles, or his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall"—

such an error of the press being likely enough to escape the notice of Milton, or to excite the suspicion of his reader. If this reading be admitted, the mean-

ing of the passage is, "my theme is more exalted than the anger of Achilles, which commences the Iliad, or the defeat of Hector, which brings it to a conclusion."

On B. iv. l. 700, we have the following note:—

"Pope says that Milton imitates Homer (Il. xiv. 347), where Jupiter and Juno are represented as lying together in conjugal embrace on Ida; and that he copies the terms and cadence of his verse, and many of his words. Yes; but how small a portion of his description are Homer's three lines! and how immeasurably superior is this description to Homer's, and to those of all the ancient poets put together!—

Τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ Χθωνὶ διαφύεν νεοθήλεια ποῖνιν,
Λωτὸν θ' ἔρσηνεντα, ἰδὲ προκόν, ἰδ' ἱακινθόν,
Πικνὸν καὶ μαλακόν, δὲ ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὕψος
ἔεργε.

The passage in Milton is unquestionably very fine.

"Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd

On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chose by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd

All things to man's delightful use: the roof,

Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,
Laurel, and myrtle; and what higher grew,

Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,

Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between,
and wrought

Mosaic: underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than
with stone,

Or costliest emblem."

But that it is immeasurably superior, or superior at all to Homer's, is quite another question. Mr Prendeville did not reflect that Milton was describing a bower—Homer a bed—which are two rather different things. The laurel, myrtle, and what higher grew of firm and fragrant leaf, the odorous shrubs, and even the roses, if any with thorns were to be found in Paradise, would not be the most agreeable present for Earth to offer as a couch for Jupiter and Juno, however ornamental they may be in a bower. Homer employed three lines, because these three lines said all that he had

to say; as, for a reason of the same kind, Milton in his passage has employed some fifteen. When Homer has to describe a bower, as Calypso's in the *Odyssey*, E. 59—74; or a garden, as that of Alcinous, *Od. H.* 112—132, he spends upon it as many lines as Milton, which must gratify the arithmetical heart of Mr Prendeville, who evidently values poetry by its length. Milton had the passages of the *Odyssey* clearly in his mind, as any one will perceive who compares the poems. By the way, why is Mr Prendeville content with merely defining "emblem," which occurs in the last line we have quoted, without taking as an illustration—

"Arte pavimenti, atque emblemate vermiculato"—

with which he might have been supplied by Bentley? Is it because, as B. had omitted to point out the author, P. did not like to expose himself as not knowing that it came from Lucilius?

Mr Prendeville's note on Book v. l. 285, &c., is too long to be quoted; but it is directed to the purpose of proving that Milton's account of the descent of Raphael to Eden far outshines that of Homer describing Mercury's flight downward to Troy in the 24th *Iliad*, or of the same deity's mission to Æneas, in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*.

"It is unnecessary to point out the immeasurable superiority of Milton in his description of the progress of Raphael's flight—the spontaneous opening of heaven's gates—the first view of earth, looking like a distant speck of land in the ocean—his sailing between worlds and worlds—his resemblance on his approach to earth, while high in the air, to a phoenix—the gorgeous picture of his wings—and his appearance in Paradise in his native majesty, (for it is in his graceful posture, after he alights, that he is chiefly compared to Mercury,) with that matchless accompaniment of his shaking his plumes, and diffusing a heavenly fragrance wide around. . . . Virgil, who labours to improve on Homer, represents Jupiter as sending Mercury to warn Æneas of his danger in disobeying the divine injunction, and neglecting the high destinies in store for him. Here Mercury 'flies close by the surface of the sea.' So Satan (ii. 634) 'shaves with level wing the deep.' In Homer, Mercury's wings bear him 'over moist and o'er the boundless earth.' In

Virgil, they 'bear him o'er sea and earth.' Milton embraces all; for (iii. 652) God's angels 'bear his swift errands over moist and dry, o'er sea and land. Mercury lights on Mount Atlas, and thence throws himself headlong to the waves. Satan (iii. 70) does much more, for he

'Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.'

Virgil represents 'the pine-capped head of Atlas, girt day by day with gloomy clouds, beat with the wind and rain.' Milton (ii. 587) represents a whole 'frozen continent dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms of whirlwind and dire hail.' Mercury drives 'the winds, and swims through troubled clouds.' Raphael here 'sails on the polar winds (the strongest of all winds, and) with steady wing;' and Satan does more, for he (ii. 1014) 'through the shock of fighting elements, on all sides round environed, wins his way.' Virgil compares Mercury to a sea-bird winging close along the cliffs; but Raphael is like the phoenix soaring in mid heaven. Thus the reader will see with what masterly power he embellishes whatever he touches, and how superior is his description to both those."

Very enlightened criticism indeed! Homer and Virgil had to describe a god, whom their mythology furnished with a pair of slippers, *πίδιλα, talaria*, which transported the wearer fast as the wind over land and sea. The Raphael of Milton was a six-winged seraph, in conformity with the seraphim in Isaiah vi. 2. Mercury is dispatched from the Olympian heaven of Paganism, which was scarcely any thing more than terrestrial; and therefore he is compared to a purely terrestrial object—the sea-bird skimming along the cliffs. This comparison is to be found in Virgil—the

—avi similis, quæ circum littora,
circum

Piscoscos scœpulos, humilis volat æquora
juxta,

of the *Æneid*, (B. iv. 254,) being little more than a translation of the *Odyssey*, E. 51—53.

—λαρὰ ὀρνιθὶ σίκκας,
'Ὅστε κατὰ δεινούς κολῶνους ἄλλος ἀτρύγετοιο
ἰχθὺς ἀγρωσσαν, πυκνὰ πτερὰ δεινταὶ
ἀλμυρῇ.

Raphaël comes from the empyreal, the heaven of heavens, of a far different creed, and may be likened to an imaginary bird, the phoenix, sailing between fancied worlds—in short

Homer, and Virgil, who does not venture much beyond translating his Greek master, are doing one thing, and Milton is doing another. All three execute their tasks with great genius and grace; but something is to be said in favour of him who came first. Mr Prendeville, however, is much mistaken if he imagines that the picturesque touches (not in Homer) which he principally admires as improvements, are original in Paradise Lost. One of those treasures of the Gothic library, so much despised by our editor, namely Sannazarius, makes the angel who announces the birth of our Saviour in the *De Partu Virginis*, lib. i. 107, perfume the air like Raphael by expanding his wings.

—ingentes explicat alas,

Ac tectis late insuetum diffundit odorem.

and Marino, in the *Strage degli Innocenti*, was beforehand with Milton in comparing an angel to a phoenix.

Let us further remark, that in the quality of judgment, which is wisely supposed to have been deficient in Homer, the old Father of Song far outstrips Milton, as indeed he does every body else. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, is never sent on idle or ineffectual messages. He goes, in the Iliad, to bring Priam to the tent of Achilles; and the body is accordingly regained. In the Odyssey he is dispatched to free Ulysses from the thralldom of Calypso; and Ulysses is at once sent afloat on his homeward voyage. What may be the use of Raphael's mission it is hard to say; unless to afford the poet a convenient opportunity of describing the revolt of Satan, the war in heaven, the punishment of the rebellious, and the creation of the world; and to be rewarded by Adam for his communicativeness by an account of what immediately followed the creation of man. It is true that Raphael warns Adam of the danger he is in from the wiles and the malice of Satan; but the warning is not only of no use, but it was destined to be utterly fruitless. The commission given to Raphael is, Book v. 229—245,

“Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend

Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade

Thou find'st him, from the heat of noon retir'd

To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,

As may advise him of his happy state—
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will—his will, though free,

Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure. Tell him withal

His danger, and from whom; what enemy,

Late fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now

The fall of others from like state of bliss:
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood,

But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.”

This sounds very well—was it intended that Raphael's mission should have any success? Certainly not—for in the third book, where God sees Satan arrive on earth, he is made to say,

“—And now,

Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way,

Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,

Directly towards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to essay

If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert:

For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny.”

Man, then, being thus foredoomed to listen to the glozing lies of the tempter, to be by them perverted, to transgress the sole pledge of his obedience, and to *fall*—what is the use of Raphael's mission? We should think little of the “judgment” of Homer if he sent his Mercury on such a fool's errand, as to bring home the dead body of Hector, or the living body of Ulysses, if he knew that destiny had determined that Achilles was to retain the one, and Calypso the other.

Mr Prendeville makes many other sallies of the same kind, in which any one but the eminent anonymous critic, already renowned, will without hesitation give the palm to Homer, and cry, with Horace some nineteen centuries ago,

Quanto rectius hic qui NIL molitur inepte.

But he escapes (narrowly to be sure) one amusing preference awarded by Bishop Newton to Milton. Vulcan, we all know, was flung forth of heaven by Jupiter, who, as he tells us, "hurled me, seizing me by the foot, from the heavenly threshold. I tumbled all the day, and with the setting sun fell down upon Lemnos." Milton amplifies this story considerably.

"Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry
Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from
morn

To noon he fell—from noon to dewy
eve—

A summer's day; and with the setting
sun

Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle."

On this remarks Bishop Newton, "He (Milton) not only says, with Homer, that it was all day long, but we are led through the parts of the day, from morn to noon, from noon to evening, and this a summer's day." The Bishop might have reflected that the narrators of this event in the two poems were in widely different situations. Milton himself, in *Paradise Lost*, with his singing robes around him, had ample time and leisure to reflect upon the state of the weather, and other celestial phenomena attendant upon Vulcan's fall. In the *Iliad* the story is told by Vulcan himself; and we take it for granted that, while he was rolling from the battlements of heaven to the Lemnian Isle, at a rapidity far surpassing the best pace of the best train on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, whirling grim old Marshal Soult at the rate of fifty miles an hour, he had no leisure whatever to reflect upon the summeriness of the day, or the dewiness of the evening. He thought, and so did Homer, that he said quite enough in saying *πάν' ἡμέρας φερόμεν*, leaving it to other reciters, Milton for example, to put in the picturesque, for which, at the time, he could not fairly be expected to have any remarkable relish. Vulcan, we may add, is rather unlucky in the hands of the Miltonian commentators. We find here the "great laughter in heaven" defended, very needlessly, by quoting Homer, who it seems, in *Il. A. 599*, &c., says,

laughter inextinguishable rose among the happy gods, when they saw Vulcan's hobbling gait. We rather think it was no such thing. The hobbling gait of Vulcan is never made matter of derision in Homer—if he be called *αμφιγυνής*, it is generally, we believe uniformly prefixed by *κλυτός*, or *περικλυτός*; and what the gods laughed at was not his limping, but his skink-ing, as Pope translates *ποιπνουντα*.

*Ασβεστος δ' αὖ' ἐνώρτο γέλωας μακαρεσσι
θεοῖσι*

ὧς ἰδὼν Ἡφαίστον δια δαμάτα ποιπνουντα.

Milton's superiority over Homer and Virgil, is of course asserted, for making hell *thrice* the distance from heaven, as the centre is from the pole; whereas Virgil makes it but twice, and Homer barely the same distance. In this style of surpassing, the next epic poet will only have to make it *four* times to achieve a further victory over all three—but we cannot let Mr Prendeville triumph over old Homer in another article of measurement. Upon *P. L. B. i. 292*, we have the following note.

"Homer compares the club of Polyphemus to the mast of a ship:—*ὅσσον δ' ἴσπον νηος*. (*Odys. ix. 322*.) Virgil, *Æn. iii. 659*, compares it to the trunk of a pine-tree—

'Trunca manum pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.'
Ovid, *Metamorph. xiii. 782*, more fully conveys Milton's sentiment:—

*'Cui postquam pinus, baculi quæ præbuit usum
Ante pedes posita est, antennis apta ferendis.'*

Milton, as the reader will easily see, not only embodies, but surpasses the descriptions of all three.

Leaving Virgil and Ovid to shift for themselves, we beg to remark, on behalf of Homer, that a very important word is omitted in the quotation from the *Odyssey*. The olive-tree club of Polyphemus is not merely *ὅσσον δ' ἴσπον νηος*, but

*ὅσσον δ' ἴσπον νηος εἰκοσθοροιο μελαίνης
φορτίδος, εὐρείης, πρ' ἐκπασσάμεναι λαίτμα.*

It was as large as the mast of a black twenty-oared galley built for carrying burden, broad of beam, and fitted for long voyages. In fact, a large vessel of Homer's time—something analogous to Milton's great "amiral." We cannot admit that Homer is surpassed in this. By the way, talking of ships, when did Mr Prendeville learn that Indiamen were the largest ships known in Milton's time, as he tells us in a note on Book ii. c.

735? We rather think he is mistaken—at all events, we are quite sure that the largeness of the vessel has nothing to do with the simile in Milton.

Mr Prendeville is no seaman.

"He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated."

"Hull is here a verb, to float to and fro, without sail or rudder. See Johnson."

We do see Johnson, lying under several volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and there let him lie. It may be all very true that "hull" does mean "to float to and fro without sail or rudder," where the term is applied to a vessel that has lost all her sails and her rudder; but that was not the case with the ark, which had none to lose. The flood is abating—

"The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed."

That explains the meaning of the word "hull." Adam looked, and he saw the ark "hull;" that is, showing more and more of her hull as the flood ebbed from under her, and left her fixed on the mountain-top.

Mr Prendeville is always out in his nautical.

"Night-foundered skiff,"

he says, "is a boat prevented by the darkness of the night from proceeding; 'foundered' is a nautical word applied to a disabled ship.—*Comus*, 483.

'Some one, like us, night-foundered here.'

"Bentley proposes 'nigh-foundered,' as the word is used ii. 940. But the words,

'While night invests the sea,'

after, appear to me to decide for the present reading."

On this it may be observed, that "founder" is not "a nautical word applied to a disabled ship." Secondly, that the line quoted from *Comus*, does not support Mr Prendeville in his interpretation of the term. And thirdly, that the words, "while night invests the sea," so far from appearing to decide for the present reading, appear to decide against it, inasmuch as it seems inconsistent with Milton's manner to tell us, when speaking of a "night-foundered skiff," that "night invests

the sea;" that surely would be a useless repetition. We agree, then, with Bentley, that "nigh-foundered" is the word. "Foundered" thus has its right nautical meaning, "going to the bottom;" and in the line in *Comus*, "night-foundered" means "night-lost."

Mr Prendeville believes

"Orcs, a species of whale with a round mouth, *ab ore*."

Why, we presume, Mr Prendeville himself has a round mouth, especially when he yawns, as we do now. But he does not on that account become an "orc," or a species of whale.

Mr Prendeville is at pains to prove, from Newton and others, that the leviathan here described is not the crocodile, but the whale. He is certainly very like a whale; whereas the crocodile is in the habit of standing, and lying too, with his hands in his breeches pockets—a picturesque peculiarity pointed out by the late lamented Lord Castlereagh; but of which no mention is made by Milton. Bishop Newton holds him to be a whale on two grounds: first, that "the crocodile is not found on the Norway coast;" and second, that he is "too small and agile an animal to answer the description." These objections are fatal to the claims of the crocodile; but leave it an open question—may he not have been the sea-serpent? Yet of the three—crocodile, sea-serpent, whale—the long odds may be safely offered on blubber. "Scaly rind," the Bishop candidly admits, may appear to point to *crocky*; still he holds it is "but a poetic figure to express the rough, wrinkled, hard skin of that animal"—the whale. Mr Prendeville, in a note of his own—annotating on another description of leviathan "tempesting the ocean," exclaims exultingly—"It is evident that by leviathan here he means the whale, no matter how learned critics may apply the leviathan in the Book of Job to the crocodile. He distinctly mentions the crocodile (B. vii. l. 474) as an amphibious animal—whereas leviathan is a fish." But why may not an amphibious animal "haply slumber on the Norway foam?" Finally—if leviathan be a fish, then he is not a whale; for though, "as seamen tell," the *Kate* of Aberdeen comes home from the Straits clean, and the

Girzy of Peterhead full of oil; yet ichthyologists tell a still stranger story, and class the whale, as well as the above whalers, among the *mammalia*.

By the way, Mr Predeville quotes from Newton a facetious note, in illustration of what Milton says of the fishes, that—

“under rocks their food,
In jointed armour watch.”

“The shells of lobsters and old armour,” quoth Lawnsleeves, “very much resemble one another.” In the civil wars there was a regiment of horse so completely armed that they were called “Sir Arthur Haselrig’s lobsters.” So, too, at Waterloo, Shaw the life-guardsmen, and others, cracked the cuirassiers like lobsters. Nay, lobsters and soldiers are now synonymous and convertible terms—whence occasional confusion; but in the case of oysters ’tis otherwise, the great distinction being kept up between natives and settlers.

A page or two back we find Mr Predeville praising Milton for beating Homer and Virgil out and out, by merely saying thrice, in place of twice or once; yet on a somewhat similar occasion he finds fault with Virgil for being too specific about the size of a giant. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 596, describes him as extending over nine acres—“per tota novem cui jugera corpus porrigitur.” Milton says of Satan,—

“Lay floating many a rood.”

Mr Predeville says,—“The indefinite description which Milton gives is far better, in my opinion, than the precise specification of dimensions in Virgil, as the reader’s imagination is not confined to any particular measure.” We humbly think that nine acres of giant is a fair allowance for any reasonable reader’s imagination. Suppose yourself jogging along on a constitutional drive, by the side of a giant a quarter of an acre broad, and “extending over nine acres,” and pulling up at the waistband of his breeches, to pay toll at a turnpike clapped down by the county since your last excursion—pray, would you accuse Virgil of too precise specification of dimensions?

Homer is again brought in question in a note upon Book iv. c. 598. It is the celebrated description of Night.

“Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk;—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She, all night long, her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glow’d the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil’d her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

A beautiful passage, beyond question—on which we have the following note.

“This is the first evening in the poem; and to this description of it I know nothing parallel or comparable in the treasures of ancient or modern poetry. I can only recollect one description to be mentioned after this, a moonshiny night in Homer (Il. viii. 551), where Mr Pope has taken pains to make the translation as excellent as the original:—

‘Ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστὲρα φαεινὴν ἀμφι σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεία, ὅτε τ’ ἐπλετο νύκτες αἰθέρ,
ἐκ τ’ ἐφανόν πασαι σκοπταί, καὶ πρῶονες ἀκροί,
καὶ νῆπαι· οὐρανοθεν δ’ ἀρ’ ὑπερῶα γῆ ἀσπίτος
αἰθέρ,
Πάντα δὲ τ’ εἶδεται ἀστρᾶ· γεγενη δὲ φρενα
ποιμὴν.

Milton leaves off where Homer begins.—
(N.)”

The pains taken by Mr Pope with this “moon-shiny night” are too well-known to be much further noticed; but in what particulars are the passages to be compared? They have not a single image in common except, the shining of the moon; and as Milton leaves off where Homer begins we think the note might be left out altogether. Milton was more indebted to Nonnus, whom we shall have occasion again to quote, than to Homer.

Another censure of the old bard is to be found in a note on Book v. c. 396.

“‘No fear lest dinner cool.’ These words have been censured as very undignified; but I think Milton, who was very temperate in his diet, wished to convey by them his low opinion of the luxurious and epicurean habits of his time. There are many allusions in Homer and Virgil more undignified.”

More undignified! God help the man! Voltaire is the critic who makes the objection to Milton's want of dignity; and clever, witty, and shrewd as he was, we may hold the epical criticism of the author of the *Henriade* cheap enough.

We shall notice only one other Homeric bit in Mr Prendeville. *P. L.* Book i. 609.

"Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven."

"Amerced here means deprived, from the Greek ἀμείδω, ἀμερῶ.

How kind to conjugate for us, lest we should not suspect whence comes the

ὀφθαλμῶν μιν ἀμερῶ, δίδου δ' ἡδύϊαν αἰδῶν!

This note is taken from Patrick Hume; but not exactly as Hume wrote it. He says, "Amerced has here a *strange affinity* with the Greek ἀμείδω to deprive, to take away," and he translates the line from the Odyssey—"The muse amerced him of his eyes, but gave him the faculty of singing sweetly." Hume merely notices the queer coincidence of words drawn from such different sources—Prendeville boldly derives our word of Norman law from the Greek. *Amerce* comes from *amercier*, signifying to fine a man, to take from him his *merz*, as it does this very day in law, and has as much to do with ἀμείδω, as it has with the river Mersey.

Poor Homer—or rather poor Saxon differs in another word. *P. L.* Book viii. 258.

"Gazed awhile the ample sky." Here 'gazed' is classically used actively, as ἀγαζομαι (from which it is derived,) sometimes is in Homer, to survey with wonder.

Derived from ἀγαζομαι! Why, it is nothing more nor less than *Ge-sean*, the Anglo-Saxon for *to see*, and it is used in its ordinary Anglo-Saxon construction. It is treating us poor Sassenaghs badly, for this Hibernian editor to carry our indigenous roots to the Greek market, already sufficiently stocked and magnificently furnished forth with native commodities of its own. If Mr Prendeville proceeds etymologizing in this manner, we shall soon expect to find *pancake* derived, in the old Joe Miller fashion, from παν omne, and κακον, *malum*, as being the immediate provocate of brandy-drink-

ing, and thence the ultimate cause of all the mischief done during the evening of Shrovetide—or with the etymologist mentioned in the first volume of the *Diversions of Purley*, who deduced King Pepin from ὀσπίς, by the ingenious genealogy of "ὀσπίς, ἡσπίς, ὀπίς, diaper, napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pippin-king, King Pippin." At all events, we recommend him to adopt the theory that *unscathed* is derived from ἀσκηής. Sir Walter Scott's

"And hopest thou hence *unscathed* to go."

being clearly from the ἀσκηθῆν δ' ἐναῖς of Homer. We may clap it as a note on the first book of "Paradise Lost," line 613—

"Hath *scathed* the lofty pines"—

on which Newton has given an annotation, marked by the usual sagacity of that right reverend divine.

Feeling less concerned for Virgil, we shall only rescue him from Mr Prendeville on one occasion:—

"As the opening of hell's gates was an event so important to the future history of the poem, he describes it minutely and with the most masterly force of expression; the laborious motion of the feet, and the harsh discordant sound of the versification, and the sudden breaks, heightened by the frequent use of the letter *r*, are admirably expressive of the sense; and then when they are once flung open and for ever, the lines flow on with a pomp and swell which it requires a volume of breath to read with adequate effect. So after, when he describes the illimitable ocean, the various pauses which the mind is obliged to make, express so many sections, so to speak, of its boundless proportions, and its many ingredients. How petty, says Newton very justly, is the following description of hell's gates by Virgil compared with this? *Æn.* vi.—

—"Horrissono stridentibus cardine sacre
Panduntur portæ."

This may be very pretty, though we rather think it is quite the reverse; but Virgil was not the poet here imitated. Listen to Nonnus—

Χαίρει δ' ἀνοχλίζων αἶδης ὀρφναῖον ὄχημα
Εὐρυτέρους πολεωντας εἰων αἰετὲς μελαδρῶν
διεσσυμένων δὲ βερειδρῶν
Ταρταρίον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἐκτυποῦν
ὄχθαι

So sings the Panopolitan; and thus Milton—

"On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

The infernal doors; and on their hinges
grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
shook
Of Erebus."

It is pretty plain that Virgil is not to be blamed for not doing what he did not want to do, or for not supplying the images borrowed by Milton from Nonnus. Mr Prendeville might have noticed that among the books which, in his "Tractate on Education, addressed to Samuel Hartleb," he recommended to be read, was this scarcely looked at poet; and perhaps, if he had known where to read out of the track pointed out by the herd of commentators, he might have found that Nonnus has not a little contributed to "Paradise Lost." If he had also looked into that book which he learnedly calls *Aratus's Diosemæia*, p. xvi., he there, too, might have discovered something wherewith better to enrich his notes. However, he was determined not to look beyond his nose, not even so far as his Todd, limited as that Miltonian prospect must be allowed to be.

Where did Mr Prendeville learn that Milton had ever any notion of writing a poem upon Alfred? In his epistle to Mansus, he mentions his design of writing an epic poem on the subject of Arthur, (*Prince Arthur* here, promoted afterwards, p. 337, to the rank of *King Arthur*), in which he promises—

*Frangam Saxonibus Britonum sub
Marte phalanges—*

and his early fancy seems to have clung to him to the very end; the only allusion to British affairs in all *Paradise Lost* being to

"What resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British or Armoric
knights."

Let us remark, that of the peculiar kind of battalion—the phalanx—which Milton was to smash, Mr Prendeville has a somewhat strange idea. He derives the word in the following pleasant manner:—

"Homer describes his warriors moving on in close phalanx, horrent with spear and shield. Il. iv. 281.

Δῖον ἐς πόλεμον πυκνὰ κινύτο Φαλαγγες
Κυανέαι, σακκίσιν τε καὶ ἔγχυσσι πεφρικυαίαι.

(See after, of this Book, 563—565.) The phalanx was a compact square body of in-

fantry, used in the armies of Macedon, so close as to present one solid mass, and very formidable on even ground, but inferior to the Roman legion on uneven ground, where it was comparatively incapable of quick evolutions or steady action. The soldiers used immensely long spears, whence the name, some think, (as Homer calls long poles or pikes *phalanges*,) and held their shields closely locked and clasped together, or 'serried,' from the French *serrer*, to lock: some again derive *phalanx* from *πυλαξίν* *αγχι* to approach closely."

Φαλαγγε from *πυλαξίν* *αγχι*! It is a mighty pretty derivation as it stands. Just as much as *breeches* comes from *bear riches*, or *news* from N.E.W.S., *North, East, West, and South*, or *toad-eater* from *toad* and *eater*, or *Napoleon* from *Απελλουσι*, or *aroint thee* from a *rowan tree*, or *ανδρωπος* from *ανω* *sursum*, *τρεπω* *verto* and *ωφ* *oculus*, or any other of the ingenious conundrums with which dictionaries and lexicons are stuffed. Somewhat further on we have something more about the phalanx—Book vi. l. 399.

"'Cubic.' Though, strictly, to have been cubic, it must have been as high as it was broad; yet by poetic license it here means *four-square* only, having that property of a cube to be equal in length on all sides.—P."

P. signifies Pearce. It might with no impropriety signify *Poor Pedant*. He wrote a paltry pamphlet cutting up Bentley's edition of Milton, in which he thought he had the *criticorum longe maximus* at his mercy, and that such a twenty-fifth rate scholar as he might insult on a peculiar dung-hill—

"The mighty scholiast, whose unwearied
pains

Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains."

But in so doing he merely exposed his own particular ignorance. Bentley had been idle enough to change in this line, *cubic* phalanx into *martial* phalanx, and Pearce replied as above. Now, there certainly is something extremely ludicrous in the conception of an army of any kind, angelic or gigantic, or merely human, being as high in stature as it is long and broad in depth and extent. The angelic battle in *Paradise Lost*—displays little "judgment" enough in all conscience, as we have it, without

clogging it with extraneous absurdities; and Milton, who was beyond doubt a complete scholar, "absolute in all numbers," must not be accused of not understanding either Greek or English words. "Cubic" then, here, has nothing to do with *space*. The cubic phalanx is the phalanx cubic of *number*—as an editor of Livy (Mr Prendeville, we perceive by the title-page of his Milton, has edited Titus Livius,) might know, was formed by cubic *arithmetic*—not by cubic *measure*.

Let us, now our hand is in, give a few more samples of Mr Prendeville's critical powers. Good old Bishop Newton opined "that loss of Eden" meant only loss of Paradise, which was in Eden, the whole being put for a part, as a part is sometimes put for the whole by the figure synecdoche. "For," said he, "the last we read of our first parents is, that they were still in Eden—

'Through Eden took their solitary way.'

"This explanation," says Mr Prendeville, though we can hardly believe him, "has been adopted in the best modern editions—most improperly," quoth he; and most improperly, quoth we. "The poet plainly shows," continues Mr Prendeville, "that it was to the outer world, or part of the earth outside Eden, to which they were *proceeding by the shortest route*." This is not quite consistent with what he says in the last note of all, that "their steps were wandering, as they did not know any particular way to take." It seems that the four concluding lines of the *Paradise Lost* have been the subject of much dispute—

"The world was all before them, where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way."

Addison, it seems, thought the poem, from the want of sufficient dignity in the last two lines, would better end with the two preceding; but Mr Prendeville fully agrees with those who would retain these last lines, as conveying a melancholy picture, quite in character with the condition of Adam and Eve, but would transpose them, and thus leave on the reader's

mind the cheering persuasion, that in their affliction "Providence was their guide." This is very amiable in dear, kind, good Mr Prendeville; but let us indulge the old blind poet in his whim of ending *Paradise Lost* otherwise. And let Mr Prendeville rest assured, that the memory of mankind is not so weak as to be unable to retain the thought of "Providence their guide," for two seconds after it has been so solemnly enunciated by the inspired bard.

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks
In Vallombrosa."

"It has been urged," Mr Prendeville informs us, "by some critics, that as in Vallombrosa the trees are mostly evergreen, and therefore do not shed their leaves all at once in the autumn, Milton is botanically wrong." Todd, it seems, justifies Milton by observing, that the leaves drop off by degrees, as the same leaves do not always continue, and accumulate continually, and this is tolerably clever in Todd. But Mr Prendeville comes to the defence like a giant bold on Beamish's best, and exclaims, "Milton must have seen this famous valley, and, as being a botanist, must have been aware of the nature of evergreens, and of the autumnal state of the foliage there, and therefore made the comparison knowingly!" From this it would appear that the objectors had not been aware that Milton had ever visited Tuscany, or that he was a botanist, or knew any thing of the nature of evergreens. Having thus got the objectors on the hip, Mr Prendeville gives them all so many crossbuttocks thus—"In addition I may state, that, besides evergreens, there are many other kinds of trees there, whose leaves drop off autumnally." This note, it is evident, could, on no account, have been spared.

"Tears such as angels weep,"

"That is, of a different kind from the tears of mortals,—so vi. 332, when Satan is wounded by Michael, from the wound—

'A stream of nectarous humour issuing
flow'd,

Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed.'

"So in Homer, *Iliad*, v. 340, the wounded divinity does not yield blood,

but a thinner substance called *ææ*.
*When the soldier pierced the side of
 our crucified Saviour with a spear,
 forthwith came there out water and
 blood.*" Does Mr Prendeville mean to
 say, that in that awful verse of St
 John there is any allusion to other
 than a human issue? If he does, he
 is most grossly ignorant of what
 the wound in the blessed side im-
 plied.

"As when to warn proud cities, war
 appears

Waged in the troubled sky, and armies
 rush

To battle in the clouds; before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch
 their spears,

Till thickest legions close; with feats of
 arms

From either end of heaven the welkin
 burns:

"The belief of these portentous
 signs was very ancient. Ovid. *Met.*
 xv. 782:—

* Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta
 futuri.

Arma ferunt nigras inter crepitantia nubes,
 Terribilesque tubas, auditaque cornua cœlo,
 Præmonuisse nefas.'

(See Tibullus. ii. v. 71.) So Virgil,
Geor. i. 474:—

* Armorum sonitum, toto Germania cœlo,
 Audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus
 Alpes.'

Who can read the above lines of Mil-
 ton without feeling that all is *visual*,
 nothing *audible*? The battle in the
 clouds is *silent*. We have seen such
 —so, we hope, have you—in West-
 moreland night-skies. Wind there
 must have been aloft, but it was not
 to be heard. Now, Mr Prendeville
 never witnessed such a stormful silence.
 He vainly imagines that there was a
 loud noise of war; therefore he quotes
 the trumpets and horns of Ovid, and
 the "armorum sonitum" of Virgil—
 sublime passages both, but the first ad-
 dressing the ear chiefly, and the
 second the ear solely. So much for
 parallel passages.

"Prick forth," that is, forward with
 his spur in full career. *Faëry Queen*,
 Introduction—

"The goodly knight was pricking o'er the
 plain."

Mr Prendeville cannot quote the
 first line of the *Faëry Queen*.

'A gentle knight was pricking on the
 plain.'

It is *not* in the Introduction—nor is
 there an Introduction. There are,
 indeed, four stanzas of invocation.

The Red-Cross Knight was not in
 full career. If he had been, how
 could poor Una, on her milkwhite
 ass, have kept by his side? They
 were travelling along, quite leisurely,
 up and down hill, at a steady ave-
 rage pace of about five miles an
 hour. Not even does "prick forth"
 in "prick forth the aëry knights,"
 mean full career; for, don't you ob-
 serve that they have not yet couched
 their spears? That done, then they
 are in full career, like Eglinton and
 Waterford at the Tournament.

"Serbonis was a lake of two hun-
 dred furlongs long, and one thousand
 in compass, between the ancient Mount
 Cassius and Damietta, a city of Egypt,
 on one of the more eastern mouths of
 the Nile. It was surrounded on all
 sides by hills of loose sand, which,
 carried into the waters by high winds,
 so thickened the lake as not to be dis-
 tinguished from part of the continent.
 Here whole armies have been swallow-
 ed up. See Herod. iii.; Lucan,
Pharsal. viii. 539."

Herodotus says nothing of whole
 armies having been swallowed up in
 the lake of Serbonis, nor, to the best
 of our recollection, does Lucan; but if
 he does, let Mr Prendeville give us a
 rap over the knuckles. If a lake one
 thousand furlongs in compass be two
 hundred furlongs long, it must be
 three hundred furlongs broad, that is,
 one half broader than it is long—a
 shape so absurd that we should be slow
 to attribute it even to Serbonis.

"I fled, and cried out Death!
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and
 sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded—
 Death!"

Æn. ii. 53—

'Insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dedere,
 cavernæ.'

"There is a beautiful repetition si-
 milar to this of *Death*, in Virgil, (*Geor.*
 iv. 525,) where the floating head of
 Orpheus called out—Eurydice, which
 the banks of the river echoed all
 along:—

'Tum quoque marmoreum caput, à cer-
 vice revulsum,

Gurgite quum medio portans, Cæagrius
 Hebrus

Volveret *Eurydicem*, vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
 Ah miseram *Eurydicem*! anima fugiente, vocabat;
Eurydicem toto referebant flumine ripæ.”

This idiotical note Mr Prendeville makes his own by adoption. We shall never find fault with any thing in Virgil; and we know that there are moods of mind in which that fanciful passage may be read with that peculiar kind of pleasure which he intended it to produce. But for bringing it alongside, by way of parallel, with one of the sublimest in Milton, N, that is Noodle, and P, that is Prendeville, ought to be made

“Hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden take their solitary way.”

“Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note.”

“This,” says Mr Prendeville, “is a beautiful and concise imitation of Virgil’s simile of the nightingale, (*Geor.* iv. 511,) omitting the circumstance of the nightingale’s lamentation for her ravish’d brood, as being unsuited to him:—

‘Qualis populeâ mœrens philomela sub umbrâ

Flet noctem, ramisque sedens miserabile carmen

Integrat, et mœstis late loca quæstibus implet.’

—See *Odyss.* xix. 518.”

Omitting the circumstance of the nightingale’s lamentation for her lost brood, as being unsuited to him!! Why will not Mr Prendeville for a single moment make use of his ears, which appear to be long enough for all the ordinary purposes of life? Virgil’s nightingale fills the night with her grief. If he is deaf, let him use his eyes, and look at the words “mœrens,” “flet,” “miserabile,” “mœstis,” and “quæstibus,” and he will see that her heart, though breaking all night long, is never broken; whereas that other nightingale is sublimely happy, tunes her nocturnal note, and sings in Paradise.

Mr Prendeville shows himself equally blind and deaf, indeed utterly senseless, in his short note about the wake-

ful nightingale, in the description of Evening in the Garden.

“She all night long her amorous descant sung,”—

“That is,” says Mr Prendeville, “showing affection, in allusion to her lamentation for her lost young!!!!—Virg, *Georg.* iv. 514.”

Does he mean to say that a cat had got into the garden of Eden and devoured the young ones, and that “silence was pleased” with the “miserable carmen” of the bereft mother?

Hear him on Milton’s picture of Paradise.

“It is unnecessary to call attention to this famous description, which contains more than the condensed beauties of Homer’s description of the gardens of Alcinous, and the grotto of Circe; of Virgil’s descriptions; of Ariosto’s picture of the garden of Paradise; Tasso’s garden of Armida; and Marino’s garden of Venus; also Spenser’s descriptions. *Faëry Queen*, II. XII. 42; VI. X. 6; Dante, *Purg.* XXVIII. (See N., Th., H., T.)”

Here we have the concentrated essence of the folly of four commentators, produced by the “chemist’s magic art,” which, at the same time, has “crystallized the sacred treasure.” The moment we come in sight of Paradise, this nether world loses its existence; and creation is confined within those bounds of bliss. Milton was then inspired as no poet had ever been before, and he poured forth his own poetry, unconscious of any other, embodied in words. These five blockheads believe that he was all the while laboriously occupied in “condensing beauties;” that is, in robbing Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Marino, Spenser, and Dante. Not a mother’s son of them did Milton remember. How could he? The oldest of them was not born for Heaven knows how many thousand years after! Circe! Armida! Venus! Faugh! faugh! faugh! Hence! avaunt! ’Tis holy ground!

But let us smooth our ruffled temper by a bit of Bishop Newton. The Bishop, conceiving that Milton has not painted the Mount of Paradise with sufficient distinctness—a defect, perhaps, naturally incident to poetry—thinks it expedient to assist our ima-

gination of the scene by a prose sketch, traced by a firmer and a heavier hand. Poetry is a very fine thing, no doubt; but for common use, for wear and tear, commend us to prose—good, plain, thick, stout homespun, linsey-woolsey prose—equally well adapted for a petticoat or a wrap-rascal.

"The Mount of Paradise was situated in a champaign country, on the top of a steep hill, whose sides were overgrown with impassable thickets at the foot, and, above them, with stately trees, rising row above row, like seats in an amphitheatre hence forming a kind of natural theatre; and above these was the wall of Paradise, like a bank set with a green hedge, which was low enough for Adam to look over it downwards on Eden; and above this hedge grew a row of the finest fruit-trees; and the only entrance was by a gate on the eastern side.—(N.)"

"And oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease by
times," &c.—B. iii. l. 160.

"This is a classical syntax of a very unusual kind. It is a principle laid down by the Latin grammarians, that a verb governing in the *active* voice two cases, one being in the accusative, governs still the accusative in the *passive*; accordingly 'state' must be the accusative or objective case after 'warn'd.' The conjunction copulative 'and,' in place of coupling, according to its strict use and meaning, a *like case*, mood, or tense, couples sometimes an accusative case, with an infinitive mood; 'state' and 'to appease,' both depending on 'warn'd.' The following passage will be a sufficient classical authority, *Æn.* vi. 620.—

'Justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.'

"But, strictly speaking, and utterly abandoning the subtleties of the grammarians, I may say that the accusative case, as in Greek, is governed by a preposition understood, (*secundum*, κατά,) as such phrases are elliptical."

We have no great idea of Mr Predeville's scholarship; but all this is sufficiently pompous, pedantic, and true; and must be familiar to every schoolboy sitting above the middle of the third form. But we cannot go along with Mr Predeville's reading of the celebrated line in Virgil. First

of all, let us quote the line fairly—that is entirely.

"Discite justitiam, moniti et non temnere divos."

By leaving out "discite," Mr Predeville has it all his own way, like a bull in a china shop. By reinstating "discite," Mr Predeville is shown by that imperative dactyl out of the door. Will Mr Predeville please to observe the cæsural pause is upon the last syllable of "*justitiam*," showing that Virgil intended that word to be connected in thought with "*discite*," and not with "*moniti*." Had he intended "*justitiam*" to be connected with "*moniti*," he would have constructed the line so as to have had the cæsural pause upon "*moniti*," instead of having the final "*i*" elided, as at present. The elision of "*i*" shows that "*moniti*" is not emphatically connected with "*justitiam*." Adopt Mr Predeville's reading, and "*discite*" looks somewhat absurd, standing upon three feet, and ejaculating what no sinner can comprehend. By the way, Gibbon, we believe, in his animadversions on Warburton's Dissertation on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, ridicules the admonition of Phlegyas, as if it were intended for his fellow-sufferers in the infernal regions, to whom it could be of no avail. But it is addressed to his fellow-mortals still in the upper regions, and whom the poet makes him thus address with a loud voice, "*per umbras*," for their good. "Ye sons of men, learn justice, being warned also" (that is, "and be warned" by our punishment) "not to despise the gods." Mankind were supposed to be already aware of their several crimes and punishments. Phlegyas had been slain by Apollo for plundering and setting fire to the temple at Delphi, and consigned to punishment commensurate with the enormity of his crime. He, *miserri-mus*, is well entitled to call upon all to take warning by his fate. The line looks like a translation from some Greek poet, and has in it something of Pindaric grandeur.

But Mr P. is no Grecian. He speaks of the expression "*εἰ αὖτις κτενέμεν*," as having been used by *Herodotus*. Let him say "*κτενέμεν εἰ αὖτις*," *Thucydides*—and then he will be right.

"Though all admire *Paradise Lost* as the greatest poem in our language,

or of modern ages," says Mr Prendeville,—“while most of the eminent literati contend for its supremacy over any poem in any language or age,—though it is a work now more generally read and esteemed than any other poetic work ever published; yet it is a fact to be regretted that comparatively but a few fully understand it.”

We hope this is a mistake. As far as our own experience goes, we do not believe that one ordinary reader of poetry in a hundred has once read through *Paradise Lost*. We believe that its frequent perusal is confined to readers of high imaginative and intellectual character. Supposing, however, that Mr Prendeville is in the right, then it certainly is a fact to be regretted, that by so few of the multitudes by whom it is esteemed should it be understood. This general ignorance results, Mr Prendeville informs us, from the character of the poem, and of the commentaries upon it. “Such an abundance of profound erudition, and of all the embellishments of poetry has been condensed in it, that even a sound scholar, unaided, should expend in acquiring a correct knowledge of it the labour of years; while the good editions are so voluminous and expensive, that many who could afford to purchase them would not undergo the labour of their perusal, and many who would undergo it could not well afford to purchase them.” To remove this general ignorance of a work now more generally read and esteemed than any other poetic work ever published, is the avowed object of our Christian and philanthropical editor. “I conceived long since,” says he, “the idea of giving an edition of this poem, embodying often the words, and sometimes the essence, of whatever I could find practically instructive in all the previous editions and commentaries; together with the subsidiary remarks that I had been compiling during a careful examination of the book for many years. Thus by omitting what is really useless in these editions, and supplying what was necessary, furnishing to the learned and unlearned in Europe, in a single and cheap volume, a complete and easily understood commentary.”

To all this he promises to add ex-

planations of many difficult passages overlooked or misunderstood by his predecessors, and among these, some of the most difficult as to syntactical structure. Explanations, moreover, of many of Milton's most idiomatic and classical phrases and expressions, and new illustrations from the best ancient authors. “In fine,” quoth he, “I have taken pains to make this edition perfect for all classes of readers, and by reducing it to one volume, to save them labour and expense.” By this perfect edition, Mr Prendeville hopes greatly to benefit the cause of classical literature and Christian faith. Boys at school, and students at the universities, get disgusted with the classics on account of phrases, combination of words, uses of metaphor, illustration, and comparison, turns of thought, and modes of allusion inconsistent with the common rules and principles of English composition. But clap this edition of *Paradise Lost* into their hands, and they will have an English poem in which all the peculiarities of the style and sentiments of the classics will be made familiar and alluring. Homer and Virgil will thus be understood and enjoyed, and the cause of classical and polite literature advanced in our high schools and colleges. Some years ago, Mr Prendeville had the boldness to propound this doctrine in a note in the third book of the first volume of his edition of Livy, and it has now, he tells us, become universal. But it is not alone as a *subsidiary* to classical instruction that this book is useful, it is pre-eminently useful for an easy, a pleasing, and complete acquisition of a knowledge of all the great elementary truths and facts of the Bible. We are informed that all Milton's most eminent critics, no matter the complexion of their creed, declare that he is always perfectly orthodox. Hitherto we had imagined that many of his most eminent critics had declared that he is often extremely heterodox; but Mr Prendeville has set all our doubts at rest, by telling us that a learned German has assured him that *Paradise Lost* is read in German families, not alone as the sublimest of all poems, but as one of the most religious of all books. “It is in truth,” he adds, “a synopsis of all the elegances of ancient literature; and indispensable to

the study of the *Iliad* the *Æneid*, and the *Bible*." The Preface is followed by a Memoir of Milton's Life. In it Mr Prendeville tells us he has compressed whatever he could find of interest or advantage to the reader in the numerous biographies, from the *Sketches* of his Nephew to the elaborate *Life* by Symmons; and that he has endeavoured to combine, with the chief incidents of his life, a correct exposition of his views, principles, and feelings. For that purpose, he has very properly quoted a good many passages from his prose works. "These quotations," says Mr Prendeville, "I have adopted from the best accredited translations, (for most of the passages are taken from his Latin prose works,) although these translations I think objectionable in point of style and fidelity." They are so indeed; and pray, what is the use of an editor if he have not the sense and spirit to give good translations? Mr Prendeville tells us that he has been engaged on this edition of Milton for many years: and yet he foists upon the rising generation translations, which he thinks objectionable in point of style and fidelity, of some of the most interesting passages, in which Milton has spoken of himself, his character, and his condition. For such stupid laziness Mr Prendeville deserves to be soundly whipped. But we are in a good humour, and therefore content ourselves with remarking, that his own version of the character and vindication of Cromwell, in which he says he has preserved, as far as possible, the character and spirit of the original, while at the same time it is more correct than any former one, is immeasurably inferior to Wraugham's in Symmons' *Life*. Thus he translates—" *Tu igitur, Cromuelle, magnitudine illa animi macte esto.*" "Success, then, O Cromwell, in that greatness of soul."—" *Reverere de te spem patriæ unicam,*" he calls "Revere the main hope which your country entertains of you."—" *Quæ si tam cito quasi abortiva evanuerit,*" he translates, "Which if it perish abortively so soon." Besides such weaknesses, inaccuracies, and vulgarities as these, we could quote a dozen from this much vaunted version. Yet it is not without merit. He deserves praise for his manifest efforts to be literal; and his failure proceeds less from an

imperfect knowledge of the Latin, than from his circumscribed command of the English tongue. The Memoir is very poorly written indeed, and cannot be read with patience after the animated and accurate works, all published within these very few years, of Mitford, Bell, and Brydges. As to a "correct exposition of the views, principles, and feelings" of John Milton, Mr Prendeville must be satisfied, on a moment's reflection, that he has given none at all. His political principles he is afraid either to praise or blame, and speaks of them mawkishly thus:—"It is vulgarly imagined that his republicanism tended to inculcate a system of general equality. Nothing can be more erroneous. He has left living records in his writings that he contemplated no such absurdity. No: he only wished for constitutional freedom such as we now enjoy; and, had he lived in these times, he would have been a bold defender of our limited monarchy, if not of our now more tolerant Church. He opposed the hierarchy and monarchy of his time, because he conceived both hostile to civil and religious liberty. It was against their abuse of power he contended: and it cannot be denied that there were abuses. If he advocated the abolition of those institutions, it was because he did not imagine they could be brought under control through the independence of Parliament. However, hear himself. At the opening of his *Areopagitica*, he says,—'when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, there is the utmost bound of civil liberty that wise men look for.' There is nothing extravagant in this. Whig and Tory say the same. This liberty we now enjoy; but his contemporaries did not. So he also says in *Paradise Lost* :—

—'for orders and degrees jar not
With liberty, but well consist',—

Indeed the subject and scope of *Paradise Lost* present a moral, that revolt against a *just* monarch is an act of high guilt, and that nothing but high misdemeanour on the part of the sovereign ruler could warrant it."

Pappy stuff, indeed! But has Mr Prendeville read Milton's political writings? We suspect not. He says of the "*Defensio pro populo Angli-*

cano," that it was every where read and admired for the great learning, genius, logical reasoning, and eloquence it showed. Yes, we know that all Europe rang with it from side to side; but we again ask, has Mr Prendeville himself read it up to this day? A first-rate writer in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review* says justly, "Never, perhaps, was a great cause more unworthily pleaded, than in the 'Arraignment and Defence of the People of England for the Execution of Charles the First.' Milton could not write for a long time without flashes of his nobility of thought and language; but in general his victory over his antagonist Salmasius is obtained solely by his more perfect command of Latin Billingsgate. The controversy is more like that of two schoolmasters quarrelling about points of grammar and expression, and lashing each other into the coarsest personalities, than the advocates of two great conflicting principles debating a solemn question before astonished Europe." Mr Prendeville, of course, believes that the mortification Salmasius felt at his overthrow accelerated his death. If he had looked into Robert Bell's excellent Life of Milton, in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, he would have learned that there is no ground for supposing that it had the least effect even upon his spirits; and that his posthumous answer is as strongly marked with exultation as his original treatise was with confidence. He could have had no fear that the glory of a long life was to be extinguished by a single blow; and though Milton unquestionably was the more powerful controversialist, Salmasius was justly proud of his own matchless erudition; and if, shortly before his decease, he met with contumely from any quarter, he no doubt treated it with scorn.

Mr Prendeville afterwards says, when speaking of Milton's life and condition after the Restoration—"He was not directly involved in the murder of the late King; he never took arms against him; never by speech or writing recommended his execution." How does he know that? Can he be ignorant, that though Milton's justification of Charles' execution was not published till after the King's death, much of it was written in anticipation

of that atrocious crime? Does Mr Prendeville deny that Milton was a regicide? But in all matters, great and small alike, where it was possible to be inaccurate or erroneous, Mr Prendeville is so. As, for example, he pronounces the well-established fact, that Milton had incurred severe academical censure, a pure fiction. He speaks, in a note, of Milton's "intimacy with Galileo," whereas it seems certain that they met but once. He twice mentions that Dryden was a "constant visitor" of his, which nobody can believe. He tells us indirectly that Milton's first wife died in childhood in 1652; but he will not tell us when the poet married his second—absurdly saying, that it was after a proper interval. It was, we believe, in 1655. And he did right to marry again, having been for three years stone-blind, with three infant daughters. Neither will Mr Prendeville give us the date of Milton's third marriage. After his pardon, at the close of 1660, "he removed into Jewin Street, where his infirm state of health requiring some better attention than that of servants, he married, by the advice of his friend Dr Paget, Elizabeth Minshull, of a respectable family in Cheshire, and a relation of that gentleman." Mr Prendeville then says, "He soon left Jewin Street, and removed to a small house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, where he continued till his death." "In 1661, he published his *Accidence Commence Grammar*, and a Tract of Sir Walter Raleigh's, entitled "*Aphorisms of State*." Who would not suppose from this that Milton must have married Elizabeth Minshull immediately after his pardon? But he did not do so before 1664. He says that Milton's youngest daughter, Deborah, was his amanuensis for *Paradise Lost*. It was finished, we know, in the summer of 1665, and few will believe it possible that it could have been written in less than five or six years. Suppose the first words, "Of man's first disobedience," were put on paper on the 1st of January, 1660, Deborah at that time was seven years and a half old, rather too tender an age to be called out of bed in the middle of the night, and employed as an amanuensis. Mr Prendeville says, "Milton had, no doubt, been preparing

the materials of *Paradise Lost*, even during the twenty years he was so hotly engaged in polemical and political controversy, and most probably only began to reduce them to order some three or four years before he brought the work to such immortal completion." What does he mean by collecting materials during twenty years? He quotes Milton himself immediately after, to prove that he had not selected his subject till he was far advanced in life. Be it so; what then is the meaning of saying that a poet had been preparing materials, during the twenty years of the prime of life, for a poem of which he had not then chosen the subject? And what is the meaning of, "probably only begun to reduce them to order?" Does it mean inditing to Deborah the *Paradise Lost*, as we now have it, from materials prepared before the poet knew whether the hero of his poem was to be Adam or Arthur—its heroine Eve or Ginevra? He gives a most unsatisfactory reason for believing, that this reduction to order occupied but three or four years. "From one of his letters to Deodati," says Mr Prendeville, "it appears that after he had arranged his plan, his execution in all his works was brisk, vigorous, methodical, and untiring,—never losing sight of his purpose,—never distracted by illness, or worldly care." Why, the letter he refers to was written in early manhood, and can prove nothing respecting Milton's habits in advanced life: besides, Mr Prendeville appears never to have read the letter he quotes from; for there is not a single syllable in it about his method or habits of composition,—merely a fine earnest sentence or two about his studies. This comes of trusting to "translations I think objectionable in point of style and fidelity." Mr Prendeville believes, that in his description of Adam is sketched off his own picture.

"His fair large front and eyes sublime
declared

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks

Round from his parted forelock manly
hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad."

The reasons assigned for this belief are not very satisfactory. "In his youth his hair was auburn." Milton

says that Adam's hair was hyacinthine. Beautiful colours both, but opposite. "Milton," says Mr Prendeville, "was considered very handsome; but his beauty, from the regularity of his features, their general harmony, and the modesty and composure of his demeanour and look, was thought to be of the feminine order. Hence he was called in the University 'The Lady of Christ Church.'" Why not say at once that he sketched off his own picture in his description of Eve? Adam's shoulders are said to have been broad; and Mr Prendeville observes in a note, that broad shoulders are always assigned to the ancient heroes by the poets. Now Milton's shoulders were not broad, for he tells himself, that he was very thin. Adam is said to have been erect and tall; and Milton says of himself, "my stature certainly is not tall." These Mr Prendeville may consider but trifling discrepancies; but they serve to show, that though Adam no doubt had a sort of general resemblance to Milton, he would have run a greater risk of being spoken to by Satan for Christopher North. But why had not Adam a beard? Bishop Newton thinks that it was because Raphael and the principal painters, from whose works Milton frequently fetches his ideas, represent him without one. "Ay, ay," says Mr Prendeville, "but why did they?" and then, stretching himself up to his full height, giving the collar of his shirt a twitch, and gracefully stretching out his right arm, he exclaims to his fair hearers, enamoured of their bachelor, "I think, because Adam, before the fall, and before he became subject to death, was supposed to be in a state of perpetual youth." Good! He was in a state of beardless innocence; but alas! had you seen him the morning after the expulsion, you would have sworn he had not shaved for a week.

Let any contemporary sumph give vent to a sillyism respecting a great man, and it is sure to be transmitted to the latest posterity, from hand to hand along the line of biographers, occasionally embellished by a touch of genius, and accredited by the multitude as a characteristic truth. We can easily understand how Milton, when insulted by his adversaries, should, in the ardour of manhood,

while chastising their brutal calumnies, have written with dignified complacency of his own person, on which nature had lavished her most beautiful gifts; but we can never bring ourselves to believe that in what may be called his old age, (though little above fifty,) John Milton pleased his imagination with a picture of his own physical endowments, in his description of the sire of mankind. Most assuredly, at that hour he thought not at all of his own outward man. It was right that Adam should be pictured as a being but a little lower than the angels; and we can look on him with undiminished admiration "in that celestial colloquy sublime," sitting by Raphael's side. But though Milton, in the hour of inspiration, forgot that he had a body at all, it is delightful to think of him in vernal adolescence, "with a fair and soft complexion, and light brown hair parted over his forehead, and floating down his shoulders, almost realizing one of those fine creations of spiritual shapes which he has described in the *Paradise Lost*." So says finely Robert Bell, who afterwards speaks in the same spirit of Milton's last wife, who probably with her own hand closed his eyes.

"She had golden tresses, and Milton is supposed to have designed her portrait in the picture of Eve, as he is suspected of having drawn himself in Adam; but much of that beautiful delineation must have derived its charm from his imagination, as he was blind when he married her, and must therefore have formed his outlines from description. But blind men have a miraculous sense of beauty, which is hardly intelligible to others. They have a thousand ways of estimating it: their ideal is composed of a multitude of exquisite associations, and if they do not produce accurate resemblances, they create, at all events, delightful images that have a refined affinity to truth. The tone of voice, the laugh, the footstep, modes of expression, energy or languor of thought and utterance, and a multitude of exquisite types that escape all other observers, convey an eloquent and perfect language to them."

There is no such writing as that in James Prendeville; yet we benignantly ask Mr Bell how Elizabeth Minshull could possibly have been painted by Milton in the picture of Eve, seeing

that Dr Paget did not select her to be the poet's wife till 1664, and that the *Paradise Lost* was seen in its finished state by Ellwood the Quaker in 1665?

It is sometimes not easy to understand Mr Prendeville, even when he appears to be writing about something sufficiently simple. "We are not," says he, "to consider the perhaps objectionable character of the polemic and the politician, in our consideration of his work, which ought to be judged of as he intended it, as an *εὐαγγέλιον*, as Herodotus says, a legacy to his country for all future ages. What is it to the admirers of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* whether Homer, the mendicant singer, was the original author of these admired poems, or only a collector of the songs and rhapsodies on the subject of the Theban and Trojan wars, embellishing these stories, and adding many of his own? We know the *Æneid* to be in a great measure a chaste and judicious compilation from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, yet we do not the less admire it on that account. But this charity is not extended to Milton—a far greater name than either. The man is often remembered in his great work."

By whom, it may be asked, is the man often remembered in his great work? By none now to his disparagement. But were it otherwise, still the above about Homer is drivell. No man, deserving the name, would give up the existence of Homer, though barked at by a whole pack of wolves. All admirers of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* must scoff at Mr Prendeville for asking what is it to them such a question about Homer. A mendicant singer Homer never was. And he who believes the *Iliad* to be but "a collection of songs and rhapsodies about the Theban and Trojan wars," must be an ass fourteen hands high without his shoes. What can the above stuff about the *Iliad* possibly have to do with the *Paradise Lost*, and the personal character of Milton? If it could be shown that the *Paradise Lost* were in "a great measure a chaste and judicious compilation," as the *Æneid* is said to be from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, unquestionably all people of common sense would admire it the less on that account. But this warns us to conclude with that anonymous wiseacre,

a friend of Mr Prendeville's, who may be safely set down, now that You Know Who is dead, as the chief blockhead of the age.

His doctrine is said to be founded on that of Aristotle; but to our eyes it appears original. It is as follows:—Poetry originating in the pleasure we take in imitation, it is evident that when one good poet imitates another, we have a double pleasure; the first proceeding from a comparison of the description with its object; and the second from comparing the one description with the other. From this principle the great unknown author of the short anonymous essay draws some important conclusions: *First*, that when a poet imitates a description from another poet, which had been imitated from a third, our pleasure is still the greater; therefore the imitations in Milton are, in this respect, beyond those of Virgil, because he has imitated some places of Virgil which are imitations of Homer. *Secondly*, That the passages a poet is to imitate ought to be selected with great care, and should ever be the best parts of the best authors, and always ought to be improved in imitation, *so that vastly less invention and judgment are required to make a good original than a fine imitation.* *Thirdly*, That such imitations cost the author more pains, and give the reader greater pleasure, than an original composition. *Fourthly*, That in all such secondary imitations, as they may be called, a considerable alteration from the original has a very agreeable effect; for we have in our nature a principle to be delighted with what is new, to which

it is plain these secondary or tertiary imitations are not very conformable, on which account they ought to have, as well as a likeness, a due variation, that at one and the same time they may gratify our several dispositions for being pleased with what is imitated, and with what is new. *Fifthly*, That in these imitations there ought generally to be observed a medium betwixt a literal translation and a distant allusion; as the first destroys the pleasure we have from what is new, and the latter encroaches on that which we receive from imitation. *Sixthly*, That a great original poet does not confine himself, in an imitation, to the passage he principally takes it from, but renders it more complete by hints taken from other places of the same author, or from another author. *Seventhly*, That the merit of ordinary poets consists in the difficulty of imitating, and the more literal they are the better. The name of the author of this short anonymous essay must be discovered, and the short anonymous essay itself stereotyped, that it may never get out of print again. We devoutly trust that the author, though anonymous, is yet alive, and may be long spared to us to illuminate his kind. If he turn out to be dead, no pains nor expense must be grudged to ascertain his spot of sepulture, and there, to his immortal memory, must be erected a transitory granite monument. If no trace can be discovered of his name or his dust, a cenotaph must be erected somewhere in Ireland's capital city, with a suitable inscription from the pen of Mr Prendeville.

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THE OPIUM AND THE CHINA QUESTION.

WE claim attention from the public on the state of our relations present and to come with China. We pretend to no private materials upon the subject; but in this respect we stand upon the same footing as the leaders of our public counsels. All speak from the text furnished to them by Captain Elliot's correspondence, as published in the newspapers. So far we stand upon the universal level. But it is astonishing how much advantage one man may gain over another, even where all start from the same basis of information, simply by these two differences—1st, by watching the oversight of his competitors, most of whom are apt to seize upon certain features of the case with an entire neglect of others; 2dly, by combining his own *past* experience, gathered from books or whatever sources, with the existing phenomena of the case, as the best means of deciphering their meaning or of calculating their remote effects.

We do not wish to disguise that our views tend to the policy of war—war conducted with exemplary vigour. It is better to meet openly from the first an impression, (current amongst the hasty and undistinguishing,) that in such views there is a lurking opposition to the opinions of the Conservatives. Were that true, we should hesitate. It is a matter of great delicacy to differ with one's party; and it is questionable whether, even in extreme cases, it can be right to *publish* such a difference. Once satisfied that the general policy

of our party is clamorously demanded by the welfare of the country; and in this particular case of the Tory pretensions finding them sustained by the very extraordinary fact, that even out of office they are not out of power, but do really impress the Conservative mind upon one-half of the public measures, whilst of the other half a large proportion is carried only by *their* sufferance, by *their* forbearance, or by *their* direct co-operation—under such circumstances, an honourable party-man will not think himself justified, for any insulated point of opinion or even of practice, to load his party with the reproach of internal discord. Every party, bound together by principles of public fellowship, and working towards public objects, is entitled to all the strength which can arise from union, or the reputation of union. It is a scandal to have it said—"You are disunited—you cannot agree amongst yourselves;" and the man who sends abroad dissentient opinions, through any powerful organ of the press, is the willing author of such a scandal. No gain upon the solitary truth concerned, can balance the loss upon the total reputation of his party for internal harmony.

Meantime, as too constantly is the case in mixed questions, when there is much to distinguish, it is a very great blunder to suppose the Conservative party to set their faces against a Chinese war. That party, with Sir Robert Peel for their leader, have in the House of Commons recorded a strong

vote against our recent Chinese policy ; so far is true ; but not against a Chinese war. Such a war, unhappily, is all the more necessary in consequence of that late policy ; a policy which provided for nothing, foresaw nothing, and in the most pacific of its acts laid a foundation and a necessity that hostilities should redress them.

There is another mistake current—a most important mistake ; viz. about the relation which the opium question bears to the total dispute with China. It is supposed by many persons, that, if we should grant the Chinese Government to have been in the right upon the opium affair, it will follow of course that we condemn the principle of any war, or of any hostile demonstrations against China. Not at all. This would be a complete *non sequitur*. I. China might be right in her object, and yet wrong—in sufferably wrong—in the means by which she pursued it. In the first of the resolutions moved on the 2d of May by the Company of Edinburgh Merchants, (Mr Oliphant, chairman,) it is assumed that the opium lost by the British was a sacrifice to the “ *more effectual execution of the Chinese laws,*” which is a gross fiction. The opium was transferred voluntarily by the British : on what understanding is one of the points we are going to consider. II. There is a *causa belli* quite apart from the opium question ; a ground of war which is continually growing more urgent ; a ground which would survive all disputes about opium, and would have existed had China been right in those disputes from beginning to end.

Yet it is good to pause for a moment, and to look at this opium dispute so far as the documents give us any light for discussing it. The apologists of China say, that the Pekin Government has laboured for some time to put down the national abuse of opium. Why, and under what view of that abuse ? As a mode of luxury, it is replied, pressing upon the general health ; and for a second reason, as pressing seriously upon the national energies. This last we put down in candour as a separate consideration ; because, though all unwholesome luxuries must be supposed indirectly to operate upon the cheerfulness and industry of those who use them, with respect to opium, in particular, it

must be allowed, that this secondary action is often the main one, and takes place in a far larger proportion than simply according to the disturbances of health. There is a specific effect known to follow the habitual use of opium, by which it speedily induces a deadly torpor and disrelish of all exertion, and in most cases long before the health is deranged, and even in those constitutions which are by nature so congenially predisposed to this narcotic, as never to be much shaken by its uttermost abuse.

Thus far, and assuming all for truth which the Chinese tell us, we have before us the spectacle of a wise and paternal Government ; and it recommends such wisdom powerfully to a moral people like ours, that we seem to see it exerting itself unpopularity ; nobly stemming a tide of public hatred, and determined to make its citizens happy in their own despite. Fresh from this contemplation of disinterested virtue, how shocked we all feel on seeing our own scamps of sailors working an immense machinery for thwarting so beneficent a Government ! A great conflagration is undermining all the social virtues in China : the Emperor and Commissioner Lin are working vast fire-engines for throwing water upon the flames ; and, on the other hand, our people are discharging columns of sulphur for the avowed purpose of feeding the combustion.

“ Scandalous ! ” we all exclaim ; but, as the loveliest romances are not always the truest, let us now hear the other party. Plaintiff has spoken : Defendant must now have *his* turn.

For the defendant then it is urged,—

That the Chinese Government, having long connived at the opium trade, has now found three purely selfish reasons against it.

1st, As having at length a rival interest of its own ; Lin and others are said to have some thousands of acres laid down as poppy-plantations. Now, the English opium, and that of Malwa, as an old concern, is managed much more cheaply. To exclude the foreign growth is essential, therefore, as the first step towards a protection to the infancy of the home growth. On this view of the case we would recommend a sliding duty, such as that of our corn-laws, to the Celestial opium-growers.

2dly, That this foreign opium caused a yearly drain of silver; from the small range of Chinese commerce, it is impossible for China to draw upon foreign states; much of the imports must now be paid for in hard downright silver, which is the more disgusting, as formerly the current of silver ran precisely in the other direction.

3dly, That the English have become objects of intense jealousy at the court of Pekin. Indeed, it is time for that Cabinet to look about with some alarm, were it only that a great predominating power has arisen in India—a conquering power, and a harmonizing power, where heretofore there was that sort of balance maintained amongst the many Indian principalities which Milton ascribes to the anarchy of chaos; one might rise superior for a moment, but the restlessness of change, and the tremulous libration of the equipoise, guaranteed its speedy downfall. Here, therefore, and in this English predominance, is cause enough for alarm; how much more since the war against Nepaul, in virtue of which the English advance has pushed forward the English outposts within musket range of the Chinese, and against the Burman empire, in virtue of which great interposing masses have been seriously weakened. It is become reasonable that China should fear us; and, fearing us, she must allowably seek to increase her own means of annoyance, as well as to blunt or to repel ours. Much of ours must lie in the funds by which we support our vast Indian establishment; and towards those funds it is understood that the opium trade contributes upwards of three millions sterling per annum. In mere prudence, therefore, the cabinet of Pekin sets itself to reduce our power by reducing our money resources, and to reduce our money resources by refusing our opium.

Such are the three reasons upon which it has been alleged that Lin and his master have been proceeding. And now, if it were so, what has any man to say against these reasons? Have not nations a right to protect their own interests? Is not the path of safety open to them, because it happens to lead away from British objects? Why, as to that, measures are not always allowable in a second or third stage of intercourse which might have been so in the first. But for the present we

meditate no attack on these measures. Let them be supposed purely within the privilege of a defensive policy. Only let us have things placed on their right footing, and called by their right names; and let us not be summoned to admire, as acts of heroic virtue which put to shame our Christianity, what under this second view appears to be a mere resort of selfish prudence.

But, then, is it certain that this second view of the case is the correct view? Why, we have before acknowledged that documents are wanting for either view: any inference, for or against the Chinese, will be found too large for the premises. The materials do not justify a vote either of acquittal or of impeachment; but, as this is so, let us English have the benefit of this indistinctness in the proofs equally with the Chinese. So much, at the very least, is fair to ask, and something more; for, upon the face of this Chinese solicitude for the national virtue, some things appear suspicious. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—Nobody mounts in a moment to the excess of profligacy: and it is equally probable that *Nemo repente fuit sanctissimus*. This sudden leap into the anxieties of parental care, is a suspicious fact against the Chinese Government.

Then, again, is it, or can it be true, that in any country the labouring class should be seriously tainted by opium? Can any indulgence, so costly as this, have struck root so deeply as to have reached the subsoil of the general national industry? Can we shut our eyes to this gross dilemma? Using much opium, how can the poor labourer support the expense—using little, how can he suffer in his energies or his animal spirits? In many districts of Hindostan, as well as of the Deccan, it is well known that the consumption of opium is enormous: but amongst what class? Does it ever palpably affect the public industry? The question would be found ludicrous. Our own working class finds a great providential check on its intemperance in the costliness of intoxicating liquors. Cheap as they seem, it is impossible for the working man (burdened with average claims) to use them to excess, unless with such intervals as redress the evil to the constitution. This stern benediction of Providence—this salutary operation of poverty—has made it impossible for one generation to

shatter the health of the next. Now, for the opium-eater this counteracting provision presses much more severely. Wages are far lower in the opium countries: and the quantity of opium required, in any case where it can have been abused, is continually increasing; whereas the dose of alcohol continues pretty stationary for years.

These things incline a neutral spectator to suspect, grievously, some very earthly motives to be working below the manoeuvres of the Celestial Commissioner, since it really appears to be impossible that the lower Chinese should much abuse the luxury of opium; and, as to the higher, what a chimerical undertaking to make war upon *their* habits of domestic indulgence! With these classes, and in such a point, no Government would have the folly to measure its strength. And, as to the classes connected with public industry, we repeat and maintain that it is impossible (for the reason explained) to suppose *them* seriously tainted; so that a delusion seems to lie at the very root of this Chinese representation.

But, apart from all that, we see two pinching dilemmas even in this opium case—dilemmas that screw like a vice—which tell powerfully in favour of our Tory views; first, as criminating the present Whig administration beyond all hope of apology; secondly, as criminating the Chinese administration. The first clenches the argument, moved by Sir James Graham, on the criminal want of foresight and provision in our own cabinet; and we are surprised that it could have been forgotten in the debate: the second goes far to justify our right of war against China.

We will take these dilemmas in the inverse order, putting forward the latter dilemma first.

I. When Lin seized the British opium, and in one day pillaged our British merchants to the extent of more than two millions sterling, by what means was it that Lin got “a hank” over so much alien property? The opium was freighted on board various ships; and these ships were lying at various distances in the waters of the Bocca Tigris. No considerable part of it was on shore, or in the Canton factory. What is our inference from this? Why, that the opium was not in Lin’s power. Indeed, we are sure

of that by another argument: for Lin begs from Captain Elliot the interposition of his authority towards getting the opium transferred to Chinese custody—a thing which most assuredly he would not have done, had he seen the slightest hopes of its coming into his possession by violence. Merely the despair of success in any attempt to seize it, prevailed with him to proceed by this circuitous course. Captain Elliot—for reasons not fully explained—granted this request. Now, then, what we ask is—that all who advocate the Chinese cause, would be pleased to state the terms on which this deliberate transfer of British property was made over to Lin—what were the terms understood by the party surrendering and by the party receiving, viz. Lin? That monosyllabic hero did, or he did *not*, make terms with Captain Elliot. Now, if you say he did not, you say a thing more severe, by twenty times, against the Whig Superintendent than any of us Tories, in or out of Parliament, has ever hinted at. What! a British agent, sent to protect British interests, giving up British property by wholesale—sacrificing millions of British pounds sterling—without an effort to obtain an equivalent, without a protest, without a remonstrance! Why, a diplomatist, acting for the most petty interests, gives up nothing without a consideration; nothing at all, without a struggle at the first, without an equivalent at the last. *Quid pro quo* is the very meaning and essence of diplomacy. And observe that Captain Elliot does far more than *sanction* the surrender: it is not as though Chinese artillery had been ready to enforce a seizure, and Captain Elliot, for peace’s sake, interfered to substitute a milder course. Nothing of the sort: but for him the opium would not and could not have passed into Chinese hands. In such circumstances—for of course he insisted for some equivalent—you cannot suppose the first horn of the dilemma—that he did not. That is too incredible. Suppose, therefore, the other horn of the dilemma. You *must* suppose it. Mere decency binds us to suppose, that Captain Elliot, in compliance with the most flagrant demands of duty, *did* make terms. What *were* those terms? What *was* the equivalent? This we have a right to know, because hitherto (and, by Lin’s account, the affair is now terminated)

no equivalent at all, no terms of *any* kind, have been reported as offered by the Chinese, or as accepted by the British. Sundry of the Chinese have, indeed, since that time made an awkward attempt at cutting sundry British throats, and have had their own cut instead—a result for which we heartily grieve, as the poor victims were no willing parties to this outrage upon our rights. But this could hardly be the equivalent demanded by Elliot. And, as to any other, it is needless to enquire about it, since nothing of *any* kind has been offered to the British except outrages and insults. Here, then, is a short two-edged argument, which it will be difficult to parry—Lin agreed to a stipulation for equivalents, in which case he must have broken it. Lin did *not* agree, in which case we have a heavier charge against the superintendent, that is, the representative of our own Government, than any which has yet been put forward.

II. But worse, far worse, as respects our own Government, is the second dilemma. It is this:—Those who had charge of the opium surrendered it on the most solemn official guarantee of indemnification. Now, in offering that guarantee, was Captain Elliot authorized by his Government?—or was he not authorized? Practically, there is no such indulgent alternative *now* open to the Government: because the time is now passed in which that Government could claim the benefit of a disavowal. *Instantly* to have disavowed Captain Elliot was the sole course by which the Whig Government could retrieve their position, and evade the responsibility created for them by their agent. When they first appointed him, they had delegated their responsibility to him; they had notified that delegation to all whom it might concern. It must be an extreme case, indeed, which can warrant a minister in disavowing his own agent, so deliberately selected—and much more when the distance is so vast. In no case can this be done unless where it can be demonstrated that the agent has flagrantly exceeded his powers. But, in cases of money guarantees, or the drawing of bills, it is hardly possible that an agent should do so: such cases are not mixed up with the refinements of politics, about which the varieties of opinion are likely to arise. Always, and

in all situations, an agent knows what are the limits of his powers as to so definite a subject as money. And, were it otherwise, what would become of the innumerable bills drawn upon the British treasury by consuls and naval officers in ports of countries the most remote? Nobody would take such bills: no ship in our navy, no shipwrecked crew, could obtain aid under the worst circumstances, if a practice existed of disavowing authorized agents, or resisting bills when presented for payment. The Elliot guarantee, therefore, was hardly within the privilege of disavowal by Lord Melbourne's Government. They it was who sent the agent—who clothed him with authority—who called upon all men in the East to recognise him as representing themselves—who proclaimed aloud, "Behold the man whom the Queen delighteth to honour: what he does is as if done by ourselves: his words are our words: his seal is our seal!"

The argument, therefore, will stand thus:—Captain Elliot solemnly undertook to the British merchants, in order to gain a favourite point for Lin, that no fraction of the money at which the opium had been valued, should finally be lost. On the faith of that undertaking, the surrender was made quietly, which else, confessedly, would not have been made at all. Now, in making that perilous engagement—so startling by the amount of property concerned, that no man could pretend to have acted inconsiderately—was Captain Elliot exceeding his powers or not? Did the Government disavow his act, even in thought, on first hearing it reported, or did they not? If they did—if privately they were shocked to find the enormity of responsible obligation which Elliot had pledged on their behalf—if they felt that he had created no right in the persons who held his engagements—why did they not instantly publish that fact? Mere honesty, as in a commercial transaction, requires this. If a man draws on you unwarrantably for an immense sum, you never think of replying, "I have not money enough to meet this demand." You say to the holders of the bills—and you say it indignantly—and you say it *instantly*—without taking time to *finesse*, or leaving time for the creditor to lose his remedy—"This man has no authority whatever

to draw upon me. I neither am myself his debtor, nor do I hold the funds of any third party who is." But what was the answer of the English Government, when summoned to make good the engagements of their agent? Did they say boldly—"We disavow this agent: we disown this debt: we desire that these bills may be noted and protested?" No: but evasively, perfidiously, as speaking to ruined men, they reply:—"Oh, really, we have not funds to meet these bills; and, if we should go to Parliament for funds, we have a notion that there will be the deuce to pay for contracting so large a debt!" Like a riotous heir, they dare not show to their public guardians the wild havoc of funds which they have authorized.

The sole evasion of this argument would be, if it could be alleged that the bills were bad bills, that they were given without a consideration. But that can be maintained only by those who are misinformed as to the facts. Were it the case that Lin could have seized the opium, though in honour the Government would still be answerable for the acts of their agent, and though a contract *is* a contract, still it might have been said that the British merchants, after all, had been placed in no worse situation by the act of Captain Elliot. But, as the case really stands, the total loss—every shilling of it—was a pure creation of Elliot's. The ships were not in the situation of an army having to stand the hazard of a battle before they could carry off the contested property; in which case it might have been wise to pay some fine for escaping a struggle, however certain the issue. No: they had but to raise their anchors and spread their sails; a lunar month would have seen the opium safe in the waters of Bengal, from which it would have been landed to await the better market of the following year.

But, say some extravagant people, the Chinese had the right of seizure, though not the power to enforce that right; and the inference which they would wish us to draw from that is, that it was the duty of the British merchants to show respect for the laws and maritime rights of China. What! at the cost of two and a half millions sterling? Verily, the respect for China must be somewhat idolatrous which would express itself on this

magnificent scale. But, waiving that, mark the reply: Nobody doubts the right of China to seize contraband goods when they are landed, or in the course of landing; because, by that time the final destination of the goods is apparent. And our own Government at home—but *having power to sustain their claim*—go somewhat further; they make prize at sea of cargoes which are self-demonstrated as contraband. But who in his senses ever held the monstrous doctrine, that a smuggler is under some obligation of conscience to sail into an English port, and there deliver up his vessel as a victim to the majesty of the offended revenue laws? The very most that China could in reason have asked was, that the opium ships should sail away, and not hover on the coasts. Even this is a great deal more than China had a right to ask—conceding also throughout that China had not herself for years invited this contraband commerce, cherished it, nursed it, honoured it—because it is certain that a maritime kingdom, without a revenue fleet, has no more right to complain of smugglers in its defensive diplomacy, than offensively it has to declare a port or a line of coast under blockade without *bona fide* efforts and means to enforce that blockade. Certainly not, it will be said; and the English opium ships were acting under no recognised maritime law when they so foolishly surrendered their cargoes. But it will be alleged in apology for that rash surrender, that perhaps it might not be merely the Elliot indemnification which persuaded them to this act—that barely made it a safe act. What made it a politic act was probably the belief, that, for any less price, they could not purchase back the general renewal of Chinese commerce. Ay, now we come to the truth. This was the equivalent, beyond a doubt, understood between Lin and Elliot, as the condition upon which the surrender was to take effect. Well understood, most assuredly it was; and if it was not expressed, was not reduced to writing, the blame of that is to be divided (in such proportions as may hereafter be settled) between the confiding folly of our English dupe and the exquisite knavery of the Celestial Lin. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

We have stated these two dilemmas

more diffusely—and yet not diffusely, since nothing has been said twice over; but more, however, in detail than else might have been necessary—because a transaction of this kind, unless kept steadily before the eye for some time, is too easily forgotten, and no proper impression of its nature is retained. But the broad result from the whole is—that Lin used Captain Elliot as an engine for cheating Englishmen; the roasting chestnuts could not be extracted from the fire: Lin knew that: he was well aware that he must have burned his own paws in attempting it; and, like the monkey in the fable, he wisely used Elliot as his cat's-paw. 2dly, That Lin also cheated the English out of that commerce, the restoration of which he had in effect sold to them, and again through Elliot; and 3dly, that the English Government has cheated the English merchants out of two and a half millions of pounds sterling—again, for the third time, through Elliot; and, in fact, were it a case at Bow Street against the swell mob, the English Government would have been found in rank collusion with Lin. Lin picks the left-hand pocket, first of opium, and secondly of trade: the Government then step in, whilst the merchants are all gazing at Lin, and pick the other pocket of money: both speaking at first through Elliot, but finally speaking directly in their own persons.

Even this is not all: there is something still worse and more jesuitical in the conduct of our home Government. They proceed to decree reprisals against China. But why? Very fit it is that so arrogant a people should be brought to their senses; and notorious it is that in Eastern lands no appeal to the sense of justice will ever be made available which does not speak through their fears. We, therefore, are the last persons to say one word against this *ultima ratio*, if conducted on motives applying to the case. By all means thump them well: it is your only chance—it is the only logic which penetrates the fog of so conceited a people. But is that the explanation of war given by Government? No, no. They offer it as the only means in their power of keeping faith with the opium-dealers and not breaking with Elliot. "What do you want?" they say at the Treasury,— "Is it money? Well, we have none;

but we can take a purse for you on the Queen's highway, and that we will soon do." Observe, therefore, you have them confessing to the debt. They do not pretend to deny *that*. Why, then, what dishonesty it was to say in the first instance to the bill-holders "We have no funds?" They had then, it seems, been authorizing engagements, knowing at the time that in respect of those engagements they were not solvent.

This is the first thing that meets us; viz. that, at all events, they had meditated fraud. But when, after some months' impunity for payment, a Treasury attorney suggests this new fashion of paying just debts, which is in effect to go and kick up a spree in the Oriental seas, and to fetch back the missing funds out of all the poor rogues whom they can find abroad,—note this above all things: letters of marque and reprisals may be fair enough against European nations, because as much commercial shipping as they have afloat, so much warlike shipping they have to protect it. The one is in regular proportion to the other; fair warning is given: we say, take care of yourselves; your war shipping ought to protect your commercial shipping; and if it cannot, the result will be a fair expression that we have measured forces against each other, nation against nation—the result will be one of fair open fighting. Now, in the Chinese seas there are none *but* commercial ships. There are no fighting ships worth speaking of. Consequently no part of the loss will fall on the state. Our losses in opium will be made good by the ruin of innumerable private traders. That cannot be satisfactory to any party; and quite as little can it satisfy our British notions of justice, that the rascally Government, and that "sublime of rascals," Lin, will escape without a wound. Little teasings about the extremities of so great a power, and yet, in a warlike sense, so unmaritime a power as China, will be mere flea-bites to the central government at Peking; not more than the arrows of Lilliput in the toes of Gulliver, which he mistook for some tickling or the irritation of chilblains.

Are we then comparing our own naval power, the most awful concentration of power, and the most variously applicable power which

the earth has witnessed, to the efforts of Lilliput? Not so, reader; but of what avail is any power under circumstances which forbid it to act? The power of gravitation is the greatest we know of; yet it is nothing at all if you would apply it to the sending up of rockets. The English navy might as reasonably throw bomb-shells into the crater of Vesuvius, by way of bidding it be quiet, or into the Kingdom of the Birds above us, as seek to make any deep impression upon such a vast callous hulk as the Chinese empire. It is defended by its essential non-irritability, arising out of the intense non-development of its resources; were it better developed, China would become an *organized state*, a *power* like Britain: at present it is an inorganic mass—something to be kicked, but which cannot kick again—having no commerce worth counting—no vast establishments of maritime industry—no arsenals—no shipbuilding towns—no Portsmouths, Deals, Deptfords, Woolwiches, Sunderlands, Newcastle, Liverpools, Bristols, Glasgows; in short, no vital parts—no organs—no heart—no lungs. As well deliver your broadsides against the impassive air; or, in Prospero's words,

"Stab the still closing waters
With all-bemoock'd-at wounds."

Indeed, it is a more hopeful concern to make war upon the winds and the waters; for both are known to suffer great changes during some time after the continued cannonading of a great sea-fight; whereas China is, like Russia, defensible, without effort of her men, by her own immeasurable extent, combined with the fact of having no vulnerable organs—no local concentrations of the national power in which a mortal wound can be planted. There lay the mistake of Napoleon in his desperate anabasis to Moscow: in the whole area of interminable Muscovy, which centuries could not effectually traverse with armies, there was but one weak or vulnerable place, and that was the heart of the Czar. But it was too deadly a stake to throw upon that single chance the fate of so vast an army, and the future *prestige* of the French military name. Moscow having perished, which, after all, was a flea-bite even as regarded the *annual income* of the land; for it contained

little more than gilt furniture and boxes of sweetmeats, (see Segur,) all had perished that *could* perish for Russia, after which every loss must be a French loss. Even without the winter, the French army was a condemned body after that. *There* surely was a deadly miscalculation. And such a miscalculation is ours in meditating the retrieval of our losses by war upon this inert and most lubberly of masses.

But perhaps it will be said we shall not altogether depend on sea-captures. We shall seize the island of Formosa; may be we shall seize Canton. But even in those places we shall find no such accumulations of government stores as would be found in any of our active and warlike European states. Some old fixtures in the shape of buildings, palaces, halls of justice, &c., will be the most that we can count upon as government property; or perhaps Lin, in his hurry of absconding, may leave his snuff-box behind, his opium-box, or his peacock's feather. But we can hardly hope to bring the Celestial fixtures to a Demerara "*vendue*." It is true there are the revenues. These we can divert, either in Canton or in Formosa, to our own exchequer. But, unless we adopt the French plan of instant requisitions, (which, if at any time fair, would surely be far otherwise in a case where there is no shadow of a quarrel with the people, but only with the Government,) we must stay for some years to gather in any considerable harvest: because the great source of Canton wealth will be dried up by the inland embargo upon the tea provinces; and the Formosa prosperity depends much upon coasting commerce with the mainland of China, which will now be subject to all the hazards of a contraband trade. Besides, these two occupations will require a land force; and the very expenses of such occupations may very easily be such that we shall all think it a happy thing if the interrupted local revenues should satisfy them.

But finally, in dismissing this opium part of the general question, we would wish to press upon the attention of any interested parties, that they should not look at the several parts of the affair as insulated cases, but should review the entire series as a whole, in which the last stage is adapted to the first, in which the first movement contemplates the end. This war upon

China may be *otherwise* useful; we ourselves believe it will, and for purposes which we are going to notice. But at present we are dealing with it as a measure adopted by our Government to meet certain difficulties created (with or without reason) by themselves, and defended upon specific grounds. It is those grounds we speak to; we argue *ad hominem*. The defence put forward for this war is—that thus we shall recover the value of the surrendered opium. By whom surrendered? Not, as one might think, by some former thoughtless Tory administration; no, but by themselves, and a very few months ago. Was ever such a Penelope's policy, such weaving and unweaving, adopted by any rational Government? They (for of necessity their undisavowed agent is *they*) one fine day give up like lambs more than £2,000,000 worth of property, and on another fine day like tigers they say, Let us fetch it back by war. We did a most drunken act last night: we gave up our watch and purse to a fellow because he had the impudence to ask it. This morning, being sober, let us “pitch into” him and fetch it back.

Upon every principle of plain dealing, every British merchant who surrendered his opium will have a right to say—indemnified or not indemnified by a war, he will have the right—“Captain Elliot, as commissioner of the British Government, as an honourable Englishman, one of a nation that is generous and noble, (be its faults otherwise what they may,) and that disdains all trickery,—can you lay your hand upon your heart and look me in the face whilst you say, that either I ought to have understood, or that you thought I understood, by that solemn guarantee to see me reimbursed, simply this remote—this contingent—this fractional chance from such a war as we can wage with China? Will you say that, for my children's bread, as a thing understood and recognised between us, I was to exchange a certain property, in absolute possession, for some aerial claims upon some distant fighting excursion against some place or places unknown, in a kingdom almost belonging to another planet?” The thing is too monstrous for evasion: it speaks for itself. No reimbursement can clear the honour of the parties gua-

ranteeing: that is now impossible. But, were it not so, two home considerations remain: 1st, How many mercantile establishments, or their creditors, may have gone down whilst waiting? 2d, If the money principle of the war is to pay the merchants in the first place, and to leave the costs of the expeditions as a charge against the country, why not, by a simpler process, have created the charge, in the first place, as a direct indemnification to the merchants, and then afterwards go a campaigning for glory and repayment? Unless the proceeds from the expeditions shall be found to cover both debts, what is this but to create a secondary debt for the purpose of covering a primary debt, and with the vast disadvantage of certain intermediate bloodshed, with a prodigious waste of energy, and by a process most absurdly lingering as well as childish circuitous?

So much for the opium question, which, when probed, does not seem to colour the state of our foreign relations very favourably for the present Administration. But, as it may be thought that the general bearing of this review is unfavourable also to the entertainment of a Chinese war, we will now turn to that side of the question.

War, as a measure of finance—as a mere resource of a delinquent and failing exchequer, is certainly less likely to succeed with an empire like China, so compact, so continental, so remote—and, beyond all other disqualifying circumstances, so inorganic—than with any other in the known world. The French have an expression for a man who is much mixed up in social relations—that he is *repandu dans le monde*; or, as Lord Bolingbroke once said of Pope, by translating that phrase, *scattered and diffused in society*. Now this is the very description of our own English condition as a people; and, above all other facts, it proclaims our indomitable energy, and our courageous self-dependence. Of all nations that ever have been heard of, we are the most scattered and exposed: we are to be reached by a thousand wounds in thousands of outlying extremities; the very outposts of civilisation are held by Englishmen, every where maintaining a reserve of reliance upon the mighty mother in Europe—every where looking to her

in the last extremities for aid, or for summary vengeance, in the case of her aid coming too late; but all alike, in the ordinary state of things, relying upon themselves against all enemies; and thinking it sufficient matter of gratitude to England that she has sent them out with stout arms—with a reverence for laws—with constitutional energy, and, above all, with a pure religion. Such are we English people—such is the English condition. Now, what we are in the very supreme degree, that is China in the lowest. We are the least defended by massy concentration—she the most so. We have the colonial instinct in the strongest degree—China in the lowest. With us the impulses of expatriation are almost morbid in their activity—in China they are undoubtedly morbid in their torpor. At one time, and it may be so still, the Chinese Government absolutely refused to treat, on the cheapest terms, for the redemption of certain Chinese captives, or even to defray their return home—on the Roman plea, that they had abjured their country: but how? Not upon the Roman principle that, having fled in battle, or having yielded to captivity, they had disgraced their sacred mother-country and ceased to be her children: no; but because, having exiled themselves in quest of bread, they had dared to think any other more hopeful than the Celestial soil. With such principles it is not to be supposed that Chinese colonies can ever prosper, or ever become other than a degraded limb of the Chinese state. It is vain to expect much energy in a direction which is habitually frowned upon by the Chinese authorities and institutions. And accordingly, not now only, but for a very long futurity, we must expect to see sailors, shipbuilders, colonists, foreign capitalists, merchants, &c., thriving only as those thrive who are a despised class of offcasts. There is not motion enough in the stagnant state of Chinese society to hope for any material change. And to China as it is—not China as it might be—we must adapt our future relations, which are annually becoming more important.

A war for money, a war for indemnities, cannot be a hopeful war against a lazy, torpid body, without colonies, ships, commerce, and consequently without any great maritime depots. A

rich seaside, a golden coast, that is what we need to make a naval war lucrative. But what then? We need war for other purposes than instant gain. And these purposes it is our next duty to press upon the attention.

All our misfortunes or disgraces at Canton have arisen out of one original vice in the foundation of our intercourse. This began under the unhappy baptism of two unequal contracting sponsors; a great and most arrogant emperor on the one side, a narrow company of mercantile adventurers on the other. In Europe, governments treat with governments, merchants with merchants. All, therefore, goes rightly. But in Asia, until we also became a great Asiatic potentate, the case was constantly as between the Roman logician armed with a book, and his imperial opponent backed by thirty legions. In China, for local reasons of shyness towards all foreigners, the case was worse than elsewhere; there was a simple counting-house and ledger on the one side, there was a great throne and its satellites on the other. Every cause of dispute and repulsion was called into action between the parties, mutual religious horror being superadded; and for a cement, for a link, for reciprocal attraction, there was but the one mean principle of reciprocal gain.

Here, however, we pause to notice one capital oversight in political economy. It has been said many scores of times, in derision of our English hold upon China, that in so vast a territory our tea demand, large as it seems, must be a *bagatelle*. Must it so? Now mark how three sentences shall put that down.

1. Our demand is not little in any sense: it is great relatively, it is great absolutely. So poor are the majority of the Chinese, that they never taste such a beverage as tea; more than Hungarian peasants drink tokay, or French peasants champagne. And it has been repeatedly computed that our English exportation is one clear moiety of the crop.

2. But if it were barely a-tenth instead of a-half, nay a-fiftieth, it would operate most powerfully on the Chinese funds, were it only for this reason, that the tea provinces are but a small part of China. Consequently, whatever loss follows any decay of English purchases, falls (after allowing for the

profits of carriers and the Canton establishments) not upon all China, in which case the vast subdivision might make it a trifle to each individual, but upon a few provinces, enjoying a particular soil and climate; and even in those provinces, as much land is unfitted for the culture of tea, it falls exclusively upon one class of proprietors. Now, it is idle to say that an English demand annually for forty millions of pounds, suddenly subtracted, could be a trifle to any single body of men in any state upon earth. Gathered in its whole thunders upon one limited class of proprietors, so large a loss, and so sudden a loss, must be overwhelming.

3. This last rectification arises by simply substituting for all China the really small class amongst whom the loss must be divided. But there is another and a worse rectification which blows to atoms the notion that our custom is a matter of indifference to China. Very probably Lin thinks so, because Lin is not much read in Ricardo. But a second year's experience will tell another tale even to Lin. It is shameful that men preaching the doctrines of Ricardo should have overlooked their application to China. Suffice it in this place to say, that if, instead of forty million pounds, England called for only a few hundred thousands, even that small addition to the previous demand might force into culture some inferior soil which would necessarily give the regulating price for the whole; immediately after which a rent would take place on the penultimate quality of tea-ground, a double rent upon the ante-penultimate, a triple rent upon the pre-ante-penultimate, and so on through all the gradations upwards. By parity of process, on the withdrawal of this English stimulus, a corresponding retrocession will take place on every quality of soil; every quality must sink in rent instantly; for the delay by means of written leases will only transfer the loss from proprietor to farmer; and the lower qualities, which have only been called into use because a smaller range could not furnish the total demand, will be entirely withdrawn in so far as that demand is contracted. So far from not feeling the loss of our English custom, myriads will be ruined by it out and out. Jails will be filled, suicides will multiply, taxes will be

unpaid, opium-eating will prosper, and the full hail-storm of wrath will descend upon the bare skull of Lin, until his Tartar pigtail rises in affright, and streams like a meteor to the troubled air. All the logic in this world will not get over these three rectifications of the notion that, because China is big, therefore an English demand for tea must be insignificant. The truth is, England is not to be valued as to riches upon any scale derived from her extent. If there are a hundred million families in China, of which ninety barely replace their own consumption, there is no wealth except upon the ten millions who do more. Wealth is the surplus arising after consumption is replaced. Now it is certain that upon every British family, not being paupers, such a surplus arises. But upon a vast body of the Chinese, living on rivers, and eating the garbage rejected by the meanest of the comfortable classes, though not paupers, yet no surplus at all arises. No multiplication of such classes, in a non-military state, is any real increase of strength. Not every twenty-fifth man is a cipher in this respect to England, probably not every tenth man is any thing else in China; that is, if he does not lessen the national funds, he does not increase them.

From this digression upon our purely commercial relations to China, as affected by British custom, we recur to the subject of our social standing amongst the same people. Merchants are also men. Now, in the commercial conduct of the Chinese there is not so much to complain of. The institution of the Hong is, no doubt, tyrannical; certain usages, also, and prescriptions (local or national) of the Canton trade may be unjust, or may need revision as impolitic. But, in general, the Hong merchants are admitted to be honest. It is in the social (not the commercial) treatment of our countrymen, that wrongs and indignities have been offered to the British name. And the initial reason is what we have before stated; viz. that for two centuries our connexion has been maintained by unequal contracting parties. A sovereign who affects to make a footstool of the terraqueous globe, and to view all foreigners as barbarians, could not be approached with advantage by a body of manly Englishmen. In their character of merchants they were

already contemptible in Oriental eyes; and the language of respectful homage, when coupled with the tone of self-respect, was viewed with indignation. Such a prince could be propitiated only by the Eastern style of servile prostration; and, were this style even steadily adopted, under the infinite caprices of absolute despots, it would but the more certainly court the vilest occasional outrages. Some of our anti-national scribblers at home—as of course in vast capitals every variety of human nature will be developed—insisted upon it, that our English ambassador ought to have performed the *kotou*; that it was a mere form; and that the Pekin court usage was the law for those who had occasion to visit Pekin. Had Lord Amherst submitted to such a degradation, the next thing would have been a requisition from the English factory of beautiful English women, according to a fixed description, as annual presents to the Emperor. It is painful to add that, according to the degradation which too naturally takes place in Canton councils, there have been times when such a condition would have been favourably received; and the sole demur would have been raised on the possibility of trepanning any fit succession of their fair compatriots.

We know what we are saying. We must all hope that our modern merchants are far too lofty in principle and feeling for compliances so abject. But we are speaking of the general tendencies which take place in such eastern mercantile bodies, when so far removed from the salutary control of English opinion. Our object is to state the evil influences which are operating and long have operated at all our Oriental settlements where the British society is not numerous enough to hold a "potential voice" of moral control. It cannot be disguised that the interests and honour of England sometimes require to be supported against the British merchant as well as against the despotic sovereign of China. The evil, we have already said, began in the unnatural position, perfectly ruinous to the growth of all high-toned honour, between contracting parties so disproportionately assorted, who could not approach each other, and who, differing in religion, in the modes of their civilisation, and in language not less than they did in

rank, had really no one common principle of appeal in their standards of morality. To these original defects of position was added the total neglect of every successive Government at home. Our furious party disputes in England, so unspeakably valuable in sustaining the vigilance and sincerity of our political interests, have yet this one collateral disadvantage—that they leave no leisure or care for remote colonial questions. This very natural indifference was sustained by the enormous distance—virtually double for the last generation. A voyage of fifteen thousand miles and back made it impossible, in the old state of our Oriental navigation, to receive an answer to a letter of enquiry, at the very earliest, in less than twelve calendar months. The old calculation of an Idumean prince, when threatened by a Jewish rival with an allied force from Rome; viz. that according to all human chances, before three such enemies could have combined a hostile rencontre, either the Jewish threatener, or his Roman ally, or the object of their hostilities, one or all must naturally have perished, and the combination fall through either by failure in the means, or by the extinction of the purpose—this mode of argument applied with triple force to all schemes for connecting Eastern affairs with Parliamentary politics. And thus it happened that for just 150 years our Eastern settlements were all alike neglected. The distance, the obscurity of the interests, the claims, or the intrigues, together with the local peculiarities of thing, person, name, usage—all united to separate us from these splendid theatres of English enterprise as totally as if they had belonged to the planet Jupiter. At length came Lord Clive's magnificent career; another empire was created for England; this empire expanded rapidly; vast fortunes were brought home from India. Much of this money, nay, even the money of native Indian princes, was applied to the support of a Parliamentary influence. Charles Fox grew ambitious of legislating for India. A far greater man, but in this instance a petty one, Edmund Burke, grew interested in the Indian government by his personal hatreds. The light of enquiry began to unveil the importance of these settlements; the English Government would no longer

permit such 'mighty interests to be regulated by merchants; an overruling participation in the power was demanded; a domestic board of control was established; and finally, by many further changes, of which not the least has been the gradual reduction of the Bengal voyage from six months to three, and the organization of overland routes from Bombay in still shorter space of time, the great Indian colonies have long been placed under the close supervision of English domestic counsels.

But that case was a splendid and a natural exception. There it was no longer a commerce, no longer a provincial factory, but a vast empire which was concerned; an empire that in many parts had resumed the throne and place of the Moguls—the only sovereigns in the Mahometan line who have ever approached to a general sovereignty over India. The great circumstances accounted for the great change. But elsewhere things continued as they had been. At Canton especially, no symptom of an improved *surveillance* has been manifested. The greater distance, the lesser value at stake, explain this neglect for the present. But steam, in conjunction with railway, is rapidly annihilating the first; and circumstances, which we are now to indicate, will so vary the last, that a great revolution must now be looked for. We shall be compelled to change our system, or ruin is at hand for English interests in China. The nature of the changes to be expected, we shall briefly state.

Up to the year 1785 it is not worth while to trace the little oscillations of our Canton history. It is merely the history of a counting-house, except for the interest attached to national indignities. Little real variation could take place in our relations with the Chinese court, when all trembled before a power that by one word could annihilate their prosperity, unless when some lion-hearted sailor, such as Lord (then Commodore) Anson, touched at Macao for the sake of repairs or refreshments. This gallant race of men, having no alien interests of a money nature to mislead the simplicity of their English feeling, treated the insolence of the Chinese authorities with the disdain it merited; and Lord Anson, in particular, on finding a puny opposition prepared to his passage, smashed their

"crockery ware," (as he irreverently styled their forts at the Bocca,) in such a summary style, with the guns of his old storm-shaken ship the *Centurion*, that all the tails in Canton stood on end with horror. Frightened as the British factory was at this explosion of naval spirit, they could not hide from themselves that it succeeded for the moment, and left a useful impression behind it for a pretty long period. It was in fact the results from this demonstration of Anson's, that subsequently suggested the two embassies of the Lords Macartney and Amherst. But previously to the era even of Lord Macartney's mission, an affair of the year 1785 had put into everlasting characters of shame, had inscribed deeply upon a poor murdered victim's gravestone, what is the capacity for evil, how infinite the possible degradation under a venal spirit of money-making, when not counteracted and overruled by the public opinion of an honourable Christian community. The case, a memorable one for our English instruction, was this:—Either in firing a salute of honour, or on some festal occasion, a ball from one of the great guns on board an English Indian man unfortunately killed a Chinese. Never in the history of human affairs was there a more absolute accident as respected the man who fired the gun. The man who loaded it was never discovered. But this wicked nation, who are so thoroughly demoralized as to perceive no moral difference between the purest case of misfortune terminating in a man's death and the vilest murder of premeditating malice, demanded (according to their practice) all the men to be given up who had in any way been parties to the loading, the priming, or the firing of the gun. The English factory, whose very cowardice had taken a lesson in the policy of making some resistance to monstrous demands, kicked a little at this summons. But the Chinese, being so thoroughly in the wrong, were of course thoroughly in earnest. The usual circle of remonstrances was run through by the factory; the usual insolent retorts came from the Lins of 1785; the usual steps were taken through the Hong for "closing the trade;" and then—upon that magical *sesame*—all scruples of honour, justice, Christian feeling, gave way at once; wide open flew English doors to the vile

Chinese murderers; and, to the everlasting shame of poor dishonoured England, the innocent man, who had acted in obedience to absolute orders from his captain, was given up to these Canton devils, in order that they, under colour of avenging an imaginary murder, might perpetrate as real and foul a murder as human annals record. The man who had fired the gun was professionally the gunner of the vessel; and to our feeling it adds to the inhuman baseness of the surrender, that he was an elderly Portuguese, who had for many years sought by preference the service of the British flag. When the wretches came to seek him, he was on board his ship. The boat being ready, he was called to take his place in her; well he knew whither he was going, and what would be his fate. The officer was present under whose orders he had acted, yet he uttered not a murmur. He took his place modestly at a distance from the officers, and when called to take a more honourable seat by their side, again he obeyed the order. One of the captains, pitying the man's case, and admiring his meekness, humility, and fortitude, uttered some words of consolation; and other captains, adding lies to their perfidy and their cowardice, assured him that not a hair of his head should be touched. But the poor Portuguese knew better—he understood the case; he knew the brutal stupidity of the Chinese, and he read his fate in the obstinacy of their pursuit. Still he murmured not; only at these delusive assurances, which added mockery to murder, he shook his head with a mournful significance. The sequel is soon told—this humble servant of the British flag was solemnly delivered up to his assassins. Some of the better Chinese were themselves startled at the approaching tragedy; for, let it be observed, there was no deviation from the statement here made, even in credulous Canton. The Chinese version of the story differed in no iota from the English. Murmurs began to creep through that timid, servile city. The man's deportment, so humble and submissive, conciliated some pity even from the fools who thought him a criminal. It was found expedient to dispatch a courier to Peking for further orders. In due course, the fatal mandate returned for the execution to proceed, and this poor injured man

suffered on a Chinese gallows by hanging, for having fulfilled his duty on the deck of a British ship. Baseness and faint-heartedness so complicated, we willingly believe, cannot often have been repeated by British authorities even in a factory. We would even hope that the case must be unique. But it is proper that we should know what are the atrocities which, under the spirit of gain, even free-born Britons can commit, and which, under their accursed system of law, the Chinese can exact.

These precedents, it will be said, belong to a past age. Certainly as regards the British share in the disgrace; but not as regards the Chinese share in the terror. The same scenes are eternally impending. The Chinese laws do not change. It is the very expression of their improgressive state that they cannot. Centuries make no reforms in a land open to no light. That same monstrous principle, upon which a poor dependent of England was then given up to an ignominious death—the principle that, in a certain event, inevitable misfortune and malice aforethought are equally criminal, punishable equally by the death of a dog—this principle never will be abandoned. This principle has, since the year 1785, again and again brought us into terrific embarrassments; and it is idle to suppose that in a seaport, the resort of sailors from the highest-spirited nation upon the earth, and liable to perpetual insults from Chinese vagabonds, any vigilance can ever close or seal up this opening to occasional manslaughters. We do not mention, as a separate evil, the liability of our people to be confounded with the Americans; from the identity of their naval costume, this must continually happen: but amongst Chinese idolaters we view the Americans as one with ourselves. They are Christians—they have our British blood in their veins; and they have inherited from ourselves, as children of enlightened liberty, the same intolerance of wrong. It would be a petty clannish form of nationality to separate our cause from theirs.

But now mark:—as yet, or at least until the last few years, this horrible Chinese degeneration of moral distinctions has operated only upon a known, distinct, and concentrated surface, upon a body of men under the eye, and partially reined up

tightly by the hand, of cautious superiors. Had any other been the case, long before this the very stones in England would have mutinied for vengeance—such would have been the judicial atrocities committed by the Chinese. At present all things are changing in the aspects of English colonization and of our Asiatic commerce. The mere expansion of our Indian empire, and the widening circle of our Asiatic relations, would gradually multiply our shipping; our social necessities, and our points of contact with foreigners in all Eastern seas. But, apart from India, the following important changes have recently begun to open:—

1st, The colonial importance of New South Wales is now annually strengthening, so much as to send off sub-dependencies to other parts of the same great continent. The insular colonies of Van Diemen's will add another nucleus in the same region, which already is connecting itself, by numerous threads, with important settlements in every part of the Eastern ocean.

2dly, The infant colony of New Zealand will soon, of itself, form another and a separate nucleus in the same region of that ocean. This colony has been treated with contradictory harshness by Lord John Russell—now drawing back from the most reasonable interposition of Government—now volunteering the most hostile; this day refusing the slightest expression of maternal grace from England—next day placing England, towards her own suppliant children, in the attitude of a malignant step-mother. But, for all that, New Zealand is destined to a giant's career. It is a youthful Hercules, that will throttle the snakes about its cradle. The climate, not too relaxing, the soil, the waters, the interconnexion between the noblest children of civilisation, and by very much the noblest race of savages in the world—these great advantages, combined with two others—(the first being, that a large proportion of capitalists will be concerned in this colonial edifice; and the second, that convicts will be excluded,)—compose a body of inauguration for this enterprise, which wears a promise hardly within the compass of disappointment. The long infancy of all other colonies will be spared to this; *1st*, in consequence of the power and light which

are now directed upon the general subject of colonization from the centres of European civilisation; *2dly*, in consequence of the peculiar local endowments; and *lastly*, in consequence of the magical revolution in the arts of locomotion.

3dly, The missionary efforts, from Christian England, are now annually expanding their means, and organizing their forces. Were it merely through the growing knowledge of Eastern languages, this religious interest must go on at a pace liable to sudden accelerations of speed. It is in the nature of such undertakings to kindle as they advance; and, as the separate centres of radiation, begin to link on to each other, gradually interknitting as a chain of posts in active intercommunication.

All these concurring causes will soon multiply our Oriental shipping by twenty-fold. In fact, fresh emporia, such as Singapore, have been rising of late years. Ceylon has been rising rapidly in importance. Our increasing intercourse with the Red Sea, (now strengthened by military stations,) will further abbreviate the intercourse between Europe and the Indian Ocean. These causes, taken by themselves, and apart from the fact that the missionaries have been applying themselves, with peculiar energy, to the vast unguarded sea-coast of China, will avail to carry into Chinese jurisdictions a score of British ships for one that has had occasion to face that danger. Occasional shipwrecks, or calls under stress of weather, will increase in the same proportion. And of this we may be assured, that opportunities for retaliation, in a twenty-fold proportion, will henceforwards offer to this ignoble people in every case where their monstrous laws may happen to be infringed.

It is a subject of just alarm, that not only will the occasions for revenge be multiplied, but the chances of provoking revenge, by offending those unnatural laws, will even outrun our increased scale of intercourse. For it must never be forgotten, that the opening of the trade to China—were there no other change in operation—has, by itself, utterly deranged the old local authority of any superintendents whom the new condition of the commerce will endure. Hitherto the enterprising parties (the final controllers)

have been cautious and intelligent capitalists—now they will be desperate adventurers. The trade, as it now stands, has succeeded to an inheritance of some ancient forms ; but it has inherited no part of the ancient obedience. The obedience paid to Captain Elliot was, in all its circumstances, as different from that which once corresponded to the demands of China, as the new condition of the China seas will be from those of the eighteenth century. This obedience heretofore was compulsory—now it is prudential, and (in the literal sense of that word) precarious ; for it depended upon the entreaties of Captain Elliot. Heretofore it was instant ; now it followed after long deliberation. Heretofore it was unconditional ; now it took the shape of a capitulation. So much obedience was sold for so much indemnification. And most undoubtedly even this form of submission would have been refused, had the quality of the indemnification been known, or its distance suspected. In future, every man will govern himself according to his separate views of Chinese policy, or his own facilities for evading it. But, amongst these facilities, the most tempting will be the unprotected state of the Chinese coast as regards the coercion of smuggling. With the inefficacy of Chinese administration will grow the cruelty of Chinese revenge, in order that vengeance may redress the weakness of foresight, and barbarous punishments make up for defective precautions. This people, who are bestial enough to think the will and the intention no necessary element in the moral quality of an act, are also savage enough to punish vicariously. A smuggler will be caught and impaled within sight of his ship : his comrades, by way of furious revenge, will land, will burn a dozen or two of villages, and massacre the flying inhabitants. These particular criminals will probably escape. But the ship that goes next on shore in China, will meet the full storm of Chinese vengeance. And, if some colonial ship freighted with emigrants, or some packet with passengers, should be driven out of her course, and touch at a Chinese port, as sure as we live some horrid record will convulse us all with the intelligence—that our brave countrymen, our gentle countrywomen, and their innocent children, have been

subjected to the torture by this accursed state.

No : it is vain to dissemble. Even without the irritations of contraband trade, and without the extension of our Eastern intercourse now opening before us, it is too certain that the humiliation and the national crime of 1785 will revolve upon us. Many times we have been on the brink of the same tragedy. And, knowing those facts, it is scarcely to be forgiven that our Government should not long ago have taken steps in a most decided way to place our relations with this immoral state upon a footing of European security. Things have at last taken a turn which, *on other grounds*, has induced our Government to meditate an armed negotiation with China. Now, therefore, it will be most important to combine this ancient and lasting purpose of security with the accidental purposes of the moment ; and, whilst healing a present wound of our own infliction, (for the indemnity we are seeking corresponds to a surrender volunteered by ourselves,) to obtain a lasting guarantee, once and for ever, against far worse wounds to character, as well as property, which have continually impended over our Canton connexion.

Let us now consider in what way this great object can be compassed ; and how it may be possible to extract from an ill-advised rupture, not merely a satisfaction for the momentary grievance, but such concessions in regard to our permanent perils, as may reconcile us all to the rashness of Captain Elliot, and may turn the opium loss (were *that* even past retrieval) into a mere pepper-corn rent for the very amplest condition of commercial privilege.

What we want with Oriental powers like China, incapable of a true civilisation, semi-refined in manners and mechanic arts, but incurably savage in the moral sense, is a full explanation of our meaning under an adequate demonstration of our power. We have never obtained either the one or the other. Our two embassies were faithfully executed, but erroneously planned. To pause at the outset upon what may be thought a trifle, but is really no trifle in dealing with Oriental princes, even the presents in those embassies were not childish, so much as ruinously selected. Certain

departments of public business have immemorially been conducted as jobs in Great Britain: for instance, the building of palaces, and the regulation of national presents. The first, instead of being confided to a national superintendence, has constantly settled upon the individual caprice of the existing prince; which caprice taking every variety of direction, it has naturally followed, that more money has been spent in merely undoing and pulling down walls, than availed in France to build the Louvre, the Tuileries, and Versailles; and with this final result,—that, excepting Windsor, we have no palace worthy of the nation. The same hole-and-corner influence has mismanaged the department of presents. For no reason upon earth, beyond an old precedent, thousand-guinea diamond boxes were at one time given to a variety of people on every occasion of signing a treaty: and, in Mr Canning's brief administration, when that minister was questioned about them, it actually came out that no person was officially responsible for the boxes being worth any thing approaching to the price paid by the nation. In another case, and a very important one—viz. the Algerine presents—we have the evidence of a most respectable consul, Mr Broughton, who made large personal sacrifices for the British honour, that blunders the most childish were committed—blunders interpreted as insults. Had an old frigate, or even a corvette, of which so many were going to decay “in ordinary,” been sent to the Dey, the present would have been received thankfully as a royal one: instead of which an assortment of *bijouterie* was offered, by which the Dey thought himself mocked. The diamond-box concern had interfered as usual. A musical snuff-box, valued to the nation at five hundred guineas, was scornfully tossed by the Dey to his cook; and the only article which he thought worthy of himself was a brace of finely finished pistols, which probably had not cost above fifty guineas. Thus highly does the nation pay to found a lasting sense of injury in the minds of foreign princes.

As respected China the matter was worse. Amongst the presents assorted for the Celestial Emperor was actually a complex apparatus, (suited to the bedchamber of an invalid,) which

cannot be mentioned with decorum. Oriental princes will not believe that the sovereign, who is nominally the presenter of such offerings, has not a personal cognizance of the affront. In their own establishments every trifle of this nature is duly reported and discussed, as one means of relieving the dire monotony which besieges the sensual lives of the East. And, besides, not to have had cognizance of what concerned a brother potentate, is already an affront.

That preliminary being first of all settled, which requires great tact in the case of China, from the jealousy with which they regard our superiority in the mechanic arts, and their entire incapacity for the liberal arts, a project is suggested by our present exigencies which has slightly been entertained in former times. It is now certain that we must have some sort of military expedition against China. It is also certain that we can never have full explanations exchanged, or the basis of any treaty laid, without a solemn diplomatic congress between the two nations. What if the two appeals were combined? Embassies have failed in the East, partly because, speaking from no apparent station of power, and appealing to no previous knowledge of our European rank, they could not command the requisite attention and respect. On the other hand, a warlike invasion is too openly an expression of coercion to found a settlement that will last. But what if the feelings of an arrogant state were so far consulted as to allow her some colourable varnish for wounded vanity? What if, instead of a negotiating army, we were to send an armed negotiator? Instead of an army with an ambassador in its rear, an ambassador followed by an army for his train? Such retinues are not unknown in many Eastern lands. A column of 14,000 men, with a suitable train of artillery, it is understood to be the opinion of military men, would easily march to Peking, if landed at the nearest point. One person, indeed, assures us that we underrate the Chinese Tartar troops: an experienced native, it seems, of Nepaul, had told him, “that the Chinese scymetar cuts deeply.” Now, if this officer confined his remark *literally* to the swords, (and not using the word as a general symbol for martial power,) there is no doubt;

and it is surprising that the Oriental weapons of steel are generally much superior to our own. In the suite of the French General Gardane, sent ambassador by Napoleon to the court of Teheran, there were many military men, who reported that the best Damascus blades were better than the very best Toledos. But, as these could only be purchased from Turkish enemies, the Shah had patronised two native manufactories, at Ispahan and in Chorasan, which were in *their* turn as much superior to the Syrian arms as those to the Spanish. One officer put the rival qualities to a test which was decisive; and M. Jancoigne (who afterwards published a French report on the Persian armies) says expressly—"the swords they use, much superior to ours in temper, make wide and deep wounds, which are generally mortal." The advantage belongs to all Oriental armies which import Persian sabres. But what of that? It still remains true of all Oriental armies, that, even as to weapons, they are badly armed; badly as respects the class and selection of the arms, whatever may be their quality as manufactures. The Persian armies have been beaten into some useful reforms by the Russians, and trained into others by Sir H. Bethune. The armies of India have been gradually improved by the example of the English. With these exceptions, no Eastern armies can so much as face European troops, where all arms of the service are complete, in almost any disproportion. A few brave mountain clans do not amount to a serious exception. One universal error in the composition of Eastern armies, is the vast preponderance of the cavalry. The Persian cavalry, taking the quality of men, horses, and arms conjointly, thirty years ago, was the most splendid in Asia; yet an agent of Napoleon's reported thus, on the question of their serviceableness—"this brilliant cavalry cannot fight in battle array;" and then, after describing their excellent qualities as individual horsemen, or acting as partisans "for turning the flanks of an army, and as skirmishers," this Frenchman concludes thus:—"But the perfection of European tactics would not permit the *élite*, even of the Persian cavalry, to support the impetuosity of heavy dragons, French or English: they are

unequal to the regular shock of our cavalry of the line; and they are unequal to the task of breaking our infantry." Yet this cavalry, we repeat, was, by unanimous consent, at the head of all Asiatic cavalry. As to the infantry, until recently in Persia and in Hindostan, it is every where a rabble of tumultuary levies in Asiatic armies.

Upon many people's minds it will rest as an unpleasant augury, what Sir Robert Peel said of our engaging in a war with three hundred and fifty millions of men. We think Sir Robert must have smiled when he used that argument. One of Shakspeare's clowns hearing of a man having suffered or having threatened a million of stripes, says, "a million of stripes may come to a great matter." And certainly three hundred and fifty millions of cudgelings "would come to a great matter," which would not improve our position, though it might strengthen the demand for opium. But, seriously, of all nations the Chinese is the most sedentary, and the least available for a locomotive war—such as *we* can always make it. The fourth part of their three hundred and fifty millions, which in a nation wholly barbarous ought to express the number of males disposable for war, would be too many for the purpose by a thousand-fold, if they could be applied to the service, or, being applied, were of the martial quality required. But the improgressive and imperfect civilisation of this nation is precisely of that kind which most effectually prevents the abstraction of men from their daily industry. Nations cannot starve in order to fight; and the position of China, exposed for some generations to no potent enemy on her frontiers, is precisely such as to prevent her nominal army from being, in a true military sense, seasoned to war, or, in military phrase, "*aguerrie*." An armed police is the utmost, from mere defect of enemies, that any Chinese army can long have been. And were it even otherwise, had the Chinese a large army (like our Indian establishment) continually exercised in field duties, and in sharp fighting by a large family of ambitious neighbours, still the great questions would recur—1, Have they a good INFANTRY? 2, Presuming all the advantages of experience and seasoning in the field,

are the men efficiently ARMED? 3, Have they the magical—almost the spiritual—power of DISCIPLINE to bind the individuals into unity? 4, Have they an engineering establishment? Have they an ARTILLERY?

A quarterly journal of eminence in our land absolutely attempts to startle the country, as regards this last question, by pointing attention to the awful fact, that the Chinese had thrown a twelve pound ball into the mast of the Volage or the Hyacinthe! Wonderful!—and the poor mast has to undergo an operation in lithotomy, before it can be pronounced out of danger! Why, Persia herself, whose whole field artillery consisted of certain dromedaries with a swivel mounted on the hump, (*zemboureh*s they were called,) which swivel being once fired to the imminent hazard of the cannonier and his neighbour, the regular manœuvre was for the dromedary to wheel to the right about, and gallop off for a day's march to the rear, in order to insure the concern against capture; even Persia had some capital cannon in her arsenals. And how acquired? They had been left behind by the Portuguese when they evacuated the island of Ormus. And most other Asiatic powers have come into an odd assortment of Christian artillery and other old iron, as derelicts of us Europeans. Why, then, should it astonish us that China, by robbery or purchase, or in the way of *jettson* and *flotsam*, should come into possession of a Christian hulk or so with its heavy guns? This argues nothing for her native skill in engineering. One discharge of a rocket brigade, should our expedition make a *hourrah* upon any great city, will be a sufficient reply to all such alarmists.

It is in no other way than as an armed body that an English embassy can ever prevail at Pekin. It is in no other character than as an ambassadorial body that an English army can fail to leave behind a very lasting impression of irritation at Pekin. Either form of approach taken separately would thwart our views; the purely martial form would terminate in hostility; the purely diplomatic would terminate in smoke. But, if the two could be dexterously blended, if the one could be so used as to masquerade the other, from the twofold

engine we might expect a great and a permanent result. Eastern princes, when they receive alimony as suppliants from others at a distance, call it before their own subjects tribute which they have levied. And when they really pay tribute, they call it alimony which they have granted. To a certain extent we may wink at such evasions in China. But we must not any longer allow our ambassadors to be called *tribute-bearers*, as were Lords Macartney and Amherst. We must not any longer allow ourselves to be called *barbarians*. It is doubtful, indeed, as to this last term, what is the exact value of the Chinese word so rendered. In the use of the Greek word *Barbaroi*, besides the four stages through which it is traced by Gibbon, (chap. li. vol. ix., foot-note p. 463-4,) it is certain that in each separate stage the word admitted of some modifications, which mitigated the insult, and caused it to be sometimes self-assumed as a mere name of distinction, equivalent to *alien* or *non-Grecian*. Some such misunderstanding may operate here. But misunderstandings, one and all, we must have cleared up. They are perilous with two sorts of nations—with insolent nations, and with dishonest nations. And the very first rule in dealing with such a nation is—*Better to be cheated than to be insulted*.

The first thing is, to look out for really skilful, but in any case really honest interpreters. Want of skill may be remedied. One or two circumlocutions, or varying repetitions, will always make the meaning clear, if any doubt arises upon a separate word: and generally *things*, substantial *things*, are too much interwoven with the points in dispute to allow any large range for mistake. But there is no guarding against the perfidy of a native Chinese, whose cowardice suggests to him some evasion of a strong English idea. We must have a letter first of all, full and circumstantial, written to the Emperor; and, because it is said that he feels it a degradation to have been addressed of late by a viceroy, (the Governor-General of India,) this letter must speak directly from her Majesty the Queen that now is to his Imperial Majesty. This will be also the better course for another important reason—it will justify a frank language; it will prevent the

language of kindness and respectful conciliation from seeming adulatory; it will prevent the language of plain-dealing from seeming insolent. A very great aid would be rendered to the cause, if a short sketch could be sent with this letter, describing the great leading points in our social polity; showing the value which we also set upon human life, (which otherwise the stupid Chinese fancy peculiar to themselves;) but showing also that we value other things still more highly, such as equity, human rights and duties as measured by intention, &c., and stating the nature of a representative government; how far it limits the powers of the sovereign, but in what a high degree it provides for the honour, and dignity, and usefulness of the sovereign. Such a sketch would prepare the Emperor to understand in future, that special requests which he might make of our Queen, as tests of her sincerity, are liable to refusal from the nature of popular rights, without any failure in respect or in sincerity of good-will.

The Chinese understand by this time, which formerly they did not, something of the truth in relation to our civil grandeur. This they have learned indirectly, and by a sort of logical *sorites*. Our Indian empire, which they see and tremble at, is an exponent to their understandings of that England which they cannot see. To know that this mighty colonial possession is but a remote dependency on England; to know that it is so little essential to the splendour of our English crown, as never to have been visited by any of the royal family; to know also that the whole vast line of communication between India and England has always been kept open by our ships, and consequently (let French emissaries traduce us as much as they will) that, by a practical test continually applied, we must always have been "too many" for our European enemies, through a long line of thirteen thousand miles—all this must convey a gorgeous impression of British power to the minds of the Peking counsellors. What we now want is, to connect this power with our interests in Canton. Contrasting so enormous a power with the mean submissions and the precarious tenure of our Chinese factory, what else can the Emperor naturally conclude, than that

we (like himself) throw off from parental care those who, for the sake of gain, have consented to expatriate themselves into corners where they hold no one privilege, not so much as air, as water, as fire, but upon insolent sufferance and capricious indulgence?

This must be set to rights: an explanation must be given, difficult to devise, of our long inattention to these Chinese rights. We must also speak plainly on the terms of equality which we mean to hold in negotiating. This is not quite unprecedented in the East. In Ferishta's Hindostan, as abridged by Colonel Dow, will be seen a case where a King of Persia was so offended at the arrogant style of a great Mogul Sovereign, that he insisted on explanations; which accordingly were given to this effect:—That if he used vain-glorious titles, they were meant only for his own subjects, not at all in disparagement of his brother princes. Those are weak people who think such points of titular honour, of rank, of precedence, to be trifles any where. Cromwell did not think them such: he most wisely refused to treat in French, though otherwise a trifle, because it would be used as an argument that we British had submitted to take a secondary place, and to receive a sort of law from our enemies. The first Cæsars did not think them such, who cashiered magistrates for using the Greek language on the tribunal. But in Asia all external forms are more important by many degrees. In Europe the prevalent good sense and the diffusion of truth as to all possible relations of power, &c., give a perpetual limitation to the gasconades of French proclamations, French bulletins, &c., which makes nugatory their false pretensions. But in all Asiatic despotisms no truth is current. Ignorance that is total, credulity that is beyond European conception, combine to support all delusions which are not put down with a strong hand by us who are the most certain to suffer from them.

Among the presents, (which to all Eastern princes, but especially to such as only play at making war, ought chiefly to be articles of warlike use,) none can be so well adapted to dazzle the Chinese as a train of our field artillery, with its entire establishment of horses, &c. This, after doing its appropriate service to the ambassador's "retinue" to and from the point of de-

barkation, might be left as a present with the Emperor. As to mere philosophical instruments, how could those dazzle a people incapable of using them? There lay the error of Napoleon, who made Monge exhibit chemical experiments before the Mamelukes and the Arab Sheiks. Not having the very elements of science so as to comprehend more than that there had been a flash, or an effervescence, or an explosion, the solemn blockheads naturally said — “Aye, this is very well, but can he do what our magicians can do? Can he make us jump into Abyssinia and back again in an hour?”

But by whatever presents and explanatory letters we court the personal favour of the Emperor, the strength of our impression will rest upon our visible demonstration of power contrasted with our extreme forbearance in using it. That *must* make a favourable impression. And it is obvious that we are now arrived at a crisis in which some powerful impression is indispensable, in order, not only to make the further progress which is challenged by our position in Asia, but to continue our hold on the progress which is made already; not only for those objects even, but to meet the certain danger to our fellow-subjects from casual collisions with the Chinese laws. It is obvious enough that the Chinese commerce, if it were not ours already, ought to be procured by treaty—considering the clamorous instincts which propel us in our great Asiatic career. It is obvious that this Chinese commerce, having long been ours, *will* be pursued now at whatever hazard; and that it is the duty of our Government to make that intercourse secure and honourable which it has long been out of their power to prevent. Lastly, it is obvious that even if this commerce were extinguished by the violence of the Chinese, we should still need a treaty and a previous demonstration of our power, in order to protect our ships, with their increasing crews and passengers, from casual collisions with a cruel nation.

These arguments for an armed interference apply to any period of that vast system on which our Asiatic interests have been for some years expanding. But they apply at this moment beyond others for a separate reason, viz.—on account of two injurious acts on the part of the Commis-

sioner Lin, which have suddenly created a crisis. The first of these acts being the seizure of our opium, (since a peaceable surrender, under a virtual condition not fulfilled, *is* a seizure;) the second of these acts being the violent, summary, and (as Lin says) everlasting exclusion of the British name from China. There were at any rate, and already, three general arguments for an interposition of our Government, pointing to the future; there is now a fourth argument, pointing to the past, the reprisals called for against special and recent outrages. This last reason we have treated as itself furnishing strong matter against our own Government; but that does not acquit the Chinese Government. It is only in collusion with the Chinese Commissioner that our own Government has been wrong. To seek indemnities, where we ourselves created the necessity for those indemnities by submitting to the wrong, criminales the Government under whose impulse and misrepresentation we *did* submit to that wrong: but it does not acquit Lin, under whose breach of faith that submission has turned out to be an illusory act. Lin is guilty; and our own Government in a measure the accomplice of Lin. Yet, self-created as is our present necessity for indemnities, by pursuing that object in connexion with the other great objects indicated by the constant state of our danger from China, the Government will have its only chance of effacing past folly. We may forgive the absurdity and the fraud by which our merchants were decoyed into a supererogatory surrender of two birds in the hand by way of obtaining an uncertain reversion upon one bird in the bush; this and much besides we may forgive, and even rejoice in our own losses, as well as the blunders of our Government, if they should turn out to be the happy occasion of forcing a stream of light upon our Chinese position, and winning something more than a momentary indemnification for the British factory—winning honour for the name of Britain—winning a secure settlement planted in law, and self-respect for our establishments in China—for ever taking away from British merchants all temptations to co-operate in legal murder—for ever guaranteeing our own brothers and sisters from liability to torture.

We have taken no notice of one fea-

ture in our Chinese relations, which threatens us beyond China. We have been alarmed recently on the matter of Chiva. There is a monomania in this country as regards the Emperor of Russia—because the Poles were conspirators, he must be a tyrant—and every man is suspected of aiming at a snuff-box through the Russian ambassador, who speaks a word of truth on behalf of his Russian Majesty. All that we shall say therefore is—that the expedition to Chiva can hardly have any relation to the British movement upon Cabul. It was planned and talked of two good years before we crossed the Indus. The Khan of Chiva is the common nuisance of central Asia; equally offensive to Russia as a disturber of her commerce in its natural channels, and a common Algerine pirate as regards her peaceful subjects on the Caspian. As regards India, if Russia could venture to assault with mere war an empire founded on both the war and the diplomacy of eighty years, how could she take an effectual departure from the Jaxartes, when she cannot reach it without the sacrifice of despair? Not to mention, that Russia cannot spare troops for an Indian campaign—has not a battalion that is acclimatized—cannot wish for an empire so distant as to demand a *new centre of administration*. Now, on the other hand, if China could become more warlike, the peril which we vainly look for on the Western Himalaya will seriously reach us from the Eastern.

We have taken no notice of a feature in the domestic circumstances of China, which may happen to favour us. A secret and revolutionary society

of vast ramifications, sometimes called the Society of the *Triad*, diffused through every province of maritime China, and having for its object to overthrow the existing Tartar dynasty and government, has been noticed by English travellers of late years. This may happen to co-operate with our purposes. But we rely upon no obscure features, whether for hope or for fear. We rely upon the condition of China—full of insolence, full of error, needing to be enlightened, and open to our attacks on every side. A popular Review has pronounced recently an apotheosis of China; finding out that she is distinguished for her skill in the arts, (but obscure *mechanic* arts,) and that she was so when our ancestors lived in the forests of Germany. True; and no fact could better have measured the difference between us. The Review takes a retrospect of 1500 years. All the world sees how we have used that interval. We British have traversed the whole distance from savage life to the summit of civilisation. China, starting with such advantages, has yet to learn even the elements of law and justice, without counting on doubtful advantages. We rely upon this known and attested state of Chinese society, which needs a diplomatic interference to make it endurable. We rely upon our past position at Canton, which was always full of temptations to partnership in murder. We rely upon our injuries, which are recent. We rely upon our honour, trampled under foot. We rely upon our interests, which, alike for commerce and for person, are now finally at stake.

CARLO SEBASTIANI, THE AID-DE-CAMP.

THE ball at Erlach was the most showy display that its old battlements and bastions had witnessed since their foundation by Charles V. The day itself was a gathering of good fortune. Besides its being the anniversary of the birth of the Empress of Austria, the adjutant had brought from Vienna one of the Imperial orders for the governor, with a highly complimentary letter from the war-minister, applauding the "extraordinary vigilance which had counteracted the daring enterprise of the enemy against his fortress," and the "consummate gallantry with which he met the attack, and captured and destroyed the whole division under the French general."

If governors of threescore and ten had any faculty of blushing, Major-General von Sharlheim must have blushed at his panegyric. But, as that was out of the question, he ordered the letter to be entered on the regimental books, and read at the head of every corps on the parade; had *facsimiles* made of it, which he dispatched to every corner of Europe without loss of time; and published it at full length, and with all explanatory comments, in the *Hamburgische Correspondenten*, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and a crowd of others, which sent it flying round the globe. In short, the governor was in the highest spirits imaginable.

Carolina Cobentzel, fairer than ever, dressed like a sultana, and looking like the Queen of the Graces, was the centre of attraction for the night. The French officers themselves acknowledged that she had the *vraie tournure Française*, by which they meant perfection, of course; and the assiduities of the gallant chef-de-brigade were so pointed as to throw all the men into palpable despair, and all the ladies into as palpable displeasure. But the assembly was large, gay, and brilliant; the neighbouring nobles, delighted at the prospect of a fête, and at the transformation of the rugged old fortress into the palace of an Armida, had flocked to the festival, and all was waltzing if not wit, and wine if not gaiety. As in all fancy balls, some of the groups were dull, and some costumed in contempt of all history; but some were striking,

and, among the rest, was one of a band of Italian pilgrims, who came singing the airs which so perfectly suit their country, and so touchingly recall its captivations to all who have trod the southern side of the Alps. The group were chiefly young; but one of them, who seemed bowed with extreme old age, and sang with a feeble though still sweet voice, suddenly fixed Carolina's eye. The features were those of evident antiquity, yet there was an expression in them which reminded her of something which she could not drive from her mind. The attentions of the gallant chef-de-brigade lost their interest, if they had ever possessed any; and a shade of melancholy began to spread over one of the loveliest countenances of living woman.

The ball was kept up with additional gaiety by the arrival of fresh groups. Wine flowed more briskly, and the spirits of the company constantly grew more animated. But the groups seemed suddenly and unaccountably to thicken, and to be composed, in some instances, of individuals who could scarcely have been included in the governor's invitations. Sounds of riot, too, were heard outside the apartments, which scarcely comported with the discipline of a garrison. A strange feeling of alarm now began to exhibit itself in the assembly; and though the dance went on, and the hock and champagne were more liberally indulged in than ever, it was evident that something threatened to sour the festivity. At length the appearance of one of the aids-de-camp, with marks of extreme anxiety in his countenance, produced an universal pause in the dance, and every eye was turned on the governor. He continued calmly receiving the whispered report of the officer; and, though pale as death, yet, by his gestures, evidently desirous that no disturbance of the festivities should take place. The dancing was resumed, and the major-general again took his seat at the head of the room. But he had scarcely sat down, when a voice from one of the pilgrims whispered in his ear, "Arrest the chef-de-brigade on the spot, or all is lost." The gallant chef was at this moment

waltzing with the Lady Carolina in the midst of a buzz of admiration. This was a difficult point for the governor; but the voice made so strong an impression on his mind, that, after a moment or two of deliberation, he called the Frenchman out of the set, and told him in a low but firm voice that he must retire to his quarters. The chef was all astonishment, demanded the reason of this insult, and haughtily refused to move. The groups suddenly crowded round him, a signal was made from the casement, and it was answered by a clash of arms from without, and a cry of *Vive la République!* The Frenchman now drew his sword, and, turning to the overwhelmed Von Sharlheim, said with that look which no other nation can put on—"Voilà, mon général, la pièce est finie. Rendez vous; vous êtes mon prisonnier à présent!"

"How is this, Monsieur?" exclaimed the startled governor; "what infamous treachery has done this?"

"Comrades," shouted the chef, "forward, and convince the major-general that I am in the right and he in the wrong. *Vive la République!*" As he uttered the words, three-fourths of the groups threw off their masquerade cloaks, and showed the French uniform under them.

"Villain, take this!" was the brave old soldier's exclamation, when he had recovered his breath. The sabre blow which followed the word brought the chef to the ground; and the room was immediately a scene of the clashing of swords and crossing of bayonets. The German officers made all the resistance that could be expected from men taken completely by surprise; but they were gradually pushed from the saloon into the open air. There the scene was one of general struggle. The garrison continued to fight; but the greater part of them had been just roused from their beds, and the remainder had been drinking too deep, of potations furnished more by the French commissaries than by the governor's liberality, to be able to offer any effectual obstacle. Even the guns which the artillerymen wheeled down from the bastions to fire on the square, were found to have been rammed with clay. The very cartridges in the soldiers' pouches had been stolen, and their places filled up with cartridges of sand. Treachery had been active,

and been every where. The enemy continued pouring in battalion after battalion, until the garrison, seeing the hopelessness of all defence, called for quarter. Shouts of *Vive la République* rose at the entrance of every fresh battalion, and the fortress was inevitably lost.

"Let the poltrons be taken prisoners, if they will," exclaimed the governor, as, with a few soldiers and his staff, he fixed himself in a bastion—"I shall die here." But the enemy, determining to finish the affair at once, poured a volley into the work, which formidably thinned its defenders. The next volley threatened to extinguish the little desperate troop, when the governor heard the same mysterious voice at his side which had warned him in the ball-room. "Resistance is ruin," were the words; "follow me." He turned and saw the same decrepit and pilgrim-dressed figure which had before caught his attention. But desperate as the circumstances were, he disdained to save himself by flight. "Make *your* escape, sir, while you have time," said he; and raising his voice, exclaimed to his officers, "Gentlemen, save yourselves; there is no chance of saving the fortress. You may live to be revenged, but the governor must die here." Some took the advice and disappeared; a few remained. The French fired again, and the whole brave remnant lay on the ground. Day broke, and the tricolor waved on Erlach-Glaringen.

The capture of the fortress was easily accounted for. The French prisoners had kept up a communication with their countrymen, who still covered the banks of the Rhine in great force. Jourdan, after his defeat by the Archduke, had retreated upon the Lahn, but leaving behind him nearly all his guns and baggage; the peasantry, infuriated at his excesses on the advance, had followed him with indefatigable hostility, and every straggler perished by their hands. The losses of the marauders amounted to thousands, and the fears of the Republican Government were so much alarmed, that powerful reinforcements were rapidly forwarded from the garrisons on both banks, and the march of a new army of 25,000 troops was ordered under the favourite officer of the service, Marceau. With this accession of strength the hopes of

conquest revived in the bosom of the French commander-in-chief. He threw himself forward, formed a new plan of campaign with the eccentric rapidity which distinguished the war of the Republic, and daringly manœuvred to outflank the Archduke. The news had immediately spread to the prisoners; they prepared for a general attempt on the garrison; and a division of the enemy was ordered into the forest to assist the enterprise. The enemy's march had been so dexterously concealed, that Von Sharlheim, accustomed to more regular tactics, remained totally unsuspecting of this formidable neighbourhood. The preparations for the fête on the Imperial birthday fully occupied the attention of his staff, and the result was the march of a powerful force at midnight to the gates of the place, their introduction by the bribery of the sentinels, and the capture. The scene in the ball-room was merely an adjunct of that which had already occurred without. A large party of French officers had joined the ball, in various characters, ready to take advantage of the hour, and seize the governor and the staff. The chef-de-brigade had meditated a seizure of another kind, which he must have effected but for the unlucky exultation which betrayed him, and which was rewarded by the sabre blow of the governor—a blow which swept off one of the most polished and picturesque mustaches in existence, and carried with it a portion of the lip sufficient to prohibit its growth for life. Whatever he might be as a hero in time to come, there was an end of his claims as an Adonis. The lady was lost; but the fortress was carried. A prodigious history of the "irresistible prowess" of all concerned was sent to Paris; the achievement was blazoned in the *Moniteur*; thence it was turned into a melodrama at the Porte St Martin; furnished a horse-pantomime at Franconi's; flourished as a "romantic opera" at the Odeon; and finally soared as a "tragedie classique" at the Theatre Français. What could chivalry ask more?

About a fortnight after this period a group of three persons, a wounded old man, a young one with an emaciated frame and countenance, and a young female, were seen sitting at the door of a hut on one of the heights

looking down upon the Rhine. Their attention was apparently fixed on a small column of troops which advanced with an open artillery waggon, covered with flags, in their centre; a few cavalry preceded and followed, and a solitary trumpet from time to time sent its melancholy echoes among the mountains. It was evidently the last march of some distinguished soldier. But, as the column ascended the heights, the uniform was observed to be Austrian, and the banner was the black eagle. They were friends; and the anxiety now was to know what gallant chief had been lost to the national cause. The peasant dress of the three precluded personal notice, and they reached the column just as it had arrived at its place of destination. The funeral procession was one of those instances in which war is softened by the spirit of civilisation, and the honour due to genius and valour, is paid, even in an enemy. An officer from the Archduke's headquarters commanded the escort, and as the coffin was lowered from the carriage, and laid in the grave, he pronounced a short and simple panegyric on the dead soldier.

"Austrians," said he, "you see before you the last resting-place of a gallant enemy. That grave contains a Frenchman, and one of the memorable of his country: General Marceau fought in the unjust cause, and therefore Germany may rejoice that the aggressor has been cut off; but he fought by the command of others, and theirs be the crime. It is but a month since that brave general brought his force into the field; it is but a week since he saved the French army, which was on the point of perishing before Austrian bravery; it is but twelve hours' since, at the head of his troops, attempting to stop the irresistible arms of our country, he fell at the battle of Altenkirchen, in command of the rear-guard. It is the glory of the Austrian, that while he fights the enemy in arms, he knows how to feel for the prisoner. We found him wounded on the field. The Archduke, the hero of Germany, ordered his wounds to be taken care of, but they were mortal; and the brave enemy breathed his last, thanking the humanity of his conqueror. Honour to Germany—honour to the Archduke—honour to the brave Marceau!"

The troops repeated the last words with three melancholy acclamations. A howitzer then fired; and three volleys over the grave, and the planting of a bower of pine branches over the spot, concluded the touching ceremony.

The troops returned down the hill; but the three peasants remained. There was silence among them, and their eyes continued fixed on the spot where the sun threw his farewell lustre on the bed of one who was to awake to earthly glory no more. At length the old man spoke.

"He sleeps happy. The Frenchman served his country to the last. No stain darkens the reputation of years. Why could I not have found such a grave?"

The female by his side clasped his feeble hand. "My dearest uncle, my more than father," said she, in accents of singular sweetness, "You must not think of those things. You did your duty; you suffered only by treachery. No one on earth can charge you with dishonour. And who can be answerable for fortune?" Her young companion's looks were fixed on the fair consoler with an expression of intense delight, which made her cheek glow

"Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

"Carolina," replied the old man, "your affection is my single reason for enduring existence. I acknowledge the noble spirit in which our generous friend here persevered, notwithstanding all the malice of his fortunes, to save us both. I thank him with all the feelings that now remain to me, for having saved you, my child, from the hands of the villains who have destroyed your uncle; but, if my last wish were to be granted, it would have been that I had died on the bastion where I fell, and where his unhappy courage dragged me from among my dead friends and soldiers. I can never appear among soldiers again."

The old man's voice sank away, and he stood with his eyes turned in honourable envy to the grave of the gallant Marceau. All was silence for a while. At last their companion, with an evident effort to master some strong feeling, said, in a tone of sudden cheerfulness,—

"We must talk no more in this manner, general; at least not to-night.

The sun forbids our lingering here, or at least mine; for the woodman, who allows me the honour of an apartment under his thatch, keeps early hours, and shuts up his doors at twilight. I have a couple of leagues to go through the forest before that time, or I must bivouac like one of its wild bears. Farewell, till to-morrow."

He took a few paces forward, then returned, and said in a low voice to the lady,—“If I should not return to-morrow, rely upon me for returning at the first moment in my power.” There was a change in his tone and look which alarmed the quick suspicions of the heart. Carolina took him aside.

"Carlo," was the fair creature's answer, "what can you mean by this? You are thinking of some dark attempt that may be your ruin. Remember, that we wholly depend upon you now. Be candid with me; we have claims, if misfortune can give them. My high-spirited and unhappy relative must die if you leave us. What may become of me is of less consideration. But you have saved my life, and it is only gratitude to say that it is at your service for ever! Now, tell me of what it is that you are thinking?"

"Thinking! Of nothing on earth," exclaimed the enraptured hearer, "but of that lovely being whose heart is as noble as her beauty, and whose hand would be worth the world. Carolina, listen to me, and now listen in faith, for I speak in sincerity. The thought was sudden; it came from the grave of Marceau. Looking on that spot, I felt, with a stronger conviction than ever, that to a soldier honour is essential. The tribute paid to that brave man even by enemies made me determine more solemnly than ever, that my Carolina's relative shall be saved from the stings of calumny. As brave as any man living or dead, and suffering only under the ill fortune which has often happened to the brave, he can require nothing but an opportunity to face accusation, and be cleared. My intention was, to go to the headquarters of the army, and explain the capture of the fortress."

Carolina almost uttered a scream. Tears burst from her eyes. "You go to the army—you throw yourself on the mercy of the Archduke! Expect justice from the very circle of calumniators who have poisoned his

mind against you! Carlo, you will have the fate of those on whom the malice of the world turns; you will be overwhelmed by the crowd; you will disdain to defend yourself; you will perish, and I—what then will become of *me*?" Carlo took her passive hand; and, as if to escape her fascination, turned away his eyes.

"Rely upon my caution," said he; "I *will* be prudent. But then, is it possible for me to see that brave and generous old man breaking down, day by day, under bitterness of heart? I have not the slightest doubt that my story will be heard, and will be effectual. The general has still powerful friends at Vienna. The Archduke is fully acquainted with his services in the Prussian and Turkish campaigns. He is looked upon as dead, and no sentence has been passed upon him; the knowledge of his gallantry in the defence of Erlach, unfortunate as its result was, will vindicate him at once; and I shall have the happiness—the unspeakable triumph—of restoring his honour to the uncle of her, without whom life would now be a burden to me. Farewell, then, and remember me!"

The lovely girl looked at him with increasing tenderness, and with thanks which were not to be told in words. But a sudden recollection started to her mind, and clouded her sunny brow.

"And who will defend *you*?" she exclaimed, with the energy of ardent passion. "You have been constantly pursued by a fortune which amounts to a fate. I shall hear of your arrival at the Archduke's camp, only to hear of your suffering the untimely death of those whom the united cruelty and injustice of the world determine to destroy. Be obstinate no longer—there are more lives than your own in the balance. The hour of your death will be mine—I feel it. This old man too will perish with us; for, excepting ourselves, who will think of his old age? Promise me, then, that you will abandon this desperate attempt; and thank Heaven that we are left to live—and to love each other." She stood gazing on him, as if she could read his soul.

"But, Carolina, how can I endure degradation, and, worse than all, to live degraded in *your* eyes?" was the struggling answer. "You make honour too dear, by your generous affection,

to suffer me to bring to your alliance a being unworthy of your hand. I must think of the world, even for you. Shall I see the woman whom I love above all things on earth—the one who has confided her noble heart to my charge, and without whom it would even be impossible for me to live—shall I see the daughter of an illustrious line thrown into obscurity—into worse than obscurity, into shame—by joining her fate with one stigmatized by the common voice of his country? Let me, then, make this single effort. I must first vindicate your relation—that task I shall find an easy one—I must then vindicate myself; and, whether that task be easy or difficult, I shall succeed at least in one object—I shall satisfy myself that I have done all that it was in my power to do—I shall convince my enemies, if I have them, that I have been ready to face all enquiry; and with the conviction that I have acted as became a soldier and a man, the son of a brave man, and, by a still dearer name, the friend of Carolina Cobentzel, I shall be content to live or die."

The calm energy with which he spoke, and the expression of his fine countenance, which had recovered all its ardour, made the listener feel that his determination was fixed; and even that it was the wisest which, under the circumstances, could be adopted. After a pause, in which she wiped away many a tear, she turned her magnificent eyes upon him, and pointing to the sun, lying in golden rest on the ridge of the Frendenberg mountains—

"Carlo," said she, "I must no longer dispute the will of him whom I have so long learned to honour and obey. I am not wholly convinced, but I comply. You shall go to Vienna; but that sun is the last that shall set upon me here. General von Sharlheim and I will go with you. I still have friends in Austria. We shall be able to give you some assistance: and I shall be saved from the infinite miseries which every hour would bring while you were away."

The darkening hue of Sebastiani's brow showed his alarm at her attempting this new peril. The country was covered with troops, and travelling had become a matter of extreme difficulty. She caught the meaning instantly, and combated it.

"Why, then," asked she, "should the journey be undertaken at all? Can you not remain where you are? Carlo, Carlo," she added, with increasing tenderness, "I have abandoned the world. From the night when chance, or perhaps destiny, brought us together in this forest, I felt that with no other human being could I be happy—from that moment I felt a distaste for the world. The fêtes of Vienna had no longer charms for me. I thirsted for solitude. My mind had undergone a total change in that night; and I saw, as if a new spirit had given me new powers of understanding, the emptiness, monotony, and weariness of all that courts and cities call pleasure and distinction. If I could have put on the wings of a dove, I would have sought peace in some quiet valley of these mountains, and, with you for my protector and my guide, have forgotten that there were such frivolities as pomp and rank in existence."

"But dishonour, dishonour!" sighed Sebastiani. "I must vindicate your injured relative: I must next try if there is justice for myself. My heart is worn down with shame. I owe my life to you; for, but for your presence here, I should have been in my grave. Generous and high-hearted being, you *shall* come with me. I can refuse you nothing. I feel your very presence a security for success. Yes, we shall vindicate ourselves—we shall clear the stain from names till now unknown to reproach; and then, leaving the tumults and troubles of the world behind, we shall return, and be vine-dressers on the banks of father Rhine." Carolina fell on his neck in silence; but her silence was eloquence—it spoke delight, confidence, and love.

* * *

The war had raged from the Danube to the German frontier. Jourdan's army had been partially repulsed; but the more powerful and more ably conducted force under Moreau, had rushed, with scarcely an obstruction, to the heart of the empire. At one period all seemed lost; and if Moreau, instead of pursuing the feeble corps of Latour, which constantly fled before him, had merely turned on his steps, and fallen on the rear of the army of the Archduke, it must have been placed be-

tween two fires, and have had only to choose to which of the French generals it would lay down its arms.

But the temptation of menacing the hereditary states, and perhaps of mastering Vienna itself, glittered too strongly before the Frenchman's eye, to suffer him to see that every step of the pursuit only led him further from victory. Though the ablest tactician of France, and one of the most successful officers of a nation whose triumphs seemed almost supernatural, Moreau thus found himself in exactly the same peril in which he might have placed his adversary. The superior manœuvres of the Archduke had placed the French army between two fires. That great and heroic commander saw where the true battle was to be fought, and answered the remonstrances of the terrified court of Austria and her doubting generals, in language worthy of one of the old Roman deciders of the fates of nations. "I care not," said he, "where Moreau may go. Let him advance to the gates of Vienna, if he will. It is no matter, provided I beat Jourdan in the meantime."

He beat Jourdan in the meantime; wheeled round from the Rhine to the Danube, and astonished Moreau, when two hundred miles within the depths of Germany, with the discovery that his was now the only remaining army of France, that the Archduke was thundering upon his rear, and that nothing but the most rapid retreat, and the most desperate fighting, could bring a remnant of his troops back to their own country again.

Moreau was at last awake to his perils, and then the genius of the great tactician broke out. He instantly commenced that memorable movement, which is celebrated to this day as the Retreat of the Black Forest. On the first movement to the rear, the whole of the detached corps of Austria, animated by the victories of the Archduke and the sight of a retiring enemy, pursued headlong, and increasing in numbers and daring hour by hour, inflicted dreadful havoc. Still the French marched on, sending their baggage and heavy artillery before them. But, in a war of this kind, when an enemy retreating in a compact body, is pursued by detached corps, nothing is more hazardous than the slightest failure in combination.

The corps of Nauendorf, moving to the flank, and Latour following full on the rear of the French, at length became separated. Latour found himself instantly attacked by the whole French army. The Austrian general, isolated with a force of less than 30,000 men, in front of one of nearly three times their number, had no resource but to take up a position, fight till he was reinforced by some of the detached corps, and retreat, if this hope failed. But, after a desperate struggle, numbers carried the day; the heights of Biberach were stormed on both flanks; and the Austrians were driven down, with the loss of cannon, some thousand prisoners, and the dispersion of their army.

During this stubbornly contested action, Carlo and his two companions had come inadvertently into the very scene of peril. The road to Vienna lay between the two Austrian corps, and they soon found the impossibility of pursuing their journey in that direction. They had procured one of the rude *stuhl-wagens* of the province, but the second day of their progress found them without horses. The French first, and the Austrians after, had stripped the country; and the travellers, at the end of a day of anxiety, were glad to find a roof in one of the half-depopulated villages, where they could rest their heads for the night. They had heard the cannonade heavily rolling round the horizon since noon, and knew that some great battle was fought, from the continual roar of artillery. But they soon had ocular demonstration of its consequences. Night had scarcely fallen, when the village was crowded with troops of all arms, seeking shelter and relief for their wounded. The dispersion of Latour's corps had filled the woods with Austrian fugitives, and the first man who was brought to the door of the cottage was Carlo's old captain in the Hulus. He had received a lance-wound through the sabre arm, which disqualified him from playing the part of Roland, and sending heads flying from their shoulders at a blow, a feat of which he once boasted, like a Mussulman. Sebastiani bound up the wound, and the care of Carolina—that care which a woman alone knows how to offer—marvellously restored his spirits, and he almost forgot his wound in his sense of relief. His gratitude lent him a

new faculty of speech, and he overflowed with recollections.

"Carlo," said he, as he lay cooling his feverish lips with a draught of Hockeimer, turned into nectar by the skill of the lady, "I little thought that when I fought your battles in the regiment, I should have to thank you and your friends for this night's service.—I must confess that I felt you had taken rather a liberty with my troop, in carrying off yourself, your horse, and three of my best men.—But I hate calumny; I suffer no talkers under me; and to the last, though I fully believed that you had taken leave of your senses in leaving the regiment, I was sure that you would turn up yet—a genius, if not a field-marshal. Do you guess at last who was your enemy?"

The little circle gathered round the bed, and were all ear. Carlo declared that he was not conscious of ever having made one.

"Ay, that shows your folly, my brave boy," said the captain. "You did two or three dashing things, which were enough to have made every sluggard in the army your enemy for life. But, do you remember the little corporal—the fellow who brought the regiment into that desperate scrape on the Rhine. Think of my astonishment, when, on going to look for you at headquarters, the very man who gave me my answer was the corporal! but no longer the little, meagre, frisking knave that he was with us, but a pompous gentleman on the Archduke's staff, covered with embroidery, and his visage as much disguised as his coat. But I knew him through his double allowance of whisker; and told him so. There I showed my folly too, for his rage was tremendous: he denied every thing; and nothing but a French attack that very night, which gave them something else to do than shooting captains with too long memories, I verily believe, saved your humble servant, Captain Gustoff Nadermann, from the bullets of a platoon in the regular style.

"But by what contrivance could he possibly have got into such a situation?" asked Carlo, doubtfully.

"Was he not a Frenchman?" replied the captain; "and is not that enough any where round the world? Of course, he brought some plausible information, or some forged letter, or

some huge bribe along with him. At all events, I have no more doubt than of my lying on this spot, that he was, is, and will be, a spy of Moreau. But he is now a great man—a Major Holzappel, or Holstetten, or I know not what; and, as his natural chance of being hanged must have been turned into a certainty in case of your remaining at headquarters, I am not much surprised that he preferred risking your neck to tying the string round his own."

"And can this traitor be still in the Archduke's camp?" asked Carolina, with an expressive look at her lover.

"In the camp!" exclaimed the captain; "ay, and in its highest confidence. I am told that the Archduke employs him to carry on the correspondence with the Aulic Council, and that he is as powerful at Vienna as at headquarters. I think that we owe him already some ill luck. This last unfortunate affair could not have happened, if the French had not received information of the order for detaching twenty thousand of the troops to the Tyrol; to fight, I suppose, against the chamois. This encouraged Moreau to turn back upon Latour, and break up his brave army into fragments as you see; but I shall have the honour of performing an act of justice on him yet, clever as he is."

A clamour outside interrupted the captain's newly acquired fluency. All was tumult. Carlo hurried out to ascertain what new calamity had occurred. A new rush of fugitives had come pouring into the street, with the intelligence that the enemy were in pursuit, and in great force. All was now tenfold confusion; for the army had been so thoroughly dispersed, that the soldiers were left almost wholly destitute of officers. The sound of firing in the outskirts of the village, and the flight of the peasantry from the farm-houses, gave sufficient proof of the French advance; and the usual ravage of the enemy, flushed with success and eager for plunder, filled Carlo with apprehension for his invaluable charge. He returned speedily to the cottage; and, directing that all preparations should be made for flight, remained *en vidette* at the door, to give the first intelligence of the enemy's skirmishers. It was now midnight, and the darkness was broken only by the fire of a small

bivouac a few paces off. He suddenly heard his name called, and saw a party of his old regiment driven in before a sharp discharge of tirailleurs. The sight awoke all his slumbering recollections. He sprang into the midst of the disheartened squadron—was received with a hurrah—and was a soldier again.

"Where is the colonel—the major? What is become of your officers?" were his rapid questions.

"We know nothing of them; they have either fallen or been taken," was the universal answer.

"Then, comrades, follow me," he exclaimed; and, vaulting on a charger, put himself at their head. In another moment he had brought their ranks into some kind of order; and, after a few words, directing the troops in the street to stand to their arms, and barricade the village, he galloped to the front to observe the enemy. He had scarcely emerged at the head of his little band of gallant hearts and bold hands, when he fell in with a strong column of French infantry pushing for the village, with the haste of certain capture. He instantly charged them; and the unexpected shock as instantly broke them in all directions. A stand of colours, a couple of field-pieces, and, most welcome of all, an ammunition waggon, handsomely stored with bread and brandy, were the prizes of this brief exploit. He now returned to the village, divided the capture among the famishing soldiery, and only claimed, as his share of the trophies, the use of the waggon to carry off his companions. But, on his entering the house, he found the old general with a sword by his side, and a musket in his hand.

"Sebastiani, my young friend," said he, "you ought to escape if you can. I give you Carolina—you are worthy of each other. I give you with her this writing, which secures to you both whatever I am worth in the world; but, from this spot I am determined not to stir a step further. Say no more. Remonstrance is in vain. Here I finish my career as a soldier ought to do—here I shall show that Von Sharlheim, if he knew not how to be a match for treachery, yet knew how to die for his country."

Carolina wept on his neck; but the general continued to load his musket.

"Then we will die together!" exclaimed Carlo, in despair.

"By no means, until we can do nothing better," said the general, with a sudden return to his former style. "You shall see what a soldier who served under Daun can do, even against these wonder-working heroes of the new school. There are plainly troops enough in the village for three things: to be beaten, to be starved, and to be taken prisoners. I shall try a fourth, and see whether we cannot teach them to beat the Frenchmen."

He sallied forth, followed by Sebastiani. A few words announced that "Major-General von Sharlheim was come to take the command of the division." The name was well known, and the soldiers quickly gathered from the cottages and fields. In half an hour they amounted to a considerable force; the entrance to the village was soon covered with a trench; the trench was covered by a palisade of trees; and the two field-pieces were masked, to sweep the flank. Their preparations were scarcely made, before the French drums were heard advancing. They had clearly given up the idea of a surprise, and were determined on carrying the place by main strength. The major-general was now once more in his element, and even Carlo was surprised at the combined activity and sagacity which he displayed. He ordered universal silence, and that not a shot should be fired until he gave the word. The enemy made the attack in their usual rushing manner. They were suffered to advance to the trench, and even to jump down into it in considerable numbers, before the signal was given. But, when the command to fire produced its effect, nothing could be more deadly. Every bullet told among the crowded ranks of the enemy's column; and the fire of the field-pieces, loaded to the muzzle with grape, split it asunder as if it had been divided by a thunder-bolt. In a few minutes five hundred men lay killed or wounded on the ground. The attack was now abandoned with still more haste than it had been made, and in this manner night passed. But the troops, animated by their victory, and directed by the general, had spent the time till morning, to the fullest advantage.

"My lads," said he, "this business has turned out well, and may yet turn out better. I see that, by some means

or other, we have got into the midst of the French army. Rely on it, they have not employed so much fire on us for nothing; and I shall undertake to say that our keeping this position will be felt in more quarters than one. They will attack us again. Therefore now fall to; fortify every spot where a man can stand; and remember, that Germany is looking on you this day!"

His words were amply verified; for, about noon, the adjoining woods were observed to be filled with the enemy's light troops, and an entrance was attempted by powerful columns at both extremities of the village. But the stubbornness of the defence was even superior to the obstinacy of the attack. The houses happened to be chiefly strong-built dwellings; and the thatch, usually adopted in that part of Germany, had been so often stripped by the successive belligerents, that it had been lately replaced with tiles. On such trifles may depend great things in war; and on this depended the defence of this accidental position, and with it the fate of the campaign. For on that day Moreau had been marching to strike a blow at the detached corps of Zeckendorf, as he had struck it at the corps of Latour, and the result of his success must have been either the retreat or the overthrow of the Archduke. The check in the village first warned the Austrian advancing corps of the approach of its wily and powerful antagonist; and next enabled Zeckendorf to move his whole force unmolested—join the Archduke in the valley of the Rhine—and thus turn the Frenchman's victorious march into a retreat once more.

The tidings of this junction reached Moreau's headquarters, and there was now no hope, even of escape, but in manœuvring on the Black Forest. The Archduke boldly poured his battalions towards Waldkirch, and found the French, strongly posted on the heights, debouching on the western border. An immediate assault was ordered, and one of the most desperate and memorable battles of the war began.

Von Sharlheim's predictions were now about to receive their accomplishment. He had no sooner observed the suddenness and completeness of the enemy's retreat, than he ordered the abandonment of the village. "They

are gone to try their fortune somewhere else," said he, "and we must follow them." Marching all night, and gathering all the scattered troops on his way, the brave old man reached the summit of the hills above Waldkirch by daybreak. Carlo rode at his side, and the view from the heights was one of the loveliest mixture of natural beauties, with the stern preparations of war. The French, still scarcely less than seventy thousand men, (for their losses had been filled up by frequent reinforcements,) were formed in order of battle, with their centre at Emmendingen, and their rear resting on the pine groves of Newburg. For some hours all was tranquil. The different positions of the guns, and salient points of the rising grounds, were undergoing that slight formation of field works which marked an expected attack: but all else was calm; and the rich sounds of the French military bands, as they rose up the mountain, more resembled those of a holiday than of an army anticipating battle.

But, about noon, the Austrian columns were seen advancing; and the engagement commenced by an attempt to turn the left flank of the French, and get possession of a height commanding Waldkirch, and forming the key of the enemy's position. The whole front of the French line was instantly covered with the fire of their powerful and well-served artillery. From the point where Carlo stood, the entire scene was visible far below, and nothing could be a more stimulating or splendid spectacle to the eye of one formed to be a soldier.

Republicanism, which had changed every thing else, had changed the art of war. The multitudes which it forced to the field had made life valueless in the computations of the French generals; and where the guillotine was the certain reward of defeat, the only thing to be considered was victory. Thus every manœuvre was made in immense masses, and the losses were tremendous. The German tactics, of course, underwent a similar change, and battles now consisted of a succession of furious attempts to throw a sudden weight of men and fire, at all risks, on the opposing battalions. The Austrians fought with the gallantry of men fighting under the eyes of their most distinguished general, and pursuing an enemy which sought only

to escape. But the hours passed, and the French still continued firm.

At length, Von Sharlheim, who had long continued gazing on the field with an anxious eye, pointed out to Carlo a strong column of the enemy which, detaching itself from the main body, was descending a defile in the rear, followed by a long train of guns.

"Look there," said he; "Moreau evidently knows what he is about. That column will be in rear of the Archduke's left within an hour, and the fate of Germany will be decided."

"What is to be done?" asked his impatient hearer; "I see that their movement must be prevented. Can we not throw ourselves on them, as they debouche from the defile, and at least give time to prepare? Give the word at once."

"Spoken like a general, but a young one," was the reply. "If we were to advance now, we certainly might make an impression, but we should as certainly put the French on their guard. No; we must wait until the column is within sight of the Archduke, and then try what can be done. We must not lose our blow."

"Ha! we shall be too late!" exclaimed Carlo. "Look there; they are already sending their tirailleurs into the thicket." A cloud of dust suddenly rolled along the wide valley at their feet. "See, too, what a force of cavalry are galloping round the foot of the mountain: if they fall on the Austrian left, exposed to the sudden shock of the infantry, all is lost."

"Right, Carlo!" said the general; "I see that you were born for your profession." He ranged the field again with his telescope, and wrote a few lines. "Mount your horse, and take this note to the general commanding the division on the left; it may save the army. Farewell."

The veteran clasped his hand. "Yet stay a moment, my brave young friend," said he, in a voice of unusual emotion; "if we should meet again, all will be well; if we should not, let me thank you, for the last time, for the services which you have done me and mine. Your bravely venturing to look for me among the dead and dying in the fortress, was, as I then thought, the mere prolonging of an existence that I longed to lay down. But it has given me an opportunity, worth a thou-

sand lives, to redeem my name, and show, that if Von Sharlheim failed once, it was not for want of the spirit of a soldier or the feelings of a man. And now, begone! If I fall this day, write that epitaph upon the spot wherever I may be laid—and give Carolina the last blessing that I have to offer in the world." He once more clasped Sebastiani's hand.

"General," was the solemn answer, "I have pledged myself to her for life or death, and that pledge I shall redeem. I too have an anxious part to play. In returning to the sight of the Austrian army, I return under disgrace. But I shall wipe that away, or die. In you I have a noble example, and I shall follow it, let what will come.—Remember me to Carolina. If I fall, her name will be found written on my heart. Again, farewell."

He put spurs to his horse, and after a difficult gallop through the defiles and thickets of that remarkably broken country, reached the division which formed the Austrian wing. It was hotly engaged in front with the enemy's light troops, and evidently had its full attention engrossed by the attack. Carlo observed a small group of officers standing on an eminence a few hundred yards to the flank, rode up to them, and announced his message. An officer, who had been ranging the field with his telescope, suddenly turned at the voice. It was the Archduke himself. Carlo felt the blood rush to his temples. The prince looked on him in silence, with an enquiring air, for a moment, and then read the note.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is important indeed. Here," handing it to an aid-de-camp, "take this instantly to General Zeckendorf, and tell him to send up every battalion that he can spare to this spot. Gentlemen," said he, "the enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. All this is most unfortunate. Zeckendorf cannot arrive in time; and I fear our only resource will lie in making a retreat with as little loss as we can." The group dispersed to their posts at full speed.

He then turned to Sebastiani, who stood prepared for the whole weight of imperial and military wrath: he spoke rapidly.

"Have I not seen your face some-
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where, sir, before?—But no matter. Who has sent this information? Ha! I see—Von Sharlheim. I thought that he was killed."

"No, sir, he still lives, and lives for his country's service," was the answer.

"Apropos, can you tell me who commanded in the village of Nordlingen?" asked the Archduke. "That was a very clever affair. It did us a great deal of good."

"Major-General von Sharlheim."

"What! he is not on my staff. How came he there? What division did he command?"

"No division. He fought with such troops as he could find. He provisioned them, barricaded the post, and left the ground covered with two thousand of the enemy's killed and wounded."

"Capital! He shall be a lieutenant-general for that day's work. And where is he now? We want such creators of armies?"

"On the ridge of yonder mountains, just two leagues from this spot."

"Why is he not here? Yet, of what use could he be now? If I had known this two hours ago, we should have made a glorious day of it.—But look there. Do you know what troops are these debouching from the forest? Ha, I see—they are the enemy, and in force. Well, we must fight them to the last. Ride, sir, to the general of brigade at the head of yonder defile, and tell him of the enemy's advance, and that, in case of his finding them on his flank, he must *echellon* his brigade and retire fighting."

The aspect of the field in this quarter now began to be discouraging in the extreme. The Austrians saw themselves unexpectedly exposed to an attack for which they were altogether unprepared. Fresh troops were pouring from the hills, and large bodies of cavalry were seen in the forest roads, only waiting till an impression was produced by the battalions in advance, to cut up the fugitives. The spectacle at this moment had all the grandeur and all the terrors of war on its largest scale. The combatants, on both sides, could not amount to less than a hundred and thirty thousand men. The whole range of the hills was like a ridge of volcanoes, and the slopes and plains below them were the scene of incen-

sant charges of infantry and cavalry. To add to the other features of magnificence and awe, a thunder-storm came on at the approach of evening, and the gusts of wind, and the pealing of the thunder, filled the mountains with a roar louder than even the battle.

Carlo, thus left alone, flew back to his friend, whom he found still gazing on the field. "All is lost," said the old general; "the Austrians are always nervous about flank attacks, and Moreau may now begin a campaign which will end only in Vienna."

The struggle again roared louder below, the clouds of smoke rose thicker still, and the two armies seemed to be making a final effort, the one for existence, the other for victory. Carlo at length threw the telescope from his hand, and sprang from the ground, where he had been lying.

"The French," he exclaimed, "have made a blunder! We may turn it into ruin. Look there—they have suffered their advance to separate itself from the main body. They have placed a quarter of a league already between their right wing and their centre. Give the order to move, and we may still be in time."

"Right, right," said Von Sharlheim; "I see it now. Ride forward—take a thousand men, and fall on their guns; if you can overtake them before they get out of the defile, they are ours. Onward, and leave the rest to me."

The conception was one of those traits of talent which mark the true leader. The French, in their haste to realize the victory, and wholly unconscious that they had an enemy behind, had hurried on. The charge and hurrah of the troops led by Carlo, threw them into instant and irremediable confusion. Guns, baggage, and ammunition fell into the hands of the pursuers. Still this was but the defeat of a column, and the battle raged over a line of leagues. To produce its effect on such a scale, it must be known. Carlo, with the quick invention of his country, struck upon a new expedient: he piled a large quantity of the captured baggage on the summit of the defile, wheeled an ammunition waggon close to the pile, and set the whole on fire. The blaze sprang up, and was soon discernible in the twilight, shaking its broad volumes over the whole horizon: it at length caught

the waggon, and fifty barrels of gunpowder threw a column of fierce light up to the heavens.

The fortunes of the day were changed at the instant. To the French it seemed, that their entire artillery had been seized by some unaccountable army rising out of the ground. To the Austrians it was plain, that some extraordinary event had been wrought in their favour; and the retreating battalions rushed forward with loud shouts, to take advantage of the change. Moreau still fought steadily and well; but he was now pushed in all quarters, and his only resource was to pass the Rhine. He left ten thousand men on the field that night; and sending Dessaix to cross the river at Old Bresach, at nightfall carried over the remnant of the finest army of France to Huningen.

By sunrise there was not a French soldier on the right bank of the Rhine. A distinguished group were standing on a rising ground looking at the last French boat landing its fugitive burden. In front of his staff was seen the Archduke, with General von Sharlheim at one side, and Carlo at the other. The old man wore his uniform; and Carlo was employed in displaying to the gaze of a beautiful young female a brilliant order which the Archduke had just taken from his bosom, and thrown over the neck of his restored aid-de-camp.

"Gentlemen," said the hero of Germany, "I am not a man of many words; but this day is not likely to be forgotten. GERMANY IS FREE. We have fought for our firesides, and have now only to enjoy them. In your presence I thank my old and gallant friend, now Lieutenant-General von Sharlheim, for services of the highest value; and, as for Carlo, I question whether he would think any thing on earth worth accepting, but the thanks of the Lady Cobentzel. And now, Germans and comrades, homeward. You have fought bravely, steadily, and successfully; and while I see such men round me, I shall never despair of the freedom of our Fatherland."

He then turned his charger's front to the group, and spoke in a confidential tone.

"I must now return to Vienna without delay. We must meet there. Carlo, I have ascertained by the papers found on the traitor, who now lies in

a dungeon to receive the punishment of his twofold treachery, the wrong which I did you. Your French corporal, who contrived by the use of French gold at Vienna to be placed on my staff, and had nearly ruined the campaign, awaits only the sentence of a court-martial. We must make such experiments hazardous to the lively genius of our neighbours on the opposite side. I appointed you my *aid-de-camp*. You have since earned something more. As the Huns have lost their colonel, you will take the command on their way to the Danube, and I shall settle the appointment with the Aulic Council."

Sebastiani thanked him with a glowing tongue. Carolina looked all gratitude. The great soldier gazed on her loveliness for a period, as if in the sight he had forgotten all things beside. "Colonel Sebastiani," at length said he, "you must bring this lady with you. Vienna is famous for beauty, and we must not lose its fairest representative. Courts can add nothing to your happiness, but you can add largely to their brilliancy and their virtue. Now farewell."

He put spurs to his horse, and galloped forward. In another minute he drew up his reins, and beckoned to Von Sharlheim.

"General," said he, "Erlach is yet to be taken. The French have left a garrison there, which we must root out before they try the temper of our swords again. I am acquainted with the circumstances of its surprise. It was, in fact, untenable; and you did your duty like a true German."

"I ask your Imperial Highness but one favour on earth," exclaimed the gallant veteran. "It is to be suffered to return, and at least attempt to retake the fortress. I feel a weight on my mind, and a stain on my honour, until I am once more within its ramparts."

"It is the very thing which I was anxious to hear you propose," was the answer. "You have already wiped away every stain. Our last battle was your reply to the empire. The charge on the French right was masterly. It had the vigour of youth and the science of age."

"That charge was not mine," said the general.

"Whose, then?" asked the Archduke, with an emotion of surprise.

"I never saw any thing more effective. The thought of giving a signal to the army by burning the baggage, at once showed the brilliant invention which in war is every thing, and not less the neglect of personal objects which is so characteristic of a great mind in either peace or war. Do you know the name of this burner of his own prizes? What new Montecuculi or Eugene is hidden in your brave division?"

"The *aid-de-camp* of your Imperial Highness, and colonel of the Huns."

"What? Carlo again! Call him to me. But no: I see that he is sunning himself in the dazzling eyes of the Lady Cobentzel. The young soldier is enchanted, and has neither eyes nor ears for earth. It must be owned that the spell is incomparable. I must now begone. Yet—stay a moment."

He wrote a few lines, leaning on his saddlebow. "Here," said he, "is an order to Papendick and Brevern to put themselves and their divisions under your command. You will march them to Erlach, and when you have expelled the French, bring their colours with you to Vienna, to be ready for the marriage of your niece and the young hero. At last—farewell."

The Prince waved his hand to the lovers, and, followed by his escort, was soon lost sight of in the forest. Many an aspiration from the hearts of his two gallant soldiers, and a tear of thankfulness from the fair *fiancée*, were his reward.

Within a few hours the general was at the head of the troops in march for the fortress. Carlo and Carolina followed him. But the enterprise was destined to be a bloodless one. The garrison, destitute of all hope of assistance, surrendered at the first summons, and the governor exultingly received their colours and the swords of their officers on the bastion where he had fought and fallen on the night of the surprise. Nothing now was wanting to the happiness of all but the journey to Vienna, the meeting with the widowed mother of Sebastiani, who had so long lamented him as dead, and the reconciliation with the aristocratic family of Carolina. All was speedily accomplished. Even an Imperial *aid-de-camp* and colonel of

Hulans might have been scorned by the proud blood of the German noblesse. But the favourite officer of the Archduke, and that favourite the hero of the crowning triumph of Germany, had claims which must be acknowledged.

On the appointed day, the vast cathedral saw the rank and loveliness of the capital crowded within its walls to witness the marriage of the lovers whose continued hazards had so largely tried their fidelity and their passion. Carlo's romantic Italian features finely contrasted with the touching yet vivid expression of Carolina's beauty. Hers was the young and bewitching loveliness of a Hebe, his the lofty grace of a classic hero. What were pomp of apparel, diamonds, and orders to either? Carlo was possessed of the woman of his heart. Carolina was wedded to the lord of her affections. What could earth give more? They had deserved to be happy, and they had obtained happiness.

In the crowd which followed, shouting round the train of equipages on their return from the cathedral, Carlo caught a glance of a face which he would have recognised at the antipodes. In the keen eye and subtle physiognomy he was convinced that he saw his old comrade the corporal! Yet Austrian dungeons are not things to be trifled with; nor was Austrian military law likely to have let his inveterate knavery escape its heavy hand. The face disappeared, and the incident was forgotten in the more important matters of the festival.

At the marriage dinner, where the principal personages of the noble families were assembled, a valet brought

in a note, which Carlo read for the indulgence of the company. It was the following:—

“Colonel,—You are now a great man; I was the same a fortnight ago, and may be so a fortnight hence. I saw to-day that you remembered your old fellow-trooper in the Hulans; and now give you an opportunity of doing me a service. I want money; and to whom shall a man apply, if not to his friends? Perhaps you think that I intended to do you some mischief. No, upon the honour of a Hulan. But, unless you had been put under arrest, I must have been shot. You see the necessity of decision in such a case. And I decided. If I got placed on the Archduke's staff, the only effect was that I did my duty as a Frenchman—and he gained a victory. For that he has to thank me. If I threw you into a fortress, the only effect was that you met your bride, and for that you have to thank me. Thus both the prince and the colonel are my debtors—pay the debts of both. How I got out of the Austrian prison is no matter. I am now in the streets of Vienna, and am starving. Have no fear of my return; I am tired of Germany. Its air is heavy, its people heavy, and its theatre heavy. I hate monotony of all kinds. *Vive la bagatelle!*

“P.S.—Send me twenty-five louis-d'ors. I shall not stir for less. With that I shall cross the Rhine, get into the council of Five Hundred, and the moment I receive my first quarter, as one of the Directory, I shall remit you the money. Your friend,

“CORPORAL.”

WILD OATS—A NEW SPECIES.

To people of active, out-of-door life, all bookish men—all men who pass a great part of their time in a library—appear to be of the same genus or tribe; whereas, could they penetrate into libraries, and examine the operations of the various craftsmen who are there busily engaged, they would find amongst them as great a diversity as between any of the recognised classes and professions into which mankind from time immemorial have been parcelled out. The historian who is balancing conflicting evidence, piecing out the imperfect record of one man by the imperfect record of another, hunting a date through many volumes, settling names and localities—such a one, when compared with the slow and painful revolver of philosophical subtleties, the metaphysician, or him who ponders the laws and meditates on the fate of human society—is quite a man of business, a very gossip withal. He cross-examines his witnesses with all the vigour of forensic contest, sifts their character, tests their credibility, racks their narrative; in his search for truth he seems to be moving amongst living men, elbowing the crowd, clearing his way past this or that vociferating scoundrel, and boldly accusing the loudest amongst them of his falsehood, or partiality, or garbled testimony. His books, which are tumbled and tossed and up-heaped around him, are not only well or ill written, logical or illogical, but they are honest or dishonest; they have a character to sustain—he calls them his *authorities*—they are speaking on their historic oath, and not merely as a critic, but with all the severity and dignity of a judge, does he censure or commend. The books of a speculative man, on the contrary, lie open quite tranquilly before him—the page turns slowly—they are the things that set his own thoughts in motion, and with those thoughts, whether the books lie there or not, he is chiefly engaged. What he reads is all along so mingled with and modified by his own reflections, that at the end of his labours he can scarcely tell what was his own and what the author's. The written words on the page have been like music to a thoughtful man, which prompts

and accompanies his long reverie, but itself is scarcely heeded. Even when heeded most, and carefully weighed and scrutinized, the words he reads are still the mere utterance of a thought that has thus been carried to him; they are not the utterance of this or that man, and bear on them nothing of motive or character. Whilst the historian, in proportion as he prosecutes his labours, recalls and reanimates some scene of past existence, and adds detail to detail, till it almost appears to be again a portion of the living world, the philosophic or metaphysic labourer, who is in search of first principles, and is exploring, with this purpose, the furthest recesses of the human mind, departs at every step more completely from all detail, and every familiar object, and gains as the result of his toil some abstract truth, if truth it be, which, after all, no man seems to care for but himself. Like the celebrated traveller, whose ambition it was to detect the source of the Nile, he leaves behind him the broad stream with its fertile and populous banks, whereon city and temple have been built—he bends his devoted course to where the river of life grows more and more narrow, more and more silent, as he proceeds—and at length stands alone, in brief and troubled rapture, over a discovery which may still be dubious, and in which no one participates. As to those more active spirits who busy themselves with experimental philosophy, who bring a laboratory into the library, mingle retorts and air-pumps with books, ink, and paper, or sally forth with geologic hammer, smiting this way and that—with such men it is perpetual holiday: they have no school-hours. They are a sort of spies on the operations of Dame Nature, and infinite delight they have in detecting any of those stealthy proceedings which she appears so anxious to conceal. Nay, they are described as being licensed to put her *to the torture* to extract the truth from her, which expression, if the unsophisticated tendencies of our boyish days are to be consulted, conveys a sense of exquisite pleasure in those experiments by which they wring out her slow confessions. We have heard

an old observer upon men and things often remark, that of all mortals who partook in any of its forms of the dangerous habit of thinking, natural philosophers were the most cheerful and contented. He used to add that they were a trifle more conceited than the rest; but then, if this sometimes moves the spleen of others who persist in drawing a steady line of distinction between a philosopher and a philosophical apparatus, it only increases the stock of their own felicity. He placed the naturalist at the head of his scale; the poet he was accustomed to represent as the most miserable, and the most to be pitied of all intellectual operatives.

But these out-of-door people, whom we have described as having so simple and uniform a notion of library life, are still more in fault in another particular. They mostly look at reading and meditating as without doubt and at all times the most quiet and peaceable employment a mortal could be engaged in. For themselves, they defer it till their chair-days, or till the rheumatism shall keep them at home. They have associated books and spectacles together, and do not intend to read much till they can have the assistance of those sagacious appendages, which appear so especially constructed for the reception of wisdom. They would be surprised to hear that a man may sow his "wild oats" in this region, which they are accustomed to regard as a perfect specimen of still life—may sow them as plentifully, and reap from them as abundant a crop of turmoil, and penitence, and regret, as in any other field imaginable where the same sort of culture proceeds—that culture where to sow is pleasant, but no man willingly tarries for the harvest. In order to show this, and to give, at the same time, a specimen of one class of the intellectual character, we shall briefly sketch out the early progress of a friend of ours; one of those who, though they never have an adventure in their lives, or a reverse of fortune, or could extract from their whole outward and visible history materials for a single story, scarce for an anecdote, do yet contrive, by the incessant whirling and agitation of their own thoughts, to make a very troubled passage out of a most unnoticeable existence.

This race of men has doubtless been

found here and there in the world, as long as there has been a world; yet, nevertheless, it is so much more rare in these modern times, that it may be considered as characteristic of them. It may be described as a race of speculative men, in whom a habit of reflection grows up accompanied by no active pursuit, and applied to no practical purpose. How the philosopher, whose business it is, as Adam Smith tells us, to explain every thing, will account for the vicious excess of a speculative habit which marks our age, when contrasted with the times of classic antiquity, we do not know. Whether it is that our mode of education leads the studious youth to a more complete abstinence from physical and robust exercises, and thus consigns him to a life of thought and a merely intellectual existence; or whether the crowded state of all professions has rendered the entrance into a steady path of profitable head-work more and more difficult, and therefore driven back many an aspirant after professional honours into those always open fields of cogitation, where no crowds jostle, and where no precursor can bar the way; or whether we must look to a still graver cause, and trace this effect to the change which has taken place, through the advent of the Christian religion, in the very material of thought, in the very character of philosophy, which is now brought into contact with a religion of so much higher claims and profounder character—one that cannot even be deserted but in gravest mood, and with sense of perilous responsibility; whether it is owing to any or all of these causes, it is certainly an indisputable fact that such a malady has appeared, or rather spread amongst us. And though the mortal on whom it has seized may be quite useless to himself, he may afford matter of description very useful to others. Perhaps the sketch we are about to give may not be altogether undeserving the attention of those who are curious as well as zealous in the cause of education. If there are certain limits beyond which the exercise of severe thought degenerates into the vain toil of an overwearied spirit, it is well those limits should be foreseen; and if, furthermore, it be true (as we suspect to be the case) that reflection, pursued apart from the social passions and the active energies of life, is in-

adequate to attain for us sure and steady principles of conduct, this also is a truth which it is still more important should be recognised.

We knew Howard, the subject of the following sketch—we knew him intimately. He was indeed of a peculiarly open and candid disposition, and at once revealed to you whatever was passing in the innermost recesses of his mind. Yet he was not social in the same degree that he was frank and confiding. When in your company he would let you see, without the least distrust or reserve, the very working of his mind, in all its strength and weakness, and in all that inconsistency of purpose and conclusion which invariably attends upon men of over quick feelings, and which, for their own credit's sake, they may learn to conceal, but seldom in reality to overmaster or prevent—he would do this naturally without egotism, and seemingly without designing it; but, though he was thus genial and open in your company, he was not apt to seek your society. He would forget you if you suffered him. Our friendship was therefore warm, but it was intermittent. We always met with ardour, but long intervals would occur between the periods of our intimacy. We knew Howard, we say, well, and could, on the strength of our reminiscence, have ventured on the following narrative; but being able, as we shall show, to use his own language, we of course prefer to do so. We had lost sight of our friend for a long time. Going into the Court of Chancery one day, not by chance, (would it were!) but in the woeful character of suitor, a voice caught our ear which seemed familiar. Yes, there was our friend, under wig and gown, droning away before the Vice-Chancellor, with all the complacency in the world, as if dulness and he had shaken hands, and were on the best possible terms. We waited till he chose to conclude, (two mortal hours!) and then, as the court rose at the moment that he was good enough to sit down, we presented ourselves to his disengaged optics. A most friendly shake of the hand testified his recognition, and this was immediately followed by a cordial, nay, a most peremptory invitation to go home and dine with him that day. He should be quite alone—it would give him so great, so rare a pleasure

—he must not be refused. Accordingly, so it was. His carriage took us to a house in — Square; and after an excellent dinner was concluded, and as we sat each in his arm-chair, drawn three-quarters round towards the fire, Howard thus referred to old times, and revived the period of his youth. We do not mean that he poured forth his reminiscences in exactly the continuous style we here present them: we were not ourselves quite such docile listeners as this would imply; but with the exception of our own part in the conversation, which is here entirely suppressed, and some few interruptions and digressions, the following is a very fair report of the retrospect our friend took of his early career.

“I cannot tell you,” he said, “how strange an effect your presence has upon me. It seems to change the whole current of my ideas; it carries me back so completely to past times, that not only can I talk of nothing else, but I seem to talk of these in a different language and spirit than are now habitual to me. Bear with me if I am garrulous. Forgive it! forgive! Be assured that you are bestowing an exquisite pleasure—a pleasure that I know not the second person on earth who could have given me. How often have you encountered me when I was labouring under some fever of the spirit!—how often have you administered sage counsel!—nay, was there not one occasion on which you administered help when the season of counsel was passed, and dashing the fatal instrument from my hand, saved me from the desperate and irrevocable act? How can I refrain, meeting you thus suddenly, and after so long an interval, from conversing upon past times, and that devious track which my youth pursued? The wildest rake never spent his energies more wastefully than I have mine; but if the rake, when reformed, will sometimes congratulate himself in that knowledge of the world which his wildness procured for him, I think that I, with somewhat better reason, may console myself for wasted years and miserable hours, by recalling that knowledge of the intellectual life which my own intellectual wanderings have purchased.

“I think when you first knew me,

I was the poet—of imagination all compact. It was not quite clear to me whether I should rise to great celebrity in my lifetime; but that I should secure a name with posterity—even now I blush at the recollection—I had no doubt whatever. There was nothing in the world worth a thought but authorship, and no authorship to be compared with poetry. The youth given over to the fascination of verse, and the delusion of fame, has been a subject of frequent description, whether compassionate or sarcastic, and the portrait has generally borne a strong resemblance to the original; for it has been drawn for the most part by those who might themselves, at one period of their lives, have sat for the picture. Sometimes a bitter self-derision, that seeks to resent itself on early follies, sometimes a lurking tenderness for past hopes and aspirations, will guide the pencil; and a subject contradictory in itself, is not unfairly treated in this contradictory humour. The young poet, amidst all his high and generous emotions—and he is always generous to a folly—is in many respects obnoxious to ridicule; and, what is worse, his quick sensibility makes him feel that he is so. An extreme sensitiveness, incompatible with a free and open intercourse with society, and which shrinks from that rude but wholesome rivalry which in the arena of life every where encounters us;—this, and an intense anxiety after a species of renown the most precarious and most disputable, present to us a character which, whatever points of interest it may reveal, is surely the most uneasy and uncomfortable that ever mortal was called upon to sustain. Conscious of his own superiority, but uncertain what rank society will award him, the youthful aspirant for the honours of the laurel is at once the proudest and the most timid, the loftiest and most dependent of the race. He tells us no truth, which, whether received or not, may be a truth nevertheless; he puts forth no lessons of practical wisdom, which, though neglected, may still be confessedly good and needful; his fate hangs on the sensibility of his readers. If we smile when he sighs, or sigh with weariness when we ought to smile, he is lost for ever—he has roved on air—he sinks and vanishes. It is his aim and his nature to cultivate

a delicacy of feeling, and a curious refinement of expression, which, though pleasing infinitely to himself, and in certain moods, and in less measure, to others also; yet oftentimes will sound very simple, strange, or extravagant when uttered aloud, man to man, in the broad light, and amidst the stir of this busy and hard-working world. He finds—as one of the tribe has told us—he finds his muse to be ‘in crowds his shame, in solitude his boast.’ From crowds he therefore recoils, to solitude he flies. There he nourishes, yet sometimes with fear and trembling, that passion for fame which thrives but too well under the shelter of secrecy. He shrinks blushing even from the gaze of the passing stranger whom he meets in his solitary walk;—he was dreaming that very moment of the plaudits of an admiring society, which were already ringing in his ears. Amidst the ordinary transactions of life, in all that men call business, he feels himself an utter stranger—nerveless, helpless—with a painful repugnance to take his share in any thing that bears the appearance of struggle or collision, which is quite inexplicable to persons of robust and vigorous understandings. Lulled by the music of his verse, he loses, he foregoes all active energetic purpose. He can only think, and feel, and write. What is he, and of what use, if men will not listen and applaud? It has come to this pass with him, that the admiration of mankind—so hard to win, so hazardous to seek—can alone justify his else idle and unnecessary existence.

“Such a one was I. How vivid to my memory at this moment are those moody walks along green lanes which I used daily to take, courting as much of solitude as a residence in the neighbourhood of London could afford. With eyes directed to the ground, I paced slowly along, or else stopping before the hedge or the green bank, to observe some insect or the leaves of a plant, my thoughts would become implicated in the poetic theme on which I was engaged, and there I would stand, forgetful of all else, till I had fitted together to my satisfaction the words of some intractable verse. This done, I would start off with sudden alacrity; at such moments I would snap my fingers at the world as one who had found a trea-

sure. Did a labouring man pass me in these rambles I could look him in the face with perfect freedom, or continue my meditations undisturbed; perchance he could even be made use of, and brought into my verse; but the annoyance it gave me to meet any well-dressed persons, persons of the intelligent order of society, is what I suspect I could never make intelligible to you, who have been always a rational being. Conscious that I was to them a subject of ridicule, yet feeling for all this that I was the giant and they the dwarfs, I was agitated by a mixture of pride, and resentment, and shamefacedness, as I hurried rapidly past them. I would go out of my way, change my course, dodge behind trees, to avoid the mere transit of a harmless stranger, who assuredly was quite unconscious of the disturbance he was creating. However, I used to say to myself, when my poem shall be published all will be made clear; my position in society will be understood; and I shall move on, not only in peace, but enjoying the profound respect of all men. That deportment which now provokes a smile, will be deemed quite appropriate in the author of —. It will be seen that not for nothing have I walked apart, lost in thought.

“The fulness of time came, and my poem *was* published—well thou knowest with what startling effect upon the world. Not a single copy sold! It was duly advertised, and editors were favoured with its perusal gratuitously. Not a single word was written on it, good or bad! One does not quite suddenly give up the idea that one is a poet and has a genius; but this experiment was so very satisfactory, that at the end of a few months I had resigned for ever this very glorious and most lamentable delusion. I took a solemn farewell to poetry. Looking over my remaining manuscripts, I selected a few fragments, which still retained some merit in the eyes of their author; these, which consisted of mere scraps of loose paper, I placed within the leaves of a copy of the printed poem; the rest I consumed. The volume, thus additionally enriched for oblivion, I folded up in parchment, sealed, and deposited in an iron chest, where our family papers were kept. The whole of the impression besides, amounting to be-

tween two and three hundred volumes, I ordered home from the publisher. Going out into the garden, I dug with my own hands a profound pit, and there I laid the new uncut volumes, arranging them in even piles just as regularly as they would have stood on a bookseller's counter. Then, with most vigorous handling of the spade, I shovelled in the damp earth, and pressed it hard upon them. Thus I buried my poetic offspring, and turned again towards the world to seek what new it had to offer me.

“Nor did any one ever turn from a grave in sadder or more desolate condition than I from this mock burial. The passion even for poetic authorship, the wish to address one's-self to the world, or rather to that scattered audience of kindred minds that lie here and there commingled with the world, admits of a representation which would place it far on this side of the ridiculous. Who is there of reflective mind, who, finding himself agitated by many thoughts and passions, does not grow desirous of giving them expression? Yet it is not in the circle of friends and relatives that he finds an audience, nor is it to them that his sentiments have any peculiar reference: it is to *man*—to all whom it may concern—that he wishes to speak, and amongst the multitude without must he find his listeners. Moreover, it is through the medium of books that such a one has been himself informed and prompted to thought, and therefore these present themselves to him as the natural channel for the transmission of ideas which are the response, as it were, that books have called forth from him. He runs to the press as his only fit organ of communication; and although the passion for fame or distinction can never be far distant from him who touches pen, and ventures upon authorship; yet he may, in the first instance, reach forward to that ‘fatal instrument’ with spontaneous eagerness, merely as his appropriate mode of intercourse with the world. Every reflective man may be set down as at heart an author, whether he has yielded or not to the seductive impulse—whether he has ever seen his name stare at him from a title-page, or has only recognised his anonymous offspring as it passed, unnoticed by any other eye, along the full tide of periodical literature. Some intention,

though it may be most vague and remote, to *write*, mingles itself with the efforts of every man who from reading has been taught to *think*. For my own part, I found that in resigning all aim of authorship, I had resigned half the luxury of thought. I found, to my cost, how intimately the pleasure or purpose of literary enterprise had combined with my most solitary cogitations. I could still enjoy, I said to myself, those sentiments of which I wrote, without telling them to the world. Alas! when I reverted to them again, I was returning to a country which had been laid waste in my absence. The fleeting thought, why should I arrest or retain it? I had no longer to make it permanent in my verse. Every mood of my mind, every feeling, seemed now indeed smit with transiency, and to rush past into sudden oblivion—the record of my life was no longer to be kept—the light and shifting sand would not bear my footmark—henceforth I should be, at each moment of my existence, as if I had never been till then. I remember that even that love of nature, which seemed so distinct and independent a source of pleasure, proved to have been greatly enhanced, to have been partly constituted, by the habit or the effort of developing the varied sentiment in felicitous language. As I now took my solitary ramble along the river-side, those little points of observation—as the shadow of the cloud or the motion of the bird—which once interested me keenly, were now valueless. There was no description to be written; they were no longer to be registered in my memory; nor was I concerned to find for what I saw or felt that apt expression, that *very word*, the seeking after and the dwelling upon which unconsciously re-acts upon our feelings, prolonging and deepening them. The fresh air was good, and the green bank was refreshing to the eye, and the shade of the tree was grateful, and the river by its motion and its brightness was a pleasant thing to look upon; but as to that vague and charming sentiment which used to hover over all—this was gone. And why should I make an effort to recall it? Its peculiarity and refinement were nothing now. I had no verse to make. What were these shadowy ecstasies of thought to me more than to any other man? Or why

should I prefer them now to any other the most homely elements of pleasurable existence?

“At this time I do not think we were in the habit of frequently seeing each other. Indeed, I suspect that at this utter failure, this complete bankruptcy in my literary adventure, I avoided very studiously all old acquaintances. You came upon me again about two years after, and you found me immersed in the profundities of philosophy. From poetry to metaphysics seems a great stride. But in reality it is not so. We are led into metaphysical lucubrations by those problems of thought which are most exciting of all, and most likely to attract the poetic temperament—the mysterious questions of free-will and fate, of immortality and the Divine nature. These directly conduct us unto what, without this connexion, would indeed be a scene of mere weariness and vexation. For myself, I seemed to have left the shore, and all sight of shore, and in some little cock-boat to be rising and falling amidst swelling waves, which hid all prospect except their own changeful and yet monotonous forms. Instead of labouring within a definite circle of thoughts, where not only some intelligible ideas can be mastered, but where knowledge is felt to be a sort of wealth, a possession for which men respect you, I had launched forth, regardless of every personal consideration of whatever description, and thrown my spirit loose and self-abandoned on a vast sea of subject, which I had no visual power to embrace or to overlook. Nor was this sort of philosophy enough, it seemed, to perplex and confound; but theories of society, and Utopian projects for the reconstruction of the world on an altogether better plan, were added to my labours. If I turned to survey the affairs of nations and of commonwealths, my thoughts were not of what men call politics: I cared for no party struggles, whether at home or abroad; my spirit rose far above those questions which concern our own times, or the government of our own country, or indeed any known government whatever: I was occupied with ideal forms of society—was enquiring incessantly why the race of man, a race gifted with reason, should not carry into effect some scheme for its own happiness far different from

those, the result of chance and passion, which the world had hitherto witnessed. I was not occupied in limiting or extending the franchise, I was enfranchising all mankind from the harassing cares of existence: I was not canvassing the Poor-Law Amendment Act, I was banishing all poverty at once from the earth; free trade and the corn-laws were questions looked on with indifference by one who saw that the earth yielded her increase, and wished to know why the living, thinking beings on its surface, could not divide its fruits amongst themselves in better manner than to create perpetual discontent, giving superfluity to some, and want to others, and anxiety to all. The destiny of the world lay on me like a care. It was mine to remodel the affairs of a planet of somewhat too stubborn materials, alas! for the plastic power of philosophy. Thus the truths that belong to eternity, the fate that in some undefined futurity might be realized by mankind, were the subjects of my ceaseless meditation, of my profound solicitude. I cannot tell you how miserable I was in this task of reforming the world.

“These modes of thought—on the one hand this obstinate enquiry into the incomprehensible, into mysteries which lie without the circle of nature—this constant peering over the boundary wall of our mundane habitation into the eternal stillness beyond; and, on the other, this painful search, almost equally vain, after a given possible condition of human society which shall solve the problem that lies between man’s existence and God’s benevolence—have their use, I doubt not, and a noble use; but it is very easy to have more of them than enough. From such habits of thought, if once they have fastened on a man, he will with far more difficulty release himself than even from the love of poetry or poetic fame. He may learn to live without the air of compliment, may learn to rejoice or to endure without making the world at large the confidant of his joys and his griefs—(that world to which he can speak with so much more openness and freedom than to any single one of its inhabitants, and to which, if he cannot speak, he seems condemned to utter silence)—but he will hardly ever wean himself from mysteries which have become dear to him, and from schemes which

present themselves as not only consolatory to his mind, but as the necessary complement of that intelligible *whole* he has become so anxious to conceive. Many a time will he smile at himself for thus occupying his thoughts, and after spending his weary, pleasing, painful hours over his favourite subjects of meditation, he will be the first to give a bitter and satirical account of them to others. He will revenge himself abroad for the thralldom he endures within. Perhaps he most sincerely regrets the time and feelings wasted thus fruitlessly; and, breaking loose from these ensnaring reveries, he resolves to live for the future, like the rest of the world, for himself and his friends. He will start forthwith on some active and personal career. What’s Hecuba to him? But before he starts on this new and quite practical career, this sound and profitable scheme of existence, he will cast one more glance over speculations to be abandoned for ever, if it be only to mark again their futility, that he may go forth free of heart, and with full certainty that had he stayed amongst them he could have effected nothing more. He turns and takes his parting survey; discarded reasonings, hopes that had been mocked at a thousand times, visions that had been again and again dispelled, arise—surround—enthrall him. He has looked back on the city of vain thoughts, so busy and so idle, and he stands motionless as the pillar of salt. He is rooted to the earth by those ceaseless and deceptive meditations, which present themselves perpetually in new disguises, only to betray him as perpetually to the old disappointment and self-derision.

“Such was more than once my own experience. I seemed separated from the world of action by a magic circle which I could not overpass. However, though I could not break the circle, I, by dint of thinking, raised myself higher in it. I attained a certain calm position, whence I could at all events survey the world with equanimity. I by degrees inured myself to the dubiety and indifference of philosophy, and endeavoured to satisfy the propensity for something more genial and distinct, by a very cordial sympathy with all good sentiments and good faiths as they exist in other men. I made it out to myself thus:—all subjects of human reflection, whe-

ther they be thoughts or things, may be either regarded in the relation of cause and effect, and placed accurately in the chain of events, mental or physical, which constitutes our world; or they may be contemplated for the sake of the varied feelings, as of admiration, love, or terror, which they excite in the heart of the human spectator. The first of these is the *scientific*, the second the *poetic* form of thought. Whether our subjects be of the external world, or belong to the world of feeling and sentiment, there are but these two forms of *reflection* in which they can be considered. Now, I was accustomed to congratulate myself on the just equality and strict impartiality with which I cultivated both these great sections of the intellectual character. Thus, if philosophy swept much away and made wide open spaces, I could pitch therein the tents of imagination, and under new names let the old revelry proceed. I am not sure that this account of matters was not as near the truth as those which are given by the thoughtful spirits of our age, who attempt to include all which as men they are attached to under the name of philosophy. It is the fashion, or at least it was when I used to read on such subjects, to abuse the philosophy of the eighteenth century for its narrowness, and tendency to negation. Men found they could not embrace under it what they were nevertheless determined not to resign; so they stretched the cords of philosophy. Whether they strengthened the stakes at the same time, I may be permitted to doubt. Remember that philosophy has not grown more modest in the nineteenth century, or more willing to admit other and more sacred sources of knowledge than her own; she has in truth grown more self-sufficient, and thinks more depends on her arbitration than ever; and thus it is that in her attempt to perform all functions she becomes fantastic and insincere. If the philosophy of the past century is justly described as narrow and limited, that of the present (supposing that depreciating epithets alone are to be applied to either) will be designated as visionary and hollow.

"To return to myself—whatever else I had attained, I had succeeded in scraping together, what is really a most precious commodity, a little self-

complacency. I could even quote those lines of the good old song:—

'My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such great delight I find therein.'

I used to boast that, while I could analyse with the most severe anatomist of thought, I could also re-combine, nor had forgotten how to madire the revived compound; and that the very habit of penetrating into the secret operations of the mind, taught me to enter with full and unembarrassed sympathy into all its boldest flights, into all the daring dreams and faiths of humanity. I knew well what the imagination was, and respected it; I knew well that middle region of the air, neither earth nor heaven, where the meteors form and play—meteors which are still to be admired, though neither credited nor feared. Sentiments the most dreamy, thoughts the most vagrant, feelings the wildest and most conflicting—I knew them all—could claim or dismiss them at will. Whether it were that lucid enthusiasm of a lettered imagination, whereby we partake of the rapture of strong feelings, though our own lives are calm and serene; or whether it were the solemn mood, speculative or religious, chanting hope or a dirge over the human race—I could feel it all, respect and participate. And thus I walked along the level line of reason, yet not above humanity.

"I hear men, I would exclaim, speak in censure or in fear of metaphysical studies, or it may be in contempt. I know what they are worth, what they can and can not effect: I know the scanty list of truths they are able to add to the stock of human knowledge. But the result they leave behind, whether in the shape of actual truth or mental power, there is nothing that would induce me to forego; nor is there any other intellectual ware whatever for which I would exchange it. Others may have been acquiring greater share of erudition, of knowledge valuable as merchandise, learning of settled price and reputation in the world; but I feel that in these philosophic exercises I have been growing in the mind itself, and fitting myself by a far severer discipline than they have undergone, to appropriate of their stores whenever and whatsoever I please. Let the erudite and the scientific assume what airs they will, I feel that I am their

intellectual superior ; I am their lawful critic ; I have earned the power to overlook, and therefore the right to pass judgment on these men. As to simple-minded people, if any such remain, who frankly protest that for themselves they would rather not be troubled by subtle devices of man's brain—that they would prefer to wrap themselves in some coarser but more comfortable garment than can be woven of philosophy, with the aid of poetry to boot—in thoughts quite at hand, native and familiar, and such as their social position has long since invested them with—I object not to their choice, would perhaps even commend it. Let them walk 'in honest broad cloth, buttoned to the chin.' I wish them god-speed ! Yet let them not in return speak ill of that which they have refused to know ; nor heap scandal and abuse upon a refinement of thought which has done them no harm, which may have done them good they know not of. Let them, however, speak as they will, I shall not the less continue to bear with them in that spirit of indulgence and equanimity which becomes philosophy.

"At some such explosion as this it was that you most irreverently burst into a fit of laughter. Then, suddenly checking your mirth, you very gravely said, shaking that long head of thine, 'This won't do, Howard. This is worse than ever. When you were riding your hobby, though it were ever so cursed a one—though it were even of Pegasian breed—you made some way, or at all events had a way

you wished to go ; but now that you have not even got a hobby to mount, I cannot tell what is to become of you. Have you really no better stuff to make a life of than this super-refinement of philosophy ? Do you expect to remain 'there standing where we cannot soar,' merely looking on, just thinking of us all, or rather viewing all things as they are reflected in a sort of mirror which you have fixed up for yourself on that serene altitude ? God help thee ! I say.'

"Even you, when you uttered these ill bodings, had little expectations how soon they were to be justified, or by how slight and gentle a hand I was to be dashed from my elevation. There came to visit us the daughter of an old friend of the family, a captain who had retired into Devonshire to make his half-pay extend over the expenses of the whole year. She was neither the most beautiful, nor the most witty, nor the most accomplished of her sex ; but she was wonderfully pleasing, constantly cheerful and amiable, with a genuine frankness of manner quite delightful. I suppose that, in my conversation with Juliana, which grew to be frequent enough, it was I who bore the chief part, yet it seemed to me that from her alone all the conversation really sprung. Had I been asked, I should have attributed all the merit, if merit of any kind there was, all that was curious or refined in our dialogue, all its mirth, and pleasantry, and feeling, entirely to her.*

"The period of her visit flew like

* This description of his Juliana reminds us of a song we have somewhere met with, or which, at all events, our readers shall meet with here.

Lady, 'tis not in frowns to kill,
As poets flattering feign ;
Proud looks an equal pride instil,
Disdain can meet disdain.
Nor do we die before a grace,
A soft and studied mein ;
For soon behind the empty face
The empty heart is seen.
Glad smiles and frank, that chase all care,
The very light of joy,
Oh ! these may dart the keen despair,
These win us, or destroy.
But boast not much the luckless lot
Of swain deject—for know,
'Tis only when you wish it not
You deal the mortal blow.

magic. She returned home. The day of her departure passed long and heavily. I smiled at myself, and anticipated forgetfulness and tranquillity on the morrow. The morrow came, and the day after, but they brought neither forgetfulness nor tranquillity, but many new trains of thought, simple enough, yet disquieting in the extreme. If to love it is necessary to believe all beauty and all amiability centred in *one* woman, I was certainly not in that predicament. But the charming social intercourse which had been suddenly broken up, had made a revelation to me of what existed in my own heart, which it seemed impossible again to forget. I could not follow her. I could not marry. For the first time in my life I knew that I was poor.

“And now there rushed upon me at once, as if up to that moment I had been stone blind, the vision of the real world. I saw it as it stood in relation to *me*. I stood face to face with it. O God! how I felt the utter loneliness of that moment! I had spent my days in weaving a miserable screen-work between me and the sole happiness of life. I had forfeited, I had thrown away, I had lost for ever, that only boon which seemed to justify the providence of God in the creation of this world. You, my friend, came upon me in the height of this despair. You found me sitting alone in my study. You remember the scene that followed. I cannot recur to it. I have felt a pleasure in recalling the past wanderings of my spirit; but those moments of passion I cannot dwell upon. You know how bitterly I

railed, scoffed, jeered at myself, and at every employment that had ever engrossed me. I had found in philosophy no faith, in the world no path of duty, in my heart I had found affections, and these were to be utterly crushed. I had somewhere read, I think in one of the novels of Goethe, of a melancholy man, who, finding his thoughts run much and uncontrollably upon self-destruction, procured a dagger, and whenever the black hour of his melancholy recurred, the production of the keen and polished instrument, the handling it, and the consciousness that if he pleased he *might*—used to calm the fever of his heart. A vague idea that either in this way or another, I might find a remedy in such an instrument, induced me to procure one, and I had deposited it in my writing-desk. As I chafed myself with bitter and miserable talk, I suddenly snatched it from its hiding-place, and dashed the blade against my heart. It would have been driven to the hilt, but that you rushed forward and struck it from my hand. Can either of us ever forget that moment when we both looked upon the dagger as it lay upon the floor?

“Doggedly, sullenly, but without a relapse, I have since laboured at the profession in which you find me. You may perceive that my labours have not been without their recompense. But this is not half my reward. Severe and steady occupation has brought with it an equanimity of mind which I need not tell you is more precious than wealth.—My friend, the wine stays with you.”

PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

WE some few years ago laid before our readers certain papers entitled "the State of Protestantism in France."

We are happy now to be able to substitute for the word "state" the word "progress." In order to justify, however, the assertion implied by this change of phrase, we shall not enter into many small details. These, when separately dwelt upon, appear so humble and insignificant, that they fail to convey an adequate impression of the effect which their frequent occurrence, which their multiplicity, really produce. We shall therefore proceed differently. Instead of enumerating, in the first instance, detached facts, we shall point out some joint results of these facts, which will prove, in a most unequivocal manner, their importance; and afterwards, if our limits permit, we shall mention a few of those minute interesting particulars to which we deem it judicious to give a prominent place.

The first result, the massive consequence, of the progression of the Reformed creed in France, to which we refer is, the hostility it has provoked from the French Government and civil authorities. This has been manifested in legal proceedings the most oppressive against the French Protestants. We shall commence by stating one most grave case of this sort of oppression. We shall make no apology for the length of our remarks upon it. Whatever relates to Protestantism, has not a foreign but a home interest for Englishmen. We shall therefore treat our subject with as much emphasis and earnestness, as if the events we have to dwell upon had happened amongst ourselves. By so doing we feel assured we shall not weary our readers, but on the contrary engage their most lively sympathies, and best incite them to come to the help of *their own cause*—the cause of the Reformation among the French: *i. e.* the cause of the Reformation throughout Europe. In commenting on the case to which we have just alluded, we shall be obliged, to avoid obscurity, briefly to recapitulate in other words a statement and an argument which we have more amply dealt with on a former similar occa-

sion. This case is recorded in the third volume of Mr Browning's *History of the Huguenots*, a work containing much valuable information, nowhere else to be met with in so compendious a form. It is as follows:—

A little more than a year ago, two individuals by name Doine and Lemair, were charged at Montargis with having held a religious meeting consisting of more than twenty persons. The authorities of that town insisted that this act was contrary to the law, and the accused were condemned to several months' imprisonment. They appealed, however, against this sentence to the *Cour Royal* of Orleans, which reversed the judgment and pronounced a verdict of acquittal. Against this acquittal another appeal was made, at the instigation of the *Ministre des Cultes*, to the Court of Cassation, when on *special grounds* the latter sentence was confirmed, whilst the legal view of the case taken by the Montargis tribunal was declared to be the right one. This view is, that French religionists disconnected with the state, or not having the permission of the civil authorities, have no right to assemble more than twenty persons, and that they violate positive laws in so doing.

The laws to which allusion is here made, are the articles 291 and 294 of the penal code of France, and also an enactment of a late date against associations. The articles of the penal code pronounce all assemblies amounting to more than twenty persons, which are held without the authorization of the Government, or of a chief magistrate, to be illegal. The law against associations is identical with these articles, only it gives wider powers.

Against these two laws the French Protestants invoke in their defence, primarily, the fifth article of the *Charte* of 1830, which runs thus:—*Every individual is free to profess his religion with equal liberty, and will obtain for his worship an equal protection.*" This article is to them their edict of Nantes of the nineteenth century. They insist that, being of a posterior date to those of the penal code just mentioned, the more recent enactment must, from

the very fact of its being more recent, abolish any anterior statute with which it may be in contradiction. With respect to the law against associations, they have the most positive proof that it can have no application to religious assemblies; for when it was passed M. Persil, then keeper of the great seal, solemnly affirmed (we repeat his declaration, which we have formerly given) that, "with reference to meetings held for the worship of the Deity, this law is *not applicable*." And a few days afterwards, when the bill was brought before the Chamber of Peers, the reporter repeated the same words, and added,—“If the declaration be not part of the law itself, it at least forms its official and inseparable commentary. It is *on the faith of this assurance* that the law has been enacted by the other Chamber, and *on the same faith also* it can only be passed here. There is certainly no tribunal in France who can understand it in any other sense.”

To the fifth article of the Charte, we must now mention, is attached a law, called of the 17th *Vendemiaire*. By this law it is provided that any person designing to establish a public religious service, must make previously a *declaration* to that effect to the chief magistrate of the parish in which it is to be holden, must specify the *locality*, and the *hour*, in which such service is to take place, and must leave the doors of the house or edifice appropriated to this worship *open*, that the police may interfere, should any disorderly or illegal proceedings be attempted. Now the French Protestants maintain that the fifth article of the *Charte* connected with these regulations, loses its character of a naked maxim, of an abstract proposition, and becomes a law complete and sufficient for all practical purposes.

We shall see presently how summarily the first law court in France has sought to deprive this body of men of this their strong argument. But previously we must dwell for a while on the curious preamble of sophistical reasoning by which the act of tyranny in which it terminated was introduced.

M. Dupin, formerly the warm advocate of the chartered rights of the French Protestants, is the person who has attacked these rights most severely on the occasion of the Montargis

trial. Commenting on the fifth article of the Charte, he, on that occasion, maintained that the *equal* liberty promised to all religions is a *restricted* liberty. Hence he argued that the restrictions which are accepted by any specific body of religionists, must apply to them all. The Roman Catholic Church of France, he said, is subject to state regulations: the Reformed national worship also. He concluded it therefore preposterous, that sects or individuals should, merely because they receive no salary from the public treasury, lay claim to a condition of wider freedom than these establishments. Thus, according to M. Dupin, restrictions *voluntarily* acquiesced in, and restrictions *arbitrarily* imposed, are consistent with an *equal* liberty, and place the assenting and dissenting parties, with regard to these restrictions, *on a par* touching the freedom they respectively possess. This is strange logic!

One single axiom, which we will now lay down as incontrovertible, will nullify the whole of M. Dupin's reasoning: it is this,—that the question of religious liberty *begins* where the question of ecclesiastical establishments *ends*. Establishments, by the very fact of their being such, are placed out of consideration in this matter. They have their own distinct laws and privileges, which constitute all the rights they demand. The doctrine of religious liberty comes only into operation when a separation from establishments takes place. Anteriorly, it can have no practical existence. The term freedom of worship points directly at *dissent*; irrespective of dissent it would have no meaning. And one may aver, fearless of contradiction from any quarter, that the words are never employed, except in allusion, either retrospective or actual, to persons who have renounced communion with established churches. With these persons or societies commences a principle of action which previously could have had no application. It is, therefore, manifestly an act of false and treacherous reasoning to drive this principle back, thence to receive the rule of its development, to institutions in which it incurs annihilation.

Another reason strongly urged by M. Dupin for the interference of the state in the religious proceedings of its subjects was, that should that interfere

rence be disallowed, some might wish to re-establish Paganism, and others to celebrate the mysteries of Isis; and that all sorts of fantastic and immoral absurdities might be let loose upon the country. Thus a hypothetical possibility, and moral impossibility, was called up and appealed to, to make out the doctrine, that freedom of worship should be merely permissive, and that it owes its origin to the will of governments.

Having taken this wide aerial sweep to gather wind into his wings, and to pounce down from such a height with the greater force upon his prey, the French orator came nearer to his subject. He referred to the suppression of the Jesuit societies, and to the suppression of St Simonianism, as instances in point to prove, that the state has a right to interpose a supreme authority in matters of religion; and if, he argued, a society annexed to a recognised church may be dealt with according to this rule, much more are religionists utterly unknown to the law subject to its operation. But the reply to this imperfect statement and false inference, is clear and unrefutable. When associations, or even individuals, entertain, under religious pretexts, *political* aims, as did the Jesuits and St Simonians, or when, as the latter did, and the worshippers of Isis would do, they attack the *legal* morality of the land they inhabit; then, indeed, having transgressed their own legitimate sphere of influence, they fall fairly under the dominion of the temporal power. But a case of this kind must always be made out against them, in order to justify the intervention of the civil magistrate in their affairs. This intervention rests upon special grounds, by which religious liberty is in no way affected or compromised.

The argument of M. Dupin might have been employed by Pagans against the primitive Christians, or by the Inquisition against heretics, (and was probably employed by both;) for it would have sufficed them for all their purposes, whether of intolerance or persecution. It was in opposition, in direct defiance of the principle on which the argument is founded, that Christianity first spread through the earth. The vein of reflections which this fact opens is full of pregnant conclusions, in the presence of which the

sophistries of the French lawyer cannot stand for a second.

It must be borne in mind that M. Dupin has had directly in his contemplation, throughout the whole speech on which we are commenting, classes of religionists which form a great portion of the population of England and of America, and which have been known in Europe for centuries. It is the creed of these men, which he referred to several times, whilst pleading against them, as a *new* religion; it is the opinions of these men, which he stigmatizes frequently in his harangue as politically dangerous.

We have exposed somewhat minutely the main arguments of the former *procureur-general* of France, to the prejudice of his Protestant countrymen, not because there is any show even of force in them, but because their singular character of premeditated unfairness makes it evident that a resolution has been formed in high places in that kingdom, not to look the question of religious liberty straight in the face, but to blend and shuffle it up together with extraneous considerations; to play at hide and seek with the subject, and by the aid of an entangled perplexing sophistry, to explain and refine away the rights of the French Protestants, or, in other words, to leave them at the mercy of the civil authority.

The upshot of the whole long discourse, of which we have noticed the prominent parts, was an announcement from the first law-officer of the French crown, that the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire was abrogated. An act of more flagitious tyranny, disguised under legal forms, is not upon record.

Heretofore, when the more zealous portion of the Reformed population of France have been attacked by arguments like those of M. Dupin—when it has been asserted that they demanded an unlimited liberty dangerous to the state—they have appealed to the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire, as furnishing a triumphant refutation to imputations so utterly groundless. "The supervision of the civil authority," they have always repeated, "we invite, we invoke. We rest our cause mainly on a decree which brings us immediately under this supervision, which gives entire security to the government against any political or un-

lawful projects we might possibly entertain; but we will not place our religion in the hands of a temporal power, belonging to a hostile church, thence to receive the rule and limit of its existence." This position, which they were able to take up, gave them immense advantages. It put the justice and the logic of the question they had to debate so clearly on their side, that when they were defeated in maintaining their rights, an act of arbitrary oppression, which they could exhibit to the world as such, could be manifestly laid to the charge of the magistracy and the law courts. It became essential, therefore, in the view of the ruling authorities of France, to deprive them of this vantage ground, and this the decision of the Court of Cassation, in the case under consideration, endeavours to accomplish. The French Protestants who adhere not to the National Establishment, are, as far as this decision can effect that purpose, thrown back upon the 5th article of the *Charte* solely, which they themselves acknowledge to be, in its isolation, too abstract and too wide to admit of any distinct practical application.

The wilful misreasonings by which the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire is declared to be abrogated, is on a par in point of iniquity with its abrogation itself, when it shall have been effected conclusively by the French legislature, as it is at present in a preliminary sense by the decision of the Court of Cassation. This edict is alleged to be, and is, of a prior date to a decree called of the 18th Germinal of the year ten of the Republic, which is a constituent law of the National Reformed Church of France; and on account of this priority of date, and its pretended discrepancy with the more recent enactment, its abolition has been pronounced. Nothing can appear fairer than this upon a superficial view; yet a closer examination will show that nothing can be conceived more fraudulent and base. There is a double villany in this reasoning, and the conclusion drawn from it, which we will at present make evident.

1st. The two laws in question have separate objects, and consequently were we to admit, which we do not, that if they met at the same point they would be contradictory, branching out, as they do, in different directions,

they affect not each other at all. The distinction of date between them, therefore, cannot invalidate the earlier enactment. The law of the 17th Vendemiaire is *general*; it applies to all Frenchmen, no matter what creed they profess, whilst that of the 10th Germinal has a *specific* limited purpose. It has relation expressly and *only* to the state Protestant Establishment. The former law concerns or concerned [for we should write in the past tense] primarily and essentially, dissenters or religionists who act beyond the bounds of establishments; for though all may in theory profit by it, and the Nationalists really do so, yet it was never intended for particular churches who have separate organizations of their own; whereas it constituted itself the sole organization, recognised by the civil power, that French dissenting congregations have ever had.

In brief, the law of the 10th Germinal, combined with the 5th article of the *Charte*, forms the code of the Reformed Establishment of France, as the privileges of the Gallican Church, combined with the same article, form that of the Romish communion; and as the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire, whilst it is available to both the former forms, in conjunction with the same article of the *Charte*, the rule of existence to independent sects.

Thus the Court of Cassation might have abolished the law of the 10th Germinal, and have referred the Nationalist Protestants to the Church of Rome for the satisfaction of their rights, in strict accordance with the principle by which the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire has been declared abrogated; and the French Dissenters, or separatists, referred to the decree of the 10th Germinal for the expression and fruition of *theirs*. What should we think if a Lord Chief-Justice of England should declare that all our Dissenters must, despite express acts of Parliament to a contrary effect, by his breath blown away, submit to the discipline and regulations of our National Church, or be content to live by no law except the arbitrary capricious will of the Government? Yet this is exactly the proceeding M. Dupin has adopted towards French Dissenters.

2d. The judges of the Court of Cassation having declared that a posterior

law abrogates a prior one when they are found to be inconsistent with each other, how is it that, in the very judgment wherein they have misapplied, they should have shunned to apply this legal truism when its application was so strongly called for? All the Protestants of France to a man, aver that the 291st article of the penal code is in open and violent contradiction of the 5th article of the *Charte*. The *Cour Royal* of Orleans came, on the occasion of the trial which has provoked these remarks, to the same conclusion; whilst the highest court of judicature of the French realm, without denying the universal averment, has insisted that this article of the penal code remains in full force.

Let us now sum up briefly the complicated iniquity of the judgment of the Court of Cassation in the case of Messrs Doine and Lemair, under the presiding influence of M. Dupin:—

1st. The edict of the 17th Vendemiaire formed the proper completion and corollary of the 5th article of the *Charte*, and it is *therefore* abrogated.

2d. The 291st article of the penal code destroys the 5th article of the *Charte*, and *therefore* it is attached to it.

3d. The abrogation of the edict of the 17th Vendemiaire has been effected [as far as the Court of Cassation can do so] under the *false assumption* that it is in contradiction of a more recent enactment.

4th. The 291st article of the penal code is in *glaring contradiction* of a more recent fundamental law of the Great Charter of France: it is retained in all its pristine force.

We shall next make known to our readers an event of very late occurrence, which forms the progressive sequel of the memorable judgment on which we have felt ourselves bound to dwell so emphatically. The attack on Protestantism which we have now to record, has taken shape in a projected ordinance issued by M. Teste, late *Ministre des Cultes*. If the Cabinet of which he was member had not suddenly broken down, this ordinance might at this time be in process of execution, and nothing is more probable than that it may be, at a convenient season, adopted and enforced by the present or any future Ministry of France. The principal articles of this extraordinary document, addressed to

the presidents of all the Reformed consistories throughout that kingdom, and tending to remodel completely the organization of the French Protestant establishments, are the following:—

“ Art 1. The circumscription of the consistorial churches can only be fixed and modified according to the following forms:—

“ The *préfet* must, as a preliminary measure, institute an enquiry in the interested *communes*; the consistory must then be called upon to pronounce its opinion; this opinion must be delivered efficiently to our State Council; and this document must designate specially the *communes* comprised in the consistorial circumscription.

“ Art. 2. The consistories can build no temple without being authorized to do so by our Council of State.

“ Art. 3. No other place can be devoted to the public exercise of worship, within the circumscription of a consistorial church, except on the demand of the consistory, and by the sanction of the *préfet*. The pastors of the consistorial church can alone fulfil there the functions of an Evangelical minister.

“ Art 12. The consistories must determine by a regulation which must be sent to the *préfet*, the number and times of their meetings.

“ Art. 25. In case of the insufficiency of the credits allowed by the state, for the creation of new posts for pastors, there may be established, on the demand of the consistories, associations of the faithful and of the *communes*, in order that they may enter into an engagement to pay the salary of the new pastor, and defray the expenses which may result from the new establishment. The new posts of pastors can only be created, after enquiry, at the recommendation of the municipal councils, and by an ordinance of our State Council.”

The jet of all these articles is the same; viz. to hinder the diffusion of Protestantism, and to bring all the Reformed churches, whether connected with the state or not, under the arbitrary regulations and absolute control of the legislature. But they have a more subtle and complicated purpose still, which is, to round out and encircle the national establishment of the Reformation so effectually, that no communication or interchange of zealous services and good offices may in future take place between them and the unsalaried religionists. Hitherto, the Nationalists and Independents

have made common cause. They have joined hand in hand, most fraternally, in all the work they have mutually accomplished. The latter are often supplied by the former with funds to send preachers to particular spots and establish a worship. If success attend the mission, and it be otherwise advisable, the new flock, in case the consent of the Government can be obtained, then enter into the fold of the state. This happened lately at Tours, and similar facts occur very frequently. In truth, the word Dissenter does not properly apply to the great majority of French Protestants who belong not to the National Communion. They adhere not to this communion, simply because by so doing they would be compelled to remain quite inactive, and besides might be left altogether without any religious services. The legislature will not give any sensible extension to the establishment. They are thus forced to quit it, in order at the same time to provide for themselves the means of worship, and to extend their faith; and, in their efforts to this end, they meet with the cordial energetic co-operation of those from whom they are not separated in principle or in doctrine, but only in position and external circumstances. It is to put a stop to this co-operation, which, on both sides, has been attended with great success to effect a real separation, to draw an impassable line betwixt the two denominations of French Protestants, that the ordinance has chiefly in view. This is openly avowed by one of its ablest advocates, a M. Coqueril, who is a Socinian or Rationalist pastor, and a member of the Paris consistory. But let us examine the provisions of the impending statute more closely.

By the first article it is provided, that before any place can be admitted within the limits of a consistorial church, the *préfet*, the consistory, and the Government must all concur to bring the act about; and this is just tantamount to declaring that no spot at present out of the bounds of the National Temple shall ever be included within them. Had the projected ordinance been a law a few years ago, when many of the inhabitants of Sionville, a small town in Normandy, all at that time Roman Catholics, invited a Protestant pastor to come among them and preach to

them, the pastor could not have at once accepted their invitation, the town being out of his circumscription. He would have had to consult the *préfet*, the consistory, and the state council; and the *veto* of any one of these authorities, whose *veto* would doubtless have been unanimous, would have sufficed to hinder an evangelizing effort, which has been attended with very remarkable success. We could mention numerous other places, Thiers for instance, in the south of France, where, had the ordinance been in force of late years, there could not have existed, as there does now exist in each of them, a promising or flourishing Reformed congregation. Besides, many districts of France there are where Protestants are scattered here and there. These Protestants especially are frequently obliged by the site of their property, or by their affairs, to live beyond the circumscription of consistorial churches; they would be thus, if belonging to the National Temple, completely cut off by the proposed law from the exercise of their worship.

The second article of the ordinance has a signification which may escape the inattentive reader. It seems, being addressed to a state institution, to say no more than this—that no house of worship can be built at the expense of the Government without the authority of the Government. But if it really meant only this, it would be superfluous formally to reiterate an obligation which no individual or body of men can possibly gainsay or resist. It does, however, we are persuaded, mean to say more than its words literally express. Its real intent is explained in a circular letter of M. Barthé, when he was minister. In that letter to the *préfets* and presidents of consistories, there is the following passage:—"In every case, you must bear in mind that no new edifice for public worship can be constructed without the sanction of the competent authorities, whether the Government and the *communes* participate in the expense, or whether it be entirely defrayed by the subscriptions of the faithful, and the revenues of the consistories." So much to hinder the construction of churches.

With reference to any other places of assembly for religious services, the third article would take care that they

should not exist. Hitherto French Protestants have been accustomed to meet for the purposes of worship in private houses, in public schoolrooms, and often in barns, where no temple has been in their neighbourhood. M. Teste would put a stop to this practice; and, lest its reasonableness and urgency should sometimes induce consistories to demand, and préfets to grant, the license he would make requisite, he throws out another obstruction.—No one is to officiate, he would lay it down, in these places of worship but a pastor of the National Temple. Generally, however, pastors are too fully occupied by their immediate duties to be able to travel on the Sabbath, or other days, many leagues to attend on these scattered congregations. They have been in the habit, therefore, of appointing a layman to act on such occasions for them. Not only the law, but the fundamental regulations of their own church-discipline, permit and enjoin this. To abolish the practice would be to abolish the Reformed creed, in as much as it consists in, and is upheld by outward observances, over many wide spaces: to restrict it, perhaps, to within the half of its present limits. We must observe, also, that this article excludes, as it were by a *cordon sanitaire*, Dissenters from the circumscribed consistorial field; that is, manifests a genuine anxiety that the field should remain barren, as from them, or at least from those who act on their plan of independent spontaneous labour, which the ordinance forbids, its fructification can alone come.

We beg our readers now to give a second perusal to the 26th article. This is the most extraordinary, indeed we may say astonishing, of them all. The national establishment of the two Protestant confessions in France is such, solely on the condition, expressed in repeated laws, but most solemnly in the 6th article of the *Charte*, that the state shall support that establishment. When the support stops, of course the establishment stops. But M. Teste says—No. We may not, he says, be able to allow you Protestants any more money; but state to us your wants and desires, and if they meet with our approbation, why, then, take the money out of your own pockets to provide for wants which we acknowledge to be such, and you shall have our gracious permission to employ it to this end, under our autho-

rity and direction—but not otherwise. The object, it may be seen at a glance, of this exorbitantly strange article is twofold: first, to parry any demand for an additional pastor that may be so imperatively urgent and reasonable that no decent pretext can be found for refusing it; and second, to work out a claim for the exercise of a legislative power over the unsalaried or Dissenting congregations. As to the first object, should the ordinance be acted on, it would be easily compassed. Let us suppose a demand of the kind we have described, or even one open to objections—it would not much signify which—made. Being received with entire complacency and granted, the Council of State has but to say—Now, find your funds and install your pastor—and the whole project, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, would fall to the ground. The difficulties of collecting any considerable sum by subscription in France, are next to insurmountable. The collections which are made by a few religious societies in that country come in great part, if not chiefly, from foreign contributors, and from various denominations of Christians, who would certainly not feel the slightest disposition to aid in a work of a very uncertain complexion in one point of view, and extremely unjust and injurious in another. With respect to the second purpose aimed at, the Government might, should the ordinance be executed, urge their authority over pastors of the National Temple unsalaried by the state as an argument, justifying their enforcement of the like authority over other pastors who belong not to the National Temple, simply by the fact that they receive no salaries from the public treasury. There is no other original legal distinction between the two orders of pastors than that of which the pecuniary support of the state is not the foundation and condition. Take this distinction away, and the Nationalists and Dissenters of the French Reformed churches fall under the same category; and the dealing which the one might experience, might, by a parity of proceeding, be dealt out upon the other. Thus, by the article in question, Protestantism in general in France would be affected: the Reformed establishment would be first assailed, and through the establishment the Dissenting, or, as they merely call themselves at present, the unsalaried

churches, would be hooked into a dependence on the legislature from which they are at present free.

It must here be observed, that the French Government arrogates to itself an authority, with reference to the Protestant Church, which it does not pretend to possess over that of Rome, with which, nevertheless, it has much closer affinities, interests and sympathies much more homogeneous. To legislate for Romanism, as the ordinance presumes to do for Protestantism, would be regarded by any French Cabinet as preposterous, and would, if attempted, raise an outcry against the proceeding from one end of Europe to the other. The pretext for acting so differently towards the two establishments is, that the one is represented by a hierarchy, and that the other has no representative before the nation. But this is a hollow pretext: for, according to the legal constitution of the National Temple, synods may be assembled at the will of the minister of public worship, and these synods would represent legally the Protestant Established Church of France. No synod, however, has ever been convoked since Richelieu broke down the power and influence of the Reformation in that land; and in all probability such a convocation will never in future take place.

Many of the consistories have objected in very strong terms to the proposed regulations of the ordinance, and that of Orleans has formally declared its incompetence to take it at all into consideration, pointing out at the same time the propriety and necessity of convening, to consult on the matter, synods, which, according to the law of the 18th Germinal, are alone competent "*to regulate their ecclesiastical affairs.*" Most of the consistories, however, may be supposed to be more compliant to the will of any Ministry. They have hitherto, for the most part, distinguished themselves by their opposition to the propagation of their creed, and by their servility to men in power. Thus they are regarded by those who would pound Protestantism within narrow and still narrowing circuits as allies rather than as adversaries; and on them the Government mainly relies in all its machinations against the Church to which they externally adhere.

We must not omit to mention that M. Gasparin, a member of the State

Council, the son of the late Minister of Finance, and himself a rising political character from whom much is expected, has published a very able pamphlet on the ordinance of M. Teste, in which he takes the same view of that document that we have done. This fact of itself tends to demonstrate that Protestantism is coming into notice among the influential classes in France.

Having now exemplified, by two striking instances, the spirit that animates the French civil authorities with regard to the diffusion of the Reformed faith, it may be well to say a word as to the motives by which they are, with reference to this subject, actuated.

We do not then attribute to them any decided hostility to Protestants; we trace their conduct in this particular to another and still more malignant source, viz. to general incredulity. There is no unbogoted Frenchman, we are convinced, with a very small number of exceptions, who conceives for a moment that essential and absolute truth resides in Christianity at all; that there are truths every where he admits, even in Pagan and Eastern idolatries, in philosophy, in poetry, in all things; but that there is to be found any where a *purely true religion*, which contains the essence of scattered verities, which sums them up, gives them their last expression, which reveals their *meaning* and the *bourne* at which they point, he has no notion. Hence religious questions are with him questions merely of political convenience. As an individual, he may prefer Catholicism, or he may prefer Protestantism; yet, even should he give his preference to the latter, he will always, as a citizen, lend his main support and encouragement to the former, because Catholicism, being already widely established, can be more readily brought into operation on the popular mind than Protestantism. The *consequences*, even the temporal and social consequences, which, flowing severally from the two sources, are so widely different, he takes not at all into consideration. And the reason of this is, that he looks for a ruling influence over the intellect and heart of his country from another quarter—from politics. Religion having thus, according to this idea, but a subordinate under work to accomplish, it becomes of very small moment what may be her doctrines and what may

be her effects, since they are to be controlled and directed by a superior power.

The shallowness of this reasoning suggests to us an observation we have often made:—that Popery and Infidelity alike abjure a *moral* profundity of thought. In eloquence they may excel; in the discovery of scientific truths they may have much to boast of; but on all moral subjects, on all subjects which prominently possess *moral* aspects and affinities, they exhibit an extreme superficiality of judgment. And this is easily accounted for. Morality, all ethical knowledge, inheres in religion; and where religion exists not, or in proportion as it is false, vague, received passively upon trust, not excogitated, or is not a personal and individual conviction, moral reflections must needs be exceedingly slender, for they *seem* to be derived, in such cases, from conventionalities, if we may coin a word, not from realities. The religious realities, nevertheless, out of which they grow, are existent, though neither discerned nor recognized; and they rise up infallibly, in due time, to frustrate, abolish, and destroy all the conclusions and schemes which are built upon other foundations, or rather upon baseless *seemings*.

On these *seemings* the Government and authorities of France are now acting with the utmost vigour. Religion *seems* to them to be requisite for the people, whilst it *seems* quite unnecessary to distinguish between religious truth and falsehood—between the injurious or beneficial results which different creeds, even politically, bring forth. The re-establishment of Catholicism, in some degree of strength, *seems* to be more wise than the encouragement of Protestantism; both *seem* to be but the weaker elements of social order, and in every higher sense, in all which discriminates them from what is called natural religion, to be unimportant or mere artificial helps to the infirmities of the human intelligence; and it *seems* to them that a state dominancy can rule over the intellectual and spiritual thoughts of men, can revive the power of Popery and restrain its encroachments, and thereby bring the vagrant and rebel mind of the country under its subjection.

All these hollow assumptions ac-

count sufficiently for the obstructions which French legislators and law-givers throw so sedulously in the way of what they call, to use the form of M. Dupin, the proselytism of conventicles, by which is meant the promulgation of the Gospel. No doubt, a desire to please the Romish priesthood, and to protect Popery (towards which, for many reasons, they entertain much quiet good-will) from the aggressions of Protestant zeal, has great influence with them. This desire may constitute the ruling motive of their proceedings towards the Protestants of France; but whether it does or not, of this we feel convinced, that we have stated correctly their general sentiments respecting religion, and these alone would lead them to regard any thing like a successful religious propagandism as fantastic mischievous folly, which should be promptly put down.

How, then, are the French Reformed churches, whether connected with the state or not, effectually to confront and counteract this temper in those who have power to act up to it, as we have seen, after a very masterful fashion? To this question the only answer, not temporizing and equivocating, is—by the acquisition of political importance. The Reformed population of France, amounts to a million and a half or two millions of individuals; and if this body of men possessed their due political weight, no cabinet, no law-court would dare to treat them as they have been treated. But till they do possess this sort of influence, their rights will be put aside, waved gracefully away, as they have been by the Court of Cassation, with a flourish of trumpets about an abstract, impracticable, religious liberty, and with a pitying, unhearing, ineffable contempt and politeness. Those religionists may notwithstanding assert, and justly, that their rights, despite the arbitrary illegalities by which they have been and may be put aside, remain to them in full force. Assuredly they do, just as the title-deeds of an estate may be held by the legitimate owner, whilst the estate itself is sequestered perpetually, or enjoyed, or ravaged and wasted by another. But it is time that French Protestants should take full possession—that they should eject intruders; that is, that they should assume a very determined

attitude of strength, throw themselves boldly into the ring of active life, and come front to front with their adversaries on their own ground—the political arena. Hitherto, or till lately we should rather perhaps say, they have courted insignificance; in the words of M. Gasparin's pamphlet, they have "*made themselves little*," ("*se sont faits petits*;") they have seemed to feel an extreme complacency in avowing their weakness and helplessness. But they have now, we hope, begun to awaken to a sense of the immense responsibilities of their social and national, as well as their more strictly religious position. They are gradually taking their place on the stage of public affairs. The proof of this is, that they have established a newspaper which treats directly of politics. At the present age, where there is a newspaper there is power; where there is no newspaper there is no power. We look therefore upon the establishment of the journal to which we refer, which is called "*L'ESPERANCE*," to be a more decided symptom of the progress of Protestantism in France than any of the facts we have above dilated on. So very momentous, indeed, do we regard the subject of religious journalism to be—so great do we think its capabilities of good, if conducted on principles altogether different from any that have hitherto prevailed, that we shall beg leave to add a few observations on this point, which will be found applicable to England as well as to France.

We assert then, that, as in past times, subsequent to the promulgation of Christianity, political society moved on the axis of religion; that is, the religious movement gave its character to the social movement: so at present, religion in its external worldly operations moves on the axis of politics; that is, the political movement is working out, as the instrument of major force, those spiritual results which ought to be religious. In other words, to give emphasis to our assertion by repetition, religion, at former periods, being the moving power of society, all the leading changes of the world carried their religious signification manifestly with them. But now this order of things is reversed. Politics have decidedly every where the predominance over religion. By politics, consequently

we must seek to carry out the agency of revelation on human affairs, or this agency will wax, or rather wane, fainter and fainter, till Paganism, under a new guise, that is, irreligion combined with a feeble contemned superstition, again rules mankind. To uphold Christianity, therefore, we must gain for it a hold over the dominant political passions, in which even philosophy is actually merged. But to do this, there is only one means; viz. frequent periodical publications, not addressed to the weaker portion of communities—to religious circles solely, but chiefly to the stronger portion, to the great active mass who care little or nothing at all about religion. The Gospel has, it is true, a "still small voice;" yet its echoes have resounded through the universe; and this reverberation of sound has only come from its hitting and startling the world. In Goshen, in the heart of the individual, its voice is still and small always; but, in proportion as its echoes die away, even this voice itself must subside into silence. To awaken the echoes afresh, to hit the world anew, should then, if this paramount reason alone could be urged, be the object of every Christian; and this can only be accomplished by bringing Christianity into close contact and collision with the ascendant spirit of the age; for which purpose there is no instrumentality equal to that of a newspaper.

And let no one imagine that we have taken a profane view of the work which all whole-hearted believers have, especially at this critical period, when new theories on all moral and social subjects are propounded, to perform. It might be shown that the Gospel, on its first publication, far from considering the spirit of the age as out of its sphere of action, stamped its impress upon that spirit; that it did the same at the Reformation; and that it has never made any progress, that it has achieved no conquests whenever it has been represented as too fine and Pharisaical, too delicate and transcendental, to measure itself with society at large—to enter as a champion for God into the lists of ungodly men, and, in the chosen arena of their prowess, to put its superiority to the test. Politics, however, occupy actually the same place in the popular heart that the disputes

of the Pagan schools did eighteen hundred years ago—that sacerdotal learning and the gorgeous dominion of Rome did in the sixteenth century ; and as the Gospel has triumphed over heathen philosophy and the delusions of Popery, so she may, with equal certainty, master and beat down the falsities of political speculation at the present day. But, in order to this, she must turn her face upon her enemies, as she did in past times ; she must *set* her face fully upon them,

“ For stronger truth does grow,
And falsehood feebler, gazing on her foe.”

By a half-averted visage, by the Parthian arrows of flight, she can effect nothing except the victory of her antagonists, and her own down-trampling in the mire.

Now we are aware that the view we have taken of the mundane purposes of Christianity may displease a very devoted class of persons, for whom we entertain a very high respect. We will therefore explain ourselves more fully. These persons are accustomed to confine their attention to the choicest ultimate effects of religion—to its spiritual operations within the unseen man. They are apt, in consequence, to discard from their consideration, or at least greatly to undervalue, its broad external activities, and to overlook the dependence which the two sorts of results have upon each other. We would remark, then, that we may put ourselves right with this zealous body of Christians, that the experience of history has proved that the attention of *nations* must be evoked to the doctrines of Christ, for the purpose of enlarging his Church scattered in the midst of the nations ; that the world must be provoked to feel an interest in the subjects of revelation, with an express view to the growth of that Church ; that it is only by recommending Christian truth to mankind at large, that its power can be brought fairly into action ; that the increase of true believers depends upon the increase of professing believers, and that of both on the religious agitation of the outward community. Those churches, therefore, whether national or sectarian, must, in our opinion, ever languish and fall into merited contempt and impotency ; or, what is worse, into sick, fantastic, feverish dreams—into nightmare horrors and

convulsions, from the close pent-up atmosphere in which they breathe—till they enlarge their conceptions—till they let the air, which is blowing freely over the earth, in upon them—till they measure the virtue of their principles with all the wrestling elements of society. Exerting no influence over the popular mind, proclaiming their incapacity to exert this influence, they virtually abdicate. By acknowledging the existence of a “ *spirit of the age*,” of a “ *march of intellect*,”—the new terms to express human wilfulness, with which they are unable to cope, they show that they totally misunderstand their mission, which is precisely to do that which they shrink even from attempting as out of the legitimate field of their exertion ; viz. to grapple with and subdue this spirit, whatever may be its character, into subserviency if not obedience to Christianity.

It is only by seizing on and directing the master mental bias of the age that the Gospel can conquer. This bias may be emphatically called, the *World*—the enemy ; and as long as it is ascendant, rebuking away the Christian faith from its presence, so long will that faith be dwindling away with rapid decline into powerlessness. The task of Christianity is, we repeat, to overcome, not to shun her foes ; and exactly in the same degree as she reduces them to inferiority, (history affords the most unequivocal proof of this assertion,) does her select and more precious work in the recesses of human bosoms thrive. Those, then, who would promote this work must not neglect the other ; for God has made them dependent each on each. The world and the Church are *correlatives*. There is no way of ministering to the Church without confronting the world ; and whilst there is any tendency in the intellect of any nation to tower above the religion of Christ, and that religion does not out-tower this tendency, plucking away its arms and beating it with its own weapons, the Gospel must be at a dead lock, unable to advance a single step.

It is necessary, therefore, for those who would promote the cause of the Saviour, to attack the world. To do this, one must enter into close quarters with it. One must discern the style of thinking which popularly, among the high and among the low, prevails.

One must, detecting, address himself to the thoughts and views of the multitude, and not content himself with a simple exposition, however just and luminous, of his own thoughts and views. He must convict the multitude of the fallaciousness of their principles, and convince them of the veracity of his own out of their own mouths, otherwise he will reason to the winds. He must understand the pre-occupations of the public mind, meet them and draw his reasonings out of them from that very source. To endeavour to demonstrate to the secularists of the actual epoch, either the corruption of Popery or the truth of Protestantism, or even of Revelation itself, by reasoning from the proper peculiar evidence by which these propositions may be respectively established, would be throwing zeal utterly away. They would not listen to an angel from heaven addressing them through this old, approved, excellent, but hackneyed mode of argument. The reason's mintage of the moment must be re-impressed whilst hot and glowing. The intellectual aspirations, which have the most decided tendency towards any divergent point, should be involved in the embrace of Christianity. These aspirations at present constitute the *heart* of every nation, on which the Gospel should plant her *lever*. Thence she may derive a *power*, or, to use a phrase of Burke's, what workmen call a *purchase*, which elsewhere must be sought for in vain. To address men now after the manner in which they were so effectually addressed at the time of the Reformation, and down to the date of the French Revolution, or later, would betray a total ignorance of the period in which we live. Evangelical effort should change its character according as the antagonist it has to encounter changes its form; and this can be done without the slightest deflection from consistency: for it is a marvellous peculiarity of the religion of Christ, that it can follow humanity through all its transformations. When this religion, therefore, halts behind the age, the blame—the dreadful blame—lies at the door of its teachers. It should ever be in advance, ever prompt to extract aliment, to derive a fresh juvenile activity from the mastery of the new-fashioned errors which every generation brings forth. No opinions or

sentiments which have an extensive circulation, though upon the whole they may be pronounced false, are totally so. There is always some radical verity contained within them; and this is the property of the Gospel, to which every moral truth belongs. Christians, then, should appropriate to themselves whatever truth may be discoverable in current errors; by so doing they will pluck the soul out of those errors, and lead, in the name of their Master and his Church, the world in their train, as they have done heretofore up to a modern date.

In order to this result, however, on which the prosperity, we may almost say the existence of the Church depends, they must not regard the world, as they have lately got the habit of doing, as an alien orb, as it were, to which, indeed, the Gospel is to be proclaimed, but with whose spirit they should hold no communion; but, on the contrary, they should be thoroughly convinced that it is only by studying that spirit, and by attaining to a superlative knowledge of its most subtle workings, of all its specious deceptions, of its passions, of its aims, of its inward cogitative processes, as well as its outward development, that Christianity can compass and comprehend it in her grasp, and leaven it with that leaven which is to issue in the multiplication of the redeemed, and is, besides, the salt of the earth, to preserve it from utter corruption, from that exorbitant overgrowth of evil, which would soon overrun and strangle to death Christianity itself, if Christianity put forth no counter-vigour within its very core, to keep it under partial control.

These remarks apply not more directly to the French newspapers we have mentioned, than to journalism (under which name all periodical publications are included) in general, conducted by Protestant believing men. It seems to us that this species of literature has, with reference to serious moral Christian purposes, two grievous defects. The first is, that works having a professedly religious character, which treat nevertheless of civil and political matters, have a spirit too exclusively *theological*; and the second, that works which profess not religious objects, have too little, or not any at all, of the theological temper; whereas, we deem that the

former should embrace the profane, and the latter the spiritual mind of society, interchangeably: so would the popular intellect, in all its new, experimental, transforming energies, be prolifically impregnated and straitly interlaced by Christianity. With respect to religionists, we have endeavoured to show that they should look out beyond their own narrow circles upon the world, and into the future; and it is equally incumbent on men of more strictly mundane intellectual pursuits to entertain constantly retrospective reflections—to gather up, as it were, the past, and carry it with them as they advance; but, above all, not to suppose, or to act through lukewarmness and indifference as if they supposed, that they can leave religion behind them. Divine revelation is throughout *prospective*—germinant through all ages. It has this peculiarity, too, that whilst ever essentially the same, it is ever apt to receive new secular developments in accordance with the changes of the times. Those, therefore, who see not, or who obstinately refuse to see, that its immutable truths must, to be effective, assume at differing epochs differing modes of action, obstruct the Christian faith quite as much as others, who, partly owing to this retrograde tenacity of mistaken zealots, regard the religion of the Gospel as no longer capable of putting forth any master-influence over the affairs and movements, political and mental, of public active life.

The journal we have alluded to was established with the intention of showing how fairly Christianity might be brought to parley with the thoughts of an unbelieving revolutionary nation; and how with apt words, out of their own vocabulary of principles, she might obtain an audience and some degree of attention. The enterprise was a bold one; but many considerations seemed to justify it, especially two, which we will now specify.

First, The French are at present, nationally, in a state of mind perfectly nondescript. They are not generally, except by name, Papists. They are not, in the old positive sense of the word, infidels, neither are they believers; but they halt dubiously, neither affirming nor denying, between an inclination towards and disinclination from some unknown religious faith, or jumble of religious

faiths. The wild hopes of revolution—despite their restless revolutionary habits—occupy no longer the place of a creed in their hearts; but indecision, or a vague intermingling of impressions from all the past, and weak feverous anticipations of the future, have left their character without any distinct stamp; there is no image or superscription upon it. Now, then, is the time to write the name of Christ there, and it must be, to all human appearance, *now or never*: for it cannot be supposed that the state of mind we have slightly depicted—so auspicious, one should think, from its troubled *voidness*, to the reception of religious convictions, (which infer reason, not credulity,)—can have any long endurance. Yet is the intellect of Frenchmen so closed and hardened in a strong armour of proof, against any direct appeals of the Gospel to the conscience, that it is only by pointing one's darts so that they may arrive with precision within the joints and crevices of this armour, that any effect can be produced; and the archery of a newspaper seems to be more effective—more likely to penetrate within the scales of the panoply, than any less agile means.

Second, Throughout the whole continent of Europe there is no single popular organ of Protestantism, whilst, not to mention Switzerland, Holland has a purely, Prussia a predominant, and France a considerable Protestant population. The immense results that might ensue from the establishment of such an European organ, belonging to the daily press, may be anticipated at a glance. Certain it is that Protestantism affords a basis of infinitely more momentous interests, particularly at this crisis, on which to found a *power of opinion*, than more strictly political subjects can ever possess. Thus the enterprise referred to, which already, having been begun on a small scale, has met with success beyond expectation, contains, it is evident, a germ of growth which may gradually expand it into an importance superior to that of any other species of journal whatever. Paris, too, is the most active centre—the heart, we may say, of the civilized world. In that capital, it follows, the great effort should be made to re-invigorate Christianity, ere the dissolvent principles which universally prevail, become so decidedly triumph-

ant as to make all exertion for the purpose vain and useless. Other considerations, likewise, have strongly recommended the undertaking. Romanism is either openly or by subterranean proceedings, which are *felt* and not seen, advancing every where its influence. It has torn Belgium from Holland; it has made a bold attempt to set up a supremacy over the Protestant Government of Prussia. At the same time, infidelity or rather latitudinarianism, the present form of unbelief, has given the hand to the Romish Church. Affecting to despise her, it is kind to her and helps her. This alliance between Rome and a wide semblant indifference towards all creeds, is the most characteristic and portentous sign of the times. An unbelieving democracy is fully in earnest—Popery is fully in earnest; and both are animated with mighty prospective hopes of a thoroughly antichristian tendency. In this state of things, then, is it fit that Protestantism should remain on the Continent quite passive? Out of Great Britain and Ireland she has no popular voice which is heard abroad; and even in these countries, she looks, like Lot's wife, behind her, and is engaged, almost exclusively, in fighting with the phantoms of defunct controversies, which seem to be raised up maliciously for the purpose of wasting her strength. But in Paris, the currents of thought, on all topics, are so many and so varied, that sobriety of mind is not conceived to be synonymous with the backwardness and contraction of its prospects. Where specific positive convictions exist, (alas! in that city very rare,) they can there hardly fail to consist with broad views and new applications; and it is precisely this enlargement, with fresh springs of vitality, that Protestantism actually wants, in order to assume a new development correspondent to the new developments of society.

We will at present furnish a few examples of the successful exertions which have been made by religious associations to diffuse the doctrines of the Reformation in France. Of these the Evangelical Society of Paris undoubtedly holds the first place. Its metropolitan position, and its national character, give it the precedence; but in other respects the measure of its success may be regarded as a very fair

criterion to judge of the success of other societies engaged in the same work. We have, therefore, taken pains to procure a correct statement of the agents it has employed, and the sums it has expended during the seven years it has been in operation. By this statement its rapid extension may be estimated without the danger of mistake or exaggeration. We give it, as follows, in a tabular form:—

The society employed in

1st year . . .	6 agents
2d . . .	17
3d . . .	34
4th . . .	43
5th . . .	46
6th . . .	63
7th . . .	66

It received the

1st year . . .	3,459 frs.
2d . . .	16,332
3d . . .	40,306
4th . . .	59,223
5th . . .	79,270
6th . . .	111,458

The labours of this society extend at present over a large portion of France. It has agents in thirty towns and cities, each of an average population of not less than 25,000 inhabitants. It has, furthermore, within the last year, opened nineteen new urban schools, which are attended at this time by 16,000 scholars. In addition also to the labourers above mentioned, it actually employs sixty-eight *col-porteurs*, (itinerant venders of the Bible,) who, besides an immense number of other religious works, have not scattered, but placed in good hands, forty thousand copies of the Holy Scriptures. It has likewise established and supports, at its own expense, a preparatory school to form young men for the ministry, of whom eight have already been graduated in the Theological College of Geneva, and three are about shortly to take holy orders.

We are unable to notice any of the work of this society in villages and little obscure spots. We will furnish one or two instances, however, of its more ostensible success, and will take our first near home; it is one which must have come under the observation of multitudes of Englishmen.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the department in which it is situated, in fact nearly all of the north of France, have

ever been known as purely Catholic. In the town itself, till the English, since the peace, made it a favourite residence, there was no place of Protestant worship. Several, by the zeal of our countrymen, have lately sprung up. Among these, one at first opened for their use is now attended and overcrowded every Sunday by a French congregation, formerly all Papists. In this manner, according to our information, the event came about. An English clergyman was in the habit of performing Divine service in this chapel. By way of an experiment, he invited a pastor in the employment of the Evangelical Society to preach from the pulpit. The fact was announced, and a French auditory of a dozen persons or so were brought together. The pastor, thinking he had made a good beginning, afterwards demanded and obtained permission, sometimes of a morning, sometimes of an evening, and at last regularly on a week-day, to officiate in the same place. The number of his hearers increased rapidly. Many persons every day embraced the Protestant faith, till the conversions became so numerous, that the English minister conceived it his duty to yield up the church to the French pastor, who has, as we have said, a full and overflowing audience.

The fact which we have next to communicate is not less encouraging than the preceding one, and much more significant and characteristic of the religious sentiments of a comparatively very small number of Frenchmen who are frequently to be met with in the provinces.

At Dunkirk there has been for many years a Protestant church for English residents; but the French inhabitants, all by birth Catholics, have lately, strange as it may appear, built another at their own expense. The ministry of an agent of the Evangelical Society has produced this effect. The singularity of this case is, that those who have constructed this edifice for the Reformed worship make no profession themselves of being Protestants. The mayor and *préfet* of the town, both avowed Catholics, promoted, by their personal influence, the undertaking, and form at present part of the congregation, amounting to about two hundred persons, who attend regularly to hear a pastor who

has been sent to them from Paris. This congregation, without having separated from the Church of Rome, are determined, they say, to give the Protestant doctrines a fair hearing. Even should they not embrace these doctrines, they consider them, they declare, worthy of their support, and calculated to do much good by their diffusion. This sentiment we know is not uncommon in France; but the very earnest manner in which it has been, in act and deed, expressed at Dunkirk, is without precedent, and exhibits a spirit of rational moral seriousness which justifies the most sanguine hopes of Christian philanthropists.

We have already alluded, in a cursory manner, to the notable advantage which Protestantism gained at Sionville, in Normandy, a little more than two years ago. Many of the inhabitants of that place then invited a pastor of a neighbouring national temple to come among them, proclaiming at the same time their intention to abjure the Romish faith. The invitation was accepted; and there is now a Reformed church, which increases daily, belonging to the state establishment, in a town where one has never before existed. Here we see a spontaneous movement on the part of Romanists to throw off the Romish yoke, and to adopt the creed of the Reformation.

We pass over unnoticed, for want of space, the successes of other societies, merely stating that the spots rescued from Popery mentioned in former papers, continue to flourish and gradually to spread and to enroach upon the gross superstition and incredulity with which they are surrounded. This shows that what has been done of late years for the propagation of genuine Christianity in France, has been done solidly. No evanescent triumphs, but durable conquests, though on a small scale, have been achieved by Christian efforts in that country. Protestant posts established there six years ago, under the most unfavourable circumstances, and so feeble to all seeming in their commencement, that one might well anticipate their disappearance in less than six months, remain, have become strong, and acquire fresh strength and efficiency, by a sensible progressive extension, almost from month to month.

We have now touched upon the

principal topics by which we believe a very decided progress of the Reformed faith in France may be fairly inferred. For our own parts, we confess the entertainment of very high hopes on this subject. Great objects seem to us to be intimately connected with the religious movement that has lately taken place, and is increasing among French Protestants; and these objects, if care be taken not to regard them as little ones, may be compassed by small means. Small means may involve a principle of expansion, but great objects can certainly contain no principle of diminution; and their greatness is sure speedily to overwhelm the exertions towards their accomplishment of those whose minds—the scope of whose efforts—are not distended to a size commensurate to their large and comprehensive completion. Bearing this truth, then, in mind, which our French brother-religionists fully, we hope, appreciate, we must not despise their comparatively feeble beginnings in the propagation of the Gospel. Let us rather recollect that eight years ago, the Reformed population of France spread before the eye of the observer like a rocky waste, in which no wholesome plant took root; whilst here and there sapless shrubs of a melancholy dwarf rationalism sprung up from its fissures, giving an air of utter hopelessness to a scene which is now like a wide and widening field, abounding in spots of verdure and fertility, and in gushing springs of life, and yielding a more and more ample harvest every revolving year.

To conclude: there are two particulars in which the zealous among the French Protestants have the advantage over those of England. The first is, that in their humble labours in the cause of religion they have a more pure and simple spiritual earnestness than their English brethren; worldly motives have less hold upon them;

they can promote no personal interests, they can make no gain by godliness; there is no ugly mercantile bustle and competition in their demeanour; and divisions, jealousies, and recriminations are unknown among them. And further, whilst their faith is genuinely orthodox, they consider forms and creeds, which have taken shape in specific confessions, as matters of very minor importance. They have little attachment to establishments, except for the maintenance of order, and have a decided repugnance to rules of a rigid discipline. Thus, exterior impediments to their success, generally more obstructive than any others, exist not. Thus, they are truly liberal. Their sympathies with humanity at large are not partially counteracted by any desire to uphold or to maintain a supremacy for any sectarian or even national ecclesiastical institution. To their peculiar position they owe this happy advantage, which, it must be acknowledged, is counterbalanced by many great and grievous disadvantages. The defence of Christianity is not with them, as with us, identified with the predominance of any particular organization of church government. Hence the characteristic *OPENNESS* of the French Reformed communions, which opens a wide admission to all denominations of really serious men; and this openness being occasioned by no laxity of doctrine, but by a sterling Biblical charity with respect to such variations of religious sentiment as, like those of the compass, point, not divergently, but with wavering trepidations in the same direction, bids fair to compose these variations into an harmonious difference. In a word, Protestantism in France, we have no hesitation in affirming, has, at the same time, more of its original purity and a more Catholic character than it possesses in any other part of the world.

MY OLD SCHOOL.

I PITY the man who does not love his old school! To such a one the years of boyhood, to which most of us are wont to look back with such fondness, are diminished and shrunk to a poor ten weeks each. He has nothing pleasant to remember, save the Midsummer and Christmas holidays; those bright, brief, evanescent days of perpetual plum-pudding and lollypops *ad libitum*. It is but a short time since a valued friend of mine confessed to me, that, above all things, he wished he could look back with any thing resembling a feeling of affection for his old school or his old master, for he should then be able to fill up (such was his expression) what was now a sort of blank in his existence.

It is in one of those delightful essays of Charles Lambe, that a schoolmaster's letter is quoted, in which he is made to express his regret that he never knew what it was to be loved by his pupile. He represents himself to his correspondent, real or imaginary, as visited by one of his former flock, now arrived at manhood; and he says, sadly—"He did never love me; and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears, and the seeing on equal terms the man whom they were accustomed to look up to with reverence." It may be so in some, perhaps—though I would fain hope otherwise—in the majority of cases. Doubtless there are, and will be, pedagogues that never can be loved, be the nature of their disciples ever so loving; and disciples that will never love, be their pedagogues ever so loveable. But I do stoutly deny the position of Elia's schoolmaster—that the relation of master and scholar forbids the existence of any thing like attachment between them—and, if need were, I should not want for backers. The schoolmaster in question was, however, as any body who takes the pains to read his letter will perceive, a *private* schoolmaster; and this, I think, will tend, in some measure, to account for, though not to establish, his dictum. It would, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to lay

down the precise line which now-a-days separates public schools from private. We of the eight—or we of the nine, for I do not see why the Blue-coats should be shut out—must, I fear, consent to admit some strangers within our pale. We are, alas! becoming daily less and less exclusive; but it is sufficient that almost every body understands what distinction, and what state of things we mean to imply, when we speak of private, as opposed to public, schools. At these, I think it may be laid down as a general rule, that boys seldom continue to any advanced period of boyhood—they are either transplanted in due season to one of the public schools, or, when they have acquired a sufficient stock of information for the particular purpose to which they may be destined, they are taken away, and set to work forthwith. They seldom remain at a private school till they are capable of any thing like serious, sensible thinking for themselves; at public schools they do; not to mention that these latter contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to accelerate the capacity; and somewhere hereabouts, if I am not mistaken, lies the secret of the complaint above quoted; for few, I think, will venture to deny, that, though at a public school somewhat less attention than private ones generally show is paid to comfort—that word and thing so peculiarly English—yet there is far more real love and esteem entertained for the master by his quondam scholars than falls to the lot of those who sway the destinies of "Classical academies" and "Establishments for young gentlemen." Perhaps I may be wrong—and perhaps I cannot claim to be considered as a perfectly impartial witness—for I am all for public schools; and had I—the very thought makes me shudder—all the sons of Ægyptus, and all the wealth of Cræsus, I should not think I could employ the latter better than in giving the former an opportunity of learning those lessons of open, honest, manly independence—of fighting one's own way fairly, and honourably, and boldly—which a public school, and a public school only, can teach to a boy;

and which, if not learned in boyhood, are seldom to be acquired in later life. A boy cannot, to my thinking, begin to depend upon himself too soon. I have said nothing about the superiority of intellectual culture in these more extensive nurseries. A public school may, in many instances, be unsuccessful—although the likeliest place in the world—in making a scholar; but it will very rarely fail to make a gentleman.

I am, then, all for large public schools—the larger the better; and, from my own experience of such places, I venture to assert that there is to be found in them much genuine esteem and affection entertained by the pupil towards his master. I have one in my mind's eye at this moment, where it is pre-eminently the case; I do not mean my own, though I think we would scarcely yield even to the — men in liking for our preceptors. Foul befall us, indeed, when we learn to remember, with any thing save affectionate gratitude, the names of our old and kind masters—when we cease to honour and bless the memory of “good old Thomas Sutton,” and acknowledge not within our bosoms a sentiment of semi-filial regard at the very mention of Charter-House!

We boast not, indeed, to be the neighbours of royalty, as do our brethren of Eton. We have not around us the pleasant fields of our cousins of Harrow and Rugby. We cannot show cathedrals with our kinsmen of Winchester, and Westminster, and St Paul's; but we are not without our share of attractions nevertheless. Nor will we, in addition to our intrinsic merits, disdain to acknowledge some trifling obligation to the advantages of contrast. We are, at the same time, fortunate and unfortunate in our locality. The bellows of Smithfield, in spite of the “mugitus boum” of the Georgics, are any thing but classical. We are compassed about by fat bulls—a pearl literally among swine. Wilderness Row sends forth a dense and dingy population, continually belying the name it bears; and on our western boundary we are not far removed from the multitudinous tribes of Clerkenwell and Saffron Hill, ἀνιποποδες χαμαιυναι, more dense, and, alas! more dirty. One solitary ray of glory, indeed, streams upon the massive wall, now bending

with age, which confines us on the east—Goswell Street bids fair to have its name immortalized as having been deemed worthy to be the residence of the immortal Pickwick; but I know not that we have any other neighbour “renowned in story or in song.” Nobody who knew us not would suspect us of lurking so quietly among such uncongenial streets, and lanes, and courts, and alleys. But only do us the favour to turn up Charter-House Lane, or into Carthusian Street, and you shall not be without your reward. Does the quiet of the square strike you as refreshing after the confusion and hurly-burly you have just quitted? You have not yet half fathomed the depths of our stillness. Keep on, if you please—so—under the great archway on your left—and you are in a moment more out of the world than in any college on the banks of Isis or Camus. You look up at the old rude semi-Cyclopiian wall, and the windows of an elder fashion, with a silent expression of wonderment at lighting upon such things in such a place. You walk about delicately, as if fearing to disturb the deep repose of the *genius loci*. You peep through arched passages and half-closed doorways with a timid curiosity, half expecting to be terrified and “taken in the manner” by the apparition of some strange form suited to so strange a habitation; some disembodied monk, searching in vain for the cell which was his earthly dwelling-place, retaining still, according to the creed of Sir Kenelm Digby, “a bias and a languishing” towards his bodily haunts, muttering, as he flits by, whispered *Pater-Nosters* and hollow-sounding *Ave-Marys*. You turn to flee at the first glimpse of an old man in a black cloak; but pause, half ashamed of your own apprehensions. Look again—take courage; there is nothing so very terrible about poor old brother A—. Walk on, and you shall see many such as he, and learn to look on them too without alarm. Yonder is a group of them—*aprici senes*—seated on the bench in the great court in that quiet basking gossiping idleness which old age asks and loves—canvassing the merits of the new building now in progress of erection—the warmth of to-day's sun as compared with that of yesterday—or the number of minutes yet to elapse

ere the bell summons them to their social meal. Happy souls! that have no heavier cares than these to load the evening hours of life, and make them drag wearily to a close—that can forget in this tranquil retreat the chances and changes which compelled them to seek its shelter! Many a gossip used I to have with those old fellows in my time, waylaying them as they toddled through the short cloister adjoining what used to be called Watkinson's Arch, on their way to their afternoon devotions; and many a queer tale did I hear when they happened to be in a more than usually communicative humour. There were some of the poor brothers of the Charter-House in those days, whose stories, "stranger than fiction," might put many a novel to the blush.

Nor leave, I charge you, a single corner unexplored, till you have found and admired our great hall, its old dark wainscotings, its lanterned roof, its galleries for fair dames and merry minstrelsy, and its quaint old fireplace garnished with mimic instruments of war. Still less, if thou canst by any means make interest with one in authority, neglect to persuade him to open to thy wondering eyes our governor's room, with its huge latticed bay-window, its tapestried walls, and its gorgeous chimneypiece. Let him take thee, too, into our chapel, pausing duly, ere thou enterest, to peruse the iambs which declare the end of Nicholas Mann, "*Olim magister, nunc remis-tus pulvere.*" Let him point out to thee the resting-place of the munificent old man, that noble sample of Britain's merchant sons, whose bounty it is our duty and our pride annually to commemorate:—let him show thee where sleeps, not far from his side, one of the worthiest of his many worthy sons, "*clarum et venerabile nomen,*" Carthusian Ellenborough:—and then let him lead thee out upon the terraced walk, and display to thy astonished gaze an extent of territory whose very existence in such a spot is to more than half the world a thing unknown, undreamed of, and almost, save to actual vision, incredible. Yet one thing more: let the heart of thy cicerone warm towards thee, as thou expressest thy increasing gratification at all which he showeth thee: let him take thee, at the proper hour, nothing loth, into that *ne plus ultra* of comfort,

hight Brooke Hall, that snuggest of symposiac chambers, albeit Dan Phœbus with his jolly visage peereth in never at its windows: let him make thee free of its happy corporation—seat thee at its hospitable board—feast thee with its dainties—cheer thee with its social converse—send thee away when the hour of parting comes, grieving only that it comes so soon:—and if that day is not noted as a white day in thy calendar—if ever thenceforth thou speakest word or syllable of Charter-House save in its honour, thou hast less taste and more ingratitude than, whoever thou mayst be, I would willingly give thee credit for.

To me there are few greater pleasures in life than an occasional afternoon's visit to my old school. It seems to me a positive duty to hold it, and to cause it to be held, in honour. I am as jealous of its reputation as of my own. Whoever fleches from it its good name, goes nigh to commit a similar depredation upon myself. He who slanders my school wounds not my school alone—my own ribs are bruised by its thumps. I would do battle for its claims against the champion of any other school in the three kingdoms, and feel myself thrice armed in the justice of my quarrel. I have only to learn that such a one is a Charter-House man, and I look upon him forthwith with a kindlier eye—with a sort of free-masonic brotherly feeling. But he must (at any rate, so far as regards our common school) be "likeminded" with myself, or I shrink from him as I would from a chimney-sweeper in a narrow passage. I know of nothing which more stirs my bile, than to hear a coxcombical jackanapes affect to despise and make scoff of the source of whatever little knowledge (for in such cases it always is little) he may happen to possess. I am naturally and constitutionally a man of peace, but I could tweak the nose of the fellow with the most unalloyed satisfaction:—I long to kick him:—like Maria, "I can hardly forbear hurling things at him." He is one of those thankless children whom it is "sharper than a serpent's tooth" to have; an intellectual matricide: I could even find in my heart to give him, like those iron old Romans, his sack, his viper, and his ape—I never could un-

derstand on what grounds they added the cock and the dog—and hold him kicking under the water till he was within half a gulp of bidding defiance to the efforts of the Humane Society. I am, as I said, pacifically disposed, yet I could pick a quarrel even with Cowper, that most peaceable specimen of the "*genus irritabile*," for the merely so much as hinting that to "love the play-place of our early days" can by any possibility be "a weakness;" and yet, though he rails at schools roundly, he describes so well the pleasure which one feels in revisiting them in after life, that I do not believe he could in his heart have entertained much dislike for them.—"A weakness," forsooth! Then do I glory in my infirmity—for I am proud of loving the spot where I sported away the few years which we "little victims," as Gray calls us, are allowed to gallop through, before care jumps up in the saddle behind us. I look—profane wretch that I am!—with a peculiar pleasure at the chapel window, happily not painted, through which one memorable afternoon I "swiped" the cricket-ball:—at the corner behind whose shelter I used, in daring defiance of magisterial edicts, and ambitious imitation of maturer manhood, to inhale the fragrance of the forbidden and furtive "weed:"—at the roof over which I scrambled night after night, at the peril of life and limb, for no earthly object save the chance of a sound flogging the following morning. I cannot but confess to a slight compunctious visiting at the sight of the window, from whose "coign of vantage" I more than once saluted some unsuspecting passer-by, now with a shower of peppering peas or innocuous nutshells, now perchance with a not scanty libation of that pure element, which Pindar and the teetotallers pronounce most excellent. Some little twitches of conscience, I say, I cannot but acknowledge; but, after all, I would not give a fig for a man who could go back to his old school and not find a spot pregnant with some reminiscence of mischief. Your stiff-starched, steady-going juvenile, who never gets into a scrape, and looks virtuously indignant at the bare mention of a birch, is no boy after my heart:—I have something of Sir Oliver Surface in me.

I stroll down the old cloister, and

lo! in that central recess, high Middle Briers, seems to rise up before me the identical dispenser of sweet things, whom it was my prime delight years ago to torment. Alas! it is but one of Fancy's pranks—like Macbeth's air-drawn dagger, "there's no such thing." There have been strange revolutions in the last few years. I knew in my time three dynasties of piemen. There is another now, and for all I know there may have been a dozen more between. And could not thy gentler sex, O enticing Mrs Clayton! preserve thee from usurping violence? What man of iron heart could seize thy sceptre and transfer thine ancient seat of empire? I miss thee sore, O gentle autocrat of tarts! Never again shall I fall upon thy dainties, as I was wont to do of yore, with all the indiscriminating appetite of thirteen! Never more shall I wantonly upset thine orange-basket, as of old, and take to my heels, leaving thee, like some anile Atalanta, to gather up as thou best mightest the golden fruit, bearing me, kind soul, no greater malice than wishing thou couldst "just ketch that young warmint, that's all."

There is one, and one only lack about my old school which always strikes me very forcibly. I have walked through other great schools, and in their halls, their dormitories, their schoolrooms I see, above and around me, hundreds of names that have thrown a fresh glory on the pulpit, the bar, the senate, the camp, and the quarter-deck—names that will die only when the last man dies—anxiously preserved and proudly displayed—names carved or traced perchance ere yet a dream of future greatness had flitted across the young vision—when the height of the boy's ambition was to leave some memorial of himself, however rude, behind him—that his name might not be utterly forgotten in the spot which it was destined one day to hallow. The thickly-lettered walls of such places are their simplest, noblest, most eloquent panegyric. Their men must look up at them with somewhat of that pride which animated him who, after long gazing in speechless ecstasy on the masterpiece of the great master of his art, broke forth at last into the exulting boast, "And I, too, am a painter!"

We have none of these—at least we had none till within these few years—

and these are somewhat scattered; and all, moreover, carved by the monotonous uncharacterising hand of the artificer. They are all the same, unrelieved by any picturesque variety of type or hue—all formal, priggish, copy-book, tombstone-like, looking inscriptions—immortality purchased at threepence per letter! I know not to what this nakedness of our walls is to be attributed; but I do not now expect ever to see it remedied. He would be a bold spirit who should first mar with his rude autograph the whiteness of the virgin plaster:—*illi robur et æs triplex circa pectus erit*,—and, if the latter be not somewhere else, as well as *circa pectus*, he will stand a good chance of smarting for his audacity. But let it not be thought that we show no great names, because we have none such to boast. No, we have our full share, and more than our full share. What a glorious alphabet we could make:—*Par exemple*, A, Addison—B, Blackstone—bah! I am stopped at the outset, for I must not make invidious distinctions, and already I want a second B for Barrow. I do not know that to me, individually, the absence of these mural records is a matter of much moment, for I—and I trust all good Carthusians—have most of them by heart: but we want them for the public, who have no interest in searching out our glories, and need to have them pointed out to them before they hold us in due honour. To my mind's eye they are as visible as though they met my bodily vision, in real tangible black and white, at every step I take. They puff me up in my own esteem, and make me shine in my own eyes with a reflected glory. But that is not all they do for me. These departed sons of Charter-House stand to me, of whose future existence they had not the remotest idea, in a relation of which they never dreamed. They are the sureties for my good behaviour—my involuntary godfathers. Were I ever to transgress the sixth commandment, my nightly couch would be haunted by 500 spirits, besides that of the murdered man. In my dreams I should see them, bending all upon me their serious, reverend, reproving glances; and hear their solemn accents saying, with a severity not unmingled with sorrow,—“Thou a son of Sutton, and didst thou do this?” I am fain to confess that on this ground I stand,

comparatively speaking, alone. My best friends, good and true Carthusians into the bargain, feel it not, and smile—thank Heaven, not sneeringly—at what they are pleased to call my hobby, my crotchet, my *foible*, or, as the phrase is nowadays, my idiosyncrasy. Well, be it so. It were ungrateful in me to grudge them a harmless laugh at my expense, who am wont to enjoy so many at theirs. Laugh and let laugh, so long as there be nothing sardonic in the grin, is, to my thinking, a fair and honest maxim: I love not a friend whom I cannot rally with impunity. But for myself I confess I hold the ties of societies—if I may so express myself—of such societies I mean as a school or a college, whose names are hallowed in our minds by many a bright recollection of the past—by many a common benefactor whose memory we can bless—by many an illustrious son, to whom we can point with a common pride—by many a near and dear friend there won—I hold, I say, the ties and the claims which such fellowships have upon us, to be inferior in strength only to those of country and of blood; and in the next degree of shame to him who brings disgrace on the gray hairs of his sire and the honour of his ancestors, do I place the man who feels no reverence for the well-springs whence his spirit drank its earliest draughts, and scruples not, without one qualm of conscience, to put his “alma mater” to the blush. I love that fond old classical epithet of “alma mater:” I see no reason why it should not be applied to a school as well as to a university; nay, I know not indeed whether it be not the more proper application of the two; but, however that may be, it smacks of a wholesome respect, a reverential affection in the choice spirits who were wont to use it, which alone would be sufficient to warm my heart towards their memories. But I bid fair to wander.

That old chapel too—what a host of recollections does it not awaken! It was not often my lot to kneel within its walls as a worshipper, for I had numerous and kind friends around, who made my Sabbath-days for the most part holidays; but I well remember being once debarred from this indulgence, as a punishment for some scrape I had got into, and having to attend its services for three or four suc-

cessive Sundays in consequence; and I remember well, too, how I then used to envy those happier juveniles who were at church at home—that is to say, with their friends, and at liberty. I fear I did not say my prayers so earnestly as I ought to have done on those few weary Sundays; at any rate it would be useless to deny that my name is still legible, carved at full length on the back of the bench before that on which my seat was allotted. What a broad, kind, sheltering back hadst thou, long lost, but not forgotten, —, under whose concealing shade I plied my unseen labour! What a magnificent snore was thine, O most irreverent —! which did divert the watchful ear of pastor and master from heeding the cautious chisellings of the sculptor, alas, no less irreverent!

Would that the mirth of the child recalled, the pride of the man awakened, were the only feelings stirred up within us by a ramble about the well-remembered precincts! We leave a large public school, and, though but one short year has departed to swell the number of its vanished brethren, we cannot return to it for an odd half hour, without being visited by remembrances which have, at the very least, some tinge of sadness. In the natural course of things it must be so. In the course of four years passed within these walls, I must have had, at a moderate computation, about eight hundred schoolfellows. What wonder that of so great a number,

“Some are dead and some are gone,
And some are scatter’d and alone,
And some are in a far country,
And some all restlessly at home?”

I do not mean to say that of that eight hundred I could call one-eighth, or even one-sixteenth part my friends: to half of them, perhaps, I never so much as spoke twenty words during the whole period of our common pupillage; but they were all my schoolfellows—all Carthusians;—and for such, when I hear of unlooked-for sorrows or untimely death, I have ever a sigh the more. It is as good as a score of homilies to walk by one’s self in holiday time round the old haunts. In the quarter, when the playground is full and noisy, when the eye can turn nowhere but it lights upon some laughing face, and the ear can hear nothing save sounds of merriment, these

things do not strike one with such force, though even then they will at times intrude; but in vacation-time, when master and scholar are alike holiday-making—and it would be difficult to say which enjoys the release with the keener relish—there is a silence and a solitude about the place, a desolation—not of ruins, but as though some enchanter’s wand had whisked away from it every thing with the breath of life in its nostrils—which chills my spirits at the very outset, and disposes me to sad and serious contemplations. The old gate-porter at his lodge, dozing in his elbow-chair, starts from his slumbers at the unwonted sound of a footfall, as I pass through. The boards of the fine old carved oak staircase that leads up to the terrace, are as unstained as though they had been laid down but an hour ago. The long broad terrace itself has lost half of its attractions. There is no pleasure in walking along it now. There is no admiring eye below to look up at me as I pace along it, envious of the high privilege denied to the *status pupillaris*;—no enquiring group to speculate on the name and business of the stranger who seems to be so much at home in their domain. The old cloister strikes damp, and cold, and cheerless; I almost wonder how I ever could have taken such pleasure in vaulting in and out at its broad high windows. The green shows not, through all its extent, a vestige of its absent denizens, save, perchance, four or five hoops dexterously swung up to rot upon some projecting branch of the old, decaying, smoke-blackened trees, or a broken tennis-bat thrown aside on a heap of rubbish in some neglected corner, and serving only by its presence to impress upon us more forcibly the utter desolation of the place. I rattle the handles of the schoolroom doors in vain, and I growl and grumble that I am not able to get in, where I formerly thought it the greatest earthly happiness to get out. It would be a satisfaction to me to look even upon the old flogging-block—a sort of chastened pleasure, *renovare dolorem*. I would fain satisfy myself, also, as to the truth of a rumour which has reached my ears, that that venerable relic has in its old age met with a “heavy blow and a great discouragement;” that it holds now only a *divisum imperium* where

it once was alone in its glory; that a second *parvenu* flogging-block has been of late introduced to share, perchance ere long to usurp, its long unquestioned prerogatives. But the attempt is vain. There is absolutely nothing to see but bare walls and close-shuttered windows—nothing to hear but the distant hum and buzz of the “world shut out;”—around me silence and solitude, and beneath me the dead! I am treading at every step over the common grave of thousands, unconsecrated by the voice of Holy Church, unvisited by the gloomy pageantry which waits on death in its ordinary forms—a vast charnel-house of undistinguished bones—a huge garner for the harvest of a pestilence, reaped five centuries ago! At such times it is that the sadness of the place inspires a kindred feeling; at such times do I think of —, and —, and poor —, gone from among us in the bright warm springtime of life; of —, a solitary toiler in a land far from the home and the friends of his early years;—of many a one on whose undeserving head the world has dealt its merciless buffets—many a weary struggler in vain—many a bright prospect dimmed and overclouded—many a soaring spirit checked and broken,—and I turn away from the spot with a less careless footstep, “a sadder and (I trust) a wiser man.” But I did not mean to be mournful when I began this paper.

Of all the days in the year, commend me most especially to that on which we meet to do honour to the memory of our Founder—a day long anticipated and fondly remembered—a day of hand-shakings and heart-warmings—a day on which they who were friends of old strengthen their friendship, and they who were foes forget their enmity—a day of unin-

troduced acquaintanceships, when we need no master of the ceremonies to present one Carthusian to another—a day of merry tales and side-shaking reminiscences, when all our juvenile delinquencies and escapades are called up in review before us, only to make us wish that we could once more have an opportunity of being guilty of them—when the old school-stories of our time are told, failing not, though for the twentieth time, to elicit the accustomed peal of merriment, and the old hall echoes again to the cheers which follow the prime toast of the evening, the time-honoured heartfelt toast of “Domus,” and the uproarious but merry controversy to which it never fails to give rise. It must be a tempting lure, indeed, that would keep me away from that day’s meeting—a most unexceptionable excuse that would salve my conscience for the breach of duty. It was but the other day that I heard of a little knot of Carthusians, who had met together and celebrated “Founder’s Day” in Australia. I would I knew their names, for they must be men after my own heart; but though unknown, I honour them none the less. I will answer for it, there is not a single one of that “band of brothers” whom Charter-House need blush to acknowledge as her son.

But I must lay a strong hand upon myself. The *cacoëthes scribendi* is increasing upon me too rapidly—*crescit indulgens sibi*—and I forget that I am not yet quite sufficiently stricken in years to claim the privilege of unlimited garrulity. I would not willingly become *ad extremum ridendus*, though I have wind and bottom enough for a mile or two more yet. It is better to pull up at the distance than to break down before the judge.

T. V. R.

SIR ELIDUC.

A LAY OF MARIE. BY DELTA.

"He had a daughter of young age,
The shoon were gold upon her feet.
So white she was and fair of mood;
So is the snow on red blood.
Whereto should I that maid descriptive?
She was the fairest thing on-live."

Sir Bevis of Hamptoun.

1.

Touch ye the harp with tender
hand,
And gently let its music flow,
While softly, sadly the Minstrel
sings
An olden tale of love and woe:—
Three hundred years have come and
gone,
As dewdrops shine and disappear,
Since first 'twas sung by fair Marie
To Henry's royal ear.

2.

The stately knight, young Eliduc,
As alone in hall he sate,
Beheld the page of Elizabeth,
At eve, beside his gate.
"Come hither—hither, thou page of
court,
What would the King with me?"
The boy held the love-gifts on his arm,
As he lowly bent on knee.

3.

"I bear this gay gold ring, Sir
Knight,
And robe of miniver;
Greets thee by these, my ladye
bright,
And bids thee think of her."
To and fro strode Eliduc,
To and fro he paced the floor,
Then put the gift-ring on his
hand,
And the robe his shoulders o'er.

4.

To and fro strode Eliduc;
Anon with folded arms he stood;
Then brush'd the hall with hurried
step,
Like one in doubtful mood.
At length he bit his nether lip,
Breathed deep, with downcast
head;
For a moment paused in torturing
thought,
To the boy then, sighing, said—

5.

"Go back—haste back, my little foot-
page,
To the palace straight repair,
And tell the Princess Elizabeth
That I will think of her."
The little page knelt, the little page
rose
From the rushes whereon he knelt,
And bied him thence,—but who may
tell
What Eliduc then felt?

6.

Brave Eliduc is woe-begone,
A cloud o'erhangs his eyes,
And though in fame he hath rivals
none,
By the wild sea-shore he sighs.
He stands upon the barren rock,
He listens to the shrieking mew,
Until the evening star is out,
And earth is moist with dew.

7.

But the King hath sent, the Knight
hath gone
Where he sat at chess in hall,
At the chequer-board play'd a stranger
lord,
Behind stood his daughter tall.
"Why, daughter, dove Elizabeth,
Greet ye not this noble knight?"
'Tis the same who hath our kingdom
saved,
And quell'd our foes in fight."

8.

Elizabeth stretch'd forth her white
soft hand,
And with Eliduc down she stray'd
By the tapestried wall of that long-
arch'd hall,
While at board her father play'd.
In a window'd niche at length they
stood,
The fair one and the brave—
Both sorrowful and in pensive mood,
Both silent as the grave;—

9.

Till the ladye faltering spake—"Sir Knight,
Words are ill befitting me,
But were the world at my behest,
I would wed no mate but thee."—
"Sweet princess fair," said Eliduc,
As he dropp'd her proffer'd hand,
"I am pledged by the oath of a leal true knight,
To return to my native land ;

10.

"And thou knowest, flower, that not with me
Canst thou leave this realm to roam,
For thou art the sole child of its crown,
Which thou must wear at home."
"Tis nay, 'tis nay, Sir Eliduc—
This heart is thine, this hand is free—
And if thou spurn'st me not away,
I will cross the waves with thee !"

11.

She stood before him beautiful,
Like a lily pure by a lake ;
With deep-drawn sighs, and dovelike eyes ;
O, his heart was like to break !
"My bird of beauty," said Eliduc,
"I am summon'd across the sea—
But blithely sing in thy father's halls
Till I come back for thee.

12.

"O yes—O yes ! my fair Princess,
In hopeful peace and pleasure rest."
Then the love-sick heart of Elizabeth
Leapt for joy within its nest ;
And returning to her sire the king,
Sir Eliduc 'gan say—
"To the shores of my native Britannie
I am summon'd hence away.

13.

"Thy realm, great king, is now at rest ;
Thy foes are all o'ercome ;
While the jars and the wars of my own dear land
Call all her children home.
At the throne, where sign'd was my exile,
All the knaves who cross'd my way
Have own'd the shame of their perjured words,
And for my presence pray :

14.

"Well, well I knew the carpet knights
For their gentle selves should fear,
When o'er them gleam'd the Flanders axe,
"And Brabant's threatening spear."
"Sir Eliduc," replied the King,
"Thy worth may none gainsay ;
In the gloom of war thou camest to us,
And leavest us peace to-day."

15.

The King bade the royal galleys wait
At Totness, by the shore,
To the plains of France with sword and lance
To escort the brave Knight o'er.
With golden gleam the pennants stream'd ;
In foam the blue waves curl'd ;
On deck stood the bearded halberdiers,
And the snow-white sails unfurl'd.

16.

From the echoing streets of Exeter
March'd a thousand men and more,
With banners, and unbeaver'd all,
Following Eliduc to the shore.
There is never a knight in Loegria
Can match with this strange knight,
At feat of courtly tournament,
Or on blood-red field of fight.

17.

Elizabeth gazed from the turret high,
And she saw him, on the plain
Departing 'mid bright clumps of spears,
While pages held each rein ;
And toll the bells went, tant-a-roll ;
And she heard the trampling crowd,
And the trumpets' bray, and the loud huzza,
And the neigh of a war-horse proud.

18.

Passion and pride now lifted up
Her heart within her breast,
But doubt and fear anon drew near,
And down her spirit press'd ;
Then, turning, she sank upon her couch,
And wrung her hands, and sigh-ed—
"O, would that Sir Eliduc were back
To woo me for his bride !

19.

"Like the rainbow to the clearing air,
Like the bird to the vernal tree,
Like spring's first flowers 'mid wood-
land bowers
To the honey-thirsting bee ;

Like Salem to the pilgrim's sight,
When his feet are travel-sore,
Come the thoughts of thy return, dear
love,
My longing spirit o'er !"

FITTE SECOND.

1.

O, sad was the song of Gildeluec
As she sate within her bower,
Beguiling, with her dulcimer,
The solitary hour.
"Was it a voice ?" she rose and cried,
"Or what step comes here in
quest ?"
The door flew wide—'twas Sir Eli-
duc,
And she fell upon his breast.

2.

"Welcome, welcome ! my husband
dear !"
Aye she clasped his neck and cried ;
"All heavy and drear have lagg'd
the hours
Since thou did'st sail the tide.
Bring wine and bread, let the board
be spread, [joyce !"
Bid the silence of our halls re-
"Heaven bless thee, fair Gildeluec !"
Quod the knight, with a low sad
voice.

3.

"And comest thou hither with heart
of grief,
My lord, my loved ?" the lady said.
"Thou know'st that our land is o'er-
run with foes,"
Sigh'd the knight, with downcast
head.
"Thou art weary, and here wilt rest
to-night,
And at morning to the king"—
"Nay," answer'd he, "I must leave
this roof
Ere the bells of vesper ring."

4.

"When life was young, Gildeluec,
To me thou gavest thy hand ;
There was no flower like thee, sweet
love,
In all this blooming land.
And dost thou call me cruel now ?
Then surely am I changed ;
Deem'st thou that broken is my vow,
Or my heart from thine estran-
ged ?"

5.

"As the snow," cried noble Gil-
deluec,
"On the Alps, I know thee pure ;
Like the roots o' the everlasting hills,
Thy faith is firm and sure ;
Then go—go—go to the battle-field,
'Tis thy country calls for thee,
When our foes have before thee fallen
or fled,
Return to peace and me !"

6.

His steed at the portal neighing
paw'd ;
Sir Eliduc donn'd his mail,
His figured casque, with its morion
black,
And steel-barr'd aventayle.
He clasp'd her form—he snatch'd one
kiss—
By their threshold cypress-tree ;
Bade all the saints his dame to bless,
Then off through the woods rode
he.

7.

The nights they pass'd, and the days
they pass'd,
Heavy and lone they fell,
As Gildeluec pined for the bugle
blast
Which her lord's return should
tell.
Yet heard she how o'er vanquish'd
foes,
Had his banner victorious flown,
While the fame of his name, like a
sweet west wind,
Through his native land was blown.

8.

[heart,
Did the trumpet of battle arouse his
As it aroused in days of yore ?
Did he think of his mate, lone watch-
ing late,
For his coming, at her bower door ?
No more—no more the battle toils
Did Sir Eliduc's bosom cheer ;
And if he thought of Gildeluec,
'Twas with grief, and shame, and
fear.

9.

For o'er his soul, like an April gust,
To awaken the young flowers driven,
Came the thoughts of Elizabeth, sad
and pale,
Like a seraph that pined for heaven.
He knew her lovely as May morning,
Pure, chaste, as the new-fallen snow:
And could he leave uncheer'd to break,
A heart that loved him so?

10.

To have told her of his wedded state,
When her heart and hopes were
high;
To have told her of his Bretagne mate
Were to have bidden her die.
He mused on her matchless loveliness,
On her bright, bold, artless mind;
But alas! his heart, like Noah's dove,
No haven of rest could find!

FIFTE THIRD.

1.

The barque is launch'd—before the
prow
The hissing billows of foam divide;
And Sir Eliduc sails for Elizabeth,
Whatever fate betide.
Fresh blew the breeze—soon the waste
wide seas [cross'd,
By that bounding barque were
And at Totness, with the purple dawn,
He lay beside the coast.

2.

Beneath the sheltering rocks they
moor'd,
In a wild lone woodland cove—
“Now haste thy message, page,” he
cried,
“To the ladye of my love.
And tell her that for her we wait,
'Mid this forest by the sea;
Linger till eve by the palace gate,
And hurry her thence with thee.”

3.

[away

Without stop or stay, the fleet page
O'er moor and o'er meadow ran,
Till he saw young Elizabeth, 'mid the
shrubs
And flowers of the palace lawn.
And he hath knelt and whisper'd there,
And she hath heard and sigh'd,—
Lo! he waits in the copse by the pos-
tern-gate
Till the grey of eventide.

4.

When but one star shone like a torch
On departing daylight's tomb,
To the wistful page she comes—she
came
Like an angel through the gloom.
With light quick step like a startled
fawn,
She hasten'd her through the grove,
A short, warm mantle, with ermined
fringe,
Thrown her splendid dress above.

5.

[dight,

With harness bright for the path be-
The ready palfrey stood; [rein,
The page seized hold of the silken
And away they hied through the
wood.
'Neath the linden tree watch'd Eliduc,
Behind was moor'd his barque;
But he leapt to his feet when Eliza-
beth
Came riding up through the dark!

6.

“Welcome, welcome, my love, my
life!”—
In a moment, within his arms
Lay the heaving breast of the young
princess,
In the bloom of her virgin charms.
“To sea, to sea, my mariners!”
The white sails are unfurl'd;
Behind the barque the land withdrew;
Before the white waves curl'd.

7.

Oh bliss of bliss—a lovely night!—
The winds breathed gently free,
The stars, a galaxy of light,
Shower'd fire upon the sea;
And on and on, they bore and
bore
The beauteous and the brave,
Till green Bretagne display'd its
shore,
Like a cloud above the wave.

8.

Sudden changed the sky—a tempest
fierce
Fell brooding; and lo! the gale,
Like an evil spirit from hell let loose,
Split the mast and rent the sail!
And the mountain waves rear'd their
crested heads,
And the lightnings scorch'd the sky,
And the mariners on their patron
saints
In supplication cry.

9.

But from the helm, with upraised
arm
An old man leapt, and said—
“On St Clement and St Nicolas,
sirs,
In vain ye call for aid,—
On Mary Mother in vain ye call—
All, Sir Eliduc, for thee
Hath the wrath of Heaven o’ertaken
us;
Throw thy paramour in the sea,—

10.

“And return, return to thy wedded
wife!”
“Wedded wife!” pale Elizabeth
cried,
With a shriek gave up her startled life,
And fell dead by his side.
He held her wrist—her lips he kiss’d—
No word his fate deplored;
But Sir Eliduc seized the old man’s
waist
And toss’d him overboard.

11.

’Twas silence all;—the wild winds fell,
And the clouds dispersed away:
All the stars grew pale, save the morn-
ing star
That heralded the day:—
With a bubbling groan the old man
sank;
The mariners sat with in-drawn
breath;
To Bretagne’s shore the vessel bore—
’Twas like a ship of death.

12.

’Twas silence all; the brightening
east
Proclaim’d the coming day;
With many a shriek, from crag and
creek
The seamews skimm’d the bay,
While sad and silent they glide along
Till the beetling shore they reach,
Then, with dead Elizabeth in his
arms,
Strode Eliduc from the beach.

FITTE FOURTH.

1.

“Why mournest thou thus, Sir Eli-
duc?
What is thy cause of woe?
Why these stifled sighs and heavy
eyes?
Sure of yore it wont not so;
And why so often, Sir Eliduc,
Dost thou thread the woods alone?”
The knight look’d up on Gildeluec,
But answering word spake none.

2.

The knight was a gallant knight, the
first
In battle field or festive hall;
The knight is an alter’d man; he hangs
His cuirass on the wall:
Within its kennel yells the hound;
The prison’d falcon pines away;
The steed neighs from his stall, as if
To chide his lord’s delay.

3.

At peep of morn, ’mid thick green
woods,
Sir Eliduc to stray hath gone;
There is no music in human voice;
He loves to be alone.
At fall of eve, ’neath the rising moon,
Through the tangled walks he
strays;
The heart of Gildeluec almost broke
To behold his alter’d ways.

4.

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,”—
To her page the ladye said,—
“Thou must after thy sorrowing mas-
ter go,
And track him through the glade.”
The page he went, the page he came;
By her bower the ladye stood—
“What news, what news, my faithful
lad, [wood?”
Bringest thou from dark green-

5.

“From turn to turn,” replied the page,
“I lurk’d Sir Eliduc’s path to see;
And at length he enter’d the hermit’s
cell,
Beneath the chestnut tree;
And while he mourn’d that cell within,
I listen’d the door beside, [love,
And heard him say—‘O, murder’d
Would for thee that I had died!

6.

“To me thou gavest thy love; for me
Didst leave thy father’s land;
And I have given thee but a grave
Upon this foreign strand!
And oh! and oh! hadst thou but
seen,
And loved some worthier mate;
And oh! for thy hapless death, and
oh!
My miserable fate!”

7.

Sir Eliduc came home—he sate
 With his elbow leant on knee;
 He spoke not a word of wail, nor
 sigh'd,
 Though bow'd to earth was he—
 “Oh tell me why, Sir Eliduc,
 Thou peak'st, and pin'st, and roam'st
 astray?”—
 “Ask the tree, by the forky lightnings
 scathed,
 Why wither its boughs away!

8.

“Ask the forest oak why down it falls
 Beneath the woodman's stroke;
 Ask life, when death the tyrant calls,
 Why it yields to such a yoke.”—
 Through the wood, in morning's soli-
 tude,
 Gildeluec roam'd alone,
 And knock'd at the door of the her-
 mitage,
 But answer back came none.

9.

With a beating heart, and trembling
 hand,
 The wicket latch she raised,
 And in as she went, with timid eyes,
 Through its twilight gloom she
 gazed.
 Why starts she back? She sees a couch
 With coverlet of snow;
 She lifted it up in her wonderment,
 And a lady slept below!

10.

She slept—but 'twas the sleep of death.
 Ah! nothing could compare
 With the sparkling of her jewell'd
 robes,
 And the pearls in her raven hair,
 Save her form—and that was quite
 divine!
 She look'd as of heaven she dream'd,
 While the lustre of her loveliness,
 Like a halo round her stream'd.

11.

But waned from her lip was the cherry
 red;
 Her silk robe was her swathing
 shroud;
 And her eyes were closed in dim
 eclipse,
 Like stars behind a cloud.
 Was nought on earth so beautiful!
 Gildeluec sigh'd—“Ah me!
 No wonder, seeing what thou hast
 been,
 My lord's heart turn'd to thee!

12.

“Then farewell love—and farewell
 ye,
 The vanities of life:
 Oh would, fair light, that thou had'st
 lived,
 To shine his peerless wife:—
 As it is, I'll love the sun no more,
 Let to others his beams be given;
 I'll seal mine ears to the sounds of
 earth,
 And give my heart to heaven!”

13.

The cloister hath another nun,
 The gentlest, purest, holiest there;
 Before the crucifix, morn and eve,
 She kneels in fervent prayer:
 Her thoughts are of the things
 above,
 Her dreams have all a blest abode,
 Where, 'midst the bowers of Para-
 dise,
 White angels walk abroad.

14.

Sir Eliduc sits in a lonely home,
 He hath built a marble tomb,
 And within it laid the foreign maid
 In the wild wood's central gloom:
 With railings of gold he hath rail'd it
 round,
 Beside the hermit's mossy cell;
 He hath lock'd it with a silver
 key,
 And bidden a last farewell.

15.

'Twas a lone sequester'd place; through
 boughs
 The sky o'erhead was seen;
 And wild vines ran the stems about,
 And festooning ivy green;
 'Twas a favourite haunt for nightin-
 gales
 Singing the moonlight through;
 And by day the living emerald shade
 Echo'd the stock-dove's coo.

16.

'Twas one of Nature's shrines—the
 birds
 And beasts came flocking there:
 The golden pheasant, and vocal
 lark,
 And squirrel, and hart, and hare;
 But scarce a footstep breaks the
 gloom,
 The long still season lone;
 Rains, winds, and sunbeams kiss the
 tomb—
 But Sir Eliduc is gone!

17.

The war-steed neighs—but not from stall—

Caparison'd by the gate ;
The cuirass hangs not on the wall,
As it hath hung of late :

His own keen hands have wiped away

The red rust from his sword,
Which again sends out a silvery gleam,

As if it knew its lord.

18.

'Twas a glorious, glowing September eve,

As the knight rode down the dale ;
The broad low sun shone along the land,

And kiss'd his burnish'd mail :
Hawk, hound, and horse roam masterless—

His serving-men grow grey—
His roofs are moss'd ;—'tistwenty years
Since the warrior went away !

19.

A thousand friends had Sir Eliduc—

The brave, the noble, and the wise ;
And each asks each—but of his fate

No answering tongue replies.

Arm'd cap-a-pie went Eliduc,

From his proud ancestral towers alone ;

But whither he went, or where he died,

By man was never known !

THE BRAMIN ANGEL.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

TRADITIONS in the East are imperishable, and the singularly romantic genius of the country often invests them with the mingled force of superstition and fancy. Among the most frequent and favourite of these traditions, is the descent of angels enamoured of earthly beauty—a tale evidently formed on the language of the Pentateuch, alluding to the first defection of the patriarchal family—the “sons of God,” the Sethites, allying themselves with the “daughters of men,” the descendants of Cain. The “Loves of the Angels,” by the poet Moore, gives the history ; the following lines are the mere transcript of the idea :—

“ Rest thee, rest thee, weary stranger,
Now the day is falling dim ;
Wilt thou dare the forest ranger ?
Wilt thou tempt the torrent's brim ? ”

“ Holy Bramin, I must wander
Over mount and over wave ;
See, the vision beckons yonder,
Leading to an unknown grave.”

“ Gentle maiden, 'tis the taper
Of the spirit of the wold,
As, upon his car of vapour,
On he swoops, blue, bright, and cold.”

“ Man of age, I must not linger
Till the noble dead is found ;
See, the spectre's shadowy finger
Pointing to the crimson ground.”

“ Hasteth thee, hasteth thee, weeping beauty
Hark, I hear the lion's roar ;
Pilgrim sweet of love and duty,
We have reach'd my cottage door.

“ Ancient Bramin, till to-morrow
Sees the sunbeam tinge the sky,
Wilt thou shield a child of sorrow,
Who but asks of Heaven to die ? ”

“ Mine, young maiden, is no bower
Hung with gold and silken pall ;
Sorrow is an humble flower,
Fittest for the cottage wall.”

Now, beneath the straw-wove awning,
Sit the maiden and the sage ;
Till the silver morn-star dawning,
Light her on her pilgrimage.

"Taste this goblet, lovely maiden,
Taste these fruits, and weep no
more:

Let old age be anguish-laden,
Tears of youth should soon be o'er."

Of the purple grape she tasted,
Tasted of the Shiraz wine;
Still she saw the fruits unwasted,
Still the brimming goblet shine!

But what strains are round her flowing?
What wild sweets are on the wind?
Sudden radiance o'er her glowing,
Sudden spells around her twined.

To the minstrel sounds ascending,
Swift the cottage walls arise;
Now its thatch is o'er her bending,
Lovely as the sunset skies.

Painted with a thousand glories,
Arching like a rosy cloud,
Passion's high heroic stories
On its golden roof embow'd.

Now the rush of thousand pinions,
Mix'd with harps, is heard afar,
Stooping from their blue dominions,
Children of the Vesper-star.

Where is gone the ancient stranger?
Whither shall the maiden fly?—
Yet what heart can dream of danger,
In that splendour-flashing eye?

Diamonds on the caftan glitter'd
Rubies on the sandal shone.
Can a thought by sin embitter'd
To that angel smile be known?

Now, with glorious beauty beaming,
Stands the Bramin, wing'd and
crown'd;
Spirit, with heaven's lustre gleaming
On his brow the star-drops bound.

"Come," he cries, "earth's loveliest
flower;

Come, and be thy lover's bride;
Where celestial roses shower,
Where is pour'd joy's richest tide.

"When I came, a pilgrim lowly,
Sent to mark the world's decline;
Then I found thee, bright and holy
One pure diamond in the mine.

"With no earthly flame I loved thee,
Thine, too, was no earthly flame;
Still thro' pain and woe I proved thee,
Still thy faith no pang could tame.

"Then to absence long I left thee;
Still thy sigh in secret stole;
Nay, when time of hope bereft thee,
Still my image fill'd thy soul.

"Sweet one, I was watching o'er thee,
Ever loving, ever nigh,
When the tempest onward bore thee,
When the tiger bounded by.

"Now thy weary way is ended,
Thou hast found mine only tomb;
With thy lover's spirit blended,
Leave, oh leave this world of gloom!"

Lip to lip, like new-born roses,
Was the vow of passion seal'd
Now the opening roof discloses
Golden chariots, topaz-wheel'd.

All with joy celestial blushing
Flies she to her lover's arms;
Tears of mutual rapture gushing
Spirit's love, and woman's charms.

On the air her bright adorer,
Spreading his empurpled wings,
Like a shaft of lightning bore
her.
While upon his neck she clings.

Now is reached the starry portal,
Now her angel wreath is won;
Now a spirit, pure, immortal,
Sits she on her lover's throne.

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

THERE are some curious and some interesting reliques of tradition still to be found among the Jewish people. Their dispersion, and the infinite miseries inflicted on them, in every country where they fled from their own, inevitably extinguished their general cultivation of literature; but they still possessed scholars, philosophers, and teachers of the Law, who might have been distinguished in better times, and among a more prosperous people. The Talmud is well known to European scholarship as containing, amid much extraordinary and fantastic matter, some valuable records of the national history and feelings. Its sententious and moral narratives, its *Agadetha*, are sometimes striking and noble; and the allegories, mysticisms, visions, and parables of the *Medras-biim* are sometimes not less sagacious than sublime.

The subject of the following verses is from a tradition of the wisdom of Rabbi Joshua. The Jews to this day speak with malediction of Titus, the destroyer of the temple, and of Hadrian, the destroyer of the nation. But Trajan is sometimes spoken of with more respect, probably from the contrast of his character, stern as it was, with that of his fierce and sanguinary successor, Hadrian; and from the comparative security of the Jews under an emperor who was too much engrossed with his incessant wars to have any leisure for persecution.

"OLD Rabbi, what tales
Would'st thou pour in mine ear;
What visions of glory,
What phantoms of fear?"

"Of a God, all the gods
Of the Roman above,
A mightier than Mars,
A more ancient than Jove!"

"Let me look on those splendours,

I then shall believe;
'Tis the senses alone
That can never deceive.
Nay, show me your idol,
If earth is his shrine,
And your Israelite God
Shall, old dreamer, be mine."

'Twas Trajan that spoke,
And the stoical sneer
Still play'd on his features
Sublime and severe.
And round the proud hall
As his dark eye was thrown,
He saw but one God,
And himself was that one.

"The God of our forefathers!"
Low bow'd the seer;

"Is unseen by the eye,
Is unheard by the ear.
He is SPIRIT, he knows not
The body's dark chain;
Not the Heaven of the Heavens
Can his glory contain.

"He is seen in his power
When the storm is abroad:
The clouds by the wheels
Of his chariot are rode.
He is seen in his mercy,
When mountain and plain
Rejoice in the sunshine
And smile in the rain.

"He is seen when the lightnings
Are shot through the heaven,
And the crests of the mountains
In embers are riven.

He is heard when the tempest
Has sent up its roar,
And the ocean in thunder
Is flung on the shore."

"Those are dreams," said the monarch,

"Wild fancies of old;
But what God can I worship,
When none I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning,
The wave, or the wind?
Can I worship the shape
That but lives in the mind?"

"I'll show thee his footstool,
I'll show thee his throne:"
Through the halls of the palace
The Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread
But the sky's purple dome,
And like surges of splendour
Beneath them was Rome.

Round the marble-crown'd mount
Where the Emperor stood,
Like a silver-scaled snake,
Swept the Tiber's bright flood;
Beyond lay the vales
Of the rich Persian rose,
All glowing with beauty,
All breathing repose;

And flaming o'er all,
In the glow of the hour,
The Capitol shone,
Earth's high altar of power—
A thousand years old,
Yet still in its prime;
A thousand years more
To be conqueror of time!

But the East now was purple,
 The eve was begun;
 Like a monarch at rest
 On the wave, lay the sun;
 Above him the clouds
 Their rich canopy roll'd,
 With pillars of diamond,
 And curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture
 Was turn'd to the orb;
 "Great King, let that splendour
 Thy worship absorb."

"What! gaze on the sun,
 And be blind by the gaze?
 No eye but the eagle's
 Can look on that blaze!"

"Ho, Emperor of earth,
 If thine eyeball is dim,
 To see but the rays
 Of the sun's sinking limb,"
 Cried the Rabbi, "what eyeball
 Could dare but to see
 The Sovereign of him,
 And the Sovereign of thee?"

Ew.

Mary-le-bone Vestry-Room. May 10.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Though folks say you are not one of we Liberals, 'tis allow'd on all hands you are all straight and fair like, and don't begrudge lending a lift to any thing in the poetry line, British or foreign, or what not, when good of the sample. Now, sir, I take liberty to hand you over the case of my nephew Alfred Mulgrave Timms, which I think have been a Scandalous victim of Tory oppression. I don't, for my part, understand Latin or Oxford doings, nor don't want to, neither: hows'ever, the case is as thus. My nephew having been brought up at my expense for seven years as a parlour boarder in the Academy of the Reverend Jubb of Little Pedlington, which I can well afford, which is neither here nor there; well, sir, this youth is an honour to his family, and bids fair to be a Parliament man, and go to court, as the great Mr Owen does, whose ideas, however, I don't go thorough-stitch with, as some of our gents of the board, as keeps ladies, and has whitewashed with their creditors, do,—well sir, I booked his name regular, I mean Mulgrave's, at one of the places in Oxford College, and made it all right to qualify him to walk off with all the prizes, as in course with fair play he ought to; but having some inkling of a Commissionership from a high quarter not one hundred miles from Kilkenny, whom I served in times past, he has not settled his mind as to lodging and vitting with the Collegers, some of which is no better than they should be, and dangerous at times to a timid youth; not as the money is any object, nor not as Mulgrave is anyways timid in the talking way.—Well, sir, the prize gave out this year being about the Great Plague of London, which was plaguy odd when there was so many genteeler topics, and more suiting the late auspicious nuptials; so what does Mulgrave do, but he gives his concern a neatish twist like of his own, to teach the Big-Wigs what was what, and as he says, says he, "to correct their bad taste as to subject." Well, sir, lo and behold! here comes his copy-book returned, costing me eightpence out of my own pocket by post, with a pencil scribble on the back to say, "cannot be admitted to competition, having nothing to do with the subject, and savouring of political bias." This is a burning shame, sir: envy and jealousy is at the bottom of the "tottle of the whole," as my friend above quoted says; and so thinks Mulgrave himself; what's more, he has touched it up again, and stuck a regular stinger in the tail, which will make the doctors and proctors, and suchlike, look about them. The great Mr G., our city member, who was a Cambridge scholar, and counted by the Liberal interest to be an uncommon good judge of foreign tongues, says it reminds him of one Junival, (a Frenchman, I suppose, by the turn of his name.) Mr G. Englished it to me and my friend not one hundred miles from Kilkenny, as before quoted, and we both think the sentiments is quite prime, and nothing else. Whereby, if you would print it in your next, I would stand any loss under a five-pound note; for, as I said before, money's no object, particularly when a man feels his back up under the sense of tyranny.—Yours, Sir, to command,

SOLOMON TIMMS.

PESTIS LONDINUM DEVASTANS.

CARMINIS SÆCULARIS RITU (UT MELIUS) TRACTATA.

EHEU! * quàm suave est epulas celebrare, triumphos,
 Et tædas Hymenis sponsales, et vice fungi
 Versicoloris equi, quem pinguis Hanovria campis
 Emitit, pompæ et fastis solennibus aptum!
 Pestem alii dicant, queis, vah! plebecula vilis
 Strata placet pecudum ritu, queis sputa, tumores,
 Proluvies alvi, cava tempora, tussis anhelans,
 Ulceraque arrident, et tetri spiritus oris,
 Qualia jam cecinit Lucretius omina mortis.
 Quid mihi, si *Dominus Major*—(quo nomine gaudet?
 Præsule—prætores, aut urbano consule, si vis)—
Alderomannique, obliti testudinis, ultro
 Protulerint rhombum ægrotis, carnemque ferinam,
 Impasti, insolito donantes otia ventri?
 Me majora vocant; tales utinam improba pestis
 Occupet, et scabies, et quos dementia eorum
 Eripuit letho immeritos.—Respublica egenos,
 Aptior, ut nunc est, naturæ exquirere leges,
 Pulmento tenui domat, invitosque coercet.
 Me majora vocant, quamvis virtutibus obsit
 Res angusta domi; me docta exempla Terenti,
 Et prudens flexit Gnatho juvenilibus annis,
 Me Pepys, et quorum melior sententia menti
 Stat,—nucis emptores, et olentem spernere plebem.
 Ergo patrem patriæ Carolum, formidine pestis
 Profugum, et injucunda viæ fastidia passum,
 Inque tuo gremio, felix Rhedycina, receptum,
 Jam celebrare erat in votis,—sed funere mersus
 Jampridem, haud votis respondes, optime princeps.
 Durum—sed tentanda via est quocunque modo. Vos,
 Vos, O Pimlicolæ sedes, et regia turris
 Firma solo, miræque erepta paludibus arte,
 Vos, nebulis cinctas fluvialibus, ebria amore
 Heu! nondum expleto, mens arripit. O ubi vitæ
 Integer, et vitii purus, Melburnius almo
 Indulget somno, bene pastus, ubi ore superbus
 Purpureo, renovatâ effulgens usque juventâ,
 Sæva per imbelles hostes dat jura Cupido,
 Cantus in adversos, et magno gratus Evanti,†
 Exiguâque et voce et mole et mente Joannes
 Unâ omnes regit, et per totum fulminat orbem!
 O si forte mihi, si forte accumbere detur
 Quâ domus ad cælum muris Hollandica surgit
 Coctilibus! non me festivo carmine Morus
 Vinceret, Allenusve jocis,—modo præmia rhombi
 Lautâ podagrosus proponat rite patronus.
 Nec saltem vomerem in mensas ego potus, ut olim
 Perscrutatoris * * * * *
 Quis me virginibus felicem insignibus octo
 Commendet, longo quæ syrmata regia tractu
 Sustinuere alacres, quarum manus uvida vulgi
 Insudat pietis formis, Findenicâ ut arte
 Prostant venales triviis!—ut quot generosæ
 Edocuit Britonum pubi Germania saltus
 Unâ illis peragam, musarum qualis Apollo
 Stipatus cœtu et studiis, deturque trochæum
 Aut galloppatum, aut mollem celebrare mazurkam.
 O quis me vatem regali sistet in aulâ?

* “Eheu! quàm suave est,” &c.—Ita Lathamus in *Corintho*. 1809.

† Sir De L. Evans.

Quis tubicen me imponet equo? (licet artis equestris
 Heu! pæne ignarum) ut, meritæ præconia famæ,
 Auspiciis tantis iterumque iterumque repandam.
 "Albertus redit optatus! Victoria nubit
 "Exultans! magni incipiunt procedere menses,
 "Cambrorum donec princeps clarissimus ortu
 "Edvardus, virtute et nomine clarus avito,
 "Nascetur, nostrisque diu dominabitur arvis."
 Hæc, inquam, pleno nobis cantare theatro,
 Nec nauci-nihili-floci-pili-que valentes
 Pestiferosque palam decuit dispergere versus.
 Tantane vos adeo tumidos fiducia cepit,
 Procuratores, Vice-Cancellarie, vosque
 Doctores, vos Aularum Capita, atque Domorum
 Saxeæ, adulandique carentes arte Magistri,
 Prisca ut præcipere, hæc prohibere hodierna volenti
 Audetis vati? Redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Humius incedit dominans, virtute fideque
 Cognitus in Graios; Briareia cauda tremendi
 Concutitur Danielis, et arcto carcere quisque
 Frænatur, demens qui sese attollere contra
 Audeat, et sancti violare edicta Senatûs.
 Testis Evans—non ille heros Hispanicus, at quem
 Semianimem emisit manicis Respublica clemens.
 Jam domiti Seræ vincla, invisumque papaver
 Accipient, positæque tyrannus acinace, Congon,
 Souchongum, et Pekoën, pro tanto munere reddet.
 O patria! et patrii mores! vos ergone soli
 Spernitis hæc tanta, et nostros non ritè triumphos
 Carminibus plausuque agnoscitis, Oxonienses?
 Si vobis mens Toriacos in fræna rebelles
 Certa sequi, accipite hæc, et nostra revolvite dicta.
 Haud mora, quin Batavo majorum nomine dignus
 Grotius ingredietur ovans, rapietque, feretque
 Omnia, quæ, vestras dudum congesta per ædes,
 Socordes mulcent animos, et jura per urbem
 Incorrupta dabit primævo more Catonis.
 Huic O si, facilem et servire potentibus aptum,
 Me fata adjungant comitem!—si munera quævis
 Latrantem stomachum allectent! nam talibus aucta
 Exultat sæpe auspiciis hodierna juvenus,
 Læta favore novo, quibus, ut mihi, non domus, aut res,
 Nec mens est proprium studiis exquirere victum.
 "Ex quovis ligno" Commissionarius exit.
 Hæc mea tum, magno magnum plaudente patrono,—
 Credite vos,—vetitis resonabunt carmina rostris.
 Tum tua valde incompta cohors procedet, O'Connel,
 Omnes Doctores, omnes capita alta ferentes
 Hirsutasque genas, quos ducet, Philli-que-mori
 Munere fungetur Wadus,* venerabile nomen.
 His ego stipatus, docta hæc et Apolline digna
 Ore rotundo edam; patulas ipse Humius aures
 Fleetet, et urbani juvenes, quos nomine "Caddos"
 Signastis, Martem solitos conferre togatis,
 Admissi plausus geminabunt, et mihi reddent
 Haud sane immerito, quem vos rapuistis, honorem.

ALFREDUS CONSTANTINUS MULGRAVE TIMMS TIMMS,
Academiæ Little-Pedlingtoniensis nuper alumnus.

* Doctor illustris ille, et comitiis suburbanis pergratus.

"Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat."

—Æn. lib. 6,

ON PERSONIFICATION.

THE disposition of our minds to invest inanimate objects with imaginary life and feeling, is more deeply implanted and more variously displayed than superficial observers are ready to believe. "Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto," was the principle of Terence's philanthropist. But the affections of man are not circumscribed even by the limits of his own species. The meanest of nature's works may sometimes excite or occupy his most passionate emotions.

"The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,

Another still, and still another spreads:

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,

His country next, and next all human race:

Wide and more wide the o'erflowings of the mind

Take every creature in, of every kind."

When our feelings are thus strongly affected towards insensate objects, we have a tendency to see in them, as in a mirror, the features of our own moral frame, and to bestow on them a community or correspondence of sentiment with ourselves. In our ordinary mood we look at existence as it is: we recognise in the material world merely the mechanical qualities which move our senses: and with some persons this condition is seldom or never exchanged for livelier or loftier impressions. But those who are condemned to see things always in their literal and everyday aspect, are little to be envied and not greatly to be loved. There is generally some torpor of the heart where this peculiarity is perceptible; and, even supposing it to proceed from a defect of imagination, it is not likely that one important faculty should be thus deficient without implying or producing a corresponding inefficiency in the other powers, and among the rest, in the moral qualities. The unregenerate state of Wordsworth's potter was indicated by symptoms of this description.

"He roved among the vales and streams,

In the green wood, and hollow dell:

They were his dwellings night and day;

But Nature ne'er could find the way

Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Nor was it till the face of Nature had looked on him with a fearful intelligence, and her voice had sounded in his mind's ear with an awakening solemnity, that the outcast's heart began to exchange its stony hardness for a softer structure, and his eyes to collect those drops which, descending in a plenteous shower, were to wash out the stains of his guilt and revive his deadened spirit.

Not less salutary, as a preservative of virtue, is the kindly communion which good men habitually hold with inanimate nature; and the alacrity with which they interpret her looks and language when fit occasion arises, bears a proportion to the healthiness of their feelings and the innocence of their lives. We see how readily the pure and pliant minds of children give admission to an affection for inanimate things, and yield to the pleasing illusions which clothe the objects of their love with life and sensibility; and in this respect, as in others, it is well for us, if, as far as permissible, we become "as these little ones."

There seems to be scarcely any strong emotion which may not place inanimate objects in such a relation towards us as to give them the aspect of living beings. Terror, wonder, love, joy, grief, are each able to produce this marvellous change.

"A potent wand doth sorrow wield:
What spell so strong as guilty fear!"

The lifeless objects of any violent desire or aversion assume in the whirlwind of our passion the characters of human expression. When we are buoyant with happiness, the face of nature seems to reflect our smiles: when we are sorrowful, the gloom is extended to surrounding scenes, as if they shared our sadness: when dejected beyond the point to which external things can be brought to harmonize with our sufferings, we reproach them for withholding their sympathy, and regard the light of heaven and the beauty of earth as if they were

the mockery of an insulting spectator. Meditation on the works of external creation, and even on the abstractions of our own intellect, has power, when animated by a moral spirit, to convert the subjects of our contemplation into creatures who return a warm and significant answer to the affections with which they are regarded, and the enquiries with which they are addressed. Even fancy, taking the place of feeling, can imitate in sport those vivid impersonations which originally spring from the fountain of an overflowing heart.

The successful employment of the personifying faculty in poetical composition has been always acknowledged as a source of pleasure and a test of genius. Personification is not essential to poetry any more than it is sufficient to produce it. But, in its proper place, it is a powerful auxiliary to the poet's other resources; and it is impossible for the true poet to deal with some of the most poetical feelings and situations without being impelled to seek its aid.

The art of poetry, and consequently of criticism, must in this part of its province be guided by a mixed consideration of two points: the one, the state of mind which produces or justifies personification; the other, the character of the objects on which personification is to be exerted. If either of these elements is overlooked or miscalculated, there will be a failure in the result; and the same process which would otherwise have thrilled the heart and satisfied the understanding, will appear weak or ridiculous from being unseasonably attempted or incongruously pursued. There can be no greater absurdity than a startling personification unsupported by strong feeling, or a display of strong feeling, employed in personifying an unworthy object.

We propose to bestow a pretty full consideration on this curious chapter of poetical criticism; but before proceeding to do so, we think it material to notice two remarkable forms which the personifying principle has assumed in human history, and which demonstrate the prevalence and permanence of its operation, at the same time that they have a singular and close con-

nexion with the proper subject of our present enquiry.

1. It is certain that most systems of religious superstition have owed a great part of their structure to a misuse of this principle. The visible forms or invisible powers of Nature, the multitudinous attributes of the Divine unity, and even the qualities of our own frail and feeble minds, have been endowed by religious fear or enthusiasm with an individual and living existence; nor does it matter much to this question whether, in some of the forms of Paganism, we suppose the worshippers to have converted the visible object itself into a god, or believed the Godhead to exist in some attendant genius presiding specially over the object. In either way, we have the same propensity displayed for connecting lifeless things with a living principle. In the furthest extreme of this feeling, combined with a blinded barbarism of soul, we meet with that form of worship which properly constitutes idolatry, where the image of the divinity, though perhaps the work of the worshipper's own hands, is converted into the ultimate object of adoration, the divinity himself.

It would be idle in us to expatiate on the operation of the personifying principle in connexion with misguided religious feeling, or to trace its strange yet natural inconsistencies, aiming sometimes at as high an intelligence as the imagination of man can compass, and sinking sometimes to as low a depth as his passions can descend to. The exposition of this important subject has been more than once successfully attempted, and in particular has been accomplished in a form at once attractive and satisfactory by the great philosophical poet of the age;* and we only refrain from inserting the noble lines in which it is conveyed, in the conviction that they must be as familiar to our readers as they deserve to be.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the connexion which subsists between the personifications of superstition, and those which poetry employs. The classical and other Pagan mythologies have tinged too deeply the current of literature to be easily overlooked, and the images supplied from them have

not only been profusely used, but have taught and encouraged our poets to add analogous fictions of their own creation.

2. The other example we would adduce, in which the spirit of personification has left a permanent impress of its power on the history of man, is different both in character and dignity from that of mythological superstition, though not without a strange similarity to it, both in its origin and in its effects. We allude to the almost universal prevalence, in the various forms of human language, of a principle which attributes the qualities of sex to inanimate objects, by means of a grammatical distinction of genders. Languages of the greatest antiquity present us with this remarkable, and apparently irrational tendency, of which it seems so difficult to get rid, that it has characterised almost the whole even of the most cultivated forms of speech; and has only been thrown off and eliminated from our own tongue by some peculiar process, of which the nature and operation are scarcely at all understood. It is extremely difficult to explain, upon any clear grounds, the anomalies of a nomenclature of inanimate things diversified by grammatical gender. It is probable that a supposed analogy between certain physical qualities and the attributes of sex, have partly produced this phenomenon; and that a similarity in the mere form of words has acted as an important secondary element, in extending the distinction when it was once established. But after allowing fully for these influences, it seems yet undeniable that the personifying principle, in some shape or other, must have been the chief or primary agent in the operation. It is probable, that in many cases the personifications that led to the attribute of gender, originated in the superstitious feelings which we have already noticed.

There is a curious diversity in languages as to the extent to which the idea of imaginary gender has been carried. In some of them, such as the Romance languages, and we believe the Celtic, Lithuanian, and Hebrew, the neuter gender is entirely wanting, and every noun, whether the name of a person or of a thing, is ranged either under a masculine or under a feminine character. This is remarkable enough; but it is scarcely

less remarkable that other languages, though possessing a neuter gender, should not give it the full scope and compass that seems philosophically to belong to it, but should, with much apparent caprice and confusion, promote many nouns to the masculine or feminine class, that seem to have no pretensions to any sexual or personal character whatever. It may be observed, on the other hand, that the neuter gender seems sometimes, on very sound views of reason, to have assumed even a higher ground than the other distinctions of the same kind, as where in Sanscrit, the derivative deities of Indian mythology are masculine or feminine; but BRAHMA, in the sense of the abstract divine essence, or unknown God, is neuter or sexless, as a being far elevated above any participation in the bodily qualities of frail humanity.

There can be little doubt that, at certain stages in the progress of literature, the existence of artificial grammatical genders—if that should be called artificial which seems congenial with almost every language—has contributed to prompt the use and promote the reception of poetical personifications. According to a common result, however, what at first would facilitate the process, would come ultimately to weaken its effect; and there is much justice in the remark so frequently made, that the genderless character of the English language, in its ordinary form, in reference to the names of inanimate objects, gives it a higher prominence and relief when the appropriate diction of personification comes to be employed. This poetical figure has less power in languages where there is no room for giving a further elevation to the expression, by bestowing on material things those characteristics of sex and personality, which already belong to them according to the ordinary rule of grammatical formation: just as there is nothing sublime in a wide range of table-land, and nothing emphatic in a book printed wholly in Italics. We think that we might make this further and analogous remark, that the extinction of superstition gives a greater effect to images of poetical personification than if there still remained a popular, though probably not a very vivid conviction that the object personified has a real existence. It may require imaginative

genius to invent a mythology, but it requires none to assent or adhere to it; and there is a greater feeling of poetical power when we are presented with impersonations which are not coldly adopted as parts of a received creed, but impressed upon us as the warm creations of individual enthusiasm.

Having made these preliminary remarks on collateral matters, to which we may occasionally wish to revert in the course of this discussion, we proceed, as we proposed, to examine in some detail the modes in which personification may be employed in poetry.

We shall endeavour first to illustrate the nature of the feelings which produce or justify personification.

We have already noticed the influence of religious emotions in producing a superstitious personification of the objects with which they may come to be connected. But, independently of superstition, and consistently with the purest piety and the clearest knowledge, devotional sentiments have a powerful tendency to excite the personifying faculties. The true worshipper of the Divine essence cannot indulge his meditations, or pursue his exercises of praise and prayer, in presence of those innumerable hosts of his fellow-creatures, whether animate or inanimate, that attest the power and goodness of their common Creator, without seeking and seeing, in all of them alike, a confirmation of his creed, and a sympathy with his adoration. At early morn and at the noon of night, the light or the darkness, the joyous revival of the awakening earth or the solemn vigils of the stars on high, will seem in the ear of piety not less audibly, and often, alas! more faithfully, than the tongues of men, to resound the excellences of the God that made them, and their own gratitude for the gracious gifts of existence and of beauty. Hear the royal singer of Israel, and say if his lofty imaginations are not reflected, however feebly, by your own hearts?

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

Again:—

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

"Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

"Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

"Before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth."

Once more:—

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

"Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

"Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

"Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

"He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

"Fire and hail; snow and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

"Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars;

"Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl:

"Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

"Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

"Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

Or listen to the morning orisons of our first parents, while yet pure, in the words of him who of all uninspired men was the most inspired.

And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the World's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep.
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise."

Scarcely less worthy of the theme are the similar aspirations of a faithful worshipper and priest of Nature, who disdained not to follow closely in the same noble though beaten track, and to draw from the same familiar but exhaustless fountain.

" Nature attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
 Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids your roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn."

Nor is it only in acts of general worship and praise that our inanimate fellow-creatures seem to unite and sympathize with us. The special interpositions of Divine mercy for the benefit of mankind, are considered by our excited fancies to fix the admiring attention of the universe : nor, as we fondly deem, were the awe and wonder due to the most stupendous of such events confined alone to angels and the heavenly host of intelligent spectators.

" But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the
 charmed wave.

" The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them
 thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid
 them go.

" And, though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted
 speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame

The new enlighten'd world no more
 should need :

He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axle-
 tree could bear."

It is not alone in seasons of exultation that Nature thus affords her sympathy. Events, too, of Divine judgment, or of deep guilt and wide-spread disaster, seem to excite her dread or claim her condolence. The oracles of sacred truth have recorded the agitations and apparent agonies of the material world, at periods of signal solemnity or surpassing horror ; and the imagination of the poet is tempted to feign things similar, where their moral suitableness is his only warrant. To the mind of Milton, contemplating, in its fulness of sin and misery, that first and dreadful disobedience which

" Brought death into the world and all
 our woe,"—

the poetical belief was unavoidable, that the elements of nature lamented over the fall of those who had been set to rule their fellow-creatures in the image of their Creator. At the transgression of Eve,

" Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from
 her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs
 of woe
 That all was lost ! "

At the final ruin of both our parents—

" Earth trembled from her entrails, as
 again
 In pangs ; and Nature gave a second
 groan ;
 Sky lower'd ; and, muttering thunder,
 some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

The Pagan fabulists called in the aid of such bold images on similar occasions of tragic horror, though of less universal interest. The sun recoiled in his course, that he might not look on the hideous banquet prepared for

Atrous, of the flesh of his own sons, by a brother's hand. And at the death of Cæsar, the poet's eye, with a vision quickened by patriotism, flattery, or superstition, saw the whole of nature convulsed with grief for the virtues which the world had lost, and the calamities which it was about to suffer.

"Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum

Audeat? ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
Sæpè monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.

Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,

Quum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,

Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem :

Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et æquora ponti,

Obscenique canes, importunæque volueres, Signa dabant."

"The sun reveals the secrets of the sky ;
And who dares give the source of light the lie ?

The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.

He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell ;

In iron clouds conceal'd the public light ;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone :
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.

Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,

And birds obscene, and howling dogs divined."

Here, indeed, as in other instances, poetry addresses, as fictions, to the imagination, the same conceptions which superstition would force upon the reason as facts. In both operations the same natural principle is busy ; nor can we suppose such a principle to have been engrafted on our frame without a design that it should bear noble fruit. In superstition it is perverted and abused ; in poetry it is directed to its proper use, and confined within its just limits. Nor is there, perhaps, in the constitution of man a more singular provision than that by which imagination is thus allowed to wield, innocently and beneficially, the full moral power of so many illusions, which, if adopted by the understanding as literal truths, would enslave the reason and debase the soul.

The supposed sympathy of general creation with the affairs of man, as manifested in prodigies and extraordinary appearances, is obviously a figure which ought to be sparingly employed in poetry, particularly by a Christian poet writing to a Christian and enlightened age. If such machinery, which we are taught to appropriate to the most awful and momentous events, be introduced on every petty and pitiful occasion of human distress, it becomes ludicrous from its absurdity or shocking by its profaneness. And it is surely a settled rule in poetical taste, that no strong image shall be presented to us, for the sake of mere ornament or surprise, where it cannot command the assent of the imagination and the sympathy of the heart.

Much room, however, is still left for a natural and less exalted use of those sympathetic affections that may be supposed to subsist between ourselves and material objects, in their ordinary or less marvellous manifestations. We are readily inspired with a love for them, and would willingly believe that they feel a love for us ; and this, when once imagined, is easily read in their commonest aspects and operations.

Our love for external objects may be excited by those qualities that address the feelings of sublimity or beauty. Mountains, rocks, and rivers, the ocean and the orbs of heaven, fields, forests, trees, and flowers, when beheld with any intensity of admiration, and more especially when viewed in an individual rather than in a collective character, will involuntarily borrow an air of life and an aptitude for affection from the same ideas that invest them with grandeur and loveliness. We shall have abundant opportunity of illustrating this rule, in the course of our further observations on the subject ; but may here, in connexion with it, insert two passages, which, although too well known to have the charm of novelty, will please the more the oftener they are studied, and which seem here to be peculiarly appropriate, as giving an adequate expression to the powerful affections and ideal visions to which we have referred. If to any reader there appears a vagueness and obscurity in some part of these noble verses, let him ask himself if, without much of mystery and darkness, it is

possible to think or to speak of those bonds of moral connexion that unite man with material nature, and which seem designed, by the imaginations thus arising even from the perceptions

of sense, to prepare him for other scenes in which faith shall be lost in sight, conjecture in intuition, and matter in spirit.

“ And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

“ I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.”

The feelings excited by the grander and more awful forms of natural power—the hurricane, the thunder-storm, the earthquake, must from their intensity be favourable to personification ; yet we shall have occasion to notice an important distinction observable in such cases. We recognise a simple and natural impersonation in that beautiful passage of the Evangelist, where Jesus “ arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea ; ” —
ἐπιτιμάς τοις ἀνεμοῖς καὶ τῇ θαλάσσῃ ;—censured them, took them to task as erring and presumptuous,—“and there was a great calm. But the men mar-

velled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him : ” —*ὁ παῖς αὐτῶν.* Milton has used a similar image in the delineation of a more dreadful storm, in like manner appeased—the strife of elemental confusion reconciled by the creative voice :—

“ ‘ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,’
Said then the Omnic Word, ‘ your discord end !’

Nor stay’d ; but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos and the world unborn ;
For chaos heard his voice.”

Personification, subdued by a solemn tone of feeling such as we here meet with, will readily be received as equally just and impressive. The elements, thus quickened into life and character, are yet preserved at an infinite distance of subordination, as the servants of an actual and all-controlling power. And it appears to us, that, in any description of the

sublimar convulsions of nature, unless this subordination of fiction to moral truth be sacredly maintained, personification will appear false and unnatural, and will tend to diminish rather than heighten the poetical effect. Let us here examine a passage in a modern poet, that has been generally and justly admired:—

“The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh, night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wond’rous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

“And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again ’tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o’er a young earthquake’s birth.”

There is great talent and power in this spirited and striking description; though, in passing, we suppose we may say, that critics are now pretty well agreed as to the incongruity of the concluding image. It is too fanciful for a picture of which sublimity should be the predominating tone; and it is not very certain that there is any intelligible sense in it. The birth of a young earthquake naturally leads us to wonder what an old earthquake can be; and whether the young of earthquakes need to be nursed and fed till they are able to do mischief, or whether the slighter shocks are to be considered as infant earthquakes, giving a kick and a squall at the breast, (do they belong to the mammalia?) while those of a more formidable magnitude are to be held as big and burly adults. These questions are not easily resolved; and, however answered, are not favourable to the poet’s purpose. But it is not in reference to this part of the description that we have quoted the stanzas. We wish to consider whether the personifications here introduced, and none can be more vivid, are truly conducive to a high effect of sublimity, where the mental enthusiasm that produces them stops short

at these material ministers of heaven, and is not led upwards to think of a living power far higher than those which are the creatures of its own fancy. A *Godless* description of a midnight thunder-storm among the Alps, seems to us to be at variance, we do not say with piety, but with poetical truth and with human feeling. In such a scene, and on such a night, the soul cannot rest satisfied with the mere belief of the fancy that the leaping thunder is alive, and that the mountains are shouting in fellow-feeling to each other. We know with an awful conviction, that, if the representation is true at all, there is something at work that is less visionary than these airy dreams; and if not taught that we are in the dread presence of Divinity, we either turn from the picture in disappointment, or unavoidably view it as exhibiting the revelry of demons, rather horrible and hideous than solemn or sublime. Compare the lively impersonations of Byron with the description of the Pagan poet, in which all personification is swallowed up in one great image of the supreme deity of his mythology, and say which of them is the more true to nature and to poetry.

"Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,
Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta boumque labores
Diluit; implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescut
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
*Ipse pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremat, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*"

"And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main;
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promised crop and golden labours drown.
The dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd."

We may trust, we think, to Lucretius as an evidence to the laws of the human heart on this subject.

"Præterea, cui non animus formidine divûm
Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
Fulminis horribili cum plagâ torrida tellus
Contremat, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
Non populi, gentesque tremunt? Regesque superbi
Conripiunt divûm percussi membra timore,
Ne quod ob admissum fœde, dictumve superbe
Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum."

"Who does not feel his soul within him shrink,
And, crouch'd before the gods, a suppliant sink,
When, as the dreadful bolt descends from high,
The parch'd earth quakes, and murmurs fill the sky?
Kindreds and tribes in trembling terror hear,
And haughty tyrants own a sacred fear,
Lest now each deed of guilt, each word of pride,
Be doom'd its day of reckoning to abide."

Turn also to Shakspeare. The unhappy Lear had excitements stronger than the manifestations of the contentious storm to drive him into the wildest extravagances of imagination when exposed to the tyrannous night; yet hear how even his wan-

dering delusions return by degrees to the divine and human truths, which no mind, possessing its faculties and feelings in any harmony of adjustment, can fail to be taught by such fearful occasions.

"Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

* * * * *

Rumble thy bellyfull ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children ;
 You owe me no subscription ; why, then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man :—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
 Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves : since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
 Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
 Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
 That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming,
 Hast practised on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

* * * * *
 Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
 In, boy ; go first.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just."

It requires nothing, we think, but comparison, to see that moral power is the source and standard of genuine poetry in such descriptions ; and that a predominance given to material images, where so much higher thoughts should be inspired, implies either a defect of mental balance, or a corruption of poetical judgment.

We have now noticed the operation and limits of personification arising from the contemplation of natural objects, whether lovely or magnificent.

We proceed to follow out the subject in those cases where external objects are chiefly recommended to us by our individual interest in the persons or

things with which they are connected.

The love of home and of country, or of other scenes of fond recollection, is, from its origin, peculiarly calculated to confer personality on its objects. It is a congeries of simple feelings, which are almost entirely of a moral and spiritual character. The spot of our birth, the seat of our domestic hopes and happiness, are dear to us, because they represent and embrace the thousand charities and delights of kindred and companionship, of family affection or social sympathy. "*Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares ; sed omnes omnium*

caritates patria una complexa est." But the composite feeling thus produced soon ceases to reveal to our observation its elementary parts, and becomes a new, homogeneous, and independent passion of the heart. Our affection is at last fixed directly on the soil and scene itself, with even, perhaps, a warmer love and longing than is ordinarily inspired by any, or all, of the living beings through, and for whom, the lifeless locality became at first a source of interest. Our affec-

tions have a tendency to concentrate themselves in objects which fill and satisfy the senses, and especially the sight; and visible objects are, in absence, more easily than others, conjured up and contemplated by the imagination. It is chiefly on some image in the landscape of his native land that the mind of the exile delights to dwell. What does Homer tell us of the home-sick Ithacan's desires amid the allurements of Calypso's isle?

Αἶψ' ὅς μαλακοῖσι καὶ αἰμυλίοισι λόγοισι
 Διέλγει, ὅπως Ἰθάκης ἐπιλήσεται· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ἱέμενος ΚΑΙ ΚΑΙΝΟΝ ΑΠΟΘΡΩΣΚΟΝΤΑ νοῆσ'
 ἥς γαίης, δανείην ἱμεῖρεται.

"Successless all her soft caresses prove
 To banish from his breast his country's love :
 To see the smoke from his lovèd palace rise,
 While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
 With what contentment would he close his eyes !"

What is the momentary reverie of poor Susan, when roused to recollection by the song of the thrush, like herself a native of the woods and plains, though now, like her too, a captive of the city.

"'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes."

Byron, indeed, has beautifully peopled the picture that rises before the soul of the dying Goth, when he falls amidst the shouts of the gazing amphitheatre :—

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize :
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

But not less true or touching is the vision of the falling Argive in the *Æneid*, who has time but to fix on one simple thought, but one that is a type to him of all other joys and endearments :—

"Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, cœlum-
 que
 Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur
 Argos."

"Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and
 dies."

Such being the source and history of the emotions we are now considering, in which the affections originally due to living and moral objects are transferred to the earth that we first trode, or the abode with which our life has been identified, it follows naturally that these inanimate existences should seem themselves to have borrowed an answering sensibility from the objects to which they owe their charms. Is not our native land as a mother to us ? Are not the halls and bowers, the hills

and streams of a long or early residence, as kindred and companions? Such are undoubtedly our feelings towards them when absence, or danger, or triumph, or any other excitement, gives a spur to the imagination. It were idle to multiply examples of such personifications, with which every one is familiar, whether in the pages of

poetry or in ordinary speech; yet we may be forgiven for inserting some illustrations of the subject, which, trite as they are, will still recommend themselves by their untiring excellence. See how the calm majesty of the Mantuan Swan at last rises upon the wing as he sounds the praises of his native plains:—

“ Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.—
Sed gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere; tenent oleæque, armentaue læta.
Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert,
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deûm duxere triumphos.
Hic ver assiduam atque alienis mensibus æstas;
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.

“ Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.
An mare, quod suprâ, memorem, quodque alluit infrâ?
Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari, maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino?—
Hæc genus acré virûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volseosque verutos,
Extulit; hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duos bello, et te, maxime Cæsar,
Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm!”—

“ But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land,)
Fair Ganges, Hermus, rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.—
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train:
Here flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

“ Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour and stupendous frame:
Our forts on steepy hills—that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first, and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vext.—
The inhabitants themselves their country grace;
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,

Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclined ;
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind ;
 And Volscians, arm'd with iron-headed darts ;
 Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts.
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double name ;
 And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
 Hail, sweet Saturnian soil ! of fruitful grain
 Great parent, greater of illustrious men ! ”

Different in its character, yet not very different in its source, is the patriotic apostrophe wrung from the modern Italian by mingled feelings of shame, pity, and pride.

“ Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond 'hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte ;
 Deh ! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T'amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte !
 Che or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l'onda del Po Gallici armenti ;
 Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
 Pagnar col braccio di straniero genti,
 Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta. ”

Of which we subjoin the version of our own Mrs Hemans :—

“ Italia ! oh, Italia ! thou so graced
 With ill-starr'd beauty, which to thee hath been
 A dower, whose fatal splendour may be traced
 In the deep-graven sorrows of thy mien ;
 Oh ! that more strength, or fewer charms were thine,
 That those might fear thee more, or love thee less,
 Who seem to worship at thy radiant shrine,
 Then pierce thee with the death-pang's bitterness !
 Not then would foreign hosts have drain'd the tide
 Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed ;
 Nor from the Alps would legions, still renew'd,
 Pour down ; nor would'st thou wield an alien brand,
 And fight thy battles with the stranger's hand ;
 Still, still a slave, victorious or subdued ! ”

As a companion or contrast to these passages, let us connect together others from a poet of our own land, which, we think, breathe as much dignity and tenderness as the verses either of the ancient Mantuan or of the modern Tuscan.

“ England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.

“ My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine.
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft

And plausible than social life requires;
 And thou hast need of discipline and art,
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse; either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute and senseless brawl.
 Yet, being free, I love thee for the sake
 Of that one feature; can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
 But, once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
 Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all."

In a more humble and domestic style, the cheerful happiness of a return to home after an irksome, yet not a miserable absence, has never been better depicted than in Catullus's verses to his beloved Sirmio, in which we see how naturally the power of personification breaks forth:

"Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque
 Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
 Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus;
 Quàm te libenter, quàmque lætus invisio!
 Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam, atque
 Bithynos

Liquisse campos, et videre te in tuto.
 O quid solutis est beatius curis!
 Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
 Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus
 tantis.

Salve, O venusta Sirmio, atque hero gaude;
 Gaudete, vosque Lydiæ lacus undæ;
 Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum."

Which though untranslatable, we thus essay to translate:—

"Sirmio, thou bright and beauteous little eye

Of all the isles, and almost-isles that lie
 Floating afar through either Neptune's
 reign,

In shelter'd bay, or on the swelling main!
 How gladly willing back to thee I come!
 Nor yet can credit that I cease to roam
 'Mid Thynian tribes, and on Bithynia's
 shore,

And here, in safety, look on thee once
 more.

Oh, what is happier than release from care!
 When the mind quits the load it ill could
 bear,

And home return'd, with toil and travel
 tired,

We sink pon the bed so long desired.
 This, this alone, will all our griefs repay—
 Fair Sirmio, hail! and in thy lord be gay!
 Bid your glad waves, ye Lydian lakes,
 resound—

Ye peals of household laughter, ring
 around."

A separation from the soil of our nativity, and the scene of long-remembered happiness, will easily be supposed still more strongly to excite the imagination than occasions like that which Catullus has here represented: for grief is, in general, a more powerful agent than even joy. Who does not understand and feel the poetical, and even the human, truth of Eve's farewell to the inanimate objects of her solicitude in Eden?

"Oh, unexpected stroke—worse than of death!

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil—these happy walks and shades—

Fit haunt of gods!—where I had hoped to spend

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,

That never will in other climate grow;
 My early visitation, and my last
 At e'en, which I bred up with tender hand,
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye
 names;

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
 fount?

Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet;
 from thee

How shall I part!"

Nor is it only our home and our country, or the objects with which they are filled, that become thus personified when our love for them is excited. Every inanimate thing which may connect us with them, will, by the same feeling, be exalted at once into importance, and into the rank of animated life. Remove us to a distance, and the winds that seem to blow from our native land, or the clouds that travel towards her mountains, may become to our quickened feelings as partakers in the interest that excites us, or as mutual

messengers to maintain our intercourse of love. Something of an analogous effect is indicated, in a less degree, by the well-known lines of Gray, though the personification is chiefly directed to the scenes themselves which are the source of the emotion:—

“ Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shades,
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth—
And redolent of joy and youth
To breathe a second spring.”

But the influence we now allude to is more fully developed in some of the lines in which Cowper has described the feelings of Selkirk in his solitary island:—

“ Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.”

If we thus regard our home and our familiar haunts as living objects of love, we shall readily imagine that we are to them an object of regard and desire, when there is room for supposing such sentiments. Not Amaryllis only lamented the absent Tityrus:—

“ Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant.”

“ For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.”

The loss of Lycidas was not bewailed alone by the comrades of his pastoral pursuits:—

“ Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

“ Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!

“ Roll back, sweet rill, back to thy mountain bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chain'd!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustain'd;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh, let it then be dumb—
Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.”

With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.”

The influence of Love, peculiarly so called, will in certain circumstances excite the imagination to the same energy as is produced by other passions. The lover, indeed, who enjoys the presence and favour of his mistress, will be too much engrossed with her living charms to think of conferring imaginary life upon senseless things. But, in absence or disappointment, the case will be different. There is a latent principle of personification in most of the common-place amatory aspirations.

“ O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!”

“ O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!”

“ ‘Change me, some god, into that breathing rose!’

The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast in exquisite repose.”

Throughout all these ideas there is this much of personification in the lover's wish, that he conceives the object into which he would be transformed as in some degree sensible of the raptures which its situation would inspire in himself.

The feeling may be expected more powerfully to break forth under the pressure of an agonizing loss, whenever at least the first stunning weight of the blow has been relaxed. A bereaved lover thus beautifully entreats the objects once associated with his love, to change those forms which so bitterly awaken the recollections with which they are entwined:—

The enthusiasm kindled by any ardent pursuit, will animate not only its objects but its instruments with a living power and sympathy. The warrior regards the weapons that he wields, as rejoicing equally with himself in the strife of death. Thus, to borrow two of the boldest examples that Aristotle takes from Homer:—

— τα δὲ δούρα θρασυῖαν ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐν σάκῃ μὲγαλῶ παγὲν ὀρμένα πρόσσῳ,
 Πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγυ, παρὸς χροᾶ λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,
 Ἐν γαῖῃ ἴσταντο, λιλαιομένα χροὸς ἀσαι.

“ In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
 Its surface bristled with a quivering wood ;
 And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.”

Αἰχμὴ δὲ στέρνοιο διέσσυτο μαιμῶσα,
 Πρόσσῳ ἰμῆνη·

“ The lance with eager joy transfix’d his breast,
 Speeding its onward course.”

In accordance with such imaginations, the warrior-lyre has, in the Feast of Brougham Castle, been struck to the full compass to which perhaps it was possible to swell this note without a jarring in its harmony.

“ Armour rusting in his halls,
 On the blood of Clifford calls :
 ‘ Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the lance ;
 ‘ Bear me to the heart of France,’
 Is the longing of the shield.”

And here, once for all, it may be repeated, that the animating influence of every strong emotion is exerted not only on its direct objects, but on all things that have a collateral relation to it. “ As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,” the heart, when kindled to a glow, diffuses its radiance even on the darkest and duller surface that falls within its sphere.

The last of the passions to which we shall allude as awakening the personifying faculty is that of fear, of which the power is still more conspicuous where it is combined with guilt. It is probable that the horrors of remorse operate partially in this way, by seeming to enlist even inanimate nature among the accusers of the criminal and the avengers of his crime. Already, while the act is unaccomplished, he regards with preternatural sensitiveness every strange sound and sight, as a living witness testifying against its perpetration. The vulgar man of midnight violence bestows an imprecation upon a jarring hinge, a creaking plank, or a glancing moonbeam, as if conspiring to interrupt his

purpose. The poetical murderer embodies the same morbid terrors in a sublimer shape.

—“ Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps which way they walk,
 for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts.”

And the instigatress of murder gives utterance to thoughts of a similar spirit.

—“ Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.”

We have not reserved room to dwell on that mixed condition of the intellectual and moral faculties, which leads to the personification of mere mental abstractions. We shall afterwards, however, have an opportunity of illustrating this part of the subject, when we come to notice some of the ideas that have been thus kindled into life. In the mean time we may observe, that nothing but an earnest and intense contemplation of such conceptions can recommend a serious attempt to personify them. The use of such figures as mere matters of rhetorical ornament, unsupported by any poetical vision of the images employed, is distasteful to the judicious, and seldom successful with the most unthinking. It produces, among other mischiefs, this bad result, that, by diminishing the relief that simplicity always affords, it weakens the power of any genuine personification which may come to be introduced.

Neither can we here dwell upon that other operation of the personifying principle which is performed at the

bidding of fancy, without passion having much share in it. Fancy has learned from the workings of passion that such transmutations are practicable, and she has pressed the power thus discovered into her own service. When her fictions are clothed with moral beauty, and finished with suitable and congruous details, the mind receives them as pleasing possibilities, and derives a new delight from admiring the ingenuity and skill which they display. Hence, among other fruits, has sprung the voluminous code of Æsop and his followers, of which the elegant imaginations and intrinsic truths find so ready credence in infant minds, and which many of the ripest understanding have found pleasure in studying as well as in imitating.

In concluding this branch of our observations, let us glance for an instant at some of the feelings which seem most inconsistent with the natural exertion of the personifying powers. Any mean or degrading impulses—any worldly or merely practical views—any anxiety about minute accuracy or mathematical truth, must impede or destroy this imaginative power. If the mind is fastened to the ground by sordid ties, it cannot aspire to an ethereal and creative energy. If it is bent on ascertaining matter of

literal fact, or is dissatisfied with grand generalities, it cannot feel the due influence of that spirit which operates by fallacies, but by fallacies more veracious than many physical demonstrations. We can believe Atlas in dimness and in distance to be a king or a hero, that bears the weight of heaven on his shoulders; but if we proceed, as somebody proposed to do with Mount Athos, and carve him into the distinct features of a man, the charm is gone. *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.* The old extravagances of the metaphysical school of poets, illustrate the failure of any attempt to please by such analogies as run for miles together, not merely upon all fours, but like centipedes upon fifty feet a side.

Upon the same principle, a hot and cold project, such as Darwin's in his *Botanical Garden*, for making personification a vehicle of systematic science, is in its very conception hopeless and contradictory; though we are all the better for the accomplished railery of the *Loves of the Triangles*, to show us its full absurdity. Such efforts may be permitted for a very short period to glitter as the frostwork of fancy; but, having neither warmth nor durability, they are unfit either for long or for lofty compositions.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART VIII.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem : SI CELERES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

THE chief corner-stone suddenly found wanting in the glittering fabric of Mr Titmouse's fortune, so that to the eyes of its startled architects, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, it seemed momentarily threatening to tumble about their ears, was a certain piece of evidence which, being a matter-of-fact man, I should like to explain to the reader before we get on any farther. In order, however, to do this effectually, I must go back to an earlier period in the history than has been yet called to his attention. If it shall have been unfortunate enough to attract the hasty eye of the superficial and impatient *novel*-reader, I make no doubt that by such a one certain portions of what has gone before, and which could not fail of attracting the attention of long-headed people, as being not thrown in for nothing, (and therefore to be borne in mind with a view to subsequent explanation,) have been entirely overlooked or forgotten. Now, I can fancy that the sort of reader whom I have in my eye, as one whose curiosity it is worth some pains to excite, and sustain, has more than once asked himself the following question, viz.—

How did Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, first come to be acquainted with the precarious tenure by which Mr Aubrey held the Yatton property? Why, it chanced in this wise.

Mr Parkinson of Grilston, who has been already introduced to the reader, succeeded to his late father, in one of the most respectable practices, as a country attorney and solicitor in Yorkshire. He was a highly honourable, painstaking man, and deservedly enjoyed the entire confidence of all his numerous and influential clients. Some twelve years before the period at which this history commences, Mr Parkinson, who was a very kind-hearted man, had taken into his service

an orphan boy of the name of Steggars, at first merely as a sort of errand-boy, and to look after the office. He soon, however, displayed so much sharpness, and acquitted himself so creditably in any thing that he happened to be concerned in, a little above the run of his ordinary duties, that in the course of a year or two he became a sort of clerk, and sat and wrote at the desk it had formerly been his sole province to dust. Higher and higher did he rise, in process of time, in his master's estimation; and at length became quite a *factotum*—as such, acquainted with the whole course of business that passed through the office. Many interesting matters connected with the circumstances and connexions of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were thus constantly brought under his notice, and now and then set him thinking whether the knowledge thus acquired could not, in some way, and at some time or another, be turned to his own advantage; for I am sorry to say that he was utterly unworthy of the kindness and confidence of Mr Parkinson, who little thought that in Steggars he had to deal with—a rogue in grain. Such being his character, and such his opportunities, this worthy made a practice of minuting down, from time to time, any thing of interest or importance in the affairs which thus came under his notice—even laboriously copying long documents, when he thought them of importance enough for his purpose, and had the opportunity of doing so without attracting the attention of Mr Parkinson. He thus silently acquired a mass of information which might have enabled him to occasion great annoyance, and even inflict serious injury; and the precise object he had in view, was either to force himself, hereafter, into partnership with his employer, (provided he

could get regularly introduced into the profession,) or even compel his master's clients to receive him into their confidence, adversely to Mr Parkinson, making it worth his while to keep the secrets of which he had become possessed. So careful ought to be, and indeed generally are, attorneys and solicitors, as to the characters of those whom they thus receive into their employ. On the occasion of Mr Aubrey's intended marriage with Miss St Clair, with a view to the very liberal settlements which he contemplated, a full abstract of his title was laid by Mr Parkinson before his conveyancer, in order to advise and prepare the necessary instruments. Owing to enquiries suggested by the conveyancer, additional statements were laid before him; and produced an opinion of a somewhat unsatisfactory description, from which I shall lay before the reader the following paragraph:—

"There seems no reason for supposing that any descendant of Stephen Dreddlington is now in existence: still, *as it is by no means physically impossible that such a person may be in esse*, it would no doubt be important to the security of Mr Aubrey's title, to establish clearly the validity of the conveyance by way of mortgage, executed by Harry Dreddlington, and which was afterwards assigned to Geoffry Dreddlington on his paying off the money borrowed by his deceased uncle: since the descent of Mr Aubrey from Geoffry Dreddlington would, in that event, clothe him with an indefeasible title at law, by virtue of that deed; and any equitable rights which were originally outstanding, would be barred by lapse of time. But the difficulty occurring to my mind on this part of the case is, that unless Harry Dreddlington, who executed that deed of mortgage, survived his father, (a point on which I have no information,) the deed itself would have been mere waste parchment, as the conveyance of a person who never had any interest in the Yatton property—and, of course, neither Geoffry Dreddlington, nor his descendant Mr Aubrey, could derive any right whatever under such an instrument. In that case, such a contingency as I have above hinted at—I mean the existence of any legitimate descendant of Stephen Dreddlington—*might have*

a most serious effect upon the rights of Mr Aubrey."

Every line of this opinion, and also even of the Abstract of Title upon which it was written, did this quick-sighted young scoundrel copy out, and deposit, as a great prize, in his desk, among other similar notes and memoranda, little wotting his master the while of what he was doing. Some year or two afterwards, the relationship subsisting between Mr Parkinson and his clerk Steggars, was suddenly determined by a somewhat untoward event; viz. by the latter's decamping with the sum of £700 sterling, being the amount of money due in a mortgage which he had been sent to receive from a client of Mr Parkinson's. Steggars fled for it—but first having bethought himself of the documents to which I have been alluding, and which he carried with him to London. Hot pursuit was made after the unfortunate delinquent, who was taken into custody two or three days after his arrival in town, while he was walking about the streets, with the whole of the sum which he had embezzled, *minus* a few pounds, upon his person, in bank-notes. He quickly found his way into Newgate. His natural sagacity assured him that his case was rather an ugly one; but hope did not desert him.

"Well, my kiddy," said the grim-visaged, greyheaded turnkey, as soon as he had ushered Steggars into his snug little quarters; "here you are, you see—isn't you?"

"I think I am," replied Steggars, with a sigh.

"Well—and if you want to have a chance of not going across the water till you're a many years older, you'll get yourself *defended*, and the sooner the better, d'ye see. There's *Quirk*, *Gammon*, and *Snap*—my eyes! how they *do* thin our place, to be sure! The only thing's to get 'em soon; 'cause, ye see, they're so run after. Shall I send them to you?"

Steggars answered eagerly in the affirmative. In order to account for this spontaneous good-nature on the part of Grasp, (the turnkey in question,) I must explain that old Mr Quirk had for years secured a large criminal practice, by having in his interest most of the officers attached to the police-offices and Newgate, to whom he gave, in fact, systematic gratinities, in

order to get their recommendations to the persecuted individuals who came into their power. Very shortly after Grasp's messenger had reached Saffron Hill, with the intelligence that "there was *something new in the trap*," old Quirk bustled down to Newgate, and was introduced to Steggars, with whom he was closeted for some time. He took a lively interest in his new companion, whose narrative of his flight and capture he listened to in a very kind and sympathizing way, and promised to do for him whatever his little skill and experience *could* do. He hinted, however, that, as Mr Steggars must be aware, a *little* ready money would be required, in order to fee counsel—whereat Steggars looked very dismal indeed, and, knowing the state of his exchequer, imagined himself already on shipboard, on his way to Botany Bay. Old Mr Quirk asked him if he had no friends who would raise a trifle for a "chum in trouble,"—and on answering in the negative, he observed the enthusiasm of the respectable old gentleman visibly and rapidly cooling down.

"But I'll tell you what, sir," said poor Steggars, suddenly, "if I haven't money, I may have *money's worth* at my command;—I've a little box, that's at my lodging, which those that got me knew nothing of—and in which there is a trifle or two about the families and fortunes of some of the first folk in Yatton, that would be precious well worth looking after, to those that know how to follow up such matters."

Old Quirk hereat pricked up his ears, and asked his young friend how he got possessed of such secrets.

"Oh fie! fie!" said he, gently, as soon as Steggars had told him the practices of which I have already put the reader in possession.

"Ah—you may say fie! fie! if you like," quoth Steggars, earnestly; "but the thing is, not how they were come by, but what can be done with them, now they're got. For example, there's a certain member of parliament in Yorkshire, that, high as he may hold his head, hath no more right to the estates that yield him a good ten thousand a-year than I have, but keeps some folk out of their own, that could pay some other folk a round sum to be put in the way of getting their own:" and that was only *one* of the good things he knew of.—Here old

Quirk rubbed his chin, hemmed, fidgeted about in his seat, took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them; and presently went through that ceremony again. He then said that he had had the honour of being concerned for a great number of gentlemen in Mr Steggars' "present embarrassed circumstances," but who had always been able to command at least a five-pound note, at starting, to run a heat for liberty.

"Come, come, old gentleman," quoth Steggars, earnestly, "I don't want to go over the water before my time, if I can help it; and I see you know the value of what I've got! Such a gentleman as you can turn every bit of paper I have in my box into a fifty-pound note!"—

"All this is moonshine, my young friend," said old Quirk, in an irresolute tone and manner.

"Ah! is it, though? To be able to tell the owner of a fat ten thousand a-year, that you can spring a mine under his feet at any moment—eh?—and no one ever know how you came by your knowledge. And if they wouldn't do what was handsome, couldn't you *get the right heir*—and wouldn't *that*—Lord! it would make the fortunes of half-a-dozen of the first houses in the profession!" Old Quirk got a little excited.

"But mind, sir—you see"—said Steggars, "if I get off, I'm not to be cut out of the thing altogether—eh? I shall look to be taken into your employ, and dealt handsomely by!"—

"Oh lord!" exclaimed Quirk, involuntarily—adding quickly—"Yes, yes! to be sure! only fair; but let us first get you out of your present difficulty, you know!" Steggars, having first exacted from him a written promise to use his utmost exertions on his (Steggars') behalf, and secure him the services of two of the most eminent Old Bailey council—viz. Mr Bluster and Mr Slang—gave Mr Quirk the number of the house where his precious box was, and a written order to the landlord to deliver it up to the bearer: after which Mr Quirk shook him cordially by the hand, and, having quitted the prison, made his way straight to the house in question, and succeeded in obtaining what he asked for. He faithfully performed his agreement with Steggars; for he retained both Bluster and Slang for

him, and got up their briefs with care: but, alas! although these eminent men exerted all their great powers, they succeeded not in either bothering the judge, bamboozling the jury, or browbeating the witnesses, (the principal one of whom was Mr Parkinson;) Steggars was found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for life. Enraged at this issue, he sent a message the next day to Mr Quirk, requesting a visit from him. When he arrived, Steggars, in a very violent tone, demanded that his papers should be returned to him. 'Twas in vain that Mr Quirk explained to him again and again his interesting position with reference to his goods, chattels, and effects—*i. e.* that, as a convicted felon, he had no further concern with them, and might dismiss all anxiety on that score from his mind. Steggars hereat got more furious than before, and intimated plainly the course he should feel it his duty to pursue—that, if the papers in question were not given up to him as he desired, he should at once write off to his late employer, Mr Parkinson, and acknowledge how much farther he (Steggars) had wronged him and his clients than he supposed of. Old Quirk very feelingly represented to him that he was at liberty to do any thing that he thought calculated to relieve his excited feelings: and then Mr Quirk took a final farewell of his client, wishing him health and happiness.

"I say, Grasp!" said he, in a whisper, to that grim functionary, as soon as he had secured poor Steggars in his cell, "that bird is a little ruffled just now?"

"Lud, sir, the nat'ralist thing in the world, considering"—

"Well—if he should want a letter taken to any one, whatever he may say to the contrary, you'll send it on to Saffron Hill—eh? Understand?—He may be injuring himself, you know;" and old Quirk with one hand clasped the huge arm of Grasp in a familiar way, and with the forefinger of the other touched his own nose, and then winked his eye.

"All right!" quoth Grasp, and they parted. Within a very few hours' time Mr Quirk received, by the hand of a trusty messenger from Grasp, a letter written by Steggars to Mr Parkinson; a long and eloquent letter, to the purport and effect which Steg-

gars had intimated. Mr Quirk read it with much satisfaction, for it disclosed a truly penitent feeling, and a desire to undo as much mischief as the writer had done. He (Mr Quirk) was not in the least exasperated by certain very plain terms in which his own name was mentioned; but, making all due allowances, quietly put the letter in the fire as soon as he had read it. In due time Mr Steggars, whose health had suffered from close confinement, caught frequent whiffs of the fresh sea-breeze, having set out, under most favourable auspices, for Botany Bay; to which distant but happy place, he had been thus fortunate in securing, so early, an *appointment for life*.

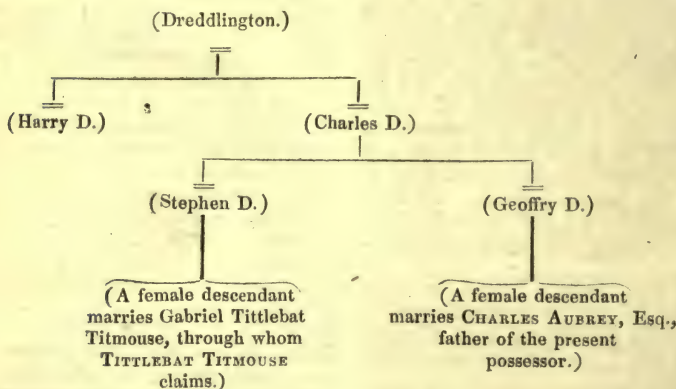
Such, then, were the cruel means by which Mr Quirk became acquainted with the exact state of Mr Aubrey's title: on first becoming apprised of which Mr Gammon either felt, or affected, great repugnance to taking any part in the affair. He was at length, however, over-persuaded by Quirk into acquiescence; and, that point gained, worked his materials with a caution, skill, energy, and perseverance, which soon led to important results. Guided by the suggestions of acute and experienced counsel, after much pains and considerable expense, they succeeded in discovering that delectable specimen of humanity, Tittlebat Titmouse, who hath already figured so prominently in this history. When they came to set down on paper the result of all their researches and enquiries, in order to submit it in the shape of a case for the opinion of Mr Mortmain and Mr Frankpledge, in the manner which has been already described, it looked perfect on paper, as many a faulty pedigree and abstract of title had looked before, and will yet look. It was quite possible for even Mr Tresayle himself to overlook the defect which had been pointed out by Mr Subtle. That which is stated to a conveyancer as a fact—any particular event, for instance, as of a death, a birth, or a marriage, at a particular time, which the very nature of the case renders highly probable—he may easily assume to be so. But when the same statement comes under the acute and experienced eye of a *nisi prius* lawyer, who knows that he will have to *prove* his case, step by step, the aspect of things is soon changed. The first practitioner at the common law

before whom the case came, in its roughest and earliest form, in order that he might "lick it into shape," and "advise generally" preparatory to its "being laid before counsel," was Mr Traverse, a young pleader, whom Messrs Quirk and Gammon were disposed to take by the hand. He wrote a very showy, but superficial and delusive opinion; and put the intended *protégé* of his clients, as it were by a kind of hop, step, and jump, into possession of the Yatton estates. Quirk was quite delighted on reading it; but Gammon shook his head with a somewhat sarcastic smile, and said he would at once prepare a case for the opinion of Mr Lynx, whom he had pitched upon as the junior counsel in any proceedings which might be instituted in a court of law. Lynx (of whom I shall speak hereafter) was an experienced, hard-headed, vigilant, and accurate lawyer; the very man for such a case, requiring, as it did, most pa-

tient and minute examination. With an eye fitted

"To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven,"

he *crawled*, as it were, over a case; and thus, like as one can imagine that a beetle creeping over the floor of St Paul's would detect minute flaws and fissures that would be invisible to the eye of Sir Christopher Wren himself, spied out defects that much nobler optics would have overlooked. To come to plain matter-of-fact, however, I have beside me the original opinion written by Mr Lynx; and shall treat the reader to a taste of it—giving him sufficient to enable him to appreciate the ticklish position of affairs with Mr Titmouse. To make it not altogether unintelligible, let us suppose the state of the pedigree to be something like this (as far as concerns our present purpose):—



Be pleased, now, unlearned reader, to bear in mind that "*Dreddlington*," at the top of the above table, is the common ancestor; having two sons, the elder "*Harry D.*," the younger "*Charles D.*;" which latter has, in like manner, two sons, "*Stephen D.*" the elder son, and "*Geoffry D.*" the younger son; that Mr Aubrey, at present in possession, claims under "*Geoffry D.*" Now it will be incumbent on Titmouse, in the first instance, to establish in himself a clear independent title to the estates; it being sufficient for Mr Aubrey, (possession being nine-tenths of the law,) to falsify Titmouse's proofs, or show

them defective—"because," saith a very learned sergeant, who hath writ a text-book upon the Action of Ejectment, "the plaintiff in an action of ejectment must recover upon the strength of his own title, not the weakness of his adversary's."

Now, things standing thus, behold the astute Lynx advising (*inter alia*) in manner following; that is to say—

"It appears clear that the lessor of the plaintiff (*i. e.* Tittlebat-Titmouse) will be able to prove that Dreddlington (the common ancestor) was seised of the estate at Yatton in the year 1740; that he had two sons, Harry

and Charles, the former of whom, after a life of dissipation, appears to have died without issue; and that from the latter (Charles) are descended Stephen, the ancestor of the lessor of the plaintiff, and Geoffry, the ancestor of the defendant. Assuming, therefore, that the descent of the lessor of the plaintiff from Stephen, can be made out, as there appears every reason to expect [on this point he had written four brief pages], a clear *primâ facie* case will be established on the part of the lessor of the plaintiff. As, however, it is suspected that Harry D., during his lifetime, executed a conveyance in fee of the property, in order to secure the loan contracted by him from Aaron Moses, it will be extremely important to ascertain, and, if possible, procure satisfactory evidence, that his decease occurred before the period at which, by his father's death, that conveyance could have become operative upon the property: since it is obvious that, should he have survived his father, *that instrument, being outstanding*, may form a complete answer to the case of the lessor of the plaintiff. The danger will be obviously increased, should the debt to Aaron Moses prove to have been paid off, as is stated to be rumoured, by Geoffry D., the younger son of Charles D.: for, should that turn out to be the case, he would probably have taken a conveyance to himself, or to trustees for his benefit, from Aaron Moses—which being in the power of the defendant, Mr Aubrey, would enable him to make out a title to the property, paramount to that now attempted to be set up on behalf of Mr Titmouse. Every possible exertion, therefore, should be made to ascertain the precise period of the death of Harry D. The registries of the various parishes in which the family may have at any time resided, should be carefully searched; and an examination made in the churches and churchyards, of all tombstones, escutcheons, &c., belonging, or supposed to belong, to the Dreddlington family, and by which any light can be thrown upon this most important point. It appears clear that Dreddlington (the common ancestor) died on the 7th August 1742:—the question, therefore, simply is, *whether the death of his eldest son (Harry) took place prior or subsequent to that period*. It is to be feared that the defendant may be in

possession of some better evidence on this point than is possessed by the lessor of the plaintiff. The natural presumption certainly seems to be, that the son, being the younger and stronger man, was the survivor."

The above-mentioned opinion of Mr Lynx, together with that of Mr Subtle entirely corroborating it, (and which was alluded to in the last part of this history,) and a pedigree, was lying on the table, one day, at the office at Saffron Hill, before the anxious and perplexed parties, Messrs Quirk and Gammon.

Gammon was looking attentively, and with a very chagrined air, at the pedigree; and Quirk was looking at Gammon.

"Now, Gammon," said the former, "just let me see again where the exact hitch is—eh? Curse me if I can see it."

"See it, my dear sir? Here, here!" replied Gammon with sudden impatience, putting his finger two or three times on the words "*Harry D.*"

"Don't be so sharp with one, Gammon! I know as well as you that that's *about* where the crack is; but what is the precise thing we're in want of, eh?"

"Proof, my dear sir, of the death of Harry Dreddlington some time—no matter when—previous to the 7th August 1742; and in default thereof, Mr Quirk, we are all flat on our backs, and had better never have stirred in the business."

"You know, Gammon, you're a decided deal better *up* in these matters than I—(only because I've not been able to turn my attention to 'em lately)—so just tell me, in a word, what good's to be got by showing that fellow to have died in his father's lifetime?"

"You don't show your usual acuteness, Mr Quirk," replied Gammon, blandly. "It is to make waste paper of that conveyance which he executed, and which Mr Aubrey has, and with which he may, at a stroke, cut the ground from under our feet."

"The very thought makes one feel quite funny—don't it, Gammon?" quoth Quirk, with a flustered air.

"It may well do so, Mr Quirk. Now we are fairly embarked in a cause where success will be attended with so many splendid results, Mr Quirk—though I'm sure you'll always bear me out in saying how very un-

willing I was to take advantage of the villany—hem”——

“Gammon, Gammon, you’re always harking back to that—I’m tired of hearing on’t.”

“Well, now we’re in it, I don’t see why we should allow ourselves to be baffled by trifles. The plain question is, undoubtedly, whether we are to stand still, or go on.” Mr Quirk gazed at Mr Gammon with an anxious and puzzled look.

“How d’ye make out—in a legal way, you know, Gammon—*when a man died—I mean, of a natural death?*” enquired Quirk, who was familiar enough with the means of proving the exact hour of certain *violent* deaths at Debtor’s Door.

“Oh! there are various methods of doing so, my dear sir,” replied Gammon, carelessly. “Entries in family bibles and prayer-books, registers, tombstones—ay, by the way, an old tombstone,” continued Gammon, musingly, “that would settle the business!”

“An old tombstone!” echoed Quirk, briskly. “Lord, Gammon, so it would! That’s an *idea*—I call that a decided idea, Gammon. ’Twould be the very thing!”

“The very thing!” repeated Gammon, pointedly. They remained silent for some moments.

“Snap could not have looked about him sharply enough, when he was down at Yatton!” at length observed Quirk, in a low tone, flushing all over as he uttered the last words, and felt Gammon’s cold grey eye settled on him like that of a snake.

“He could not, indeed, my dear sir,” replied Gammon, while Quirk continued gazing earnestly at him, now and then wriggling about in his chair, rubbing his chin, and drumming with his fingers on the table. “And now that you’ve suggested the thing, it’s not to be wondered at—you know, it would have been an old tombstone—a sort of fragment of a tombstone, perhaps—so deeply sunk in the ground, probably, as easily to have escaped observation, eh? Does not it strike *you* so, Mr Quirk?” All this was said by Gammon in a musing manner, and in a very low tone of voice; and he was delighted to find his words sinking into the eager mind of his companion.

“Ah, Gammon!” exclaimed Quirk,

with a sound of partly a sigh, and partly a whistle, (the former being the exponent of the *true* state of his feelings, *i. e.* anxiety—the latter of what he wished to *appear* the state of his feelings, *i. e.* indifference.)

“Yes, Mr Quirk?”

“You’re a deep devil, Gammon—I *will* say that for you!” replied Quirk, glancing towards each door, and, as it were, unconsciously drawing his chair a little closer to that of Gammon.

“Nay, my dear sir!” said Gammon, with a deferential and deprecating smile, “you give me credit for an acuteness I feel I do not deserve! If, indeed, I had not had *your* sagacity to rely upon, ever since I have had the honour of being connected with you—ah, Mr Quirk, you know you lead—I follow”——

“Gammon, Gammon! Come—your name’s *Oily*”——

“In moments like these, Mr Quirk, I say nothing that I do not feel,” interrupted Gammon, gravely, putting to his nose the least modicum of snuff which he could take with the tip of his finger out of the huge box of Mr Quirk, who, just then, was thrusting immense pinches every half minute up his nostrils.

“It will cost a great deal of money to find that same tombstone, Gammon!” said Quirk, in almost a whisper, and paused, looking intently at Gammon.

“I think this is a different kind of snuff from that which you usually take, Mr Quirk, isn’t it?” enquired Gammon, as he inserted the tips of his fingers into the box.

“The same—the same,” replied Quirk, mechanically.

“You are a man better equal to serious emergencies than any man I ever came near,” said Gammon; “I perceive that you have hit the nail on the head, as indeed you always do.”

“Tut! Stuff, Gammon; you’re every bit as good a hand as I am.” Gammon smiled, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

“’Tis that practical sagacity of yours,” said Gammon—“you know it as well as I can tell you—that has raised you to your present professional eminence.” He paused, and looked very sincerely at his senior partner.

“Well, I must own I think I *do* know a trick or two.”

“Ay, and further, there are some

clever men that can never keep their own counsel; but like a hen that has just laid an egg, and then goes foolishly cackling about every where, and then her egg is taken away."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Quirk; "that's *devilish* good, Gammon!—Capital! Gad, I think I see the hen! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed Gammon, gently. "But to be serious, Mr Quirk; what I was going to say was, that I thoroughly appreciate your admirable caution in not confiding to any one—even to me—the exact means by which you intend to extricate us from our present dilemma." Here Quirk got very fidgety.

"Hem! But—hem! Ay—a—a," he grunted, looking with an uneasy air at his calm astute companion; "I didn't mean so much as all *that*, either, Gammon; for two heads, in my opinion, are better than one. You *must* own that, Gammon!" said he, not at all relishing the heavy burden of responsibility which he felt that Gammon was about to devolve upon his (Quirk's) shoulders, exclusively.

"'Tis undoubtedly rather a serious business on which we are now entering," said Gammon; "and I have always admired a saying which you years ago told me of that great man Machiavel"—

[Oh, Gammon! Gammon! You well knew that poor old Mr Quirk never heard of the name of that same Machiavel till this moment!]

"That 'when great affairs are stirring, a master-move should be confined to the master-mind that projects it,' I understand! I see! I will not, therefore, enquire into the precise means by which you will make it appear, in due time, (while I am engaged getting up the subordinate, but very harassing details of the general case,) that *Henry Dreddington died before the 7th of August 1742.*" Here, taking out his watch,—“Bless me—two o'clock! I ought to have been at Messrs Gregson's a quarter of an hour ago."

"Stop—a moment or two can't signify! It—it," said Quirk hesitatingly, "it was *you*, wasn't it, that thought of the tombstone."

"I!—My dear Mr Quirk"—interrupted Gammon, with a look of astonishment.

"Come, come—honour among thieves, you know, Gammon!" said Quirk, trying to laugh.

"No—it shall never be said that I attempted to take the credit of"—said Gammon; when a clerk, entering, put an end to the colloquy between the partners, each of whom, presently, was sitting alone in his own room—for Gammon found that he was too late to think of keeping his engagement with Messrs Gregson; if indeed he had ever made any, which he had *not*. Mr Quirk sate in a musing posture for nearly half an hour after he and Gammon had separated. "Gammon is a deep one! I'll be shot if ever there was his equal," said Quirk to himself, at length; and starting off his chair, with his hands crossed behind him, he walked softly to and fro. "I know what he's driving at—though he thought I didn't! He'd let me scratch my hands in getting the blackberries, and then he'd come smiling in to eat 'em! But—share and share alike—share profit, share danger, master Gammon;—you may find that Caleb Quirk is a match for Oily Gammon—I'll have you in for it, one way or another!" Here occurred a long pause in his thoughts. "Really I doubt the thing's growing unmanageable—the prize can't be worth the risk!—*Risk*, indeed—'fore Gad,—its neither more nor less than"—Here a certain picture hanging, covered with black crape, in the drawing-room at Alibi House, seemed to have glided down from its station, and to stand before his eyes with the crape drawn aside—a ghastly object—eugh! He shuddered, and involuntarily closed his eyes. "Devilish odd that I should just *now* have happened to think of it!" he inwardly exclaimed, sinking into his chair in a sort of cold sweat.

"D—n the picture!" at length he exclaimed, almost aloud, getting more and more flustered—"I'll burn it! It sha'n't disgrace my drawing-room any longer!" Here Quirk almost fancied that some busy little fiend sate squatting before the grisly picture, writing the words "CALEB QUIRK" at the bottom of it; and a sort of sickness came over him for a moment. Presently he started up, and took down one of several well-worn dingy-looking books that stood on the shelves—a volume of Burns' Justice. Resuming his seat, he put on his glasses, and with a little trepidation turned to the head "Forgery," and glanced over it.

At length his eye hit upon a paragraph that seemed suddenly to draw his heart up into his throat; producing a sensation that made him involuntarily clasp his hand upon his neck.

"Oh, Gammon!" he muttered, drawing off his glasses, sinking back in his chair, and looking towards the door that opened into Gammon's room; in which direction he extended his right arm, and shook his fist. "You *precious* villain!"—"I've an uncommon inclination," at length thought he, "to go down slap to Yorkshire—say nothing to any body—make peace with the enemy, and knock up the whole thing!—For a couple of thousand pounds—a trifle to the Aubreys, I'm sure. Were I in his place, I shouldn't grudge it; and why should he?—By Jove," he got a little heated—"that *would* be, as Gammon has it, a master move! and confined, egad! to the master mind that thought of it!—Why should he ever know of the way in which the thing blew up?—Really 'twould be worth half the money to *do* Gammon so hollow for once—by George it would!—Gammon, that would slip Caleb Quirk's neck so slyly into the halter, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, suddenly re-entering the room after about an hour's absence, during which he too had, like his senior partner, been revolving many things in his mind—"it has occurred to me, that I had better immediately go down to Yatton, *alone*."

Hereat Mr Quirk opened both his eyes and his mouth to their very widest; got very red in the face; and stared at his placid partner with a mingled expression of fear and wonder. "Hang me, Gammon!" at length he exclaimed, desperately, slapping his fist upon the table—"if I don't think you're the very devil himself!"—and he sunk back in his chair, verily believing, in the momentary confusion of his thoughts, that what had been passing through his mind was known to Gammon; or that what had been passing through his (Quirk's) mind, had also been occurring to Gammon, who had resolved upon being beforehand in putting his purposes into execution. Gammon was at first completely confounded by Quirk's reception of him, and stood for a few moments, with his hands elevated, in

silence. Then he approached the table, and his eye caught the well-thumbed volume of Burns' Justice, open at the head "*FOREBURY!*"—and the quicksighted Gammon saw how matters stood at a glance—the process by which the result he had just witnessed had been arrived at.

"Well, Mr Quirk, what new vagary, now?" he enquired, with an air of smiling curiosity.

"Vagary be —!" growled old Quirk, sullenly, without moving in his chair.

Gammon stood for a moment or two eyeing him with a keen scrutiny. "What!" at length he enquired, good-humoredly, "do you then really grudge me any share in the little enterprise?"

"Eh?" quickly interrupted Quirk, pricking up his ears. "Do you intend to play *Mackivel*? eh?"

"What must you go down alone to Yatton for, Gammon?" enquired Quirk, anxiously.

"Why, simply as a sort of pioneer—to reconnoitre the churchyard—eh? I thought it might have been of service; but if"—

"Gammon, Gammon, your hand! I understand," replied Quirk, evidently vastly relieved—most cordially shaking the cold hand of Gammon.

"But understand, Mr Quirk," said he, in a very peremptory manner, "no one upon earth is to know of my visit to Yatton except yourself."

He received a solemn pledge to that effect; and presently the partners separated, a little better satisfied with each other. Though not a word passed between them for several days afterwards on the topic chiefly discussed during the interview above described, the reader may easily imagine that neither of them dropped it from his thoughts. Mr Quirk paid one or two visits to the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, (a perfect hotbed of clients,) where resided two or three gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, who had been placed, from time to time, under considerable obligations by the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, in respect of professional services rendered both to themselves and to their friends. One of them, in particular, had a painful consciousness that it was in old Mr Quirk's power at any time, by a whisper, to place his—the aforesaid Israelite's—neck in an unsightly noose that every now and

then might be seen dangling from a beam opposite Debtor's Door, Newgate, about eight o'clock in the morning; him, therefore, every consideration of interest and of gratitude combined to render subservient to the reasonable wishes of Mr Quirk. He was a most ingenious little fellow, and had a great taste for the imitative arts—so strong a taste, in fact, that it had once or twice placed him in some jeopardy with the Goths and Vandals of the law, who characterised the noble art in which he excelled by a very ugly and formidable word, and annexed the most barbarous penalties to its practice. What passed between him and old Quirk on the occasion of their interviews, I know not; but one afternoon, the latter, on returning to his office, without saying any thing to any body, having bolted the door, took out of his pocket several little pieces of paper, containing pretty little picturesque devices of a fragmentary character, with antique letters and figures on them—crumbling pieces of stone, some looking more and some less sunk in the ground, and overgrown with grass: possibly they were designs for ornaments to be added to that tasteful structure, Alibi House—possibly intended to grace Miss Quirk's album. However this might be, after he had looked at them and carefully compared them one with another for some time, he folded them up in a sheet of paper, sealed it up—with certainly not the steadiest hand in the world—and then deposited it in an iron safe.

Yatton, the recovery of which was the object of these secret and formidable movements and preparations, not to say machinations, was all this while the scene of deep affliction. The lamentable condition of his mother plunged Mr Aubrey, his wife and sister, into profounder grief than had been occasioned by the calamity which menaced them all in common. Had he been alone, he would have encountered the sudden storm of adversity with unshrinking, nay cheerful firmness; but could it be so, when he had ever before him those whose ruin was involved in his own?—Poor Mrs Aubrey, his wife, having been two or three weeks confined to her bed, during which time certain fond hopes of the husband had been blighted, was almost overpowered, when, languid

and feeble, supported by Mr Aubrey and Kate, she first entered the bedroom of the venerable sufferer. What a difference, indeed, was there between the appearance of all of them at that moment, and on the Christmas day when, a happy group, they were cheerfully enjoying the festivities of the season! Kate was now pale, and somewhat thinner; her beautiful features exhibited a careworn expression; yet there was a serene lustre in her blue eye, and a composed resolution in her air, which bespoke the superiority of her soul. What it had cost her to bear with any semblance of self-possession, or fortitude, the sad spectacle now presented by her mother! What a tender and vigilant nurse was she, to one who could no longer be sensible of, or appreciate, her attentions! How that sweet girl humoured all her mother's little eccentricities and occasional excitement, and accommodated herself to every varying phasis of her mental malady! She had so schooled her sensibilities and feelings as to be able to maintain perfect cheerfulness and composure in her mother's presence, on occasions which forced her brother, and his shaken wife, to turn aside with an eye of agony—overcome by some touching speech or wayward action of the unconscious sufferer, who constantly imagined herself, poor soul! to be living over again her early married life; and that in her little grandchildren she beheld Mr Aubrey and Kate as in their childhood! She would gently chide Mr Aubrey, her husband, for his prolonged absence, asking many times a day whether he had returned from London. Every morning old Jacob Jones was shown into her chamber, at the hour at which he had been accustomed, in happier days, to attend upon her. The faithful old man's eyes would be blinded with tears, and his voice choked, as he was asked how Peggy got over her yesterday's journey; and listened to questions, messages, and directions, which had been familiar to him twenty years before, about villagers and tenants who had long lain mouldering in their humble graves—their way thither cheered and smoothed by her Christian charity and benevolence! 'Twas a touching sight to see her two beautiful grandchildren, in whose company she delighted, brought, with a timorous and

half-reluctant air, into her presence. How strange must have seemed to them the gaiety of the motionless figure always lying in the bed; a gaiety which, though gentle as gentle could be, yet sufficed not to assure the little things, or set them at their ease. Though her mild features ever smiled upon them, and her voice was cheerful, still 'twas from a prostrate figure that never moved, and was always surrounded by calm, quiet figures, with sorrowful constraint in their countenances and gestures! Charles would stand watching her, with apprehensive eye—the finger of one hand raised to his lip, while his other retained the hand that had brought him in, as if fearful of its quitting hold of him; the few words he could be brought to speak were in a subdued tone and hurried utterance:—and when, having been lifted up to kiss his grandmamma, he and his sister were taken out of the chamber, their little breasts would heave a sigh which showed how relieved they were from their recent constraint.

How wofully changed was every thing in the once cheerful old hall! Mr Aubrey sitting in the library, intently engaged upon books and papers—Mrs Aubrey and Kate now and then, arm in arm, walking slowly up and down the galleries, or one of the rooms, or the hall, not with their former sprightly gaiety, but pensive, and often in tears, and then returning to the chamber of their suffering parent. All this was sad work, indeed, and seemed, as it were, to herald in coming desolation!

But little variation occurred, for several weeks, in the condition of Mrs Aubrey, except that she grew visibly feebler. One morning, however, about six weeks after her seizure, from certain symptoms the medical men intimated their opinion that some important change was on the eve of taking place, for which they prepared the family. She had been very restless during the night. After frequent intervals of uneasy sleep, she would awake with evident surprise and bewilderment. Sometimes a peculiar smile would flit over her emaciated features; at others, they would be overcast with gloom, and she would seem struggling to suppress tears. Her voice, too, when she spoke, was feeble and tremulous; and she would sigh,

and shake her head mournfully. Old Jacob Jones, not being introduced at the accustomed hour, she asked for him. When he made his appearance, she gazed at him for a moment or two, with a puzzled eye, exclaiming, "Jacob! Jacob! is it you?" in a very low tone; and then she closed her eyes, apparently falling asleep. Thus passed the day; her daughter and daughter-in-law sitting on either side the bed, where they had so long kept their anxious and affectionate vigils—Mr Aubrey sitting at the foot of the bed—and Dr Goddard and Mr Whateley in frequent attendance. Towards the evening, Dr Tatham also, as had been his daily custom through her illness, appeared, and in a low tone read over the service for the visitation of the sick. Shortly afterwards Mr Aubrey was obliged to quit the chamber, in order to attend to some very pressing matters of business; and he had been engaged for nearly an hour, intending almost every moment to return to his mother's chamber, when Dr Tatham entered, as Mr Aubrey was subscribing his name to a letter, and, with a little earnestness, said—"Come, my friend, let us return to your mother; methinks she is on the eve of some decisive change: the issue is with God." Within a very few moments they were both at the bedside of Mrs Aubrey. A large chamber-lamp, standing on a table at a little distance from the bed, diffused a soft light over the room, rendering visible at a glance the silent and sad group collected round the bed, all with their eyes directed towards the venerable figure who lay upon it. Mr Aubrey sat beside his wife, close to his mother; and taking her thin, emaciated hand into his own, gently raised it to his lips. She seemed dozing; but his action appeared to rouse her for a moment. Presently she fixed her eye upon him,—its expression, the while, slowly but perceptibly changing, and exciting strange feelings within him. He trembled, and removed not his eye from hers. He turned very pale—for the whole expression of his mother's countenance, which was turned full towards him, was changing. Through the clouded windows of the falling fabric, behold! its long-imprisoned tenant, THE SOUL, had arisen from its torpor, and was looking at him. Reason was re-appearing. It was, indeed,

his mother, and in her right mind, that was gazing at him. He scarcely breathed. At length surprise and apprehension yielded before a gush of tenderness and love. With what an unutterable look was his mother at that moment regarding him! His lip quivered—his eye overflowed—and, as he felt her fingers very gently compressing his own, his tears fell down. Gently leaning forward, he kissed her cheek, and sunk on one knee beside the bed.

"Is it you, my son?" said she, in a very low tone, but in her own voice, and it stirred up instantly a thousand fond recollections, almost overpowering him. He kissed her hand with fervent energy, but spoke not. She continued gazing at him with mingled solemnity and fondness. Her eye seemed brightening as it remained fixed upon him. Again she spoke, in a very low but clear voice—every thrilling word being heard by every one around her—"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern,—Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." It would be in vain to attempt to describe the manner in which these words were spoken; and which fell upon those who heard them as though they were listening to one from the dead.

"My mother!—my mother!" at length faltered Aubrey.

"God bless thee, my son!" said she, solemnly. "And Catharine, my daughter—God bless thee"—she presently added, gently turning round her head towards the quarter whence a stifled sob issued from Miss Aubrey, who rose, trembling, and leaning over, kissed her mother. "Agnes, are you here—and your little ones?—God bless"—Her voice got fainter, and her eyes closed. Mr Whateley gave her a few drops of ether, and she presently revived.

"God hath been very good to you, madam," said Dr Tatham, observing her eye fixed upon him, "to restore you thus to your children."

"I have been long absent—long!—I wake, my children, but to bid you farewell, for ever, upon earth."

"Say not so, my mother—my precious mother!" exclaimed her son, in vain endeavouring to suppress his emotions.

"I do, my son! Weep not for me; I am old, and am summoned away from among you"—She ceased, as if from exhaustion; and no one spoke for some minutes.

"It may be that God hath roused me, as it were, from the dead, to comfort my sorrowful children with words of hope," said Mrs Aubrey, with much more power and distinctness than before. "Hope ye, then, in God; for ye shall yet praise him who is the health of your countenance, and your God!"

"We will remember, my mother, your words!" faltered her son.

"Yes, my son—if days of darkness be at hand"—She ceased. Again Mr Whateley placed to her white lips a glass with some reviving fluid—looking ominously at Mr Aubrey, as he found that she continued insensible. Miss Aubrey sobbed audibly; indeed, all present were powerfully affected. Again Mrs Aubrey revived, and swallowed a few drops of wine and water. A heavenly serenity diffused itself over her emaciated features.

"We shall meet again, my loves!—I can no longer see you with the eyes of"—Mr Whateley observing a sudden change, came nearer to her.

"Peace! peace!" she murmured, almost inarticulately. A dead silence ensued, interrupted only by smothered sobs. Her children sunk on their knees, and buried their faces in their hands, trembling.

Mr Whateley made a silent signal to Dr Tatham, that life had ceased—that the beloved spirit had passed away. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Dr Tatham, with tremulous solemnity. Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, no longer able to restrain their feelings, wept bitterly; and, overpowered with grief, were supported out of the room by Dr Tatham and Mr Aubrey. As soon as it was known that the venerable mother of Mr Aubrey was no more, universal reverence was testified for her memory, and sympathy for the afflicted survivors, by even those, high and low, in the remoter parts of the neighbourhood who had no personal acquaintance with the family. Two or three days afterwards, Mr Plume, the undertaker, who had received orders from Mr Aubrey to provide a simple and unexpensive funeral, sub-

mitted to him a list of more than thirty names of the nobility and gentry of the country, who had sent to him to know whether it would be agreeable to the family for them to be allowed to attend Mrs Aubrey's remains to the grave. After much consideration, Mr Aubrey accepted of this spontaneous tribute of respect to the memory of his mother. 'Twas a memorable and melancholy day on which the interment took place—one never to be forgotten at Yatton. What can be more chilling than the gloomy bustle of a great funeral, especially in the country; and when the deceased is one whose memory is enshrined in the holiest feelings of all who knew her? What person was there, for miles around, who could not speak of the courtesies, the charities, the goodness of Madam Aubrey?

When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her:

Because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame.

She was a mother to the poor.

Pale as death, the chief mourner, wrapped in his black cloak, is stepping into the mourning-coach. No one speaks to him: his face is buried in his handkerchief; his heart seems breaking. He thinks of her whose dear dust is before him;—then of the beloved beings whom he has left alone in their agony till his return—his wife and sister. The procession is moving slowly on—long, silent rows of the tenantry and villagers, old and young, male and female—not a dry eye among them, nor a syllable spoken—stand on each side of the way; no sound heard but of horses' feet, and wheels crushing along the wet gravel—for the day is most gloomy and inclement. As they quit the gates, carriage after carriage follows in the rear; and the sorrowful crowd increases around them. Many have in their hands the bibles and prayer-books which had been given them by her who now lies in yonder hearse; and a few can recollect the day when the late lord of Yatton led her along from the church to the hall, his young and blooming bride, in pride and joy—and they are

now going to lay her beside him again. They enter the little churchyard, and are met by good Dr Tatham, in his surplice, bareheaded, and with book in hand; with full eye and quivering lip he slowly precedes the body into the church. His voice frequently trembles, and sometimes he pauses, while reading the service. Now they are standing bareheaded at the vault's mouth—the last sad rites are being performed; and probably, as is thinking the chief mourner, over the last of his race who will rest in that tomb!

Long after the solemn ceremony was over, the little churchyard remained filled with mournful groups of villagers and tenants, who pressed forward to the dark mouth of the vault, to take their last look at the coffin which contained the remains of her whose memory would live long in all their hearts. "Ah, dear old madam," quoth Jonas Higgs to himself, as he finished his dreary day's labours, by temporarily closing up the mouth of the vault, "they might have turned thee, by-and-by, out of yonder hall, but they shall not touch thee *here*?"

Thus died, and was buried, Madam Aubrey; and she is not yet forgotten.

How desolate seemed the hall, the next morning, to the bereaved inmates, as, dressed in deep mourning, they met at the cheerless breakfast table! Aubrey kissed his wife and sister—who could hardly answer his brief enquiries. The gloom occasioned throughout the hall, for the last ten days, by the blinds being constantly drawn down, now that they were drawn up, had given way to a staring light and distinctness, that almost startled and offended the eyes of those whose hearts were dark with sorrow as ever. Every object reminded them of the absence of *one*—whose chair stood empty in its accustomed place. There, also, was her Bible, on the little round table near the window. The mourners seemed relieved by the entrance, by-and-by, of the children: but they also were in mourning! Let us, however, withdraw from this scene of suffering, where every object, every recollection, every association, causes the wounded heart to bleed afresh.

Great troubles seem coming upon them; and now that *they have buried their dead out of their sight*, and when time shall begin to pour his balm into their present smarting wounds, I doubt not that they will look those

troubles in the face, calmly and with fortitude, not forgetful of the last words of her for whom they now mourn so bitterly, and whom, beloved and venerable being! God hath mercifully taken away from the evil days that are to come.

After much and anxious consideration, they resolved to go, on the ensuing Sunday morning, to church, where neither Mrs Aubrey nor Kate had been since the illness of her mother. The little church was crowded; almost every one present, besides wearing a saddened countenance, exhibited some outward mark of respect, in their dress—some badge of mourning—such as their little means admitted of. The pulpit and reading-desk were hung in black, as also was Mr Aubrey's pew—an object of deep interest to the congregation, who expected to see, at least *some* member of the family at the Hall. They were not disappointed. A little before Dr Tatham took his place in the reading-desk, the well-known sound of the family carriage wheels were heard, as it drew up before the gate: and presently Mr Aubrey appeared at the church door, with his wife and sister on either arm; all of them, of course, in the deepest mourning—Mrs and Miss Aubrey's countenances concealed beneath their long crape veils. For some time after taking their seats, they seemed oppressed with emotion, evidently weeping. Mr Aubrey, however, exhibited great composure, though his countenance bore the traces of the suffering he had undergone. Mrs Aubrey seldom rose from her seat; but Kate stood up, from time to time, with the rest of the congregation; her white handkerchief, however, might be seen frequently raised to her eyes, beneath her black veil. As the service went on, she seemed to have struggled with some success against her feelings. To relieve herself for a moment from its oppressive closeness, she gently drew aside her veil; and thus, for a few minutes, exhibited a countenance inexpressibly beautiful. She could not, however, long bear to face a congregation, every one of whom she felt to be looking on her, and those beside her, with affectionate sympathy; and rather quickly drew her veil again over her face, without again removing it. There was one person present, on

whom the brief glimpse of her beauty had produced a prodigious impression. As he gazed at her, the colour gradually deserted his cheek; and his eye remained fixed upon her, even after she had drawn down her veil. He experienced emotions such as he had never known before. *So that was Miss Aubrey!*

Gammon—for he it was, and he had gone thither under the expectation of seeing, for the first time, some of the Aubrey family—generally passed for a cold-blooded person; and in fact few men living had more control over their feelings, or more systematically checked any manifestations of them; but there was something in the person and circumstances of Miss Aubrey—for by a hurried enquiry of the person next to him he learned that it was she—which excited new feelings in him. Her slightest motion his eye watched with intense eagerness; and faint half-formed schemes, purposes, and hopes, passed in rapid confusion through his mind, as he foresaw that circumstances would hereafter arise by means of which—

"Good God! how very—*very* beautiful she is!" said he to himself, as, the service over, her graceful figure, following her brother and his wife with slow sad step, approached the pew in which he was standing, on her way to the door. He felt a sort of cold shudder, as her black dress rustled past, actually touching him. What was he doing and meditating against that lovely being? And for whom—disgusting reptile!—for Titmouse? He almost blushed with a conflict of emotions, as he followed almost immediately after Miss Aubrey, never losing sight of her till her brother, having handed her into the carriage, got in after her, and they drove off towards the Hall. The reader will not be at a loss to account for the presence of Gammon on this occasion, nor to connect it with a great trial at the approaching York assizes. As he walked back to Grilston to his solitary dinner, he was lost in thought; and on arriving at the inn, repaired at once to his room, where he found a copy of the *Sunday Flash*, which had, according to orders, been sent to him from town, under his assumed name "Gibson." He ate but little, and that mechanically; and

seemed to feel, for once, little or no interest in his newspaper. He had never paid the least attention to the eulogia upon Miss Aubrey of the little idiot Titmouse, nor of Snap, of whom he entertained but a very little higher opinion than of Titmouse. One thing was clear, that from that moment, Miss Aubrey formed a new element in Gammon's calculations; and for aught I know, may occasion very different results from those originally contemplated by that calm and crafty person.

As it proved a moonlight night, he resolved at once to set about the important business which had brought him into Yorkshire; and for that purpose set off about eight o'clock on his walk to Yatton. About ten o'clock he might have been seen gliding into the churchyard, like a dangerous snake. The moon continued to shine—and at intervals with brightness sufficient for his purpose, which was simply to reconnoitre, as closely as possible, the little churchyard—to ascertain what it might contain, and *what were its capabilities*. At length he approached the old yew-tree, against whose huge trunk he leaned with folded arms, apparently in a reverie. Hearing a noise as of some one opening the gate by which he had entered, he glided further into the gloom behind him; and turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, he beheld some one entering the churchyard. His heart beat quickly; and he suspected that he had been watched: yet there was surely no harm in being seen, at ten o'clock at night, looking about him in a country churchyard. It was a gentleman who entered, dressed in deep mourning; and Gammon quickly recognised in him Mr Aubrey—the brother of her whose beautiful image still shone before his mind's eye. What could he be wanting there?—at that time of night? Gammon was not kept long in doubt; for the stranger slowly bent his steps towards a large high tomb, in fact the central object, next to the yew-tree, in the churchyard—and stood gazing at it in silence for some time.

"That is, no doubt, where Mrs Aubrey was buried the other day," thought he, watching the movements of the stranger, who presently raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and for some moments seemed indulging in great

grief. Gammon distinctly heard either a sob or a sigh. "He must have been very fond of her," thought Gammon; "Well, if we succeed, the excellent old lady will have escaped a great deal of trouble—that's all." "If we succeed!" That reminded him of what he had for a few moments lost sight of, namely, his own object in coming thither; and he felt a sudden chill of remorse, which increased upon him till he almost trembled, as his eye continued fixed on Mr Aubrey, and he thought also of Miss Aubrey—and the misery—the utter ruin into which he was seeking to plunge them both—the unhallowed means which they—which he—contemplated resorting to for that purpose.

Gammon's condition was becoming every moment more serious; for virtue, in the shape of Miss Aubrey, began to shine every moment in more radiant loveliness before him—and he almost felt an inclination to sacrifice every person connected with the enterprise in which he was engaged, if it would give him a chance of winning the favour of Miss Aubrey. Presently, however, Mr Aubrey, evidently heaving a deep sigh, bent his steps slowly back again, and quitted the churchyard. Gammon watched his figure out of sight, and then, for the first time, since Mr Aubrey's appearance, breathed freely. Relieved from the pressure of his presence, Gammon began to take calmer and juster views of his position; and he reflected, that if he pushed on the present affair to a successful issue, he should be much more likely than by prematurely ending it, to gain his objects. He therefore resumed his survey of the scene around him; and which presented appearances highly satisfactory, judging from the expression which now and then animated his countenance. At length he wandered round to the other end of the church, where a crumbling wall, half covered with ivy, indicated that there had formerly stood some building apparently of earlier date than the church. Such was the fact; Gammon soon found himself standing in a sort of inclosure, which had once been the site of an old chapel. And here he had not been long making his observations, before he achieved a discovery of so extraordinary a nature; one so unlikely, under the circumstances, to have happened; one so

calculated to baffle ordinary calculations concerning the course of events, that the reader may well disbelieve what I am going to tell him, and treat it as absurdly improbable. In short, not to keep him in suspense, Gammon positively discovered evidence of the death of Harry Dreddlington in his father's lifetime; by means of just such a looking tombstone as he had long imaged to himself; and as he had resolved that old Quirk should have got prepared, before the cause came into court. He almost stumbled over it. 'Twas an old slanting stone, scarce two feet above the ground, partly covered with moss, and partly hid by rubbish and old damp grass. The moon shone brightly enough to enable Gammon, kneeling down, to decipher, beyond all doubt, what was requisite to establish that part of the case which had been wanting. For a moment or two he was disposed to doubt whether he was not dreaming. When, at length, he took out pencil and paper, his hands trembled so much that he felt some difficulty in making an exact copy of the inestimable inscription. Having done this, he drew a long breath as he replaced the pencil and paper in his pocket-book, and almost fancied he heard a whispering sound in the air—"Verdict for the plaintiff." Quitting the churchyard, he walked back to Grilston at a much quicker rate than that at which he had come, his discovery having wonderfully elated him, and pushed all other thoughts entirely out of his mind. But, though he, doubtless the other side are aware of the existence of this tombstone—they can hardly be supposed ignorant of it; they must have looked up their evidence as well as we—and their attention has been challenged to the existence or non-existence of proof of the time of the death of Harry Dreddlington:—well—if they are aware of it, they know that it cuts the ground from under them, and turns their conveyance, on which, doubtless, they are relying, into waste paper; if they are *not*, and are under the impression that that deed is valid and effectual, our proof will fall on them like a thunderbolt. Gad,"—he held his breath, and stopped in the middle of the road—"how immensely important is this little piece of evidence! Why, if they knew of it—why, in Heaven's name is it there still? What easier

than to have got rid of it?—why, they may still: what can that stupid fellow Parkinson have been about? Yet, is it because it has become unimportant, on account of their being in possession of other evidence? What *can* they have against so plain a case as ours is, with this evidence? Gad, I'll not lose one day's time; but I'll have half-a-dozen competent witnesses to inspect, and speak to that same tombstone in court." Such were some of the thoughts which passed through his mind as he hastened homeward; and on his arrival, late as it was—only the yawning ostler being up to let him in—he sat down to write a letter off to Mr Quirk, and made it into a parcel to go by the mail in the morning, acquainting him with the truly providential discovery he had just made, and urging him to set about getting up the briefs, for the trial, without delay; he, himself, purposing to stop at Grilston a day or two longer, to complete one or two other arrangements of an important nature. As soon as Mr Quirk had read this letter, he devoutly thanked God for his goodness; and, hurrying to his strong-box, unlocked it, took out a small sealed packet, and committed it to the flames.

Mr Aubrey, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock occasioned by the communication by Mr Parkinson of the proceedings against him, set about acquainting himself, as minutely as he could, with the true state of the case. He had requested Mr Parkinson to obtain from one of the counsel in London, Mr Crystal, a full account of the case, in an elementary form, for his own guidance; and on obtaining a remarkably clear and luminous statement, and also consulting the various authorities cited in it—such, at least, as could be supplied to him by Mr Parkinson—the vigorous practical understanding of Mr Aubrey, aided by his patient application, soon mastered the whole case, and enabled him to appreciate the peril in which he was placed. Since he could derive no title through the conveyance of Harry Dreddlington (which had been got in by Geoffrey Dreddlington,) owing to the death of the former in his father's lifetime, as he (Mr Aubrey) understood from his advisers could be easily proved by the present claimant of the property; the right of accession

of Geoffry Dreddlington's descendants depended entirely upon the fact whether or not Stephen Dreddlington had really died without issue; and as to that, certain anxious and extensive enquiries instituted by Messrs Runnington and Mr Parkinson, in pursuance of the suggestions of their able and experienced counsel, had led them to entertain serious doubts concerning the right of Geoffry's descendants to enter into possession. By what means his opponents had obtained their clue to the state of his title, neither he nor any of his advisers could frame a plausible conjecture. It was certainly possible that Stephen Dreddlington, who was known to have been a man, like his uncle Harry, of wild and eccentric habits, and to have been supposed to leave no issue, might have married privately some woman of inferior station, and left issue by her, who, living in obscurity, and at a distance from the seat of the family property, could have no opportunity of enquiring into or ascertaining their position with reference to the estates, till some acute and enterprising attorneys, like Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, happening to get hold of them, and family papers in their possession, had taken up their case. When, with impressions such as these, Mr Aubrey perused and re-perused the opinions of the conveyancer given on the occasion of his (Mr Aubrey's) marriage, he was confounded at the supineness and indifference which he had even twice exhibited, and felt disposed now greatly to overvalue the importance of every adverse circumstance. The boldness, again, and systematic energy with which the case of the claimant was prosecuted, and the eminent legal opinions which were alleged, and with every appearance of truth, to concur in his favour, afforded additional grounds for rational apprehension. He looked the danger, however, full in the face, and as far as lay in his power, prepared for the evil day which might so soon come upon him. Certain extensive and somewhat costly alterations which he had been on the point of commencing at Yatton, he abandoned. But for the earnest interference of friends, he would have at once given up his establishment in Grosvenor Street, and applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to retire from political life. Considering the

possibility of his soon being declared the wrongful holder of the property, he contracted his expenditure as far as he could, without challenging unnecessary public attention; and paid into his banker's hands all his Christmas rents, sacredly resolving to abstain from drawing out one farthing of what might soon be proved to belong to another. At every point occurred the dreadful question—if I am declared never to have been the rightful owner of the property, how am I to discharge my frightful liabilities to him who is? Mr Aubrey had nothing except the Yatton property. He had but an insignificant sum in the funds; Mrs Aubrey's settlement was out of lands at Yatton, as also was the little income bequeathed to Kate by her father. Could any thing, now, be conceived more dreadful, under these circumstances, than the mere danger—the slightest probability—of their being deprived of Yatton?—and with a debt of at the very least SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS, due to him who had been wrongfully kept out of his property? That was the millstone which seemed to drag them all to the bottom. Against *that*, what could the kindness of the most generous friends, what could his own most desperate exertions, avail? All this had poor Aubrey constantly before his eyes, together with—his wife, his sister, his children. What was to become of *them*? It was long before the real nature and extent of his danger became known amongst his friends and neighbours. When, however, they were made aware of it, an extraordinary interest and sympathy were excited throughout almost the whole county. Whenever his attorney, Mr Parkinson, appeared in public, he was besieged by most anxious enquiries concerning his distinguished client, whose manly modesty and fortitude, under the pressure of his sudden and almost unprecedented difficulty and peril, endeared him more than ever to all who had an opportunity of appreciating his position. With what intense and absorbing interest were the ensuing assizes looked for! At length they arrived.

The ancient city of York exhibited, on the commission day of the Spring Assizes for the year 18—, the usual scene of animation and excitement. The High Sheriff, attended by an im-

posing retinue, went out to meet the Judges, and escorted them, amidst the shrill clangour of trumpets, to the Castle, where the commission was opened with the usual formalities. The Judges were Lord Widdrington, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Mr Justice Grayley, a puisne judge of the same court—both admirable lawyers. The former was possessed of the more powerful intellect. He was, what may be called a great scientific lawyer, referring every thing to *principle* as extracted from precedent. Mr Justice Grayley was almost unrivalled in his knowledge of the *details* of the law; his governing maxim being *ita lex scripta*. Here his knowledge was equally minute and accurate, and most readily applied to every case brought before him. Never sate there upon the bench a more painstaking judge—one more anxious to do right equally in great things as in small. Both were men of rigid integrity: 'tis a glorious thing to be able to add—when, for centuries, have other than men of rigid integrity sate upon the English Bench? Lord Widdrington, however, in temper was stern, arbitrary, and overbearing, and his manners was tinctured with not a little coarseness; while his companion was a man of exemplary amiability, affability, and forbearance. Lord Widdrington presided at the Civil Court (where, of course, would come on the important cause in which we are interested), and Mr Justice Grayley in the Criminal Court.

Soon after the sitting of the court, on the ensuing morning—"Will your Lordship allow me," rose and enquired the sleek, smiling, and portly Mr Subtle, dead silence prevailing as soon as he had mentioned the name of the cause about which he was enquiring, "to call your attention to a cause of *Doe on the demise of Titmouse v. Jolter*,—a special jury cause, in which there are a great many witnesses to be examined on both sides—and to ask that a day may be fixed for it to come on?"

"Whom do you appear for, Mr Subtle?" enquired his Lordship.

"For the plaintiff, my Lord."

"And who appears for the defendant?"

"The Attorney-General leads for the defendant, my Lord," replied Mr

Sterling, who, with Mr Crystal, was also retained for the defendant.

"Well, perhaps you can agree between yourselves upon a day, and in the mean time similar arrangements may be made for any other special jury causes that may require it." After due consultation Monday week was agreed upon by the parties, and fixed by his lordship, for the trial of the cause. During the Sunday preceding it, York was crowded with persons of the highest distinction from all parts of the county, who felt interested in the result of the great cause of the assizes. About mid-day a dusty travelling carriage and four dashed into the streets from the London road, and drove up to the principal inn; it contained the Attorney-General (who just finished reading his brief as he entered York) and his clerk. The Attorney-General was a man of striking and highly intellectual countenance; but he looked, on alighting, somewhat fatigued with his long journey. He was a man of extraordinary natural talents, and also a first-rate lawyer—one whose right to take the woolsack, whenever it should become vacant, was recognised by all the profession. His professional celebrity, and his coming down special on the present occasion, added to the circumstance of his being well-known to be a personal friend of his client, Mr Aubrey—whence it might be inferred that his great powers would be exerted to their utmost—was well calculated to enhance the interest, if that were possible, of the occasion which had brought him down at so great an expense, and to sustain so heavy a responsibility as the conduct of a cause of such magnitude.

He came to lead against a formidable opponent. Mr SUBTLE was the leader of the Northern circuit, a man of matchless tact and practical sagacity, and most consummately skilful in the conduct of a cause. The only thing he ever looked at was the verdict, to the gaining of which he directed all his energies, and sacrificed every other consideration. As for display, he despised it. A *speech*, as such, was his aversion. He entered into a friendly, but exquisitely crafty *conversation* with the jury; for he was so quick at perceiving the effect of his address on the mind of each of the twelve, and dexterous in accommodating himself to

what he detected to be the passing mood of each, that they felt as if they were all the while reasoning with, and being convinced by him. His placid, smiling, handsome countenance, his gentlemanly bearing and insinuating address, full of good-natured cheerful confidence in his cause, were irresistible. He flattered, he soothed, he fascinated the jury, producing an effect upon their minds which they often felt indignant at his opponent attempting to efface. In fact, as a *nisi prius* leader he was unrivalled, as well in stating as in arguing a case, as well in examining as cross-examining a witness. It required no little practical skill to form an adequate estimate of Mr Subtle's skill in the management of a cause; for he did every thing with such a smiling, careless, unconcerned air, in the great pinch and strain of a case, equally as in the pettiest details, that you would be apt to suspect that none but the easiest and most straightforward cases fell to his lot.

Titmouse, Titmouse, methinks the fates favoured you in assigning to you Mr Subtle!

Next came Mr QUICKSILVER, a man of great but wild energy, who received what may be called a *muffling* retainer. What a contrast was he to Mr Subtle! The first and the last thing he thought of in a cause, was—himself. His delight was to make the jury feel as if a whirlwind was raging about them, and he the spirit who had raised it. His object was either to dazzle or terrify them. He wrapped himself round in the gleaming garment of display; the gaudy patchwork of multifarious superficial acquirements: this was the strange, noisy object, flinging about wildly, in all directions, the firebrands and arrows of sarcasm and invective, that occupied their eye and ear till he had ceased; neither he nor they were thinking all the while of his dismayed and injured client, till reminded of him by the adverse charge of the judge, accompanied by a slight sneer and shrug of the shoulders from Mr Subtle. As for law, probably there was no man in court, wearing wig and gown, who was not his superior, or at least his equal. Why, then, was such a man retained in the cause? 'Twas a fancy of Quirk's, a vast political admirer of Quicksilver's, who had made one or two most splendid speech-

es for him in libel cases brought against the *Sunday Flash*. Gammon most earnestly expostulated, but Quirk was inexorable; and himself carried his retainer to Mr Quicksilver. Gammon, however, was somewhat consoled by the reflection, that this wild elephant would be, in a manner, held in check by Mr Subtle and Mr Lynx, who, he hoped, would prevent any serious mischief from happening. Lynx possessed the qualities which his name would suggest to you. I have partly described him already. He was a man of minute accuracy; and "got up" every case in which he was engaged as if his life had depended on the result. Nothing escaped him. He kept his mind constantly even with the current of the cause. He was a man to *steer* a leader, if ever that leader should get, for an instant, on the wrong tack, or be uncertain as to his course. His suggestion and interference—rare, indeed, with such a man as Mr Subtle, incessant with Mr Quicksilver,—were always worth attending to, and consequently received with deference.

For Mr Aubrey also was retained a formidable bar. Mr Attorney-General was a man much superior, in point of intellect and legal knowledge, to Mr Subtle. His mind was distinguished by its tranquil power. He had a rare and invaluable faculty of arraying before his mind's eye all the facts and bearings of the most intricate case, and contemplating them, as it were, not successively, but simultaneously. His perception was quick as light; and, at the same time—rare, most rare accomplishment!—his judgment sound, his memory signally retentive. Inferior, possibly, to Mr Subtle in rapid and delicate appreciation of momentary advantages, he was sagacious where Mr Subtle was only ingenious. Mr Attorney-General had as much weight with the judge as Mr Subtle with the jury. With the former, there was a candour and straightforwardness—a dignified simplicity—which insensibly won the confidence of the judge; who, on the other hand, felt himself obliged to be ever on his guard against the slippery sophistries of Mr Subtle, whom he thus got to regard with constant suspicion.

Mr STERLING, the second counsel for the defendant, was a king's coun-

sel, and a rival of Mr Subtle upon the circuit. He was a man of great power; and, on important occasions, no man at the bar could acquit himself with more distinction. As a speaker, he was eloquent and impressive, perhaps deficient in vivacity; but he was a man of clear and powerful intellect; prompt in seizing the bearings of a case; a capital lawyer; and possessing, even on the most trying occasions, imperturbable self-possession.

Mr CRYSTAL, with all his faults of manner and bearing, was an honourable high-minded man; clear-sighted and strong-headed; an accurate and ready lawyer; vigilant and acute—but of him I have spoken before.

See, then, the combatants: for Titmouse—Mr SUBTLE, Mr QUICKSILVER, Mr LYNX; for Mr Aubrey—Mr ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Mr STERLING, Mr CRYSTAL.

The consultation of each party was long and anxious.

About eight o'clock on the Sunday evening, at Mr Subtle's lodgings, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, accompanied by Mr Mortmain, whom they had brought down to watch the case, made their appearance shortly after Mr Quicksilver and Mr Lynx.

"Our case seems complete, *now*," said Mr Subtle, casting a penetrating and most significant glance at Messrs Quirk and Gammon, and then at his juniors, to whom, before the arrival of their clients and Mr Mortmain, he had been mentioning the essential link which, a month before, he had pointed out as missing, and the marvellous good-fortune by which they had been able to supply it at the eleventh hour.

"That tombstone's a godsend, Subtle, isn't it?" said Quicksilver, with a grim smile. Lynx neither smiled nor spoke. He was a very matter-of-fact person. So as the case came out clear and nice in court, he cared about nothing more. But whatever might be the insinuation or suspicion implied in the observation of Mr Subtle, the reader must, by this time, be well aware how little it was warranted by the facts.

"I shall open it very quietly," said Mr Subtle, putting into his pocket his penknife, with which he had been paring his nails, while Mr Quicksilver had been talking very fast. "What do you think, Mr Lynx? Had I

better allude boldly to the conveyance executed by Harry Dreddlington, and which becomes useless as soon as we prove his death in his father's lifetime."

"Ah! there's that blessed tombstone again," interposed Quicksilver.

—"Or," resumed Mr Subtle, "content myself with barely making out our pedigree, and let it come from the other side?"

"I think, perhaps, that the latter would be the quieter and safer course," replied Lynx.

"By the way, gentlemen," said Mr Subtle suddenly, addressing Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, "how do we come to know any thing about the mortgage executed by Harry Dreddlington?"

"Oh! *that* you know," replied Quirk quickly, "we first got scent of in Mr ————" Here he paused suddenly, and turned quite red.

"It was suggested," said Gammon calmly, "by one of the gentlemen whose opinions we have taken in the case—I forget by whom—that, from some recital; it was probable that there existed such an instrument; and that put us on making inquiry."

"Nothing more likely," added Mortmain, "than that it, or an abstract, or minute of it, should get into Stephen Dreddlington's hands."

"Ah! well! well!—I must say there's rather an air of mystery about the case. But—about that tombstone—what sort of witnesses will speak—"

"Will that evidence be requisite," enquired Lynx, "in the plaintiff's case? All *we* shall have to do, will be to prove the fact that Harry died without issue, of which there's satisfactory evidence; and as to the *time* of his death, that will become material only if *they* put in the conveyance of Harry."

"True—true; ah! I'll turn that over in my mind. Rely upon it, I'll give Mr Attorney-General as little to lay hold of as possible. Thank you, Mr Lynx, for the hint. Now, gentlemen, one other question,—What *kind* of looking people are the witnesses who prove the later steps of the pedigree of Mr Titmouse? Respectable? Eh?—You know a good deal will depend on the credit they may obtain with the jury."

"They're very decent creditable persons, you will find, Sir," said Gammon.

"Good, good. Who struck the special jury?"

"We did, sir."

"Well, I must say that was a *very* prudent step for *you* to take! considering the rank in life and circumstances of the respective parties! However, to be sure, if *you* didn't, they would—so—well; good night, gentlemen, good night." So the consultation broke up; and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap returned home to their inn, in a very serious and anxious mood.

"You're a marvellous prudent person, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, in a somewhat fierce whisper, as they walked along, "I suppose you would have gone on to explain the little matter of Steggars, and so have had our briefs thrown at our heads——"

"Well, well, that *was* a slip." Here they reached their inn. Titmouse was staying there; and in Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's absence, he had got very drunk, and was quarrelling under the archway with Boots; so they ordered him to bed, they themselves sitting up till a very late hour in the morning.

The consultation at the Attorney-General's had taken place about three o'clock in the afternoon, within an hour after his arrival; and had been attended by Messrs Sterling, Crystal, and Mansfield,—by Mr Runnington, and Mr Parkinson, and by Mr Aubrey, whom the Attorney-General received with the most earnest expressions of sympathy and friendship; listening to every question and every observation of his with the utmost deference.

"It would be both idle and unkind to disguise from you, Aubrey," said he, "that our position is somewhat precarious. It depends entirely on the chance we may have of breaking down the plaintiff's case; for we have but a slender case of our own. I suppose they can bring proof of the death of Harry Dreddlington in his father's lifetime?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Mr Parkinson, "there is an old tombstone behind Yatton church which establishes that fact beyond all doubt; and a week or two ago no fewer than five or six persons have been carefully inspecting it; doubtless they will be called as witnesses to-morrow."

"I feared as much. Then are ours

more than watching briefs. Depend upon it, they would not have carried on the affair with so high a hand, if they had not pretty firm ground under foot! Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are tolerably well known in town—not *over*-scrupulous, eh, Mr Runnington?"

"Indeed, Mr Attorney, you are right. I don't doubt they are prepared to go all lengths."

"Well, we'll sift their evidence pretty closely at any rate. So you really have reason to fear, as you intimated when you entered the room, that they have valid evidence of Stephen Dreddlington having left issue?"

"Mr Snap told me," said Mr Parkinson, "this morning, that they would prove issue of Stephen Dreddlington, and issue of that issue, as clean as a whistle—that was his phrase."

"We mustn't take all for gospel that *he* would say."

"They've got two houses filled with witnesses, I understand," said Mr Runnington.

"Do they seem Yorkshire people, or strangers?"

"Why, most of them that I have seen," replied Parkinson, "seem strangers."

"Ah, they will prove, I suppose, the later steps of the pedigree, when Stephen Dreddlington married at a distance from his native country."

They then entered into a very full and minute examination of the case; after which,—“Well,” said the Attorney-General, evidently fatigued with his long journey, and rising from his chair, “we must trust to what will turn up in the chapter of accidents to-morrow. I shall be expected to dine with the bar to-day,” he added, “but immediately after dinner—say at seven o'clock, I shall be here, and at your service, if anything should be required.” Then the consultation broke up. Mr Aubrey had, at their earnest entreaty, brought Mrs Aubrey and Kate from Yatton, on Saturday; for they declared themselves unable to bear the dreadful suspense in which they should be left at Yatton. Yielding, therefore, to these their very reasonable wishes, he had engaged private lodgings at the outskirts of the town. On quitting the consultation, which, without at the same time affecting over-strictness, he had regretted being

fixed for Sunday—but the necessity of the case appeared to warrant it—he repaired to the magnificent minister, where the evening prayers were being read, and where were Mrs Aubrey and Kate. They were chanting the prayers as he entered, and was placed in a stall nearly opposite to where those whom he loved so fondly were standing. The psalms allotted for the evening were those in which the royal sufferer, David, was pouring forth the deepest sorrows of his heart; and their appropriateness to his own state of mind, added to the effect produced by the melting melody in which they were conveyed to his ears, excited in him, and he perceived also, in those opposite, the deepest emotion. The glorious pile was beginning to grow dusky with the stealing shadows of evening; and the solemn and sublime strains of the organ, during the playing of the anthem, filled the minds of all present who had any pretensions to sensibility, with mingled feelings of tenderness and awe. Those in whom we are so deeply interested, felt their minds at once subdued and elevated; and as they quitted the darkening fabric through which the pealing tones of the organ were yet reverberating, they could not help inquiring, Should they ever enter it again, and in what altered circumstances might it be?

To return, however,—though it is, indeed, like descending from the holy mountain into the bustle and hubbub of the city at its foot—Mr Parkinson, being most unexpectedly and unfortunately summoned to Grilston that afternoon, in order to send up some deeds of one of his distinguished clients to London, for the purpose of immediately effecting a mortgage, set off in a post-chaise, at top speed, in a very unenviable frame of mind; and by seven o'clock was seated in his office at Grilston, busily turning over a great number of deeds and papers, in a large tin-case, with the words "Right Honourable the Earl of Yelverton," painted on the outside. Having turned over almost every thing inside, and found all that he wanted, he was going to toss back again all the deeds which were not requisite for his immediate purpose, when he happened to see one lying at the very bottom, which he had not before observed. It was not a large, but an old deed—

and he took it up and hastily examined it.

We have seen a piece of unexpected good fortune on the part of Gammon and his client; and the reader will not be disappointed at finding something of a similar kind befalling Mr Aubrey, even at the eleventh hour. Mr Parkinson's journey, which he had execrated a hundred times over as he came down, produced a discovery which made him tremble all over with agitation and excitement, and begin to look upon it as almost owing to an interference of Providence. The deed he looked at bore an endorsement of the name of "*Dreddlington*." After a hasty glance over its contents, he tried to recollect by what accident a document, belonging to Mr Aubrey, could have found its way into the box containing Lord Yelverton's deeds; and it at length occurred to him that, about a twelvemonth before, Mr Aubrey had proposed advancing several thousand pounds to Lord Yelverton, on mortgage of a portion of his lordship's property—but which negotiation had afterwards been broken off; that Mr Aubrey's title-deeds happened to be at the same time open and loose in his office—and he recollected having considerable trouble in separating the respective documents which had got mixed together. This one, after all, had been, by some accident, overlooked, till it turned up in this most timely and extraordinary manner! Having hastily effected the object which had brought him back to Grilston, he ordered a post-chaise and four, and within a quarter of an hour was thundering back, at top speed, on his way to York, which, the horses reeking and foaming, he reached a little after ten o'clock. He jumped out, with the precious deed in his pocket, the instant that his chaise-door was opened, and ran off, without saying more than—"I'm gone to the Attorney-General's." This was heard by many passers-by and persons standing round; and it spread far and wide that something of the utmost importance had transpired, with reference to the great ejection cause of Mr Aubrey. Soon afterwards, messengers and clerks, belonging to Mr Runnington and Mr Parkinson, were to be seen running to and fro, summoning Mr Sterling, Mr Crystal, Mr Mansfield, and also Mr Aubrey, to a second consultation at the

Attorney-General's. About eleven o'clock they were all assembled. The deed which had occasioned all his excitement, was one calculated indeed to produce that effect; and it filled the minds of all present with astonishment and delight. In a word, it was a deed of confirmation by old Dreddlington, the father of Harry Dreddlington, of the conveyance by the latter to Geoffry Dreddlington, who, in the manner already mentioned to the reader, had got an assignment of that conveyance to himself. After the Attorney-General had satisfied himself as to the account to be given of the deed—the custody from whence it came, namely, the attorney for the defendant; Mr Parkinson undertaking, to swear, without any hesitation, that whatever deeds of Mr Aubrey's he possessed, he had taken from the muniment-room at Yatton, the second consultation broke up. Mr Aubrey, on hearing the nature and effect of the instrument explained by the Attorney-General and Mr Mansfield, and all his counsel, in short, concurring in opinion as to the triumphant effect which this instrument would produce on the morrow, may be pardoned for regarding it, in the excitement of the moment, as almost a direct interference of Providence.

A few minutes before nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, the occasional shrill blasts of the trumpets announced that the judges were on their way to the castle, the approaches to which were crowded with carriages and pedestrians of a highly respectable appearance. As the castle clock finished striking nine, Lord Widdrington took his seat, and the swearing of the special jury commenced. The court was crowded almost to suffocation; all the chief places being filled with persons of distinction in the county. The benches on each side of the judge were occupied by ladies, who—especially the Countess of Oldacre and Lady De la Zouch—evinced a painful degree of anxiety and excitement in their countenances and demeanour. The bar also mustered in great force; the crown court being quite deserted, although a great murder case was going on there. The civil court was, on the present occasion, the point of attraction, not only on account of the interesting nature of the case to be tried, but of the keen contest that was

expected between the Attorney-General and Mr Subtle. The former, as he entered,—his commanding features gazed at by many an anxious eye with hope, and a feeling that on his skill and learning depended that day the destination of the Yatton property,—bowed to the judge, and then nodded and shook hands with several of the counsel nearest to him; then he sat down, and opening his bag, took out his huge brief, and began turning over its leaves with a calm and attentive air, occasionally turning round and conversing with his juniors. Every one present observed that the defendant's counsel and attorneys wore the confident looks of winning men; while their opponents, quick-sighted enough, also observed the circumstance, and looked, on that account alone, a shade more anxious than when they had entered the court. Mr Subtle requested Gammon, whose ability he had soon detected, to sit immediately beneath him; next to Gammon sat Quirk, then Snap, and beside him, Mr Titmouse, with a staring sky-blue flowered silk handkerchief round his neck, a gaudy waistcoat, a tight surtout, and white kid gloves. He looked exceedingly pale, and dared hardly interchange a word with even Snap, who was just as irritable and excited as his senior partners. It was quickly known all over the court who Titmouse was. Mr Aubrey scarcely shewed himself in court all day, though he stood at the door near the bench, and could hear all that passed; Lord De la Zouch and one or two other personal friends standing with him, engaged, from time to time, in anxious conversation. The jury having been sworn, Mr Lynx rose, and in a few hurried sentences, intimated the nature of the pleadings in the cause. The Attorney-General then rose, and requested that all the witnesses might leave the court. As soon as the little disturbance occasioned by this move had ceased, Mr Subtle, rose, and in a low but distinct tone, said, "May it please your Lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury,—In this cause I have the honour to appear before you as counsel for the plaintiff; and it now becomes my duty to state, as briefly as I can, the nature of his case. It is impossible, gentlemen, not to notice the unusual interest excited by the cause; and which may be

accounted for by the very large estates in this county which are sought this day to be transferred to a comparative stranger, from the family who have long enjoyed them, and of whom I am anxious to say every thing respectful: for you will very soon find that the name on the record is that of only the nominal defendant; and although all that is *professed* to be this day sought for, is a very trifling portion of the property, your verdict will undoubtedly decide the question as to the true ownership and enjoyment of the large estates now held by the gentleman who is the substantial defendant—I mean Mr Aubrey, the member of Parliament for the borough of Yatton.” Aware of the watchful and formidable opponent who would in due time answer him, and also of being himself entitled to the general reply—to the last word—Mr Subtle proceeded to state the nature of the plaintiff’s case with the utmost brevity and clearness. Scarcely any sound was heard but that of the pens of the short-hand writers, and of the counsel taking their notes. Mr Subtle, having handed up two or three copies of the pedigree which he held in his hand to the judge and jury, pointed out with distinctness and precision every link in the chain of evidence which he intended to lay before the jury; and having done this—having presented as few salient points of attack to his opponent as he possibly could—he sat down, professing his entire ignorance of what case could be set up in answer to that which he had opened. He had not been on his legs quite half an hour; and when he ceased—how he had disappointed every one present, except the judge and the bar! Instead of a speech befitting so great an occasion—impressive and eloquent—here had been a brief dry statement of a few uninteresting facts—dates, births, deaths, marriages—without a single touch of feeling or ray of eloquence. The momentary feeling of disappointment in the audience, however—almost all of whom, it may easily be believed, were in the interest of the Aubreys—quickly yielded to one of satisfaction and relief; as they thought they might regard so meagre a speech as heralding in as meagre a case. As soon as he had sat down, Mr Quick-silver rose and called the first wit-

ness. “We’re safe!” whispered the Attorney-General to Mr Sterling and Mr Crystal; and the witness having been sworn they resumed their seats and their writing. He and the subsequent one established one or two preliminary and formal points—the Attorney-General scarcely rising to put a question to them. The third witness was examined by Mr Subtle with apparent unconcern, but really with exquisite anxiety. From the earnestness and attention with which the words of the witness were watched and taken down by both the judge and the counsel, who knew much better than the audience where the strain of the case commenced, it must have appeared to the latter, that either Mr Subtle under-estimated, or his opponents over-estimated, the value of the evidence now in process of being extracted by Mr Subtle, in short, easy, pointed questions, and with a smiling countenance.

“Not so fast, sir,” gruffly interposed Lord Widdrington, addressing the witness.

“Take time, Mr Jones,” said Mr Subtle, blandly, fearful of ruffling or discomposing an important witness. The Attorney-General rose to cross-examine; he pressed him quietly but closely; varied the shape of his questions; now he soothed, then he flattered; but sat down, evidently having produced no impression. Thus it was with one or two succeeding witnesses; the Attorney-General, on each occasion, resuming his seat after his abortive efforts with perfect composure. At length, however, by a very admirable and well-sustained fire of cross-questioning, he completely demolished a material witness; and the hopes of all interested in behalf of his clients rose high. Mr Subtle, who had been all the while paring his nails, and from time to time smiling with a careless air, (though you might as safely have touched a tigress suckling her cubs, as attempted at that moment to disturb Mr Subtle, so absorbed was he with intense anxiety,) knowing that he could establish the same facts by another and, as he believed, a better witness, did not re-examine; but calling that other, with an air of nonchalance, succeeded in extracting from him all that the other had failed in, and in baffling all the

attempts of the Attorney-General to affect his credit, or disturb his equanimity. At length, another witness being in the box,—

“My Lord, I object to that question,” said Mr Attorney-General, as Mr Subtle, amidst many indifferent and apparently irrelevant questions, quietly slipped in one of the greatest possible importance, had it been answered as he desired. ’Twas quite delightful to see the Attorney-General and his experienced and watchful juniors, all rise at one and the same instant; showing how vain were the tricks and ingenuity of their sly opponent. Mr Attorney-General stated his objection, briefly and pointedly; Mr Subtle answered him, followed by Quicksilver and Lynx; and then Mr Attorney-General replied, with great force and clearness. This keen encounter of their wits over—

“I shall allow the question to be put,” said Lord Widdrington, after a pause—“But I have great doubts as to its propriety. I will therefore take a note of Mr Attorney-General’s objection.”

Four or five similar conflicts arose during the course of the plaintiff’s case;—now concerning the competency of a witness—then as to the admissibility of a document, or the propriety of a particular question. On each of these occasions there were displayed on both sides consummate logical skill and acuteness, especially by the two leaders. Distinctions the most delicate were suggested with suddenness, and as promptly encountered; the most artful manoeuvres to secure dangerous admissions resorted to, and baffled; the more recondite principles of evidence brought to bear with admirable readiness on both sides. To deal with them, required indeed the practised, penetrating, and powerful intellect of Lord Widdrington. Some points he disposed of promptly, to the satisfaction of both parties; on others he hesitated, and at length reserved them. Though none but the more experienced and able members of the bar could in the least degree enter into and appreciate the nature of these conflicts, they were watched with untiring attention and eagerness by all present, both ladies and gentlemen—by the lowly and the distinguished. And though the intensity of the feelings of

all was manifest by a mere glimpse round the court, yet any momentary display of eccentricity on the part of a witness, or petulance or repartee on the part of counsel, would occasion a momentary merriment that really served only as a sort of *relief* to the strained feelings, and instantly disappeared. The tomb-stone part of the case was got through easily; scarce any attempt being made on the part of Mr Aubrey’s counsel, to resist or interfere with it. But the great—the hottest part of the fight—occurred at that point of the case, where Titmouse’s descent from Stephen Dred-dington was sought to be established. This gentleman, who had been a very wild person, whose movements were very difficult to be traced or accounted for, had entered the navy, and ultimately died at sea, as had always been imagined, single and childless. It was proved, however, that so far from such being the case, he had married a person at Portsmouth, of inferior station; and that by her he had a daughter, only two years before his death, which happened at sea, as has been stated. Both mother and daughter, after undergoing great privation, and no notice being taken of the mother by any of her late husband’s family, removed to the house of a humble and distant relative, in Cumberland, and afterwards died, leaving her daughter only fifteen years old. When she grew up, she lived in some menial capacity at Cumberland, and ultimately married one Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; who, after living for some years a cordwainer at Whitehaven, found his way to Grilston, in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of which town he had lived for some years, in very humble circumstances. There he had married; and about two years afterwards his wife died, leaving a son—our friend Tittlebat Titmouse. Both of them afterwards came to London; where, in four or five years’ time, the father died, leaving the little Titmouse to flutter and hop about in the wide world as best he could. The little documentary evidence of which Gammon, at his first interview with Titmouse, found him possessed, proved, at the trial, as Gammon had foreseen, of essential importance. The evidence in support of this part of the case, and which it took till two o’clock on the

ensuing afternoon to get through, was subjected to a most determined and skilful opposition by the Attorney-General, but in vain. The case had been got up with the utmost care, under the excellent management of Lynx; and Mr Subtle's consummate tact and ability brought it, at length, fully and distinctly out before the jury.

"That, my lord," said he, as he sat down after re-examining his last witness, "is the case on the part of the plaintiff." On this the judge and jury withdrew, for a short time, to obtain refreshments. During their absence, the Attorney-General, Mr Sterling, Mr Crystal, and Mr Mansfield, might have been seen, with their heads all laid close together, engaged in anxious consultation—a group gazed at by the eager eyes of many a spectator whose beating heart wished their cause god-speed. The Attorney-General then withdrew for a few moments, also to seek refreshments; and returning at the same time with the judge, after a moment's pause, rose and opened the defendant's case. His manner was calm and impressive; his person was dignified; and his clear, distinct voice fell on the listening ear like the sound of silver. After an exceedingly graceful and simple allusion to the distinguished character of his friend and client, Mr Aubrey, to whose eminent position in the House of Commons he bore his personal testimony, and the magnitude of the interests now at stake, he proceeded—"On every account, therefore, I feel sensible, gentlemen, to an unusual and most painful extent, of the very great responsibility now resting upon my learned friends and myself; lest any miscarriage of mine should prejudice in any degree the important interests committed to us, or impair the strength of the case which I am about to submit to you on the part of Mr Aubrey: a case which, I assure you, unless some extraordinary mischance should befall us, will I believe annihilate that which, with so much pains and ability, has just been laid before you by my learned friend Mr Subtle, and establish the defendant in the safe possession of that large property which is the subject of the present most unexpected litigation. But, gentlemen, before proceeding so far as that, it is fitting that I should call your attention to the nature of the case set

up on the part of the plaintiff, and the sort of evidence by which it has been attempted to be supported; and I am very sanguine of success, in showing you that the plaintiff's witnesses are not entitled to the credit to which they lay claim; and, consequently, that there is no case made out for the defendant to answer." He then entered into a rigorous analysis of the plaintiff's evidence, contrasting each conflicting portion with the other, with singular force and cogency; and commenting with powerful severity upon the demeanour and character of many of the witnesses. On proceeding, at length, to open the case of the defendant—"And here, gentlemen," said he, "I am reminded of the observation with which my learned friend concluded—that he was entirely ignorant of the case which I meant to set up in answer to that which he had opened on the part of the plaintiff. Gentlemen, it would have been curious, indeed, had it had been otherwise—had my friend's penetrating eye been able to inspect the contents of our strong-box—and so become acquainted with the evidence on which my client rests his title to the property. He has, however, succeeded in entitling himself to information on that point; and he shall have it—and to his heart's content." Here Mr Subtle cast a glance of smiling incredulity towards the jury, and defiance towards the Attorney-General: he took his pen into his hand, however, and his juniors looked very anxious. "Gentlemen, I will now concede to him every inch of the case which he has been endeavouring to make out; that he has completely established his pedigree.—Mind, gentlemen, I concede this only for the purpose of the case which I am about to lay before you." He then mentioned the conveyance by Harry Dreddlington of all his interests—"You forget that he died in his father's lifetime, Mr Attorney-General," interposed Mr Subtle, with a placid smile, and the air of a man who is suddenly relieved from a vast pressure of anxiety.

"Not a bit of it, gentlemen, not a bit of it—'tis a part of my case. My learned friend is quite right; Harry Dreddlington *did* die in his father's lifetime:—but—" Here Mr Subtle gazed at the Attorney-General with unaffected curiosity; and, when the

latter came to mention "the *Deed of Confirmation* by the father of Harry Dreddlington," an acute observer might have observed a slight change of colour in Mr Subtle. Mr Quicksilver went on writing—for he was entirely out of his depth, and therefore occupied himself with thinking over an article he was writing for some political review. Mr Lynx looked at the Attorney-General as if he expected every instant to receive a musket-ball in his breast.

"What, '*confirm*' a nullity, Mr Attorney-General?" interrupted Mr Subtle, laying down his pen with a smile of derision; but a moment or two afterwards, "Mr Mortmain," said he, in a hasty whisper, "what do you think of this? Tell me—in four words"—Mortmain, his eye glued to the face of the Attorney-General the while, muttered hastily something about—*operating as a new grant—as a new conveyance*.

"Pshaw! I mean what's the answer to it?" muttered Mr Subtle, impatiently; but his countenance preserved its expression of smiling nonchalance. "You'll oblige me, Mr Mortmain," he by and by whispered, in a quiet but peremptory tone, "by giving your utmost attention to the question as to the effect of this deed—so that I may shape my objection to it properly when it is tendered in evidence. If it really have the legal effect attributed to it, and which I suspect is the case, we may as well shut up our briefs. I *thought* there must be something or other in the background."

Gammon saw the real state of Mr Subtle's mind, and his cheek turned pale, but he preserved a smile on his countenance, as he sat with his arms folded. Quirk eyed him with undisguised agitation, scarce daring to look up at Mr Subtle. Titmouse, seeing a little dismay in his camp, turned very white and cold, and sat still, scarce daring to breathe. Snap looked like a terrier going to have its teeth pulled out. At length the Attorney-General, after stating that, in addition to the case which he had intimated, as resting mainly on the deed of confirmation, he should proceed to prove the pedigree of Mr Aubrey, sat down, having spoken about two hours and a half, expressing his conviction that when the defendant's evidence should have been closed, the jury, under his

Lordship's direction, would return a verdict for the defendant, and without leaving the jury-box, where, by their long and patient attention, they had so honourably acquitted themselves of the important duty imposed upon them by the constitution."

"James Parkinson!" exclaimed Mr Sterling, quietly but distinctly, as the Attorney-General sat down. "Do you produce," enquired Mr Sterling, as soon as the witness had been sworn, "a conveyance, specifying that by Harry Dreddlington to Moses Aaron," &c. It was proved and put in, without much opposition. So also was another—the assignment from Moses Aaron to Geoffry Dreddlington.

"Do you also produce a deed between Harry Dreddlington the elder and Geoffry Dreddlington?" and he mentioned the date and names of all the parties. Mr Parkinson handed in the important document.

"Stay, stay; where did you get that deed, Mr Parkinson?" enquired Mr Subtle.

"From my office at Grilston, where I keep many of Mr Aubrey's title-deeds."

"When did you bring it hither?"

"About ten o'clock last night, for the purpose of this trial."

"How long has it been at your office?"

"Ever since I fetched it, a year or two ago, with other deeds, from the muniment-room of Yatton Hall."

"How long have you been solicitor to Mr Aubrey?"

"For this ten years; and my father was solicitor to his father for twenty-five years."

"Will you swear that this deed was at your office before the proceedings in this action were brought to your notice?"

"I have not the slightest doubt in the world. It never attracted any more notice from me than any other of Mr Aubrey's deeds, till my attention was drawn to it in consequence of these proceedings."

"Has any one access to Mr Aubrey's deeds at your office but yourself?"

"None that I know of; I keep all the deeds of my clients that are at my office in their respective boxes, and allow no one access to them, except under my immediate notice, and in my presence."

Then Mr Subtle sat down.

"My lord, we now propose to put in this deed," said the Attorney-General, unfolding it.

"Allow me to look at it, Mr Attorney," said Mr Subtle. It was handed to him; and his juniors and Mr Mortmain, rising up, were engaged most anxiously in scrutinizing it for some minutes. Mortmain having looked at the stamp, sat down, and opening his bag, hastily drew out an old well-worn volume, which contained all the stamp acts that had ever been passed from the time of William the Third, when, I believe, the first of those blessings was conferred upon this country. First he looked at the deed—then at his book—then at the deed again; and at length might be seen, with earnest gestures, putting Mr Subtle in possession of his opinion on the subject. "My lord," said Subtle, at length, "I object to this instrument being received in evidence, on account of the insufficiency of the stamp." He then mentioned the character of the stamp affixed to the deed, and read the act which was in force at the time that the deed bore date; and, after a few additional observations, sat down, and was followed by Mr Quicksilver and Mr Lynx. Then arose the Attorney-General, having in the meantime carefully looked at the Act of Parliament, and submitted to his lordship that the stamp was sufficient; being followed by his juniors. Mr Subtle replied at some length.

"I entertain some difficulty on the point," said his lordship, "and will consult with my brother Grayley." Taking with him the deed, and Mr Mortmain's Stamp Acts, his lordship left the court, and was absent a quarter of an hour—half an hour—three quarters of an hour; and at length returned.

"I have consulted," said he, as soon as he had taken his seat, amidst the profoundest silence, "my brother Grayley, and we have very fully considered the point. My brother happens, fortunately, to have by him a manuscript note of a case in which he was counsel, about eighteen years ago, and in which the exact point arose which exists in the present case." He then read out of a thick manuscript book, which he had brought with him from Mr Justice Grayley, the particulars of

the case alluded to, and which were certainly precisely similar to those then before him. In the case referred to, the stamp had been held sufficient; and so he and his brother, Grayley, were of opinion was the stamp in the deed then before him. The cloud which had settled upon the countenances of the Attorney-General and his party, here flitted over to those of his opponents. "Your lordship will perhaps take a note of the objection," said Mr Subtle, somewhat chagrined. The judge did so.

"Now, then, we propose to put in and read this deed," said the Attorney-General, with a smile, holding out his hand towards Mr Lynx, who was spelling over it very eagerly—"I presume my learned friend will require only the operative parts"—here Lynx, with some excitement, called his leader's attention to something which had occurred to him in the deed:—up got Quicksilver and Mortmain; and presently—

"Not quite so fast, Mr Attorney, if you please," said Mr Subtle, with a little elation of manner—"I have another, and I apprehend a clearly fatal objection to the admissibility of this deed, till my learned friend shall have accounted for an erasure"—

"Erasure!" echoed the Attorney-General, with much surprise—"Allow me to see the deed;" and he took it with an incredulous smile, which, however, disappeared as he looked more and more closely at the instrument; Mr Sterling and Mr Crystal also looking extremely serious.

"I've hit them now," said Mr Subtle, to those behind him, as he leaned back, and looked with no little triumph at his opponents. From what apparently inadequate and trifling causes often flow great results! The plain fact of the case was merely this. The attorney's clerk, in copying out the deed, which was one of considerable length, had written four or five words by mistake; and fearing to exasperate his master, by rendering necessary a new deed and stamp, and occasioning trouble and delay, neatly scratched out the erroneous words, and over the erasure wrote the correct ones. As he was the party who was entrusted with seeing to and witnessing the execution of the instrument, he of course took no notice of the alteration, and—see the result! The

ownership of an estate of ten thousand a-year about to turn upon the effect of this erasure!

"Hand me up the deed," said the Judge; and inspected it minutely for a minute or two.

"Has any one a magnifying-glass in court?" enquired the Attorney-General, with a look of increasing anxiety. No one happened to have one.

"Is it necessary, Mr Attorney?" said Lord Widdrington, handing down the instrument to him with an ominous look.

"Well—you object, of course, Mr Subtle—as I understand you—that this deed is void, on account of an erasure in a material part of it?" enquired Lord Widdrington.

"That is my objection, my lord," said Mr Subtle, sitting down.

"Now, Mr Attorney," continued the Judge, turning to the Attorney-General, prepared to take a note of any observations he might offer. The spectators—the whole court—were aware that the great crisis of the case had arrived; and there was a sickening silence. The Attorney-General, with perfect calmness and self-possession, immediately addressed the court in answer to the objection. That there *was* an erasure, which, owing to the hurry with which the instrument had been looked at, had been overlooked, was indisputable; of course the Attorney-General's argument was, that it was an erasure in a part not material; but it was easy to see that he spoke with the air of a man who argues *contra spem*. What he said, however, was pertinent and forcible; the same might be said of Mr Sterling and Mr Crystal; but they were all plainly *gravelled*. Mr Subtle replied with cruel cogency: Mr Quicksilver seized the opportunity—not choosing to see that the Judge was with them—to make a most dangerous but showy speech; Mr Subtle sitting beside him in the utmost distress, looking as if he could have withered him with a word. In consequence of some very unguarded admissions of Quicksilver, down came upon him Lord Widdrington; and Mr Subtle—the only time during the whole cause in which he lost his self-command—uttered a half-stifled curse at the folly of Quicksilver, that could be heard by half the bar, perhaps even by the judge, who greatly

relished the exposure he was making of Quicksilver's indiscretion. At length he sat down, with a somewhat foolish air, Mr Subtle turning his back full upon him before the whole court; but when Lynx rose, and in a business-like way, with only a word or two, put the point again fully before Lord Widdrington, the scowl gradually disappeared from the brow of Mr Subtle.

"Well," said Lord Widdrington, when Mr Lynx had done, "I own I feel no doubt at all upon the matter; but as it is certainly of the greatest possible importance, I will just see how it strikes my brother Grayley." With this he took the deed in his hand, and quitted the court. He touched Mr Aubrey, in passing to his private room, holding the deed before him. After an absence of about ten minutes, Lord Widdrington returned.

"Silence! silence there!" bawled the crier; and the bustle had soon subsided into profound silence.

"I entertain no doubt, nor does my brother Grayley," said Lord Widdrington, "that I ought not to receive this deed in evidence, without accounting for an erasure occurring in a mainly essential part of it. Unless, therefore, you are prepared, Mr Attorney, with any evidence as to this point, I shall not receive the deed."

There was a faint buzz all over the court—a buzz of excitement, anxiety, and disappointment. The Attorney-General consulted for a moment or two with his friends.

"Undoubtedly, my Lord, we are not prepared with any evidence to explain an appearance which has taken us entirely by surprise. After this length of time, my Lord, of course"—

"Certainly—it is a great misfortune for the parties—a great misfortune. Of course you tender the deed in evidence?" he continued, taking a note.

"We do, my Lord, certainly."

You should have seen the faces of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as they looked at Mr Parkinson, with an agitated air, returning the rejected deed to the bag from which it had been lately taken with so confident and triumphant an air!—The remainder of the case, which had been opened by the Attorney-General on behalf of Mr Aubrey, was then proceeded with; but in spite of all their assumed calmness,

the disappointment and distress of his counsel were perceptible to all. They were now dejected—they felt that the cause was lost, unless some extraordinary good fortune should yet befall them. They were not long in establishing the descent of Mr Aubrey from Geoffrey Dreddlington. It was necessary to do so; for grievously as they had been disappointed in failing to establish the title paramount, founded upon the deed of confirmation of Mr Aubrey, it was yet an important question for the jury, whether they believed the evidence adduced by the plaintiff to show title in himself.

"That, my Lord, is the defendant's case," said the Attorney-General, as his last witness left the box; and Mr Subtle then rose to reply. He felt how unpopular was his cause; that almost every countenance around him bore a hostile expression. Privately, he loathed his case when he saw the sort of person for whom he was struggling. All his sympathies—for he was a very proud, haughty man—were on behalf of Mr Aubrey, whom by name and reputation he well knew; with whom he had often sate in the House of Commons. Now, conspicuous before him, sate his little monkey-client, Titmouse—a ridiculous object; and calculated, if there were any scope for the influence of prejudice, to ruin his own cause by the exhibition of himself before the jury. That was the vulgar idiot who was to turn the admirable Aubreys out of Yatton, and send them beggared into the world!—But Mr Subtle was a high-minded English advocate; and if he had seen Miss Aubrey in all her loveliness, and knew how all depended upon his exertions, he could hardly have exerted himself more successfully than he did on the present occasion. And such, at length, was the effect which that exquisitely skilful advocate produced, in his address to the jury, that he began to bring about a change in the feelings of most around him: even the eye of scornful beauty began to direct fewer glances of indignation and disgust upon Titmouse, as Mr Subtle's irresistible rhetoric drew upon their sympathies in his behalf. "My learned friend, the Attorney-General, gentlemen, dropped one or two expressions of a somewhat disparaging tendency, in alluding to my client, Mr Titmouse; and shadowed forth

a disadvantageous contrast between the obscure and ignorant plaintiff, and the gifted defendant. Good God, gentlemen! and is my humble client's misfortune to become his fault? If he be obscure and ignorant, unacquainted with the usages of society, deprived of the blessings of a superior education—if he have contracted vulgarity, whose fault is it? Who has occasioned it? Who plunged him and his parents before him into an unjust poverty and obscurity, from which Providence is about this day to rescue him, and put him in possession of his own? Gentlemen, if topics like these must be introduced into this case, I ask you who is accountable for the present condition of my unfortunate client? Is he, or are those who have been, perhaps unconsciously, but still unjustly, so long revelling in the wealth that is his? Gentlemen, in the name of every thing that is manly and generous, I challenge your sympathy, your commiseration for my client." Here Titmouse, who had been staring up open-mouthed for some time at his eloquent advocate, and could be kept quiet no longer by the most vehement efforts of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, rose up in an excited manner, exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo! bravo sir! 'Pon my life, capital! It's quite true—bravo! bravo!" His astounded advocate paused at this unprecedented interruption. "Take the puppy out of court, sir, or I will not utter one word more," said he, in a fierce whisper to Mr Gammon.

"Who is that? Leave the court, sir! Your conduct is most indecent, sir! I have a great mind to commit you, sir!" said Lord Widdrington, directing an awful look down to the offender, who had turned of a ghastly white.

"Have mercy upon me, my Lord! I'll never do it again," he groaned, clasping his hands, and verily believing that Lord Widdrington was going to take the estate away from him.

Snap at length succeeded in getting him out of court, and after the excitement occasioned by this irregular interruption had subsided, Mr Subtle resumed:—

"Gentlemen," said he, in a low tone, "I perceive that you are moved by this little incident; and it is characteristic of your superior feelings. Inferior persons, destitute of sensibi-

lity or refinement, might have smiled at eccentricities which occasion you only feelings of greater commiseration. I protest, gentlemen"—— his voice trembled for a moment, but he soon resumed his self-possession; and, after a long and admirable address, sat down confident of the verdict.

"If we lose the verdict, sir," said he, bending down and whispering into the ear of Gammon, "we may thank that execrable little puppy for it." Gammon changed colour, but made no reply.

Lord Widdrington then commenced summing up the case to the jury, with his usual care and perspicacity. Nothing could be more beautiful than the ease with which he extricated the facts of the case from the meshes in which they had been involved by Mr Subtle and the Attorney-General. As soon as he had explained to them the general principles of law applicable to the case, he placed before them the facts proved by the plaintiff, and the answer of the defendant: every one in court trembling for the result, if the jury took the same view which they felt compelled themselves to take. He suggested that they should retire to consider the case, taking with them the pedigrees which had been handed in to them; and added that, if they should require his assistance, he should remain in his private room for an hour or two. Both judge and jury then retired, it being about eight o'clock. Candles were lit in the court, which continued crowded to suffocation. Few doubted which way the verdict would go. Fatigued as must have been most of the spectators with a two days' confinement and excitement—ladies as well as gentlemen—scarce a person thought of quitting till the verdict had been pronounced. After an hour and

a half's absence, a cry was heard—"Clear the way for the jury;" and one or two officers, with their wands, obeyed the directions. As the jury were re-entering their box, struggling with a little difficulty through the crowd, Lord Widdrington resumed his seat upon the bench.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have the goodness," said the associate, "to answer to your names. Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert;" and, while their names were thus called over, all the counsel took their pens, and, turning over their briefs with an air of anxiety, prepared to indorse on them the verdict. As soon as all the jurymen had answered, a profound silence ensued.

"Gentlemen of the jury," enquired the associate, "are you agreed upon your verdict? Do you find verdict for the plaintiff, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff," replied the foreman; on which the officer, amidst a kind of blank dismayed silence, making at the same time some hieroglyphics upon the record, muttered—"Verdict for plaintiff. Damages one shilling. Costs, forty shillings;" while another functionary bawled out, amidst the increasing buzz in the court, "Have the goodness to wait, gentlemen of the jury. You will be paid immediately." Whereupon, to the disgust and indignation of the unlearned spectators, and the astonishment of some of the gentlemen of the jury themselves—many of the very first men of the county—Snap jumped up on the form, pulled out his purse with an air of exultation, and proceeded to remunerate Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert and the rest of his companions with the sum of one guinea. Proclamation was then made, and the court adjourned till the next morning.

POSTSCRIPT

ON THE CHINA AND THE OPIUM QUESTION.

ON the 11th of May this article went to press. And on the 15th day of May the Lords' debate being then circulated through Edinburgh, it first became known to us, that between our views on this remarkable question, and those of the Duke of Wellington, as now brought forward by party collision, there were some pointed coincidences. Any man in the world may be proud of a coincidence, in a matter so complex, with the illustrious Duke. And the business of this Postscript is accordingly—

First of all, to establish and claim the benefit of that coincidence: to show that it *was* such; and that our agreements with the Duke are not consequent upon any communication that we *could* have had with the noble Duke's opinions. The statement of dates, as given above, shows satisfactorily that our speculations upon this great Oriental crisis—however closely approaching to the Duke's—must have had a separate and independent origin. Indirectly, also, we are proud to establish our claims in this way, as having fairly appreciated the probable course of Tory doctrines upon so elaborate a question, and of Tory policy, at a time when neither one nor the other had been circumstantially developed; when it was not yet fully known where the Tory blame and praise would settle as to the past; nor in what precise channel the Tory policy would travel as to the future.

Secondly, To explain any case, however subordinate, in which we appear to have *differed* from the Duke; and in which, according to the extent of our differences, the presumption is that we must be wrong.

Thirdly, Without reference to any claim or any explanation on our own account, it is a purpose of this Postscript to tell the general reader who cares not for the person saying, but simply for the thing said—How far we have found reason to modify any opinion previously delivered after the benefit we acknowledge to have received from this discussion, before so enlightened a senate as the House of Lords; and more particularly, whether we have any fresh views to offer after the affair has been brought under the review of the most sagacious and the most experienced amongst modern statesmen.

Amidst the sharp musketry of a Parliamentary debate, it is the general feeling, that the Duke of Wellington's opinions or suggestions tell like cannon-shot. Whatsoever falls from him is received by the country as having an oracular value. And in this present instance of the China debate, his authority has told so effectually as to have crushed, by anticipation, a second debate pending contingently in the House of Commons. Notice of a motion on this subject has been expressly withdrawn upon the ground of the powerful impression made by the Duke of Wellington. It becomes, therefore, the more important that we should throw a glance over the points established by His Grace, as they accord so entirely with our own previous view, and strengthen so greatly the opinions, and the grounds of those opinions, which we had already expressed in print.

The whole field of the questions concerned divides into two great sections—the past, and the future: the *past*, in relation to the criminality which has brought on the crisis—how that criminality is to be distributed amongst the several parties to the transaction; the *future*, in relation to the policy which must now be applied to the successful unraveling of this crisis. What is past, undoubtedly cannot be recalled: but it is not the less important to understand it thoroughly, both for the purpose of framing measures to prevent its recurrence, and because our whole policy, even where it is and must be of a war-like character, will, undoubtedly, need to be shaped very differently, accordingly as it contemplates a case of mixed aggressions, partly British, partly Chinese, or a case of horrible outrage (in the way we have maintained, and in the way it now appears the Duke of Wellington maintains) exclusively Chinese, and utterly unprovoked.

The parties liable to inculcation, as having participated in the proceedings

at some stage or other, are three:—The Chinese Government, the British opium-dealers, and our own domestic Administration. Let us pass them in rapid review, and weigh the distribution of blame among these three parties as awarded by the illustrious Duke.

I. *The Chinese Government.*—Here the Duke's statements are not only, as we described them to be generally, like cannon-shot in their effect, but are like such shot, in its course and mode of progress, as described in Schiller's Wallenstein—"shattering *what* it reaches, and shattering that it *may* reach." Not only does he shatter the object of his attack—the immoral government of China—but, in his road to that object, he goes right through the centre of all who have in this country undertaken the apology of that government. Had the Chinese even stood upon any fair ground of right in the first stages of the case, they would have forfeited that advantage in the last: "for," says the Duke, "in all the fifty years of my own experience as a servant of my country—no, nor in any part of my reading—have I met with such another case of outrage as that authorized by the rulers of China to our accredited agent." And if some people object—Oh! but the Chinese would not recognise Captain Elliot as an accredited agent—they would not receive a British official representative—in that case so much the worse: because then Captain Elliot had the rights of a private individual; and there was no more plea open to the Chinese Government for making *him* responsible than any obscure sailor taken at random.

So much for the *last* stages of the Chinese conduct; and here the Duke does but strengthen an impression which is open to us all. But as to the *first* stages, by a reference to sources of information more special and personal, he cuts the ground from below the feet of the Chinese Government in a way peculiar to himself. We could but suspect: for we had no documents. The Duke proves: he had ample documents. In papers furnished to the Lords he had seen, in a Committee of the Lords he had heard, direct evidence—proof not to be gainsaid or shaken—that the *acting administration of China*, those persons, one and all, whom we aliens are required to consider and to treat as the responsible government of the land, *had through a series of years encouraged the importation of opium*. There flutters to the winds a whole library of polemic pamphlets. After this, is it any thing to us, whether in such a case, and many another case, the Emperor is, or is not, kept in the dark by the mandarins? We are bound to know the Emperor's pleasure through those whom he deputed to us as his representatives. We can know it in no other way. The internal abuses of their Government are for their own consciences. To us they are nothing. And there, at one blow from the mace of the iron Duke, lies in splinters upon the floor almost every pro-Chinese pleading which has taken up the ground of morality.

II.—*The British Opium-Dealers.* Upon this head the Duke is overwhelming. Their acquittal, indeed, is involved in the fact which has been just stated on the Duke's authority with regard to the Chinese administration. If that body encouraged importation, in respect of *them* the importers cannot be wrongdoers. There might be room for some wrong in relation to our British Government: because, if they had happened to forbid the opium traffic wisely or foolishly, then it might have been a fair plea at home—"Look for no British aid if China should injure you in respect to an interest which *we* have discountenanced." So much room and no more, there might have been for wrong on the side of the opium merchants. There *might* have been—but *was* there? Hear the all-shattering Duke:—

First he declares—that, so far from even looking gloomily upon this opium commerce, Parliament had cherished it, suggested its extension, and deliberately examined the means at their disposal for promoting its success, as a favoured resource both of finance and of trade. The Duke reminds the House—that he himself, with other patriotic peers, had been parties to a committee, of which one main business was to recommend and introduce (by way of substitution for the privileges lost to the East India Company on throwing open their trade) some modified form of a monopoly with regard to opium.

Secondly,—if this should be thought to shift the blame from the merchants to the British Parliament—in order to make it any duty of our legisla-

tors that they should interfere to stop the opium traffic, first of all we must have such a measure made out to be a possibility. Now the Duke puts down that notion *ex abundanti*. For, at a time when certain intolerable treaties with native princes had armed us with a machinery towards this result, such as we never *shall* have again, and never *ought* to have had, even then we could not succeed in operating upon the trade, except after the following fashion:—Our Indian Government proclaimed restrictions: our merchants, native as well as British, evaded them. Our Government made another move in the game, evading the evasions. Our merchants, wide-awake, counter-evaded the evasions of their own evasions. And thus the sport proceeded, the two parties doubling upon each other, and dodging like an old experienced hare against a greyhound: until at last, upon a necessity arising for the Government to abolish the treaties, we were obliged to whip off the dogs, and the *game* party of merchants had it all their own way. Lord Ellenborough, whose former experience at the Board of Control made his evidence irresistible on this point, confirmed all that the Duke had said; with circumstantial illustrations of this vain race with the merchants, and showing that even for that ineffectual trial of strength, our Indian Government enjoyed some momentary advantages which it must never count upon for the future. We have seen the best of our facilities for such a conflict with private interest. Even then it was a hopeless conflict: *à fortiori* it will be so hereafter. Impossibilities are no subjects for legislation: by civil law—"nemo tenetur facere impossibilia."

Thirdly.—But possible or not in a practical and executive sense, if it is our *duty* to restrain any given social nuisance; we must not plead our impotence in bar of complaints against us: and in default of our own restraints, we must not complain if others suffering by the nuisance take that remedy into their own hands which we profess to have found too difficult for ours. Other checks failing, let us not complain of those for redressing the evil who suffer by the annoyance. Certainly not. Nor *do* we complain. Nor is there any thing to that effect involved in any one British act, or in any one argument that has been built upon it. We quarrel with no nation for enforcing her rights of domestic policy, so long as she keeps herself within the methods of international justice. But, with respect to China, we make two demurs: we refuse to hear of any people raising their separate municipal law into a code of international law: it is not merely insolence, but it is contradictory folly to suppose, that, in a dispute between two independent parties, one of the parties is to constitute himself umpire for both. This demur we make in the first place. And secondly, we say, that, apart from her savage *modes* of redressing civil wrongs, China has, in this instance, forfeited her claim to *any* redress from her long collusion with the wrongdoers, whom now in caprice she accuses; and because, not only she participated through *every* class of her population in the opium traffic, which with us rested on the support of those only who were naturally, inevitably, *without bribes*, the agents of such a traffic, but also because she was the original tempter, inviter, hirer, clamorous suborner, of that intercourse which now she denounces. Roguery, like other tastes, has its fashions. Chinese roguery and court intrigue are now, it seems, blowing from some fresh point of the compass. Be it so. We argue not against any nation's caprices. But we refuse to hear of our merchants and our sailors being made the victims to such caprices—this year inviting the man whom next year they crucify.

That duty, therefore, which so many are urging against us, as binding our faith and tying our hands in the collision with China, the Duke of Wellington disowns as being a pure chimera under the circumstances of the case. But on the other hand, says the Duke, whilst these men argue for an obligation of conscience which cannot be sustained, observe the real and solemn obligations, some notorious, some implied in treaties, which these disputants are goading us to trample under foot. That duty of superintendence applied to opium, which is merely fanciful as regards China under the circumstances created by herself, we really *do* owe, and shall for many years owe, to native powers of Hindostan. We came under such obligations by contracts, by cessions in our favour, by diplomatic acts, long since locked up into the public diplomacy of India. We cannot disturb those arrangements without a sympathetic violence running through the whole tenure, guarantees, compensations of all Indian

chanceries. We were long ago pledged to the protection of many vested interests rooted in the poppy-growing districts. If we should co-operate with China in vainly attempting to exclude Indian opium from the vast unprotected coasts of China, we undertake the following series of follies: we lend ourselves to a caprice of a hostile government; to a caprice levelled at our own power: we undertake to do for China what she is laughably impotent to do for herself: we take upon ourselves the expenses of an act so purely hostile to ourselves, which expense would else soon recall China to her senses: and lastly, as if such a course of follies were not complete without an appendix of spoliation, we purchase the means of this aid to our enemy by the sacrifice of debts, duties, contracts, guarantees to the closest of our neighbours, and, amongst our Indian allies, to some of the oldest and most hopeful. The Duke of Wellington, we must remember, is at home in the affairs of India. And this particular suggestion, as to the rights and interests of provinces likely to be affected by any compromises with China, belongs entirely to his Grace. Until this vein of interests had been exposed, it was supposed that a policy of concession to China would simply pledge us to a maniacal course: whereas the Duke has shown that it would pledge us also to perfidy, to a general infraction of treaties, and to a convulsion of industry and political economy through many channels in which they are now prosperously flowing.

Such is the circuit of the Duke's logic. Travelling round the circle of parties concerned, when he hears it said of the Chinese—They have received an injury amounting to a cause of war, "By no means," he replies; "they courted what they complain of. I have proof that they did." When he hears it said of the merchants—Their trade must be stopped—he replies: "I defy you to stop it: the thing has been tried, and was laid aside as impossible." When it is retorted—"Well, if it is an inveterate abuse, at least it *is* an abuse,"—the Duke rejoins, "No abuse at all: Parliament recognised an old right, created a new one, in the opium-growers." "But, at least, justice to China requires that the right should be forborne in that instance." "On the contrary," the Duke again instructs us, "justice to India requires, that in that instance, above all others, the right should be protected and favoured." Thus pertinaciously does this champion of truth and scourge of false pretensions ride round the ring, and sustain the assault against all comers who would make a breach through the barriers of equity or civil policy.

But, after all these parties are disposed of, there still remains,

III. *Our domestic Administration.*—Now in what degree the Duke of Wellington condemns their policy, in its want of foresight, may be gathered from his special complaints, both now and formerly, of the twofold defects at Canton—defect of naval force, defect of naval judicatories; and, more generally, from his complaint that far too great an *onus* was thrown upon the responsibilities of Captain Elliot; too much, in fact, for any one man unrelieved by a council to support. His objections, indeed, to the Ministry come forward indirectly in the errors which he exposes, and the cautions which he suggests. But the reasons why the Duke makes no pointed attack on Lord Melbourne's government are, first of all, the general principles which govern this great servant of the state in all movements—viz. his anxiety for ever to look round the wide horizon for some national benefit, rather than into a local corner for some party triumph; and, secondly, because upon this particular question of China, the present Ministry are not so much opposed to the Tories, as to a fantastic party of moral sentimentalists, who, by force of investing the Chinese with feelings unintelligible to Pagans, (substituting at the same time a romance for the facts of the case,) have terminated in forcing upon the public eye a false position of the whole interest at stake; a position in which all the relations of person are inverted, in which things are confounded, and our duties (otherwise so clear) are utterly perplexed. It is this anti-national party who, on these questions of Opium and China, form the true antagonist pole to the Ministry. As to us Tories, we are here opposed to the party in office, only in so far as they have conceded to the Chinese. Where they have met this arrogant people with an English resistance, we praise them, honour them, support them. And exactly upon that mixed principle of judgment it has been—that the Duke, seeing the strong primary demand that he should support them, has less

diligently sought out those secondary cases in which it would have been necessary for him to blame or to condemn them.

Thus far with regard to the *Past*, and the general distribution of blame which that review must prompt. As to the *Future*, and the particular courses of Oriental policy which any speculation pointed in that direction must suggest for comparison—it will be remarked, as a singularity in so great a soldier when facing a question so purely martial, that the Duke of Wellington declines to offer any opinion whatever on the possible varieties of warfare, on the modes of combining the land and sea forces, on the local opportunities for applying them with effect, on the best general chances of success, or the permanent object to be kept in view. But let us not misinterpret this high-principled reserve. Some persons have drawn the inference so as to load the Duke of Wellington with the responsibility of having doubted whether a warlike course were, in our circumstances, an advisable course. Nothing of the sort. Not war, but this war; not a warlike policy as generally indicated by our situation, but that kind of policy as governed by our present disposable means, and moving under some particular plan, of which the very outline is yet unknown and the scale is yet unassigned—that it is which the Duke drew back from appreciating. Knowing the immense weight which must follow any opinion from himself upon a matter so professionally falling within his right of judgment, he forebore to prejudge a scheme of war as to which Europe was hanging on his lips. But, as to war generally, that the Duke does not encourage doubts of the necessity to support our pacific relation at all times by showy demonstrations of our readiness for fighting—is evident from the constant recurrence in his own Chinese state-papers of warlike suggestions. It is almost comic to observe what stress he lays, in sketching the line of argument to be employed by British negotiators with China, upon “a stout frigate” within hail.

In one point only we are reminded, whilst closing, of a difference between the Duke of Wellington's views and those which we had previously expressed. As this point respects an individual officer, it is fit that we should do him justice by the whole vast preponderance which belongs to the Duke of Wellington's praise over any man's censure. We had blamed Captain Elliot: the Duke praises him with a fervour that must constitute Captain Elliot's proudest recollection through life. But the truth is—we speak of different things. We spoke of Captain Elliot as identified with his principals, and as representing *their* line of policy. The Duke speaks of him as a separate individual, acting, in a moment of danger, according to a true British sense of duty upon sudden emergencies, for which he could have received no instructions from England. In his firm refusals to give up Mr Dent, and afterwards the six sailors demanded by Lin, Captain Elliot's conduct was worthy of his country. And the Duke of Wellington, who is always right, reminds us, by his fervent commendation, of our own error in having neglected to place those acts in that light of exemplary merit which belongs to them.

And here we cannot help saying a word or two of one of the few men in any period who has lived to see his own consecration in human affections, and has had a foretaste of his own immortality on earth. Let us briefly notice the Duke of Wellington's present position amongst us; which is remarkable, and almost unique. Until within these few years this great man had been adequately appreciated according to the means which the nation then possessed for framing a judgment of his merits. We measured him, that is to say, by his acts. Europe had seen him as a soldier; had seen him as an ambassador—no ceremonial ambassador, but in a general congress of nations still rocking with the agitations of convulsions without a parallel, as a mediatorial ambassador for adjudicating the rights of the world: finally, Europe had seen him as a prime minister of England. In the first character, as the leader of “the faithful armies” which, under whatever name, did in reality sustain the interests of human nature and the cause of civilisation upon earth, it would be idle to speak of him. In the two last characters, it was the general feeling of England that the Duke of Wellington had exemplified “the majesty of plain dealing” upon a scale never before witnessed, and in functions to which such a spirit of dealing was hardly supposed applicable. Thus far we all did him right, but we also did him

a great wrong ; and it was inevitable that we should do so. It was a wrong which he bore cheerfully, and with the submission which he felt to be one of his duties as a public servant in a free country. But it must have been bitter and trying to his secret sense of justice, seeing that subsequent revelations have exposed to view a peculiar and preternatural strength, a compass of power absolutely without precedent, in that very organ of his character to which our popular error ascribed an elementary weakness. Nobody can look back for a space of six or eight years but he must remember as a general notion prevailing against the Duke of Wellington, as a taunt often urged against us by our political opponents, often silently conceded by ourselves—that, either from habits of long usage, or from original vice of temperament, he was too rigid and untractable in his political opinions ; in his demeanour too peremptory, too uncivic ; that with the highest virtues of the military character he combined some of its worst disqualifications for political life ; that his notions tended to impress too martial a character of discipline upon the public service ; that even his virtues of a civic order were alloyed with this spirit—his directness and plain-dealing being but another aspect of that peremptory spirit which finds its proper place in a camp ; and that, finally, as to the substantial merits of national wants or grievances, apart from the mode and manner of his administration, not less by temper than by his modes of experience, the Duke was incapacitated for estimating the spirit of his age, and stood aloof from all popular sympathies. Thus stood public opinion, when a memorable act of retribution was rendered to the Duke's merits, and a monument raised to his reputation, such as will co-exist with our language, in the series of his Despatches, &c., published by Colonel Gurwood. The effect was profound. The Duke of Wellington had long been raised as far beyond the benefits, as he is beyond the need, of any trivial enthusiasm derived from momentary sources or vulgar arts : and this book was fitted to engage the attention of none but the highly cultivated. The reverence of the land for the Duke's character, the gratitude of the land for the Duke's services, scarcely seemed open to increase. But undoubtedly a depth of tone and a solemnity approaching to awe, were impressed henceforth upon the feelings with which all thoughtful men regarded the Duke of Wellington as an *intellectual* being. Now, first, it was understood what quality of intellect had been engaged in our service, moving amongst what multiplied embarrassments, thwarted by what conflicts even in friendly quarters, winning its way by what flexibility of address, watching all obstacles by what large compass of talents, and compensating every disadvantage for the public service by what willing sacrifices of selfish feeling. Were it not for the singleness of purpose, for the perfect integrity, for the absolute self-dedication, and the sublime simplicity, we should say—Here is a Machiavelian subtlety of understanding ! With an apostolical grandeur of purpose, there is here combined the address of a finished intriguer ; and for a service of nations upon the grandest scale, we see displayed a restless and a versatile spirit of submission to circumstances and to characters, which, according to all the experience of this world, belongs naturally to modes of selfishness the most intense. The wisdom of long-suffering ; the policies of allowance in matters of practice ; the spirit of indulgence to errors that were redeemable ; the transcendent power to draw into unity of effect, elements the most heterogeneous, and tempers the most incompatible ; in short, that spirit of civic accommodation to the times in which we had supposed him to have been most wanting, and that spirit of regard to the bold national temperament of the armies he led, which was held most irreconcilable with martial discipline ;—precisely these were the qualities which the Gurwood correspondence has exposed as the foremost of the Duke's endowments : in any case, the very rarest endowments ; and in this case, amongst an army so high-spirited, the most operative for the final success. In short, to sum up the truth by the sharpest antithesis, instead of ruling in his civic administration by means of military maxims, the Duke of Wellington applied to military measures and to the conduct of armies that spirit of civic policy which, in times less critical by far, had not been attempted by generals of nations the most democratic.

Such is the retributory service, late but perfect, rendered to the Duke's character. The shades of evening are now stealing over his life : and for him,

also, that night is coming in which no man can work. But as yet no abatement is visible in his energies of public duty. Tenderness, as towards a ward of the nation, is now beginning to mingle with our veneration. And, in the course of nature, the anxieties of a mighty people will soon be suspended on his health, as they have long been suspended on his majestic wisdom.

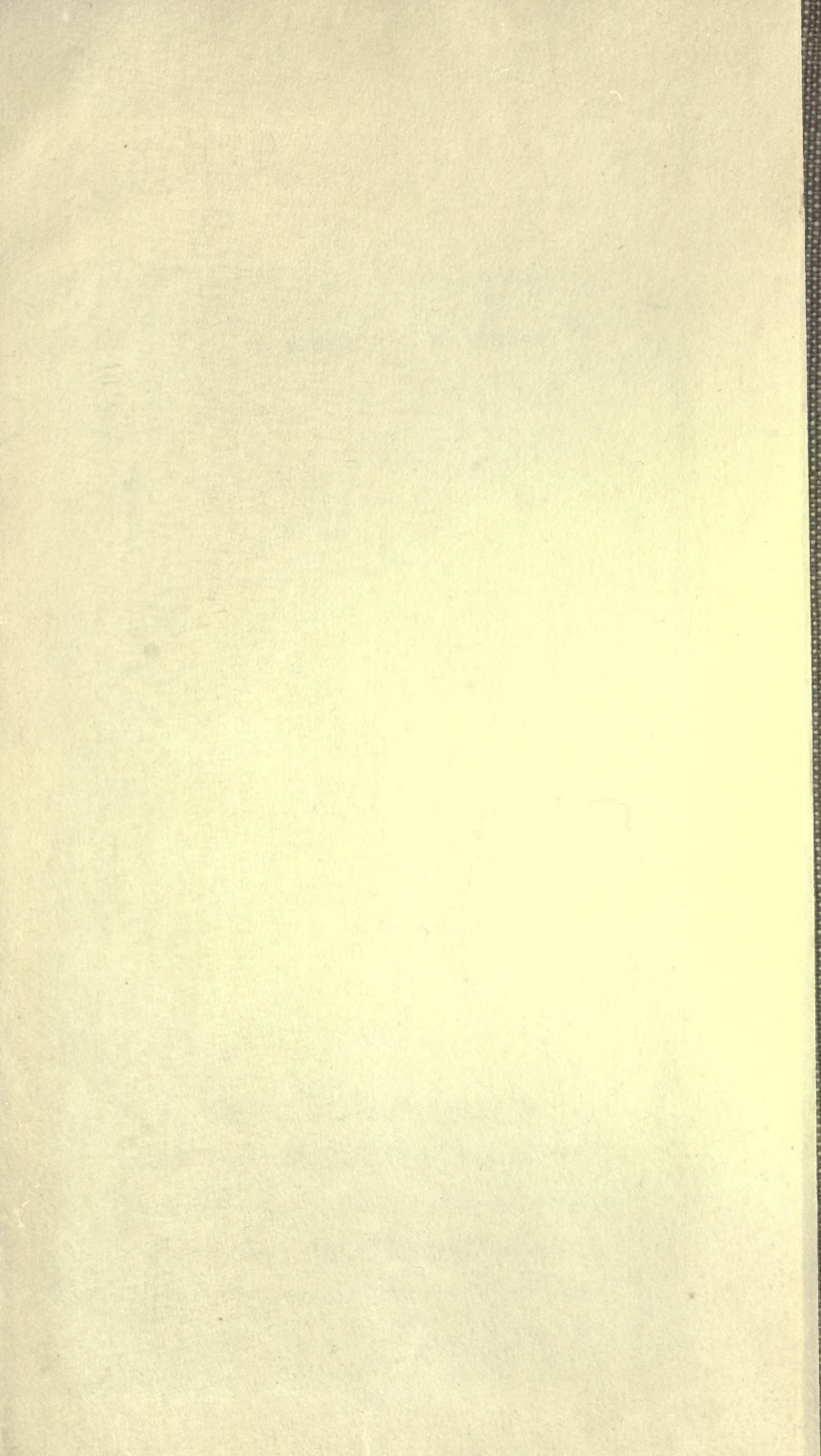
Meantime, there is a kind of duty—upon every question of politics to which the Duke of Wellington has been constructively a party—of looking towards him as the centre upon which our public counsels revolve. But in Asiatic questions he has a closer interest, and a sort of property by various tenures. Through his elder brother, as a brilliant administrator of our British Empire in India, and through his own memorable share in raising that empire, he has obtained a distinct cognizance of Indian rights, which makes him their natural guardian. And of this opium dispute he has himself demonstrated—that in its rebound, it is more truly a question for our Indian friends than for our Chinese antagonists. To the Duke, therefore, at any rate, we look in this emergency—as one which lies originally within his field. And it is with the view of exhibiting the man as matched against the crisis—of equalizing the authority with the occasion—that we have digressed into this act of critical justice to the Duke's merits. But, if that course would have been a matter of propriety whilst merely looking with a general political deference to the Duke's authority, much more is it become such after the Duke's comprehensive examination of the case; and after the effect of that examination has been put on record by so public a test as instantly followed: some persons having silently, some avowedly, withdrawn from the further prosecution of a question which, in this stage at least, had been laid to rest by his Grace's exposition of its merits.

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